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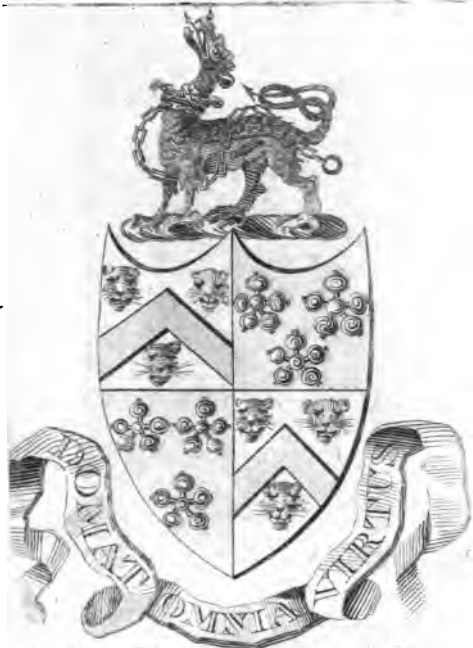
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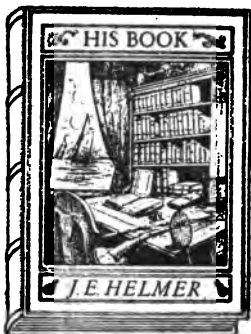
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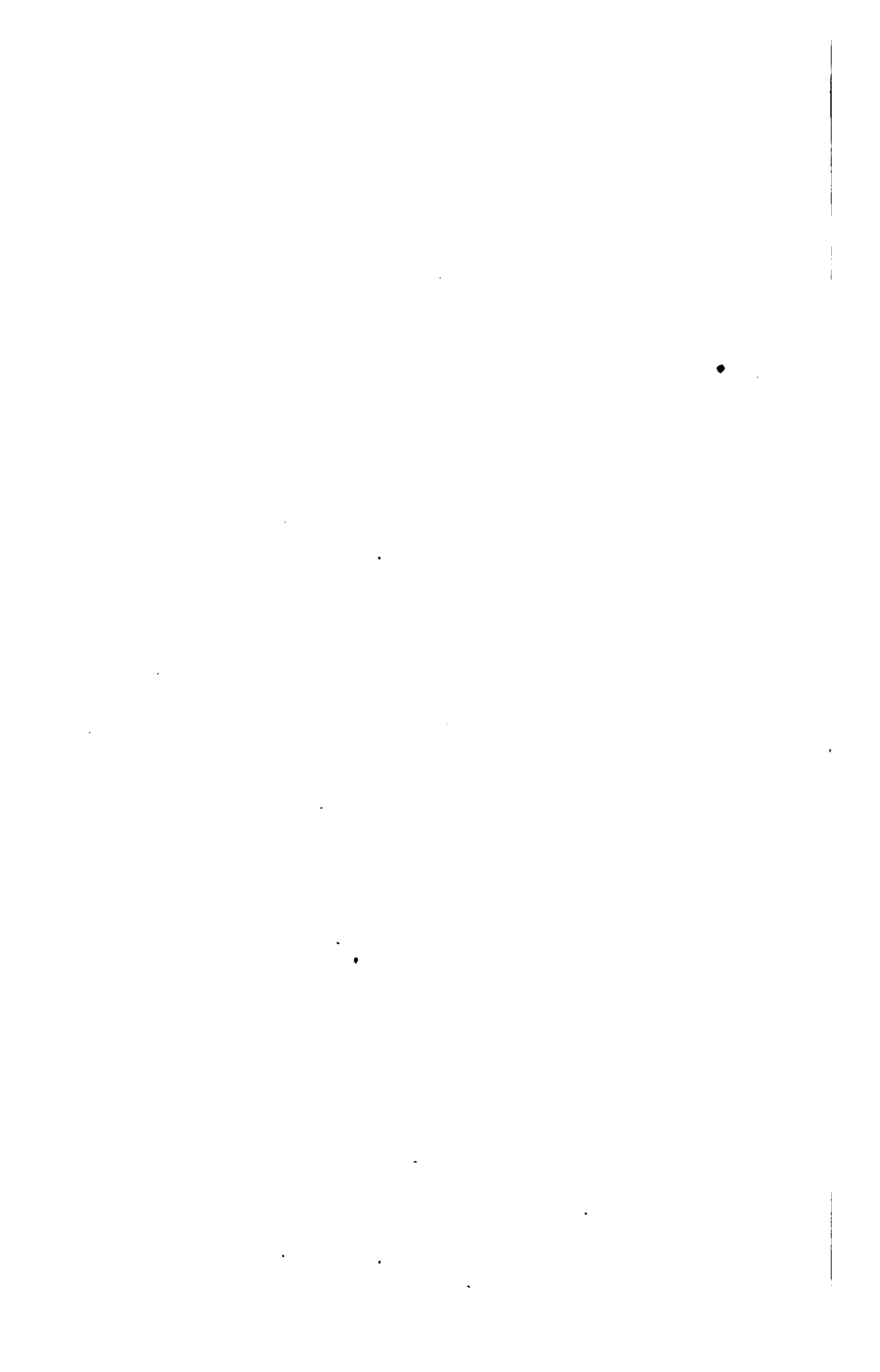
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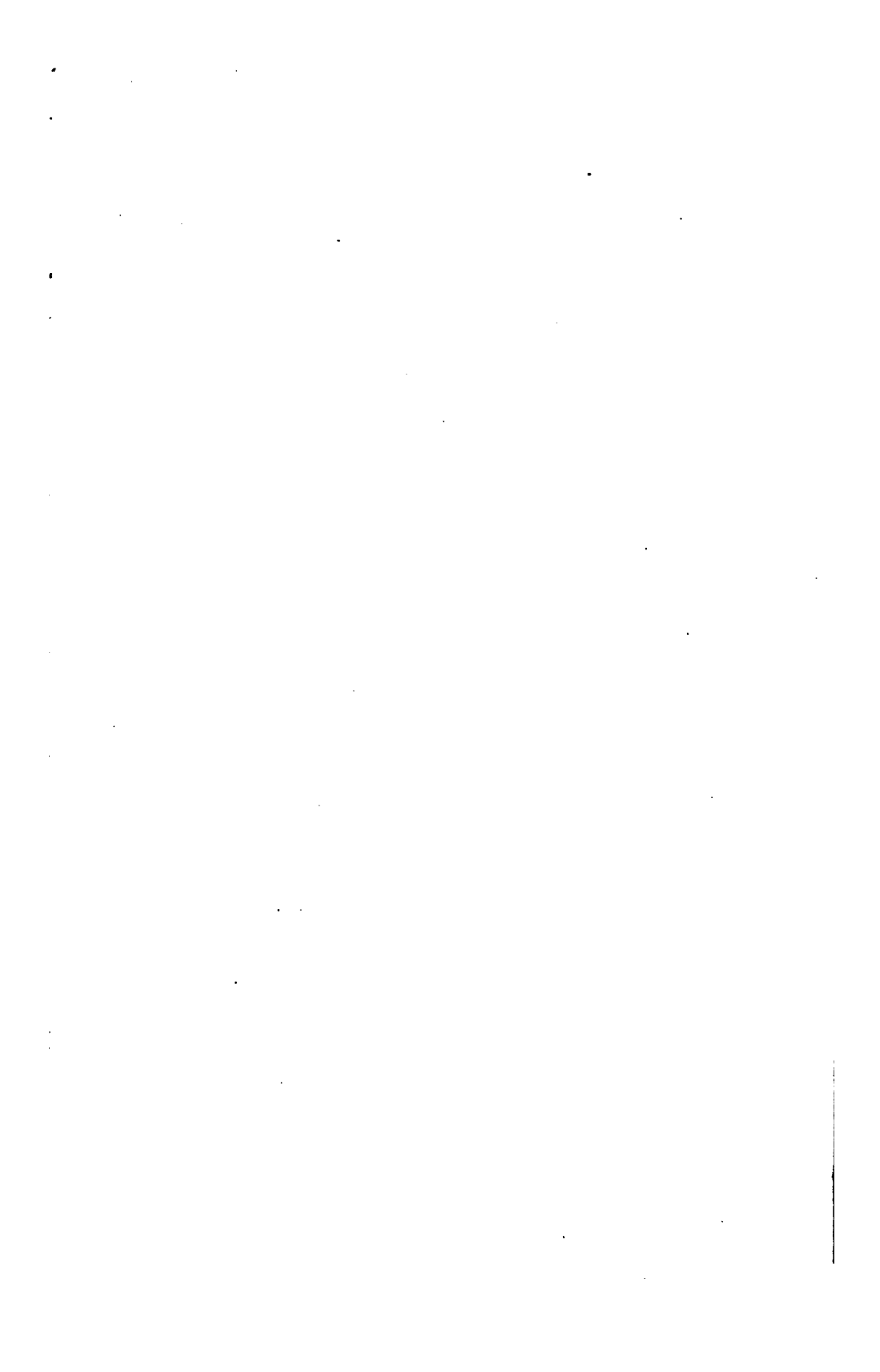


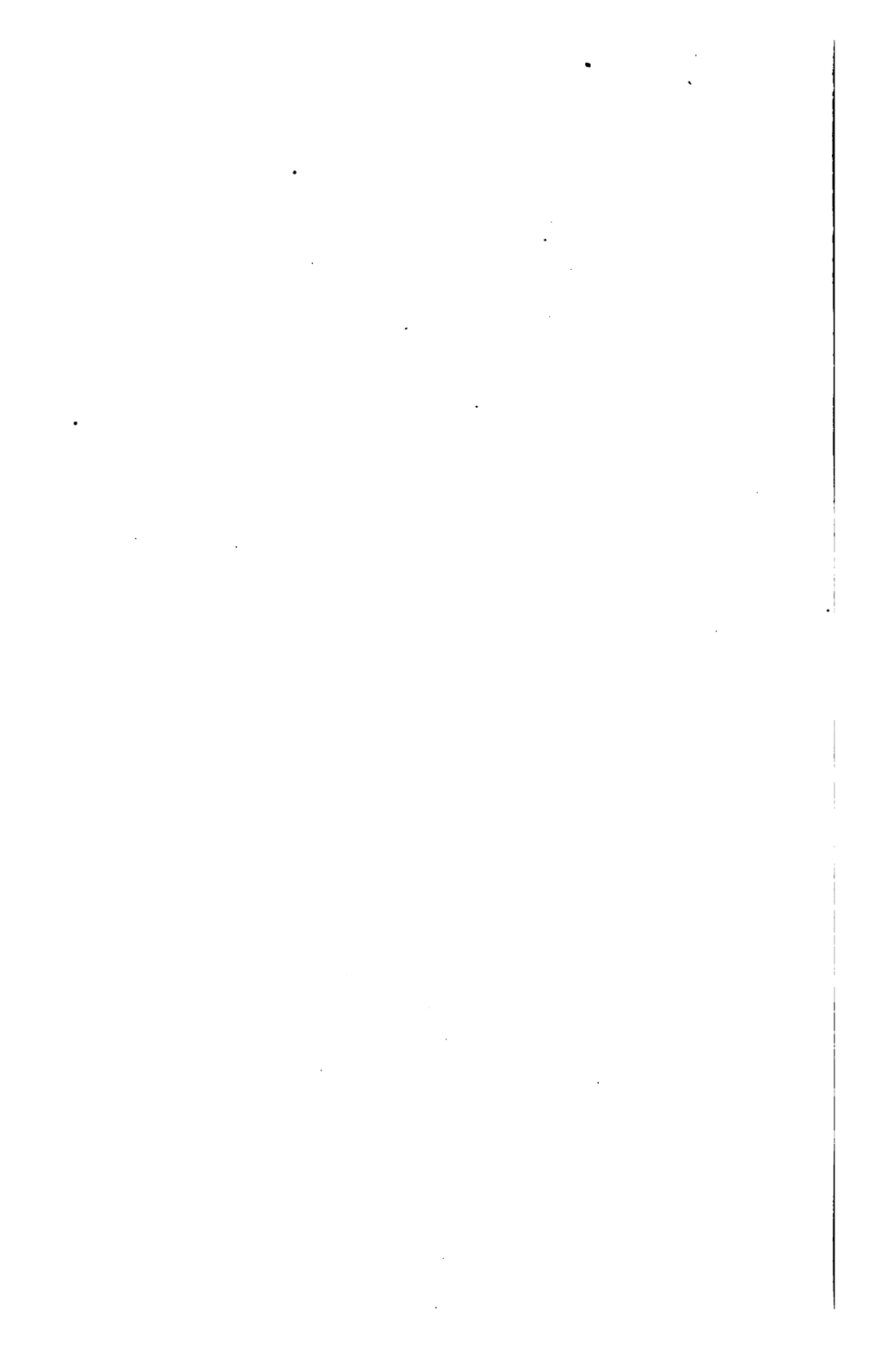
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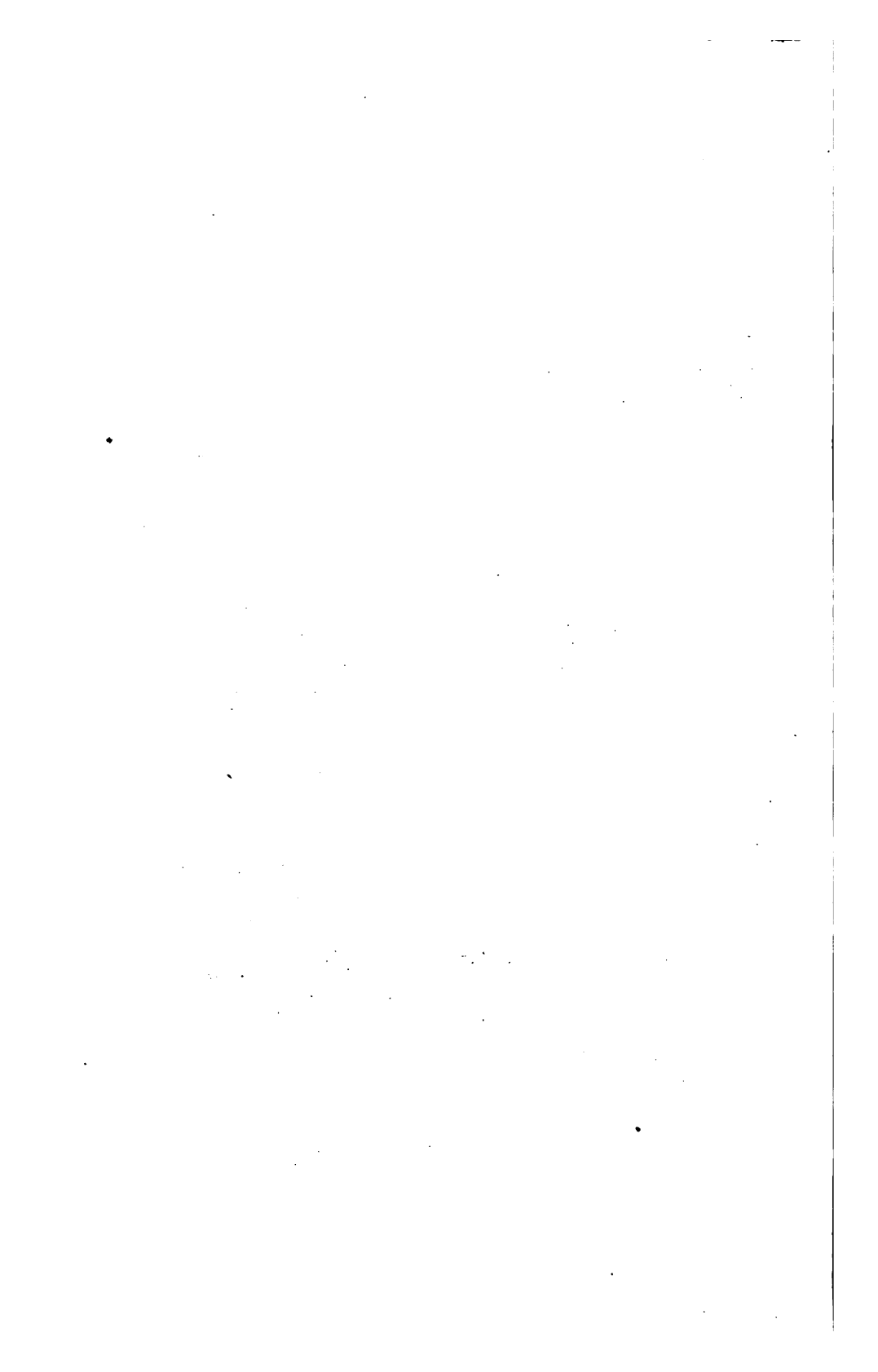
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VOL. 18.



*The Sand-rail.*

WALTER SPIERS, 399 OXFORD STREET.

1846.



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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS, . . .

*G. Trigger* shall hear from us by letter.

T. T. H., Junius, A., and W. T. are received.

One of our correspondents, who writes to us, and has long written to us, under the name of "Midlander," states that he is not the party, who, under the same signature, corresponds with the "Sunday Times."

Many papers stand over for consideration.

We have seen a beautiful drawing, on zinc, representing Athens as it now is; a panoramic view of the city, not yet Germanized, or, at least, not so much so, but that we can trace each classic spot so dear to our memories. It is by a master-hand, and should be in every school within our dominions. It is sold by Dalton, in Cockspur Street.

### EUCLID.

Engraved by W. B. SCOTT, from a Painting by J. F. HERRING.

THIS well-bred, well-shaped animal, is as much entitled to have his portrait inserted in our Magazine, as the winner of the Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger. He ran a remarkably honest horse for the Derby, in which race he had improved upon his Newmarket form,—and it cannot be forgotten, that he ran a dead heat,—after travelling down from the south at a late period; and after running at Ascot, with the much-vaunted Charles XII. After having caught the trick of a dead heat, he subsequently repeated it at Newmarket with *Æther*,—beating him easily in the final struggle.

Euclid was bred by Mr. Thornhill of Riddlesworth, and was got by *Emilius* out of *Maria*, by *Whisker*.

Likenesses of Pettit and Conolly, the Trainer and the Jockey, are both introduced into our plate.

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### SKATING.

Engraved by J. W. ARCHER, from a Painting by S. PEARCE.

WE question whether our strange and changeable climate will bear out the confident language of the Correspondent to whom we are indebted for the present illustration. Skating may perchance be expected about June, when “*Summer*,” as Horace Walpole phrases it, “comes in with its usual severity;”—but to calculate upon ice in Winter, is a little hazardous in the most Murphy-minded of men. However, we give the description as it is given to us:—

“I have much pleasure in presenting your readers with an engraving, so well adapted for this—one of our coldest and most severe months. Now every piece of water has become, as it were, a slab of polished marble, on whose surface so many motley groups are congregated, enjoying an exercise at once healthy and graceful; and the skates, which have so long lain dormant, are routed from their snug corner; and many are the persons from the cockney who has again summoned courage after all his falls last season, to the gentlemanly adept who cuts his figures and dances with as much precision as if he graced with his presence the ball-room, and not the ice. The origin of skating is, no doubt, to be traced to Holland, where long journeys are performed both with ease and celerity. It has been said by a Scottish writer, that ‘Edinburgh has produced more instances of elegant skaters, than, perhaps, any other city or country; and the institution of a Skating Club, has contributed not a little to the improvement of this amusement.’”

## SPORTING AT COBLENZ.

I FORGOT to tell you that, on a former visit to the hotel, I found sitting at the table, with as long a face as he could make of a round one, our fellow-traveller the cockney; being by his own contrivance a *détenu*. Having as usual delivered up his passport at Cologne, he persuaded himself that the printed Dampfschiff document he obtained at the packet office was something equivalent to the police permit, and only discovered the error on arriving at Coblenz. "So here I am," said he, "kicking my heels, till my passport comes upwards from Cologne;" and then added, in a genuine Bow-bell voice, "Well, arter all, there's no place like Lonnon," he now told me of a subsequent adventure. By one of those unaccountable mistakes which happen amongst "foreigners on both sides." He became included in a shooting party, at a grand battue, in the woods of Nassau. Cockney-like, he provided himself for the occasion with a great dog, of I know not what breed; but, pointer or mastiff, the animal was equally out of place and rule. However, the master was permitted to retain the beast on condition of keeping him at heel, which he effected by tying Bango with a string to the button-hole of his trowsers-pocket. In this order our cockney was planted, at a convenient post for shooting down an avenue, at whatever game might pass across it. For some time nothing stirred; but at last there was a rustle of the leaves, and a fine hare scampered along the path. Away went Bango after the hare, and away went a huge fragment of kerseymere after Bango, leaving the astonished sportsman in even a worse plight than Sterne, when he treated the starved ass to a maccaroon! "If ever I shoot again," said he "it shall be round Lonnon; they're up to the thing there, pinters and all."

Apropos of sporting, the example of Markham and his friend has brought angling into fashion with some of the officers of the garrison. Amongst the rest, we found a captain of engineers making his maiden essay on the banks of the Moselle; but he complained sadly of the shyness or inappetence of the fish, which had refused even to nibble, although for the last two hours, as he took the trouble to prove to us by pulling up his line, he had been fishing at the bottom with an artificial fly! The only drawback to the amusement is the fall of large stones, not meteoric, but projected by the first idle Coblenzer of the lower class, who may happen to pass by. To such a pitch was this nuisance carried, that the military piscators were obliged to post men to intercept and punish the runaway offenders. "I can only account for so malicious a practice," said Markham, "by supposing that as the amusement is English, the low-born are infected with the same petty jealousy as their betters occasionally exhibit towards our country, from Prince Pückler Muskau, down to Mr. Aloys Schreiber.

From "Up the Rhine," by THOMAS HOOD.



THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK,  
OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR  
SALMON, TROUT, &c;

“Up, sleeper! dreamer! up; for now  
There's gold upon the mountain's brow,  
There's light on forest, stream, and meadows.  
The dewdrops shine on flow'ret bells,  
The village clock of morning tells;  
Up men! out *fishers!*—for the dells  
And dingles teem with shadows.”

CHAP. X.

(TIME—*Early Morning.*)

*Herb.* (*knocking at Theoph.'s door.*) Come, Theophilus: it is a quarter to six. (*Knock, knock.*)

*Theoph.* (*fast asleep, dreaming.*) Yes, very well. Quiet lodging over a tinker's shop.

*Herb.* (*knock.*) Come, it's time to be stirring.

*Theoph.* (*still asleep.*) Bravo! Bravo! Capital speech. Bring the hot water and spoon, and I'll make it punch for the gods!

*Herb.* Now, my Theophilus, *do* jump out and open the door (*Tremendous uproar.*)

*Theoph.* “To bed, to bed, there's knocking.” (*waking*) Holloa! who's there?—How you're “poondering” away at the door. Ah! Herbert! what, up before me! You are “right eager for the fray,” it seems. There, come in; how have you passed the night?

*Herb.* Like a sighing zephyr, so calm and tranquil,  
“As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour,  
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.”

But, funny enough, I dreamt I was in your perilous situation among the rocks, and thence saw a cod-fish, yes, a codfish! of all things, rise, as large and terrific as a shark—like the 45lb. you mentioned yesterday. I threw towards him, and, in my eagerness to reach the spot where he rose, lost my balance, and fell!—off the top of *the* chimney!—not into the river,—for I awoke and found myself out of bed on the floor.

*Theoph.* Well done! “Better luck next time,” my energetic disciple.

*Herb.* But what, in heaven, were *you* dreaming about when I knocked? You seemed to be enjoying an odd medley. I distinctly heard of cooking and dramatizing.

*Theoph.* Goodness knows. The sight of you has driven my dreams from my memory, and "left not a rack behind." There was an odd jumble among my senses occasioned by your knocking; but, as the mysterious writer says, "To man it is forbidden to know the secret history of it." But we waste precious moments; for dreams have nothing to do with fishing, except that fishing is a pleasurable dream of happiness too evanescent. Where is the wind?

*Herb.* Right in the teeth of the house-door, south I presume.

*Theoph.* Then all's right; for "*South*" and fishing agree well—there's a *nominal* pun! It is straight down the river.

*Herb.* I remember somewhere to have read, that the best wind was always against the stream, or blowing up the river. What do you say to that?

*Theoph.* The only advantage of the wind up the river is, that, as it opposes the current, less will be sufficient to ruffle its surface;—but if such a wind be anywise strong, it is impossible either to throw or to play the fly with satisfaction. The best, if there is enough of it, to produce the same amount of curl, is that which blows towards the direction you wish to throw in; that is, crossing the river, obliquely, down stream, from behind you.

*Herb.* It is proverbial, and I assume it to be the fact, that a south, south-west, or west wind, is best adapted for fishing. Have you ever thought why it is so?

*Theoph.* The winds you mention are certainly more inviting for out-a-door amusement? but having, in common with, I may say, every member of our craft, been so often imposed upon by them, I have long since ceased to pin my faith to their garments. I cannot think there is any quality in one wind rather than another, which induces either good or bad fishing-days; but rather that it is a combination of other circumstances which happen at the same time. Then you will ask, what is it? In truth I don't *know*, but I half suspect; I have thought upon this mysterious subject often, but only *more especially* since this fishing 'bout of ours, and the necessity of teaching you, were contemplated; so that I have as yet formed only crude notions of that which it requires much time and patient diligent investigation to determine or resolve.

*Herb.* Most learned Theophilus, you puzzle me with your "profound profundity;" and I had almost forgotten to ask you, in reference to this, "Do fishes *ever* eat, and are they *never* hungry?"

*Theoph.* Most ignorant pupil! wilt thou never take for gospel that which so learned (?) a preceptor tells thee? Verily thou art a leech, and, like the surgical operator, sticketh to the *subject*. But to be serious and bold at once, I do throw overboard altogether that which

## NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE.

your question would imply. I do not think that fish feed every day, nor even every week. But of this hereafter, and accept it a temporary answer; for having much to say on the point, I remind you I am only just out of bed. Consider my condition one quarter dressed, and standing almost at freezing point! trudge:—pack:—vanish:—Be off, in vernacular; So go, leave to my toilet, and finish your own; and then prepare your rod, I v with you anon."

Herb. Bene! [Exit soliloquising.]

"I would the taylor had been hanged for me,  
That first invented Cloaths.—O! nature, nature,  
More cruel unto man than all thy creatures!  
Calves come into the world with doublets on;  
And oxen have no breeches to put off;  
The lamb is born with her frieze coat about her;  
Hogs go to bed in rest, and are not troubled  
With pulling on their hose and shoes 'ith' morning;  
With gartering, girdling, trussing, buttoning,  
And a thousand torments that afflict humanity."

(SCENE.—Herbert at the Gate—Enter Theophilus.)

Theoph. "Now I'm furnished for our flight," or the flight, which may prove necessary.

Herb. And so am I.—Rod together—reel on—line through and gut line affixed—and impatiently I wait for you.

Theoph. How will you get your steam up, without your fuel:—you've actually forgotten your milk and bread, so anxious for the start. Let me examine your "artillery," as Frank says right:—I see you have practised splicing your top and joint according to my directions.—Bravo, closely, and neatly done! must tie your other joints together by the hitchers, else one chance to reach the sea before the other! Here are pieces of braid, as fine as netting silk, which I keep for the purpose. knot at one end of each, and catch it under one hitcher. if you wind these round the joints when you come home at each will last you through the season. As I can hardly admit a matter of little moment, let me tell you I am glad to find you open to have put the reel on the right way; namely, with the towards the right, when the reel lies under the rod. I allude because I observe that the two joint authors of Derbyshire, have referred upon the subject, and, like those who quarrelled about the melion, it happens,

"They both are right, tho' both are wrong;"  
the one, because the winding up should be performed with the

hand ; while in his plan it must be performed with the left : and the other because *his*, of holding the rod keeping reel uppermost, is an unnatural position for it ; the line is more chaffed, and also has, in case of wet, an inclination to cling : or else he would imply that, to wind up, it is requisite to turn the rod so as to bring the reel upwards, which is not the manner in which it is retained while throwing. What have you done with your *spare* tops ?

*Herb.* One is in-doors, the other in the hollow but.

*Theoph.* Leave both at home ; you are not going very far ; and let us hope for no breakages to start with. Besides, carrying it in the but not only spoils it, but gives an unpleasant rattle, and feeling of "all-not-rightishness" to the rod in throwing. If you do not object, you shall sling over your shoulder my "verger's staff," as Antiquarius designates my gaff. Let's be off. Now, Zoe—, come.

*Herb.* Not that I object to such delightful companionship, be assured ; but for curiosity let me ask, are not dogs in the way and useless while fishing ?

*Theoph.* They *may* be, I admit ; but 'tis a mere fancy. I take mine, because I love her and she loves me, and both would be uneasy separated. Her presence, if not otherwise beneficial, often gives change to my thoughts ; she amuses me in her gambols, she catches water-rats, puts up water-birds ; she is, in fact, *company* as good *at least* as a walking stick is to the pedestrian or lounger. As to the damage she does, it is trifling, since she is obedient at a look, and well taught to keep out of my way : and were the mischief she creates greater, as it is pleasure and relaxation I am now seeking, I'd sooner lose a fish in her presence than leave her behind.

*Herb.* Take her by all means ; no one is a greater lover of the "canine" than I am.

*Theoph.* They are sometimes of use. I have heard of a dog at Fakenham, in Norfolk, famous in landing fish, and on whose collar is engraved "I am the far-famed pike-killer of Fakenham." By the way, now I think on't, poor Zoe was taught to avoid my line by a severe lesson. My friend *Truttarius* and I had had such bad luck one morning, that in despair I retired to our inn ; while Zoe, then a puppy, and he remained by the river. Presently in came Zoe with her tail between her legs, followed by *Truttarius*, looking half angry and serious, and half facetious. "Oh !" says he, "see, I have been broken to pieces by a thirty pounder at least ! such sport !!" "Nonsense," says I. "Fact," says he, "ask Zoe. Fact is, I was winding up to join you, my fly flitting in the air : Zoe frisked about to catch it ; and before I observed her, had fairly hooked herself in sport ! I halloed her to stand : but de'el a bit ; the more I shouted, the more she ran ; and the

more I followed her, the faster she retreated, yelping most discordantly, poor thing. Though I felt for her situation, as well as my own, I could hardly run for laughter. She got all my line out; and, to speak *professionally*, 'ran me under,' i. e. through a hedge. I was done now; for crack went the rod, and then snap went the line; away she bolted for her master, and here we are. Famous sport fly-fishing for dogs! Beats Jessy's catching a hare hollow!" However, it was a lesson, and she profited by it; for not long after I had the strange fortune to hook a water rat, while fly-fishing, as it was sailing across the river; and "Miss Zoe," as it "neared" the bank, plunged it, and there killed it, taking, as I could perceive, especial care not to venture too near the line and hook.

*Herb.* Poor Zoe! Enough to teach her wisdom. "A burnt child, &c." I once saw a swallow caught by swallowing an artificial fly, which floated in the air attached to the remnant of some unlucky fellow's line left suspended in a tree; and by the way, I heard of a curious adventure of this kind with a cat, which occurred, if I mistake not, to your friend Sir Anthony Carlisle. He had been trolling, and was sitting quietly in a snug parlour at "mine inn," taking a luncheon; he thought he heard a noise like the click of his winch, but took no further notice. Presently he went out to resume his sport, and found his rod, which he had leant upright against the house, recumbent; and the winch "going away" at a fine pace. "What fish now?" says he. He followed the track of his line, and when he came near the hook, found his *prize* to be a great tom cat, which, in attempting to steal his scaly bait, had stolen the hook also! He left his hook and the prize to fight it out, by cutting his line. So let us cut the subject. Ah! let me look at your line;—prepared, I see:—The very thing I wished to ask you about. What is the process?

*Theoph.* This, you will note, is properly a trolling line of the best description; eight strand platted silk, of its natural yellow colour. I have promised to try it for a friend, as a salmon fly-line; but having done so, cannot approve of it so highly for that purpose, as the unprepared silk and hair twisted; it throws rather too heavy. The preparation of it is certainly most excellent—the best I know, not excepting that which the tackle makers adopt, who, by the bye, I believe, charge but a penny a yard for preparing them.

#### RECIPE FOR PRESERVING AND STIFFENING TROLLING LINES.

To a quarter of a pint of "double boiled cold drawn" linseed oil, add about one ounce of gold size. Gently warm and mix them well, being first careful to have the line quite dry. While the mixture is warm, soak it therein till it is fully saturated to its very centre, say for twenty-four hours. Then pass it through a piece of flannel, pressing

it sufficiently to take off the superficial coat, which enables that which is in the interior to dry well, and by time to get stiff. The line must then be hung up in the air, wind or sun, out of the reach of moisture, for about a fortnight, or till pretty well dry. It must then be re-dipped, to give an outer coat, less soaking for which is necessary: after this, wipe it again but lightly; wind it on a chair-back or towel horse before a hot fire, and there let it remain for two or three hours, which will cause the mixture on it to "flow" (as japanners term it), and give an even gloss over the whole. It must then be left to dry as before; the length of time, as it depends on the weather and place, observation must determine upon. By this means it becomes impervious to wet, and sufficiently stiff never to clog or entangle,—the oil producing the former quality, and the gold size (which is insoluble in water), the latter; while the commixture prevents the size becoming *too* hard and stiff. A trolling line should be thus dressed every season at least.\*

(*Exeunt for the river side*).

(SCENE.—*The path towards the river*).

*Herb.* A lovely morning this:

"Bright shines the sun, and cooling zephyrs play  
Along the flowery vale."

How exhilarating is this scene, so varied, so ever-varying with each hour. Big Galtyvoel, which, as I came here yesterday, blushed with the roseate gaze of the declining western sun, now seems wrapt in shade and sleep; while on our right, the towering wood-crowned Gwydyr cliff, then looking awfully majestic in its gloom, is smiling and gay as a youthful blushing bridesmaid.

*Theoph.* We shall fish at its base for at least a mile up the river. The vapours of night still hang about it like gauzy veils. Or as the noble bard sings:

"Night wanes, the vapours round the mountains curl,  
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."

"Bright shines the sun," just now, of a truth; yet there'll be rain before long, to a certainty. Look to those towering mountainous clouds to windward, and that thin black horizontal streak across them, threatening a storm,—rain to a certainty!

"Hurrah for the sou'west wind  
To the angler it ne'er comes unkind,  
Though it pours and it blows,  
Still on fishing he goes,  
Hurrah! for the sou'-west wind!"

\* This recipe is for the benefit of all trollers, especially of "George Hook" (Query "Gorge Hook"), the trolling correspondent alluded to at p. 277, 8, in the October number of this Magazine.

Already the morning begins to assume

“ The uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and bye a cloud takes all away.”

Leap the gate on the right into the field, and before us is the Rector's Pool. Here let us take breath and admire the picturesque rectory, backed by the town and the far-famed Llanrwst bridge, built by Inigo Jones. 'Tis said, by the way, to be his masterpiece! and strange as it may seem, a stout thrust of the body against one side of the parapet causes the whole structure so to shake, that its vibration is readily felt by a person leaning against the opposite parapet; thence it is sometimes denominated the “ shaking bridge.”

*Herb.* And is its contiguity to the rector's house the only reason for the name you assign to this pool; or are we indebted to the rector for permission to fish here without danger of the lock-up?

*Theoph.* Your first bolt was nearer the mark; and I know no other reason for its name, save, that it is as bountiful and generous, in fit and proper seasons, as the worthy rector himself. We are free to fish it, the property around belonging to my lord Willoughby d'Eresby. It is a good pool for fish, when there is plenty of wind “ the blue wave to curl;” and this you may bear in mind, with respect to *all* pools, that you may spare yourself the labour of throwing on them, unless there be a good ripple, or else a good fresh water.

*Herb.* Let me understand your definition of a pool.

*Theoph.* I make this distinction of waters in reference to salmon fishing. A pool is a long, deep, and broad part of the waters, with very little rapidity of motion,—*comparatively* still: a stream is moderately swift, yet deep; a rapid is still more swift or rushing, and sometimes not above five or six feet deep; and a shallow may speak for itself, since it is of no use to us as salmon-fishers. The breeze may speak for itself; so I shall just try here before I do anything with you, as you would only frighten the fish on your first essay. So lay your gut-line in the water to soak meanwhile. It is this little brook on our left, and the Rector's garden wall on the right, which constitute the boundaries of the pool. There is capital fishing below, from the garden; but leave that for the worthy rector's private use, for the present. 'Tis ground strictly private, and not to be entered upon but by express leave or invitation. Besides, I owe him especial courtesy in this respect, for having run away with a goodly fish which he might almost have reckoned his own. 'Twas a memorable event, happening in the year —, the day before I packed off to London at the close of *my* season. I had been out just above here, to the Quay Stream, “ to cast a long and lingering look behind,” or rather “ to cast a long and lingering line before.” There I rose and struck a glorious fellow; but it was *with a broken hook!* and all I saw of my supposed

last fish of that year, was thirty-six inches length of bright solid flesh *arching* a leap of some six yards diameter as, in his joy, he escaped me. In despair I wound up my reel line, and deposited gut and fly in my pocket, as I thought, for the season. In my way home I called on my worthy friend the rector, to say "good bye," and a *good* bye it proved, for, after much persuasion, he induced me to throw down yon pool from his garden wall, where he had raised a fish twice the day before. I thought it was of no use, for the wind was lulled, the sun was bright, and the leaves were thick in the river as autumnal gales could make them. The river, however, was high and full. Still he pressed; and, at last, out came gut line. Again the salmon's knell, my whizzing reel, gladdened my ears, and straight fell my aerial fly upon the pool: once, twice, I threw in vain; but

"Tho' twice in vain,  
Thrice *did* gain."

A heavy swell was seen—my rod flew back—my line was stretched! yes, I *had* a monstrous salmon! at least a monster *here*. Having hooked him under such disadvantages, with so much luck, and so unexpectedly, I determined to lose nothing which good fortune had given me, and to maintain my advantage, if cool skill and patience could avail me. To describe his *mancœuvres*, his rushings, tuggings, sulkings, shakes, and leaps; my slackings, stonings, lowerings, easings, with all my final deadly strain, would occupy us the time the battle lasted, full forty-five minutes; so let them pass. As you perceive, the height of the wall and the tree at the end of it would neither permit me to reach him with the gaff, nor pass my line and rod and self down to the watering place below. So seeing my friend Llewellyn crossing the bridge for his evening's cast, I hailed him to my assistance. He came and stood in the watering place below; and I above. He, deceived in his low position as to the weight and size of the fish, kept teasing me, "Press him in, sir; press him; he's not above eight or nine pounds; you'll never land him;" and I retorting "*I see the fish, I hold the rod;*" and 'twas well I did, he confessed. 'Twas Llanrwst fair, and folks were in plenty about the town, and a hundred or more were now witnessing the sport, many for the first time in their lives. At last, after trying his patience and exercising my own, round to Llewellyn I brought my fish. True to its work went the tempered insidious gaff, and out on shore, for the first time since its birth, shone the silvery scales of the glorious prize; out came the weighing machine; down went the pointer to 18lbs. † "Eh! what a *saumon*!—hurrah!" sang the crowd; "thanks," felt I; and off I marched in triumph at having caught so goodly a fish, and at having gratified so many in the act.



## SPORTS IN OTHER CLIMES.

OF THE WOODCOCK, WILD BOAR, &amp;c.

No. II.

BY CACUS.

My flight, like that of the woodcock, is southward: I tarry not in the northern provinces of Italy, and hardly halt till I arrive at Sienna: Sienna, the town of bells and *belles*, of pure fountains and purer language—characteristics that have passed into a proverb, which, however, I cannot repeat; for Italian does not, as Latin may do, at least in Boileau's estimation, "*brave l'honnêteté*." And have I passed the Simplon without a word? Yes! it is now a wreck, with its snowy peaks and sunny dells, with its idiots and its *goîtres* on the Valais side, the only attributes of simplicity that the Swiss have preserved—and its passions in turmoil on the Italian side! Alas! the Chamois hunter will henceforward alone bear record of what it may be. I shall regret the well-earned repast at the Summit Inn—the fresh trout from the cold mountain lake—and the black-clock reserved for the worthiest guest.

But for Sienna! Take heed of its allurements; it is the town where he who loiters seldom passes unharmed. It will require more nerve than with chilled blood ye may dream of, to rouse yourselves and to arise, even for my cheering pursuit. It is worth your while, even though the thoughts be estranged, to take the brake, and hear the cheer or the caution to the dogs, the flushes, or the marking down of the game, in the language that Alfieri, though an Italian, passed the best years of his life in acquiring—that language the Sanese peasants speak with all its poetry and all its purity. The woodcock is not where you thought it 'lighted, it is "*un poco piu al mezzo giorno*." If you ask who the strangers may be that you meet, and upon the confines of the Maremma, they might be bandits, "*questa e gente pulita signore*," is the certain answer. Again, when in mid-day repose, for although in December, the sun is sometimes powerful enough to invite a pause, should the "*cacciatore*" seek the boon of tobacco or snuff, he will ask for it by a periphrasis: If the "*Signore*" or "*sua eccellenza*," has "*qualche vizio*"—and a *vizio*, it has indeed now become. What Capua was to the Carthaginian, Sienna may be to the sportsman; he had better perhaps not linger here. The Maremma may be approached by another route, and deserves a separate treatise.

I would now lead you to the confines of the Roman territory. Many a gay and joyous party has left home with the dawn, for Ostia,

and the banks of the Tiber, in pursuit of the Snipe, the Woodcock, or the Wild Boar: and considering that no difficulties are encountered, there is sport sufficient for amusement, and you may return to your homes in the evening; I will not say at what hour, it may be twenty-four o'clock, which is sun-set, or one o'clock, which is only one hour after it; but time so puzzles the brain in the holy see, that I am inclined to think that on that account alone Rome is well termed the "Eternal City."

Six days before Christmas Day, and six days after it, "*sei giorni prima e sei giorni dopo la natività*," is the time for the woodcock, within the realm of the Pope. It is a classical time, for these are really the halcyon days! We therefore go forth, and our first point is the ancient Antium, now called Porto d'Anzo. There is the small town of Nettuno, about a mile from the port. It is approached by a difficult track, through a wild forest, that will take you seven hours to traverse, if your guide leads you aright. In my case the time was similar, and we had ploughed for six hours the sands of the pathless wood, at a foot's pace, when a suspicion of our guide flashed across us. We had picked him up by chance at the entrance of the forest. He was dressed in the garb of the country, with the green velvet jacket and the short breeches, the greaves wound around his legs, the pointed sugar-loaf hat, with the feather of some wild bird to decorate it. He wore a girdle filled with cartridges and slugs, and slung over his shoulder was a ruthless gun. The doubt had arisen and must be acted upon.—We were in a rickety carriage, just strong enough to hold together, carrying our munitions of war, our dogs, and ourselves. The word "*Halte*" was given. We took our guns, and proceeded quietly to the loading thereof, and then accosted our guide—"Give up your gun!" We heeded no why nor wherefore. "*Dateci lo schioppo*." It was useless to resist—if he were the traitor we supposed, he was leading us to our destiny; we were not yet arrived at it. "Take us to Nettuno; or—," and the arms so glittered, and so seemed to be for earnest, that the alternative needed no corroboration from the saints nor the virgin. I unloaded his gun and found within its entrails two bullets and eighteen slugs. They were INTENDED for a wild-boar—but would serve for another purpose! "Take us to Nettuno, and we will pay what we promised—mislead us,—" and we cocked our guns, and the sharp snick had its effect. The carriage was turned quite round in the first instance, and after a little while diverged into a path at right angles to our former route. We arrived late at our destination. It was near nine o'clock. We paid and overpaid our promises; for we had seen the forest, and we had to recross it.

Let the reader not think that these pains are worthless, because a

few woodcocks may be the result. We are upon classical ground. It was at Antium where the Apollo Belvedere was found ; and the spot where a treasure has been hidden, is always an object of curiosity. The story of its *trouvail* has almost become a fable, so intense was the interest excited by the gradual development of the prize. Between Antium and Nettuno is the retreat chosen by the Pretender for his retirement—a palace now in ruins—a lawn feathering down to the Mediterranean, where every choice shrub now luxuriates, for no hand heeds them. All is overgrown—and yet what a spot for disappointed ambition, or blighted hopes ! I question if it be not worth all the crowns, aye, the iron one too, of all the world.

In the forest that we crossed, and the woods bordering upon the sea, there are abundance of abiding places for the woodcock, and there is quietude enough to tempt him to remain. There are gullies and moors for his feeding places, and sometimes for miles together, you may follow these moors :—at the fitting season ; the sport seldom fails. The scene will then vary, and you may beat the extensive woods of cork trees, with the under-wood of the nespola or medlar shrub, the fruit still rotting to maturity upon them.

There is a sport here followed at night for taking the woodcocks, not only by springes, but by a casting net. Large bells, such as are worn by cattle, are fixed upon the legs of a man ; with the net ready spread upon his shoulders, and a strong light in his hand, he enters the morass. The birds heed not his figure ; the noise of the bells beguiles them, for it is the accustomed sound of the cattle. The restlessness of the woodcock at feed is remarkable. By the reflected light his quick comings and goings are watched ; and when two or three are within reach, the net is cast. It is seldom thrown for one only. It would be well to anticipate for your day's sport with your gun these deadly manœuvres, for they have marred many a good day. It is extraordinary how little we know of taking birds in England, in the comparison with the art by which they are encompassed in other countries. Witness the golden plover that are seen in abundance in every market, in every town, upon the Continent, and scarcely ever killed by shot ; and how seldom they are taken otherwise in England.

Leaving Nettuno before sunrise, and wending to the south with your escort of peasants and *cacciatori* all mounted, you may follow the shore of the Mediterranean till you arrive at one of the frequent watch-towers erected against the inroads of the Saracens in ancient times, and garrisoned against the smugglers in modern. If you had no other object in view, the rising of the sun, as you follow each other in silence and in file along the shore, would repay all your trouble. If you should see it as I have seen it, the recollection will go with you

to the tomb. Well, then, after a ride of nearly twelve miles, you will find a fort.—It is called *Foce verde*—there are inmates—soldiers and excise-men. They will give you a room for yourselves, and covering for your horses. Tarry not long at the meal you may make; for you have a day before you where nets and springes have seldom been. The security of having a virgin beat adds much zest to the sport; it is always so. It is difficult upon these wild expeditions, to be provided with dogs, or indeed men enough. I have often thought that these distant sports could only be approached, with proper appurtenances for the sport, from the sea. If you could muster about four guns, as many beaters, a relay of spaniels, and a retriever, you might have as many days along the coast as the “passage” of the woodcock lasts, and each day would yield a roe-buck or two. There is no town near enough to send forth marauders to disturb the game; the cost of reaching it outweighs the probability of a return in value. The woods are, all along the coast, of the same character,—groves of cork trees, and the medlar as under-wood; you pass from wood to moor and moor again to wood, and the day goes down with such hopes before you as would almost tempt you to make a sleeping place of the floor of the fort.

We must now return, retracing our steps in the dark by the shore of that tideless sea, each bearing a portion of the day’s yield, so that no one should be over-weighted. The day and night are closed; and the morning sees us again on our way across the forest to gain the high-road; but to perceive nothing more of our former guide.

Cisterna is a favoured haunt for expeditions from Rome. On the high-road to Naples,—it verges on the Pontine marshes. There is a celebrated wood near the village, called by the ominous name of the “*Macchia della Femina Morta* ;” and whereas the banditti have made these woods their favourite resort, it is a wonder that an incident so trifling in their estimation, should give a name to the spot. But on all sides it has its allurements; be it in the marshes for the snipe and wild fowl, the plover or the bittern; which latter bird is here called *Uccello lepre*, the bird-hare—and its flavor certainly is well designated;—be it on the mountain side, for the woodcock ever loves the hollow groves and glens; or in the lower copsewood; for the “*cacciarella* :”—denoting the nobler game of the wild boar and the roe-buck.

I have stood in the haggard-looking street of Cisterna, on a fine sunny morning, though in January, and, basking awhile before our party gathered, have seen carriages with their muffled inmates made up for an adventure with those brigands, whose stories and histories are the traditions of the country. I have even seen the German escort pass by me with the ransom for one of their own colonels, who was, during the whole of the day, in the very wood we were beating for woodcocks.

The brigands held him captive in the brake with a poignard to his heart, whilst he could have reached with his arm his own comrades; they passed; had he breathed but too loud that breath would have been his last. The ransom, and ransom only, could recover him, and by it the same day saw him free.

If perchance ye pause at your recreation, think where you are, and what is near and around you. We are on the very verge of the pestilential marshes, where whoso sleeps, though he be in his carriage as he passes at night, seldom awakes unharmed; and there are wild scenes as well as wild inhabitants to divert you. On one side mountain peasants, with their long staffs and goads attached, are driving a herd of buffaloes into the stagnant waters of the marshes. The lusty beasts, fighting with the weeds, tear them up by the roots, and give a little life to the almost torpid waters; the shout, the plunge, the strife, the fighting for the bank on one side, and, there repulsed, striving again for the other; forced to their task, and unable to quit it, they perform duties that nature so little intended them for. They have passed on, and we turn and gaze upon the hills that perhaps once stemmed the sea; for it is believed that the Pontine marshes were once covered by the waves; and there, imbedded in the mountains, are the glittering little towns Core, Basciano, Sermoneta, Sezzi, &c.; each having disgorged some pest to the country in the form of a bandit chief.

These are classical spots for brigand bands, each headed by some daring chieftain. Some of the most notorious have left their names and their feats, which are recounted as legendary lore. Sonino gave its dress, and its quota of heroes. The *Matto di Valecora*, *Gasperone*, *Luigi Mazorchi*, *Barbone*, each famed for some wild or cruel deed. *Masserone* and *De Cesaris* were cosmopolites in brigandage, and haunted no particular wood. The Sabine Territory gave *Angelo Fama*,—Basciano vomited forth *Dieci Nove*, and the wilds of Calabria the fantastic autocrat who ever styled himself the Emperor of the mountains and King of the woods, *Pietro primo Imperatore delle Montagne e re dei Boschi*.

I listened to the list of their "kings," as I passed a wet morning in a windowless cabin, though it was the dwelling of the mayor; and we crowded round a brazier to hear the feats of sire and son each listening or narrating in turn. It would be difficult to fancy a more picturesque group. But there were forms that composed it, never to be forgotten. Three beautiful girls, in their country costume, with rich brocade, and heavy beads, the *Tovaglia* with its varied hues, like a platter on the head, and the dress that seemed to heed not the form it encompassed, so free and unfettered was the frame within it, stood near and around our group. The eldest girl, scarcely then sixteen, had wedded a few months before, a brigand chief.

He had left her, and was at that hour with his band. She showed me her wedding dress; her fortune was sixty crowns, and it was all cast upon that one throw, her bridal dress—and beautiful indeed was it, worn for that one day, and now laid aside perhaps for ever, save that another stranger like myself may feel interest enough to listen to the sigh that accompanies the unfolding of the treasure; and she did sigh heavily. She loved him, though forsaken; so true it is what the giddy Frenchman has said, "*Il n'y a que les mauvais sujets qui sachent inspirer une belle passion.*"

I was bent upon an expedition across the marshes. "Well, if you will go," my kind acquaintance said, "Prospero shall go with you. Prospero has now a free pardon. The government itself protects Prospero." He must then be some notorious villain, I muttered to myself, if the Roman government protects him. Adieus and kind wishes for a happy return passed, and I went forth. I knew not how nor when Prospero was to join me. He was, however, to be my guardian spirit, and I doubted not his appearance. It was a beautiful noon succeeding a miserable morn. I arrived at the first post in the marshes, *Tor-tre ponti*; where, if a wet night has not driven the snipes away, you may see more in a day than you will probably during the rest of your life. It is, however, a dangerous pursuit; for though the spot be free from malaria in the winter, still the damps and the fogs are pernicious. Striking off to the right we soon gained a forest. A veteran *cacciatore* accompanied me, recounting his tales of brigands, and intimating a knowledge of Prospero's worldly affairs that betokened no good for him. Before long Prospero joined us. A more appalling figure could not be seen. He wore the brigand dress. Mounted upon a very clever horse, he seemed to be almost a part of him—on his saddle was slung on one side his wine-flask and his viands—on the other his tobacco pouch—his pipe—and his powder flask. His horse was nobly caparisoned. In his hand was his gun, and so held, that although he clasped the rein, he never could be surprised, for his finger was ever on the trigger. His appearance had nothing of the Italian save only a ferocious scowl, which, seaming a bloated and sandy countenance, gave an almost inhuman aspect to the man-brute. He did not greet us, but immediately took his position in front of the *châr-à-banc*, and led us at a gentle pace through the mazes of the woods he knew so well. The old *cacciatore* sate by my side; and when Prospero advanced a little further out of our reach to reconnoitre the ford of a dyke, or a fitting passage through the brakes, I learnt by snatches some traits of our guide's history. "He was the only brigand chief whose lot of slavery was not in the galleys if alive, or if dead, whose bones were not whitening to the winds on the gibbet"—A pause.

The veteran *cacciatore* then continued in a whisper, "He exterminated his own band! Free pardon was promised by the holy conclave (pious resolve!) to any bandit who would bring the heads of two of his comrades. They were nine in band—six slept at intervals during the night—three kept watch. The plot was laid that Prospero, with his two comrades on guard, should approach their sleeping companions, each select a victim, and shoot him through the heart, then seize the charged gun that lay by his side, and dispatch the remaining three." Again a pause; we might cross where he went—and we met his murderous gaze. Francesco continued: "The three murderers remained masters of their victims—but a brawl soon ensued—Prospero urged the death of one of the two; he was shot, and the remaining one was then denounced to judgment, and condemned to the galleys. The See of Rome in its clemency gave full and free pardon to so well deserving a subject—and he was now in their pay. How could they sufficiently appreciate the value "*tam cari capitis*"! we had advanced, and another sketch was promised; it was more fearful yet—and more caution was used in telling it. "Prospero was a husband." I shuddered and thought of the beautiful girl of the morning—but he was not her husband. "His fiend-like appearance and the consciousness of it had stirred the feeling of jealousy within him. His wife was beautiful, and all loved her within the hamlet where she dwelt." A silence—he was now evidently listening, but he could not catch a word, and we were for a while mute. Again, "Well, will the Signor believe that he came at night with his band into the woods that bordered upon his own home, seized a young peasant he suspected, carried him to the mountains, and not alone, for his own wife was taken there too, as a prisoner? He then bound her hand and foot to one tree, and her suspected paramour to another—each facing the other—thus was the night passed—with the dawn he arose, and with the attestation of the bright sun that was rising in the heavens, bared his arm, and taking a dagger, approached his trembling wife. He stabbed her, but not mortally, that had been too much mercy; and whilst the blood was dropping from the wound, he turned to the fettered peasant, and as if he would verify his suspicion—cried, "*ti piace?*" does it please ye?—another and another stab, and the searching question "*ti piace?*" followed; and he did not kill her yet. At last, when no sign nor token of guilt was betrayed, he drove the dagger home to the girl's heart, and then loosened and freed the appalled spectator."

We had now traversed nearly the whole distance that separates the high road from the sea, and after nearly five hours, our guide led us to the small hamlet which was our destination, called Fogliano. It is near the site of the ancient Corioli—but not a vestige of the place remained.

We found a few fishermen's huts, and a house for ourselves with doors and windows. Fogliano is situated near the salt water lakes, that run many miles parallel with the Mediterranean, and inlets from the sea keep up the communication with it, whilst the several lakes are joined together by innumerable dykes. It is from hence that Rome is supplied with the greatest part of the fish that is consumed in the winter. The *spicola*, something like our lake herring, the turbot, or rhombo, and the sole, are all found here. Six months of the year can the fishermen remain—for during the spring and summer the climate is pestilential. The lakes reach from the point where we were, which is almost opposite to the *Isola di Ponzo*, or Pontius Pilate's Island, to the *Circean promontory*. The dykes, which unite the various lakes, are beset with hoop nets for taking the fish; and a large revenue is brought to the proprietor from it.

A wilder spot than this cannot be imagined. We reached the casino destined by the proprietor to receive us; I looked upon the torpid waves of the lake beneath; it was covered with wild birds; and from their discordant and varied cries they seemed as though they were in carnival. What hopes for the morrow! Woods interminable, at least for the time that the woodcocks would stay; but we were only two guns, and we should have been six. It was something, however, to "flutter" a woodcock at *Corioli*; but in my case it was a grievance instead of a merit that "alone I did it." I had no one but old Francesco with me.

The sport upon the lake is very interesting—you glide along in a light boat called a *zandolo*. It is propelled from behind. In the dykes that intersect the spaces that divide the lakes, you steal along, and being completely concealed by the reeds that stand three times your height above you, the ducks in their every variety rose at the first fire,—“and went and came, and fluttered round”—so that, winding with every turn of the dyke, you might shoot faster than you could load. My tiny boat was soon filled even to bring it to the water's edge, and still many were not picked up, for we could but get only those that fell in the water. It were a puzzling task to give names to all the birds we killed—the havoc was great. They had long remained unharmed, and screamed and chattered to each other at the unwelcome intrusion.

A fresh sport awaited me on the morrow. The country was searched for dogs, as well as companions of my sport,—and at sunrise we started for the wild boar. During my stay at Fogliano the brigand Prospero never slept within doors. He joined me for the great day of the "*cacciarella*," and as we approached the islands formed by the dykes that separated the several lakes, I perceived his hideous countenance signalling us at a distance, to say that a boar was harboured close by



him. He had passed the whole night amongst the reeds, and could hear the least noise in the still night, at almost any distance. It was a glorious day in prospect. If we were enough, we must see the boar—they could not steal back as they generally do, for we posted ourselves all round the little islands. I have seen the wild boar in wood and glen, but nothing that I ever witnessed equalled this day in interest. The “find” was certain: the rustling of the reeds at a distance—the near approach—the pause—the turn from you—the nearing you again—the hope and the fear—the yell of the gored hound,—and then the final plunge into the dyke to cross to another island—the shot in the water—the crimsoned pool—the struggle to surmount the opposite bank, and the heavy fall, to tell of the inability,—and then the almost war-cry of victory of these wild assistants, and the dragging the monster prize to the shore, and the gathering together of the motley group,—imagine to yourself every phase of these changes, and think what the excitement must be. Then onward to another island, and hours of disappointment if one careless shot should fail to do its duty; for the hounds will never leave the wounded prey; and you may await in patience their return.

The week soon passes amid these varied pursuits. The Sunday comes round, and then a strange and curious sight is witnessed. From far and near the few inhabitants of these wild districts gather together for the morning mass in a little chapel. The goatherd, the swineherd, and the cowherd come forth from the woods. There is no old man seen—no child—no woman. The tie of religion is all that binds them to society. They have left their mountain homes for the plain. They come forth from their woods with the produce of their week’s sport. They kneel upon the cold stones before their favoured saint—in their picturesque garb—with some gaudy feathers in their hats, and the loose kerchiefs fastened with rings; whilst to their breasts are attached any pieces of glitter and of tinsel, they may have treasured,—and then the faithful dog threading through the kneeling supplicants—it were indeed a wondrous sight. “*Ecco*,” whispered the old Francesco, “*un vero gabinetto di briganti*,” and a cabinet collection of brigands it was indeed. The mass over—the mules are brought; and an auction of fish and fowl begins, which is all transported to Rome. It is a strange generation I have here met with. Man, in all his contrarieties—mingling not with his kind except on the one day of mass; full of life and of health, a race, in the comparison with whom the inhabitants of the cities are but as the withered husk is to the swelling grape.

It is time that I should leave these spots—for a fortnight passed with such companions gives a zest for return to civilized life.

## THE NEW HUNTSMAN.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

I HATE any thing new; from New South Wales down to the last new waltz. I never drink a drop out of the New River (nor any other river, if I can help it); and, whether it be the result of fancy or some strange spirit of divination stirring within me, I never pass the New Drop without a shudder. I was once within an ace of falling irrecoverably in love with the most beautiful, the most bewitching of her sex; but I soon shut my heart against all further tender emotions—for I found the lady came from New York. Nothing new under the sun! I wish to heaven there was not; I shouldn't be suffering now as I am from this plaguy pair of new boots (which *must* be worn—confound their soles!), though they are pinching me the while till I am almost ready to stand on my head by way of relief. Nothing new! What do you call this villanous coat that I am obliged to carry about me, bobbing into my face at every turn, pinching here, bagging there, and making me feel like mister Anybody-else than what I really am. Nothing new! And that rascally fellow of a footman that plagues me to death every hour of my life, doesn't know one of my ways, and can't tell even where to look for the corkscrew. Nothing new! And that precious gem of a new friend of mine, who bores me to death with his professions of devotedness, though I know the fellow wouldn't lend me a five-pound-note if it was to save me from starving.

Well, and now we've got a new huntsman. Old Abel, the fine, old fashioned fellow, in his mahogany tops and ponderous Brummagem, is no more. The new man is from the flying countries, and a regular dandy. He has evidently studied the graces, and does not even turn round to rate a hound without throwing himself into an attitude. His boot-tops are rather whiter than lilies, and his gloves rather whiter than his boot-tops. Then the fellow takes snuff, and exhibits a gold snuff-box, given him by Lord Somebody or other, for riding a steeple-chase in a neighbouring county. His manners are of a piece with his snuff-box and boot-tops. He affects the *suave*; *begs* you will not press the hounds too much; and *entreats* you not to persist in holloaing the wrong fox. One of Old Abel's hearty d—ns would be quite a treat after the musky phrases of this band-box Nimrod. There was something honest after all in the old fellow's denunciations; it was really pleasant to be anathematized by him; for he meant no harm, and felt no rancour. Above all, he was no distinguisher of persons; he d—d us all alike, subscribers and non-subscribers—only his own master

rather more than the rest. It was fine to see the old fellow, when some of our young ones had ridden the hounds to a check, and were full of wonderful surmises as to the cause of the disaster, how he would rate them all round, and threaten to horsewhip the first among 'em (duke, marquis, or earl, no matter who), who dared to offend in like manner again. In such cases Old Abel had generally the field to himself, for all who were liable to any suspicion of having brought on the calamity, took pretty good care to slink off behind the first hedge, and not to be forthcoming again till the mischief was thoroughly repaired. To be sure, the old boy's good humour was not *always* proof against such trials, particularly if followed by the loss of the fox. And whose would be, I should like to know? At such times his favourite trick was to run the hounds quickly through some neighbouring cover, and while the field was waiting, chatting and cigar-smoking, on one side of it, to trot them off with a few choice friends on the other, and try for a fresh fox in a different place. Poor fellow! what a triumph it was for him if he could carry his plan into effect, and show a good run with his fresh find; and what a roguish smile animated the old man's countenance as he asked his friends on their next merry meeting, "how it was they didn't stay to see that uncommon fine run t'other day over Brakemash-common, and Stoneley-moor, and Bangley-hurst, and Dalewood-flats, and so on up into the Peak-hills, killing him in the open, just by Gamwell-hall, after a run of two hours, seventeen minutes, and forty-three seconds, without a check?"

It is true, Abel was not quite so quick latterly as he used to be: not that there was any lack of nerve in his riding; no, no: when the hounds were fairly at work he would go along like a mail train, and nothing then came amiss to him. But when they were drawing, casting, or going from covert to covert, people said the old man was "dead slow," and wondered why the devil the squire didn't send him to the right about. Mind!—*people* said, and *people* wondered—I never did. For I always thought the old man's slow and sure system killed more foxes than your fire and mercury gentlemen could have done with all their mettle. But, however, the old man's gone, and we shall see if things go on better under the new system or not. I have just been out a day with the fresh man. His first words prejudiced me against him. We have always been used to hear "Termigrant," "Franzy," and "Marmidug." He calls 'em Termagant, Phrensy, and Marmaduke. "Gemini," may be all very right and proper, but "Jimminy" is the word for me. Besides, how is a hound that has been called "Ac-orn" all his life, to be expected to turn round all of a sudden and answer to the name of "Acheron?" School Latin may be all very well in its way; but, for dogs, my notion is there's nothing like dog Latin. Then,

this fellow is not content with greeting you with a touch of his cap, which was all Old Abel used to do (and rather more than he would sometimes concede), but goes through a regular salaam with his velvet in the air; and this too, it is evident, not with a desire to show *you* particular respect, but to exhibit his own good breeding. Our bookseller, who sometimes comes out on his little cob to see the hounds thrown off, tells me he has countermanded the order Old Abel used to give him for "Bell's Life" and "the New Sporting Magazine," and that he takes in instead the Athenæum and the Penny Cyclopaedia. In covert you seldom hear his voice, for his lungs are tender. Only fancy! a huntsman with tender lungs! and when he blows a blast on his *silver* horn (another gift of some noodle of a lord in the neighbouring hunt), you would think it was a child sounding a penny trumpet rather than a huntsman winding to a pack of fox hounds. He soon found us a fox, however, and got well away with his hounds. His riding was unexceptionable—I must say that: and his hand seems perfect—give the devil his due. But when we came to the first check—here it was that we missed our own friend, our good old Abel. On these occasions we used to "take sweet counsel together:" we had all a right of opinion on the subject; and though, to say the truth, Abel generally followed his own at last, yet he was never above hearing our suggestions, and giving us credit for our sagacity. But the new man has the most arrogant way of managing these affairs that ever huntsman hit upon. Scarcely will he condescend to open his lips at all, or if he does, it is to make some remark quite foreign to your proposition.

"William"—such is the sweet name of our new importation,—"William, I fancy the fox has been headed by those people at plough, and probably has gone down this hedge-row."

"Pray, sir, take care your horse does not kick that hound"—"Your horse!" old Tagus! that would as soon think of kicking his own mother as any hound in the pack.

"William, I think if you were to make a cast towards yonder ozier bed—"

"I should be *mech* obleeged, sir, if you would not speak so loud (speak *at all*, he means), as it takes off the attention of the hounds."

"I've no doubt he's in the ozier bed," continues the first interlocutor, determined not to be browbeaten out of his opinion by a Jemmy Jessamy huntsman in white gloves, as he calls him.

"Never mind, sir; if he's there, I've no doubt the hounds 'll find him," is Jemmy's only reply. On which a very small  $\leftarrow$ , not so big as the point of your penknife, escapes from the first speaker, and a vague notion of withdrawing his subscription passes through his mind. After all, however, Jessamy is right (*that* is the most provoking part of the

business—to be angry, and to have nobody to be angry with, is worse than all) the fox is *not* in the ozier bed, and has never been near it.

Away we go again, and the new man is well with his hounds to the end. But *then*, what a difference from the scene in the old time! If there was one moment in which Old Abel looked mightier than another, in which his great soul expanded beyond its usual limits, this was the moment. His feeling, highly excited during the chase, now knew no bounds. His whole being was in the event before him. Earth, moon, stars, fortune, honours, ambition, were all forgotten. Father, mother, friend, wife, uncles and aunts, grandfathers and grandmothers—all were lost sight of on this glorious occasion. The world for him consisted only of a centre of fox and sixteen couple of revolving fox-hounds. He himself was hardly aware whether he was biped or quadruped, hound or huntsman. I know not what monster of antiquity that was whose upper half exhibited the appearance of a human being, while the lower limbs terminated in a choice collection of very savage dogs: but this I know, that I never used to see Old Abel in the midst of his hounds at a kill without being reminded of this strange being. One soul seemed to animate the whole group; without his hounds Old Abel was nothing; without Abel the hounds were not. Every motion of the man seemed to be understood by the dogs: what a drum-major is to a regimental band, Old Abel was to his hounds—he was a very *Canis Major*. His whoohoop was a thing *per se*. Paganini on the fiddle, Wesley on the organ, and Old Abel on the whoohoop—and you had nothing more to hear on this side the grave. To say that he made the woods *ring* again was to say nothing. Every grove seemed bound to perform a triple bob major on the occasion; not a tree in the whole wood but took its part in the concert; not a twig of the forest but bore its share of the *peel*. Then, to see the old man draw forth his Sheffield whittle, as big almost as Tippoo Sultan's scimitar, and proceed to divest pug of his brush and pads, was a fine treat to the connoisseur of comparative anatomy. The odour of sly reynard was to him as the odour of the rose to the bulbul: and many and many a time have we seen him, ten minutes after the breaking-up of the fox, cutting away at a slice of pork pie or bread and cheese at a neighbouring farm house, his knife still purple with the life-blood of poor *vulpes*. What a contrast between this scene and the one I have just been witness to! The new man's whoohoop is more like a fit of the whooping-cough. A dowager in hysterics would be quite a treat after it. There's not a hound in the pack that does not turn up the nose of contempt at it, nor an echo in the whole wood that would repeat such a sound for the lordship of the manor. The wretch affects coolness on the occasion, and wishes to make it appear that the killing of a fox is a matter of no

more moment than getting your breakfast. Look at him, as he stands with his foot on pug's brush—you would take him for a dancing master in the first position. It may be fancy in me, but it *does* seem that the hounds are making themselves more bow-legged than usual in ridicule of his turned-out toes. As for stripping the brush himself, Jessamy has no idea of such a thing: he "can't abear blood;" he performs this office by deputy: the first whip is his deputy; but, observe! he receives the five shillings in person.

Then, again, what a scene it used to be when, after a successful run, we fell in with a village public house, where men and horses could refresh themselves after the fatigues of the chase. How we used to turn the old Green Dragon out of its own bow windows! What orders for pints of ale and quarts of oatmeal! What mixings of grog for the riders, and gruel for the tits! What runnings to and fro of all the domestics of the establishment! What a conglomeration of duties—barmaids giving out meal, and ostlers pouring glasses of sherry! What contention as to who should stand glasses round to the huntsman and whips! What rivalry as to who should drink the heartiest good health to the squire! What fizzing of soda water! What popping of porter! What breaking of glasses! What spilling of liquor! What jingling of money, and lighting of cigars! What pleasant jokes with the pretty serving maids, and rough ones with the serving lads! What holdings of horses, and walkings-up-and-down of cobs and ponies! What discussions as to the merits of the just-finished run, and anticipations of the one to come! In short, what mirth and jollity of every kind, degree, and denomination, that heart can wish or that life can offer!

Under the new *régime* we have nothing of all this: for *William is a teetotaller!*

I leave the gentle reader to judge if I am wrong in my antipathy to novelties. He may determine against me. He may pronounce me antediluvian, pre-Adamite, fossil, mummy, or nithorynchus, or what he likes: but I fairly warn him, I shall stick to my prejudice; I shall oppose new-fangled notions with all my might; I shall not give up my old ways, nor my old friends; and I shall always prick up the ears of suspicion when I hear people crying "New lamps for old."

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### THE COURSER'S SONG OF THE SEASON.

BY GREGORY GREYHOUND, ESQ.

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OH! brown are the high clouds,  
 And browner is the heath,—  
 And keenly through the leafless hedge,  
 Winter draws his breath:—

Down by the rushy bottom,  
 Near th' swoll'n stream all afoam ;  
 I'll wage a pair of couples,  
 That we find the mynx at home !  
 With our long dogs, our long dogs,  
 Our strong dogs, our long dogs !  
 She'll find she's with the wrong dogs,  
 When from us she would go ! *With our, &c.*

Now tread the dull grass carefully !  
 Oh how I long to catch  
 The large,—the deep—the lidless eye—  
 Intensely on the watch !  
 See—little Don—how busily  
 He feathers down the rut—  
 He whimpers—oh my life upon't,  
 He's close upon her scut.  
 Now the long dogs, the long dogs,—  
 The strong dogs, the long dogs :—  
 I've been, through life, among dogs—  
 But here's the brace to go ! *Now the, &c.*

Be ready !—give her law enough,—  
 There, steady ! there, now slip !  
 Like arrows from two bended bows,  
 They're hard upon her hip !  
 See, Fly and Sultan how they wind,  
 And fetch her back to us ;  
 I would not, for a leash of gold,  
 This moment be that puss !  
 With the long dogs, the long dogs,  
 The winging, clinging long dogs,  
 These are the right true long dogs,  
 To never let her go. *With the, &c.*

And now she doubles short and quick,  
 And makes for the old fence,  
 Where saving gaps are waiting her,  
 And high the fern, and dense ;  
 She gains it ! no ! she gains it ! yes !  
 She beats the bitch and pup !  
 No—Sultan as she dashes through,  
 Throws in ; and throws her up !

Oh, the long dogs, our long dogs,  
 The strong dogs, the long dogs,  
 The willing, killing long dogs,  
 That would not let her go.

*Oh the, &c.*

We hurry to the dark woodside,  
 We find three creatures there !  
 And on his legs the gallant dog,  
 And on her back the hare ;  
 And Sultan stands with curled tongue,  
 Yet looking down on her ;  
 While Fly has laid her snakelike head,  
 Upon her snowy fur.

Oh ! the long dogs, the long dogs,  
 The strong dogs, the long dogs,  
 The fiery, wiry, long dogs,  
 To teach the wind to go !

*Oh the, &c.*

Again, again—and oft again,  
 We find, and follow well ;  
 We find her on the hill-side,  
 We find her in the dell :  
 'Tis slipping, and pursuing,  
 Till dark runs down the light ;  
 Then with cheering, and hallooing,  
 We close ;—and home, for night !  
 With our long dogs, our long dogs,  
 Our strong dogs, our long dogs,  
 These dogs I make my song-dogs,  
 For ever they shall go !

*With our, &c.*

The fire now blazes brightly,  
 And well the pantry's stored ;  
 The glasses all are in the *slips*,  
 The bowls upon the board :  
 Then fill, and drink the merry puss,—  
 The *one* that ran away !  
 And may she live—as saith the song,  
 To fight another day ;  
 With the long dogs, the long dogs,  
 The strong dogs, the long dogs,  
 Oh ! are not ours ding-dong dogs,  
 The devil's snakes to go !

*With the, &c.*  
 G. G.



## TENCH AND TROUT IN A POOL.

*Query*—As to the best mode of taking out Tench without injuring the trout?

We have received a letter from a Correspondent, signed Piscator, which contains the following inquiry; we thought, as information on the point might be interesting and useful to others of our readers, besides Piscator, we could not do better than submit the matter to our able contributors on Fishing subjects,—Theophilus South, and the Author of the Willowdale-Hall Fishing Code. They both have kindly replied to the Query,—and we now at once, and without further comment, lay the case, as submitted to our Water Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, together with their opinions upon the subject:

“How would you take tench at this time of year (November) in a pool (where a stream runs) which cannot be dragged on account of the immense quantity of *Rat's-weed*, which never dies away enough to allow of a drag-net; and where a thief-net endangers some very fine trout, who at this season are always on the move; whilst the Tench at night do not stir?

“N. B. I have twice damaged the trout by a thief-net.”

*Reply to the Inquiry of Piscator by the Author of the Fly-Fisher's Text-Book, &c.*

The object and meaning of the propounder of the above question is not sufficiently explained. He neither tells us whether he desires merely to catch a *few* tench, now and then, or to exterminate them altogether, “at one fell swoop;” nor does he explain the kind of weed he complains of;—the construction of the “thief” net; the size or depth of the pool; nor the quantity of stream passing through it.

We find no weed universally or commonly known by the name “*Rat's-weed*” or “*Kale-weed*” (either of which the above writing appears like)—nor any kind of net generally known by the name of “thief-net.” Nevertheless, we will do our best to answer our correspondent; and he must excuse us meanwhile and explain himself better for another occasion, if our opinion should fail to “come up to” his difficulties. We do not profess to be great netters; because netting is too closely akin to poaching, and too destructive of real sport; and the less netting be promoted or encouraged the greater is the chance for true fishermen,—namely, those who take fish by the legitimate use of rod and line in the delightful pastime of angling.

The first step towards netting in weedy places, is the preparation of the water ; that is, the *removal* of the weeds ; unless, indeed, the net be the *trammel*, and poles are used to beat the water, and drive the fish out of the weeds into the net, spread round them, when the removal of the weeds ceases to be necessary. Judging from the expressions used in the question, namely, the injury to trout, that by the "thief" net, the *trammel* is signified (and which trammel consists of a net of small meshes suspended freely between two outer nets or walls of very much larger mesh, through one of which the fish passes, driving a portion of the inner fine net and itself through the meshes of the other, and so entangling himself), we have to devise other means of taking the tench. On account of the weeds, the drag-net is objected to ; but let us say that much depends on the manner in which it is used, especially for tench and carp, which, as is well-known, will thrust their noses into the mud, and allow the net to pass over them if they can. If the weeds in question are not *very* strong, we still think the drag-net may prove successful ; but it must be *very* heavily leaded to counteract the effect of the weeds on the one hand ; and must be drawn *very, very* deliberately through the water, so as to "counterplot" the "*burying*" habit of fish, on the other. Fish are more readily alarmed and induced to fly about and plunge into the mud or over the net, when it is drawn hurriedly ; and it being certain, if these two evils are prevented, they must come ashore, there is no use in hurrying the operation, as is done in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

The advantage of the net passing slowly is, that it does not so much frighten the fish, to begin with ; and, as they cannot hold their noses in the mud for very long, they may be sickened of that manœuvre before the net has passed them. Another point in dragging is to keep the lower lines (called, we think, the lead lines, viz. those attached to the bottom of the net) much in advance of the upper or cork lines ; so that the lead-line will, as it were, *scoop* the fish up from the mud, or tend very much to keep them out of it. If this can be prevented, their only chance of escape is by leaping over the corks. This is another very favourite manœuvre, especially with carp, and we have often dragged small ponds over and over again, for the pleasure of witnessing these gambols.

Finding their escape cut off below, they remain quite quiet in the net till its bag approaches the bank ; then they will say "catch a weasel asleep," and with the utmost coolness, cast themselves over the corks and laugh at their enemies. To remedy this, the *first thing* which suggests itself is to provide that the net be at least a yard or two deeper than the water,—to have it well leaded below and well corked above, so that it may bag very much as it is drawn in, like Taglioni's scarf when distended by the air in her celebrated shawl dance. The

second is (and it is additional to the above) to drag a second net behind the principal one ; for by this, thinking themselves secure after escaping one danger, they are taken unawares ; and finding they have been already foiled in their two favourite resorts, they will keep in mid-water in the bag of the second net and reconcile themselves to their fate, under the notion they have only “leaped out of the frying-pan into the fire.” Therefore with much patience, which constitutes man’s greatest strength in most instances against the brute creation, and plenty of lead and cork, the drag-net may still avail our correspondent.

Now let us ask, is he aware of the great necessity of clearing away the weeds before he proceeds to net? This should be done at least a day previously, otherwise the fish may have sheltered themselves under rooted banks and other strong holds before the net gets into the water. If the weeds extend much above the bottom of the pool, they must be cut (if the place be large) with a number of old scythe-blades rivetted together and sharpened, to be gradually drawn through the water at the roots of the weeds backwards and forwards, *see saw fashion*, by ropes attached at each end held by men at opposite sides of the pool : or if the place be small, with a long handled heavy scythe set on more perpendicularly to the flat of the blade than the common farming scythe, the labourer working from a boat. But should the weeds be merely covering, and lie close on, the bottom, a large iron rake is the best means of removing sufficient, at least for the plan of netting we are about to mention. Our correspondent will find this in Chambers’ Cyclopædia, tit. “FISHING *Tench*,” which, though old, seems very reasonable. We subjoin the extract lest he should not possess the work to refer to.

“When a number of *tench* are to be taken out of a muddy pond, the method is to take a large casting-net, well leaded, and with meshes from the crown to a full yard and a half, not too small ; for then” (i. e. otherwise) “if the pond be deep, the fish will strike away before the net gets to the bottom. The place where the net is to be thrown into” (any known favourite hole is the best, of course) “must be cleared of weeds, &c. with a rake. A bait” (ground bait) “is next to be prepared for drawing the fish together: for this purpose put a quarter of a peck of wheat into three quarts of water, send it to an oven, and let it be well soaked ; then add to it five pints of blood, and as much bran as is necessary to give it the consistency of a paste ; mix with it some clays and add a quart of lobworms chopped in pieces. Let the whole be wrought up into a stiff paste, and rolled into balls of the size of a hen’s egg, and throw these into the pond in the place where the net is to be cast. Let these, and some grains” (fresh) “be occasionally thrown in, and the place be thus baited for several days. When the fish may be sup-

posed to be well acquainted with the place, let a good baiting be given in the morning ; and in the close of the evening let the casting-net be carefully thrown in. When the net is sunk, the mud all about is to be stirred with a long pole with a fork at the end : the net is to lie half an hour, and the mud to be thus stirred all the time : by this means the tench will be raised and will be taken in pulling out the net ; but if the net were to be thrown in and taken out in the common way, there would hardly be one fish taken : for the custom of both tench and carp, when they are frightened, is to plunge their heads up to the eyes in the mud, and thus placed, with their tails erect, the net must draw over them, without the possibility of entangling them." In this place we will only add, that too much patience can hardly be used in drawing the net to shore.

Has our correspondent ever tried a baited drum-net? We think tench might readily be caught by this means ; and if trout were enclosed at the same time, neither will the drum-net, nor the casting-net injure them, provided they be quickly set at liberty.

In conclusion, let us pray our correspondent to spare the net as much as possible, and leave as many fish as he can for the diversion of the patient angler!

While upon this subject, we may add our opinion in reference to casting nets, that the bag is generally too small, and the lines which hold it up too short, preventing large fish from getting into it.

T. S.

*Reply by the Author of the Willowdale-Hall Fishing Code.*

The author of the Willowdale-hall Fishing Code, begs to acknowledge the Editor's letter of the 25th inst., containing Piscator's query respecting tench and trout in a pool, and to state in reply that it would give him much pleasure to be able to inform Piscator of some certain means by which the tench alluded to, can now be taken. The author of the W. F. C. has tench now in a small pond, and finds no difficulty in taking them at any time with a trammel ; but there is no mud, but few weeds, and no other fish in the pond. He thinks if roads were cut through the weeds transversely, so as to allow trammels to sink, and several trammels set according to the size of the pool, and the water plumped with a pole,—some few tench might be got ; but there is no question that the trout would be taken also. He does not conceive it would injure the trout, even if caught in the trammels, because they would be liberated in a few minutes ; and he has seen tench thus caught and liberated, and no bad effects followed. It is only by allowing a fish to be in a net for several hours, or all night,

and to rub off his scales and bruise himself; that he frets and dies. Besides, the weather is material. Any fish will bear infinitely more friction in winter, than in summer. He fears, if there is much mud in the pool, the tench cannot *now* be taken, and in that case the better way would be, to take them in the spring with bow-nets (see vol. 16, New S. M. p. 417), and put them in a stew or pond, when they can be taken out at any time with a trammel, or by running off the water. A trial of the new bow-nets mentioned at such page, in this weedy pool, the author of the W. F. C. assures Piscator would succeed to admiration.

Peterborough, 25th Nov. 1839.

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## Notitia Venatica.

No. IX.

BY ACTÆON.

(Continued from vol. xvii. page 238.)

THE sooner you can begin after the corn is cut, the better, as it gives hounds so great an advantage when the foxes are not come to their full strength; a good beginning is half the battle, and that is one reason why it is generally recommended to wait for a shower of rain to cool the covers and improve the scent. Work of the right sort, added to blood, is what is required; one without the other is of little avail, and where good luck forsakes you, cubs scarce, and the great desideratum cannot be obtained by fair means, others must be resorted to, let them be what they will, to gain the point; however, anything in the world is better than turning out a bagman, the scent of which is as different from the natural smell of a wild fox, as a red herring is from a fresh mackerel. The ill-effects which the custom of indulging hounds with this spurious kind of blood produces, will soon discover itself if frequently put in practice; hares, cur-dogs, &c., will be all alike to them, and their hurry and wildness in drawing will be no less manifest, than their unsteadiness in chase. Even fox-hounds, which have before been steady, after too much rest frequently become wild and ungovernable. Some years ago, when Lord Middleton hunted Warwickshire, and whose celebrated pack stood as high in the estimation of fox-hunters as any in the world, a most unfortunate occurrence took place, and which is a convincing proof that during any part of the year when the pack are not at work, they cannot have too much strong exercise. After a long and severe frost, the hounds met at Walton Wood, and having forced a fox into

the open, were running him with a good fair scent, when suddenly they changed his line for that of a dark red-coloured dog (which had no doubt been coursing him), and fairly ran into him and ate him, before any one could get to them to stop them. I may have once or twice in my life hunted a "put-down fox," as it is sometimes called, but it is a custom I never approved of; nor have I ever known any good judges of hunting who recommended it. I once killed a fox in rather an extraordinary manner: he was not a bagman, although he appeared to have been just shook from the soot sack of a chimney sweeper. The facts were as follows: I was sitting late one winter evening, and just upon the eve of retiring for the night, when a neighbouring farmer brought me a fox in a large basket, which he had just taken in an out-house. As every body was gone to bed excepting myself, and not being able to shut him up in a better place of security, I left him in the room where I was then sitting, for the night, and gave orders that he should not be disturbed till I came down in the morning; however, the next day a maid-servant going in to light the fire as usual, about seven o'clock, opened the shutters, when the fox perceiving the light, jumped from the chimney where he had gone to ground, and darting through the window like a rocket, made his escape. I was immediately informed of the departure of the prisoner, and perceiving that a heavy storm of snow had fallen, it being ankle deep and still snowing, and the chance of hunting on that day at the regular hour being completely gone, I ordered the horses to be saddled; and in less than ten minutes they were out, the men mounted, and every hound in the kennel (forty-one couples) on the line of the fugitive: it proved to be a most burning scent, and after a sharp burst of about two miles, we killed him, as he was running in a direct line for a well known head of earths; if the scent of reynard was good, the smell of the soot was much more pungent, as it might be winded the whole way. The animal, when killed, certainly looked like a hunted devil, and the hounds, after they had eaten him, appeared as if they had had their mustachios blackened for a masquerade. The hole through which he had escaped was triangular, exactly the shape of his head, and so small that it seemed impossible for him to have forced his way through it. He had been during the night up and down the chimney some dozen times, as might be seen by the black marks all over the room. He had tried the chimney-piece, pictures, all the chairs, and had entered, as far as he could, into a hat and two caps which were on a table, to try to find an exit. This calls to my remembrance the anecdote of—

"Mr. Stubbs, a crack rider no doubt in his time,  
Who hunting on Sunday considered no crime."

He kept a pack of harriers, with which he used occasionally to hunt

bag foxes, and his plan for getting them into condition was, to shut them up in a small place, with a hole to admit the light about six feet above their heads, at which they would continually employ themselves in jumping, to endeavour to escape, and by that means get into good wind and condition.

As summer wears away, and the cub-hunting is drawing nearer to a close, the time of meeting may be at a later hour. But as that period of the year ought undoubtedly to be given up to the master of the pack for the purpose of educating his young hounds, and getting them into such order and condition that they may acquit themselves with credit, when the regular season arrives, I would never meet at such a time, as that the lateness of the hour would be an inducement to cause a number of persons to come out. Men who make a practice of going regularly cub-hunting are generally good sportsmen, and instead of doing harm, frequently do a great deal of good, by assisting to keep foxes back in large woodlands; but a numerous field in October is never to be desired, and the only way to prevent it is never to meet later than about seven o'clock. When beset by the entreaties of gentlemen who may be subscribers or good preservers of foxes, a huntsman may be overpersuaded to draw covers which it may at that time not be convenient to disturb, and to endeavour to show sport in the open, which at so early a day is never to be desired. One of the best runs I ever knew in my whole life was on the 5th of September, with the Warwickshire hounds when hunted by J. Wood. It was an accident, as the hounds broke away, and the men were not mounted to go with them, and consequently could not stop them. They found at five o'clock in the morning at the Bull and Butcher wood, which is situated on the edge of the largest woodlands in the county, six miles from Coventry, on the Oxford road, and killed their fox close to Crick in Northamptonshire, fifteen miles from point to point; but as the line taken was circuitous, it was at least twenty miles. The pace was tremendous; and no one who started with the hounds was up at the finish, except William Boxal, who was then the first whipper. There were nearly fifty couples of hounds out, seventeen and-a-half couples of which were of that year's entry, and had only been out four times before that day. It proved an old barren bitch fox.

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#### SPORTING EXCURSIONS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY J. R. TOWNSEND, ESQ.

Who Mr. Townsend is, and whether the record of his Sporting Excursions in the Rocky Mountains has or has not already appeared in print on the other side the Atlantic, we are in an uninterrupted state of perfect ignorance; but we are quite sure, from internal evidence

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that the author is a member of the *New World*, and it is not, therefore, very likely that he would have abstained from gratifying the curiosity of his Boston fellow creatures, or that he would have sent all the way from Columbia to Colburn, to scatter his little stories over a London octavo page of print. The absence of a Preface, too, goes to assure us that any explanation respecting the author or the book was very likely to break the charm of novelty, and was, therefore, not to be coveted by the English publisher. All, however, that we have really and properly to do with the book, is to introduce our readers to its most amusing sporting incidents, and this we shall do without further preface on our part, or delay.

On the occasion of three Indians of the Otto tribe visiting the camp to which Mr. Townsend was attached, we meet with the following anecdote:—

While these people were smoking the pipe of peace with us, after breakfast, I observed that Richardson, our chief hunter, an experienced man in this country, of a tall and iron frame, and almost child-like simplicity of character, in fact an exact counterpart of *Hawk-eye* in his younger days, stood aloof, and refused to sit in the circle, in which it was always the custom of the *old hands* to join.

Feeling some curiosity to ascertain the cause of this unusual diffidence, I occasionally allowed my eyes to wander to the spot where our sturdy hunter stood looking moodily upon us, as the calumet passed from hand to hand around the circle, and I thought I perceived him, now and then, cast a furtive glance at one of the Indians who sat opposite to me, and sometimes his countenance would assume an expression almost demoniacal, as though the most fierce and deadly passions were raging in his bosom. I felt certain that hereby hung a tale, and I watched for a corresponding expression, or at least a look of consciousness, in the face of my opposite neighbour, but expression there was none. His large features were settled in a tranquillity which nothing could disturb, and as he puffed the smoke in huge volumes from his mouth, and the fragrant vapour wreathed and curled around his head, he seemed the embodied spirit of meekness and taciturnity.

The camp moved soon after, and I lost no time in overhauling Richardson, and asking an explanation of his singular conduct.

“Why,” said he, “that *Injen* that sat opposite to you, is my bitterest enemy. I was once going down alone from the rendez vous with letters for St. Louis, and when I arrived on the lower part of the Platte river, just a short distance beyond us here, I fell in with about a dozen Ottos. They were known to be a friendly tribe, and I, therefore, felt no fear of them. I dismounted from my horse and sat with them upon the ground. It was in the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and the river was frozen solid. While I was thinking of nothing but my dinner, which I was then about preparing, four or five of the cowards jumped on me, mastered my rifle, and held my arms fast, while they took from me, my knife and tomahawk, my flint and steel, and all my ammunition. They then loosed me, and told me to be off. I begged them, for the love of God, to give me my rifle and a few loads of ammunition, or I should starve before I could reach the settlements. No—I should have nothing, and if I did not start off immediately, they would throw me under the ice of the river. And,” continued the excited hunter,—while he ground his teeth with bitter and uncontrollable rage,—“that man that sat opposite to you was the chief of them. He recognized me, and knew very well the reason why I would



not smoke with him. I tell you, sir, if ever I meet that man in any other situation than that in which I saw him this morning, I'll shoot him with as little hesitation as I would shoot a deer. Several years have passed since the perpetration of this outrage, but it is still as fresh in my memory as ever; and I again declare, that if ever an opportunity offers, I will kill that man."

"But, Richardson, did they take your horse also?"

"To be sure they did, and my blankets, and every thing I had, except my clothes."

"But how did you subsist until you reached the settlements? You had a long journey before you."

"Why, set to *trappin'* prairie squirrels with little nooses made out of the hairs of my head." I should remark that his hair was so long, that it fell in heavy masses on his shoulders.

"But squirrels in winter, Richardson; I never heard of squirrels in winter."

"Well, but there was plenty of them, though; little white ones, that lived among the snow."

"Well, really, this was an unpleasant sort of adventure enough, but let me suggest that you do very wrong to remember it with such blood-thirsty feelings." He shook his head with a dogged and determined air, and rode off, as if anxious to escape a lecture.

The author thus describes buffalo-hunting and killing:—

The day following, we saw several small herds of buffalo, on our side of the river. Two of our hunters started out after a huge bull that had separated himself from his companions, and gave him chase on fleet horses.

Away went the buffalo, and away went the men, hard as they could dash; now the hunters gained upon him, and pressed him hard; again the enormous creature had the advantage, plunging with all his might, his terrific horns often ploughing up the earth as he spurned it under him. Sometimes he would double, and rush so near the horses as almost to gore them with his horns, and in an instant would be off in a tangent, and throw his pursuers from the track. At length the poor animal came to bay, and made some unequivocal demonstrations of combat; raising and tossing his head furiously, and tearing up the ground with his feet. At this moment a shot was fired. The victim trembled like an aspen, and fell on his knees, but recovering himself in an instant, started again as fast as before. Again the determined hunters dashed after him, but the poor bull was nearly exhausted; he proceeded but a short distance and stopped again. The hunters approached, rode slowly by him, and shot two balls through his body with the most perfect coolness and precision. During the race,—the whole of which occurred in full view of the party,—the men seemed wild with the excitement which it occasioned; and when the animal fell, a shout rent the air, which startled the antelopes by dozens from the bluffs, and sent the wolves howling like demons from their lairs.

This is the most common mode of killing the buffalo, and is practised very generally by the travelling hunters; many are also destroyed by approaching them on foot, when, if the bushes are sufficiently dense, or the grass high enough to afford concealment, the hunter,—by keeping carefully to leeward of his game,—may sometimes approach so near as almost to touch the animal. If on a plain, without grass or bushes, it is necessary to be very circumspect; to approach so slowly as not to excite alarm, and, when observed by the animal, to imitate, dexterously, the clumsy motions of a young bear, or assume the sneaking, prowling attitude of a wolf, in order to lull suspicion.

The Indians resort to another stratagem, which is, perhaps, even more successful. The skin of a calf is properly dressed, with the head and legs left attached to it. The Indian envelopes himself in this, and with his short bow and a brace of arrows, ambles off into the very midst of a herd. When he has

selected such an animal as suits his fancy, he comes close along aside of it, and without noise, passes an arrow through his heart. One arrow is always sufficient, and it is generally delivered with such force, that at least half the shaft appears through the opposite side. The creature totters, and is about to fall, when the Indian glides around, and draws the arrow from the wound lest it should be broken. A single Indian is said to kill a great number of buffaloes in this way, before any alarm is communicated to the herd.

Our brothers of the angle will not detect much of a learned brother in Mr. Townsend. His trout, looking at their *size*, are certainly curious as to their *weight*; they must have resembled speckled eels.

In this little stream, the trout are more abundant than we have yet seen them. One of our *sober* men took, this afternoon, upwards of thirty pounds. These fish would probably average *fifteen or sixteen inches in length, and weigh three quarters of a pound*; occasionally, however, a much larger one is seen.

Again, he says,—

*12th.*—In the afternoon we made a camp on Ross' Creek, a small branch of Snake river. The pasture is better than we have had for two weeks, and the stream contains an abundance of excellent trout. Some of these are enormous, and very fine eating. They bite eagerly at a grasshopper or minnow, but the largest fish are shy, and the sportsman requires to be carefully concealed in order to take them. We have here none of the fine tackle, jointed rods, reels, and silkworm gut of the accomplished city sportsman; we have only a piece of common cord, and a hook seized on with half-hitches, with a willow rod cut on the banks of the stream; but with this rough equipment we take as many trout as we wish, and who could do more, even with all the curious contrivances of old Izaak Walton or Christopher North?

Now, neither Izaak Walton nor Christopher North is remarkable for "curious contrivances" for taking the trout. Izaak, compared with the modern hero of the rod and line, is as the coachman of a century back, compared with the Hon. Mr. Jerningham, or the Charles Jones, of the present day.

When the dangers of travelling these rocky mountains are really considered, it is positively a wonder that Mr. Colburn is ever able to *trap* a traveller alive! The following is a *thriller* :—

Wyeth told us of a narrow escape he had while travelling on foot near the summit of one of the peaks. He was walking on a ridge which sloped from the top at an angle of about forty degrees, and terminated, at its lower part, in a perpendicular precipice of a thousand or twelve hundred feet. He was moving along cautiously in the snow, near the lower edge, in order to attain a more level spot beyond, when his feet slipped and he fell. Before he could attempt to fix himself firmly, he slid down the declivity till within a few feet of the frightful precipice. At the instant of his fall, he had the presence of mind to plant the rifle which he held in one hand, and his knife which he drew from the scabbard with the other, into the snow, and as he almost tottered on the verge, he succeeded in checking himself, and holding his body perfectly still. He then gradually moved, first the rifle and then the knife, backward up the slanting hill behind him, and fixing them firmly, drew up his body parallel to them. In this way, he moved slowly and surely until he had gained his former station, when, without further difficulty, he succeeded in reaching the more level land.

Iron nerve is one of the indispensable arms, without which the sports-

man in the mountains of America, or the wilds of Africa, is in imminent peril at every step. To shoot the buffalo within two yards of your feet, and in his last rush—to come uninvited into the breakfast-parlour of a panther—to see the hungered snake coiled up under your very eye—to disturb the full-grown bear in his solitude in the willow copses or the currant bushes,—when, too, there are but a few twigs between you both,—all these require the heart to be a fortress—the eye to be unalarmed—the hand, the wrist, and arm to be as steady as those of the marble Apollo, when he has loosed the arrow at the Python. A step backward—a tremor even of the frame or face, would be like an ill-assorted pair in wedlock, you have plunged into the match, and must set about effecting, with all the art in your power, that difficult thing—a separation! There is great candour in Townsend's narration of what he now calls “a ridiculous adventure” but while it shows the honesty of his mind, it betrays the weakness of his nerve, and thus greatly accounts for the want of those daring deeds which we look for, as our right, in travellers who choose to venture into scenes where wild beasts prevail, but where man's foot ne'er, or rarely trod.”

This afternoon I observed a large flock of wild geese passing over; and watching them, perceived that they alighted about a mile and a half from where I knew there was a lake. Concluding that a little change of diet would be agreeable, I sallied forth with my gun across the plain in quest of the water, and soon arrived at a thick copse of willow and currant bushes, which was directly before me—and as I entered, when I heard a sort of angry growl, a grizzly bear of the largest size, erect himself upon his hind feet within a dozen yards of me, his eyes glaring with horrible malignity, his mouth wide open, and his tremendous raised as though ready to descend upon me.

For a moment, I thought my hour had come, and that I was fated to meet an inglorious death away from my friends and my kindred; but after a moment in agonizing suspense, and the bear showing no inclination to attack, my lagging courage returned, and cocking both barrels of my gun, and firing as steadily as my nerves would allow, full at the shaggy creature, I retreated slowly backwards. Bruin evidently had no objection to my braving gunpowder, but I did not know whether, like a dog, if I retreated he would not yet give me a chase; so when I had placed several hundred yards between us, I wheeled about and flew, rather than ran, towards the plain towards the camp. Several times during this run for life, I considered it, did I fancy that I heard the bear at my heels; and not over my shoulder to ascertain the fact, I only increased my speed. The camp was nearly gained, when, from sheer exhaustion I relaxed a little, and flat upon the ground, and looked behind me. The whole space between the copse was untenanted, and I was forced to acknowledge, with a strongly allied to shame, that my fears alone had represented the bear as the enemy of me.

When I arrived in camp, and told my breakneck adventure to the young companion, Mr. Ashworth, expressed a wish to go and kill the bear, and requested the loan of my double-barrelled gun for this purpose. The latter, however, peremptorily refused, and the men, several of whom were experienced

joined me in urging him not to attempt the rash adventure. At length, however, finding him determined on going, and that rather than remain, he would trust to his own single gun, I was finally induced to offer him mine, with a request—which I had hoped would check his daring spirit—that he would leave the weapon in a situation where I could readily find it; for after he had made one shot, he would never use a gun again.

He seemed to heed our caution and advice but little; and, with a dogged and determined air, took the way across the plain to the bushes, which we could see in the distance. I watched him for some time, until I saw him enter them, and then, with a sigh, that one so young and talented should be lost from amongst us, and a regret that we did not forcibly prevent his going, I sat myself down, distressed and melancholy. We all listened anxiously to hear the report of the gun; but no sound reaching our ears, we began to hope that he had failed in finding the animal, and in about fifteen minutes, to my inexpressible relief, we saw him emerge from the copse, and bend his steps slowly toward us. When he came in, he seemed disappointed, and somewhat angry. He said he had searched the bushes in every direction, and although he had found numerous foot prints, no bear was to be seen. It is probable that when I commenced my retreat in one direction, Bruin made off in the other, and that although he was willing to dispute the ground with me, and prevent my passing his lair, he was equally willing to back out of an engagement in which his fears suggested that he might come off the loser.

Now Mr. Ashburton was a man of the right kidney, and we confess it appears strange to us, that though he himself went with his *arms*, they were without *supporters*.

The *acres* comes a little over Mr. Townsend too, on leaving Oahu on his return to Columbia, upon seeing some natives part with their swarthy friends on board the Brig Mary Dacre, dash into the sea, and swim ashore.

We have had an accession to our crew of thirty Sandwich Islanders, who are to be engaged in the salmon fishery on the Columbia, and six of these have been allowed the unusual privilege of taking their wives with them. Some six or eight natives, of both sexes, friends and relatives of the crew, came on board when we weighed anchor, and their parting words were prolonged until the brig cleared the reef, and her sails had filled with the fresh trade wind. They thought it then time to withdraw, and putting their noses together after their fashion, they bade their friends an affectionate farewell, and without hesitation dashed into the sea, and made directly for shore. *I thought of blue sharks, and tiger sharks, and shovel-noses, and would not have run such a risk for all the wealth of the islands.*

We have extracted sufficiently from these two volumes to convey to our readers a tolerable notion of what they may expect to find in the work itself. They will experience much buffalo, a liberal allowance of wild horses, plenty of squirrel, incessant privation, everlasting natives, and excessive river. The records are not written with any remarkable animation, and have the effect of giving to us beast and bird more as stuffed specimens in the silent cabinet of the curious, than as the fierce and wild inhabitants, trapped or rifled in their native lairs and solitudes. The book, however, carries us over new ground; and for what it gives us, we ought to be thankful and not critical. And we long, therefore, at parting, to be understood as cheerfully going through the ceremony of "smoking the calamet of peace" with him.

## A RETROSPECT OF THE SEASON 1839.

ALTHOUGH the shooting season is hardly at an end, the scarceness of the birds, and the bareness of the cover, warn the fair sportsman that the gun should be laid aside till September again comes round, except merely for the pursuit of wild-fowl or cover shooting. Now that the heat and excitement of the early part of the season have given place to the dreary gloom of December, the sportsman finds himself more at leisure; and as he muses over his fire, on the long winter's evening, he naturally recurs to the past, or, turning over the pages of his "Game Book," his mind dwells on the by-gone incidents of the season he is about to close.

Seldom has it been the sportsman's lot to look back upon a season in which game has been so partial as in 1839. At the end of last season, and while breaking the young dogs in the spring, I found plenty of old birds, and the weather afterwards being favourable for laying, I anticipated a good show of young birds. The first nest I heard of, was seen by Lord Montague's keeper, on April 27, with seven eggs; and I saw two pheasant's eggs on the 10th May. I heard of none earlier. In my immediate neighbourhood there was a great deal of seed clover, and though we used all means to drive the birds out of it before laying, several clutches of eggs were destroyed in the first cutting. We had, however, a very fair show of eggs; but it was not till the middle of July that we could form any fair estimate of the game, the second clutches seldom coming off till the second week of that month. The heavy rains in June and July destroyed many of the eggs and young birds, and it was not till the beginning of August, when we found covey after covey, containing only from about three to seven birds, that I feared my hopes had been too sanguine. The truth is, plenty of birds were hatched, and the young ones were not so much destroyed by the rain itself, as by their feet and wings becoming clogged with the heavy lands, a fact, completely proved in my own village. On the heavy land, at the top of the parish, the coveys were scarce and small, while on the lighter and dryer soil of the lower part, the birds were plentiful and strong. I have found this the case, wherever I have shot this year, and I trust, owing to a good show of birds on the light soils, the deficiency will be greatly made up.

The harvest, especially the beans, was very backward, and if ever there was a season, in which shooting should have been put off till the 14th it was this. Unfortunately sportsmen will not all pull together, and if a few agree to put off shooting, some pot-hunter or other dissents, and unless a rule is generally adopted, one dissentient voice

spoils all. Little was done round us the first week, on account of the backwardness of the harvest ; and the second week I shot over a large tract of land in Huntingdonshire, and here the season had been so bad, that instead of bagging from ninety to one hundred brace, which, in an average season, would have been about the mark, forty brace was the total, and six hard days' shooting did it take to make up the bag. Here the land was cold and heavy, and the number of old birds, I killed, proved that many coveys had perished. Out of eighty brace of birds killed in a week, by a neighbouring keeper, above twenty brace were old ones.

Of course, before the season there were as usual many contradictory reports about the game, but at *Fox Feast* (as the keepers call it), the annual dinner given by Lord Fitzwilliam to the keepers whose preserves lie within the hunt, which takes place in the middle of the breeding season, the report of most of the keepers was very favourable, which proves that the birds must have been destroyed in July. Hares have certainly been very plentiful with us ; but I should say, the leverets were dropped unusually late. I found two litters on the 17th July, apparently but three or four days old ; and as late as the middle of November, I found leverets not half grown.

I heard of more nests taken this year by poachers (no doubt to supply other manors) than I ever remember. Of all kinds of poaching, this is by far the most destructive ; for, however good the keeper, the hopes of a whole season may be blighted at this time. Many a leveret and clutch of eggs are picked up by fellows under pretence of bird-nesting or plover egging ; and the ready sale they find for their spoil, and from men too, who *preserve* game, gives them too much encouragement to pursue their trade. Happily with us, night poaching has for the last few years been almost unheard of, and owing to the vigilance of our keepers, poaching is confined to ferreting and snaring ; and we see but little of this.

I fully agree with your correspondent N. W. in the spirit of his excellent letter in your October number, and especially with his observations on the Game Laws. I have already given you my opinion on them, and I have seen nothing yet to induce me to alter it. I am, however, happy to say, that matters this season have not been so bad with us as they appear in his neighbourhood. We have a very fair show of birds left for breeding, and the quantity of old birds that have been killed this year, will be favourable to the breeders of next season. Should the weather be fine in the spring, I look forward to a good show of birds next September.

Fishing in the early part of the season was completely at a stand-still, the floods entirely preventing netting, and the thickness of the water

afterwards rendering angling totally useless for the time, in our river, the Nene. Eels of course were plentiful; and I caught more tench in July, than I have done for the whole of the last five years. It is a curious fact, that, in certain seasons, a great quantity of these fish will be caught in water where, for many succeeding seasons, none are found. I, of course, only allude to rivers.

Towards August I had some capital perch fishing, but the floods and thick water have completely stopped angling since. Night lines answered well, but on the few days trimming I had, I took but few fish, and those small; and in fact, the constant floods have rendered this a poor season for the angler. May I be allowed here to offer my feeble testimony to the excellence of the Angling Code of your friend Charles Willowdale, the perusal of which has afforded me as much instruction as amusement. I never read so much in so small a compass; and the very quaintness of his maxims proves him a master of his art. I trust that he is only, like his own rod, laid on the shelf for the dead season, and I look forward with pleasure to the spring, when I hope to find him at his post; for though I have gained many a wrinkle from his Code, I have still much to learn.

We have this year, I am happy to say, a capital show of foxes in the covers round us. In a neighbouring cover of one hundred acres, ten brace were known of before cub-hunting, the owner being a staunch fox as well as game preserver. I shot in this wood in November, and the show of pheasants proved that if the right plan is adopted, pheasants and foxes may be found in the same preserve. The keeper in this one cover had killed above forty cats since Lady-day, and the vermin on the "*keeper's tree*," told, that though foxes were saved, the trap and gun had not been idle. I merely mention this one wood as a sample.

Owing to the quantity of hay left by the summer floods in the ditches and meadows, affording both food and cover for snipes, we have had a great many up, and unusually early. I killed several in the beginning of August, and from that time whenever the meadows have not been too flooded we have had good sport. In November the floods drove them from us, but in the colseed round the fens, there was capital shooting. In fact, at present the meadows are too wet, but were the fens to be frozen, we should have plenty of birds. The high waters have as yet brought us but few wild fowl. The weather has been too open, and the birds remain at sea, and the gunners who visit us every flood from the fens have met with poor sport. Some plover, a few trips of ducks, chiefly widgeon, pochard, and teal, which, from the yellow appearance of their breasts had just come from the sea, are all we have seen. I saw a flock of geese early in November and two wild

swans (too shy to do any good with), on the 21st, in the floods. I never remember these birds so early, especially in a season so open as the present. The heavy fogs prevented many birds settling, not being able to see the water. A rough N. E. wind with rain always brings the birds inland. In the meres and washes the chief sport of the gunner is at night-fall and day-break, but in our meadows, where the ditches are deep and the banks high, gunning at night is too dangerous and precarious to be followed with any certainty. In fact, at the best, the pursuit of wild fowl, though a very exciting, is a dangerous sport, and few but the real gunners have much success. The best time with us is after a winter flood has gone down, when the birds always remain in the ozier holts and ditches, till driven away. They may be killed at flight-time if they feed near any willow-bed or bank, but it is little use waiting longer than an hour after sun-set. The birds feed on a plant resembling parsley, of which they are very fond, and whenever the leaf of this plant is found against a bank in the floods to the *leeward*, the birds are sure to be in that meadow at night. Wild ducks, unless disturbed, will feed by day. Pochard can dive for their food, and, therefore, feed in deep water; the old birds do not dive, and always feed on a bank or in the shallows.

The first woodcock I killed was on November 7th: the first I heard of, on October 24th. The N. E. wind of October brought up but few, though since that they have been plentiful.

I always keep a game book, and, in the evening, book not only the game I have killed, but whatever I have seen in the day worthy of observation, and I should recommend every young sportsman to do the same. There are few days that will not afford some hint or other, which, if treasured up (however trifling it at the time appears), may hereafter be turned to account. Would every sportsman adopt this plan, how many valuable hints, both in sporting and natural history, might be preserved, which every day passes by unnoticed or forgotten. Who has so many opportunities of watching the manners of the animal creation, as the man who is out in all seasons, and whose very sports are completely regulated by their habits? What constitutes the charm of that delightful work, "White's History of Selborne," but the simplicity and faithfulness of the observations contained in its pages? and how much information would have been lost but for the care of that intelligent naturalist? If one place can afford so much scope for observing the works of nature, why not another? And if, as we all know, so much instruction may be gained from merely conversing with a gamekeeper, how much from a man whose mind and education lead him to pursue these interesting topics further than his mere observation carries him?

I need hardly remind your readers that although this season is at a



close, much remains to be done before another comes round. The chief charm of the sportsman's life consists in its variety; every month brings with it some fresh pleasures and every season its own peculiar sport, and happy is the man whose inclinations lead him to follow those sports in his native fields.

In concluding my letter, I will wish your readers, one and all, a happy new year. I trust that every sportsman will exert himself to the utmost in preserving the breed of game for another season; and at the end of the year, whatever pains or labour it may cost him, he will find fully repaid by the satisfaction of reflecting that nothing in his power has been left undone to uphold the good cause which he has undertaken.

Yours truly,

Oundle, December 14th, 1839

ТОНО.

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“HE WORE A COAT OF NUGEE'S.”

AN IMITATION.

He wore a coat of Nugee's,—the night when first we met,  
 His Hoby boots were shining, 'neath 'Day and Martin's jet,'  
 His neckcloth held the brilliants, His cheek the boyish blush,  
 True emblems of a spendthrift wild, when *tin* is very flush.  
 I saw him then at Morley's, and methinks I see him dash,  
 Champagning thro' his hours,—mad,—careering thro' his cash!

A neat, new, brown, brass-buttoned, when next we met, he wore;  
 Ah! will he ever settle for that splendid drag and four?  
 And, sitting as his bride, was one,—whose love (but all in vain)  
 Had smoothed his way,—had *tin* supplied,—and set him new again!  
 I thought, just at the moment as his horses took their dash  
 Through foam, and dirt, and Regent-street,—They're *running*,  
*too*, through cash!

And, once again I see that form (no Stultz or Nugee there),  
 Through net-work purse I cannot catch the white or yellow glare.  
 A soiled, old arm-chair holds him; and the grated bars are near;  
 Ah guess! He wakes! He gives a moan, and now *champagnes*  
 on beer.

His Pocket is an empty cell; but could I see him free,  
 And slightly *tin'd*,—how quickly he'd be constant to *Nugee!*

Birr.

J. R. B.

## AN AMERICAN UPON ENGLAND.

“ Is it true, think you?

“ Five Justices’ names to it, and witnesses more than my park will hold !”

*Winter’s Tale.*

No persons on the face of the earth can be more curious (the Americans, perchance, excepted) than the English, in reading the histories of other countries, written by travellers of their own breeding and rearing. We all rush, with an almost indescribable eagerness, to the pages of a Martineau, a Trollope, or a Marryatt, and dwell with a sort of patronizing wonder and supreme pity upon the extravagancies, *brazen-alities*, and blunt curiosities of the New Yorkites and Boston people. An innkeeper in the States-Provinces, with his broad hat and unmoved cigar, is a perfect treat to the English reader; and a Yankee, in the full bloom of his cunning, and his nasal impudence, is a stuffed specimen, worthy all contemplation! But whilst we are so desirous of witnessing and selfishly enjoying the follies and remarkable characteristics of others, it is a fact, and a curious and indisputable fact too, that we never seek to know in what light travellers from other countries view and consider ourselves. Are *we* without our ailments of temper—our points of sullen stubbornness—our outrages upon manners and moralities? Have we no seamy sides to the garments in which our manners are habited? Can *we* afford “ to see ourselves as others see us,” any better than our far-away cousins, or neighbours of no “ kith or kin?”

Mr. Knickerbocker’s New York Magazine, for June last, has opened upon the reading public (intentionally for the American people, of course), a series of papers, entitled, “ Familiar Letters from London,” and they have every mark about them of being fresh from the brain of a London-snatching American traveller of a few weeks. They have the same hasty and imperfect sketches of our metropolitan buildings and streets; the same rapid surface-summaries of character; the identical courage in hazarding hasty deductions from scanty premises; the exact dash of colourable fiction and hearsay, for truth; which distinguish the gossiping and hasty histories uttered by our travelling literary coiners, as current facts upon England. To the curious distorted descriptions of scenes and circumstances, as given by our “ Familiar Letter Writer,” we shall principally confine ourselves; because pictures of ourselves, as dashed in upon the American canvas, cannot fail to be peculiarly interesting.

After a sort of “ pencilling by the way”-opening, of Sheffield-ware

enthusiasm,—about Seneca, Socrates, Philomela, tiled roofs, Xantippe, blue devils, Lord Bacon, Catalina, Will o'the Wisps, and Cicero, the author gets to his third day, having done a great deal of fine writing upon Threadneedle Street; and now let him speak for himself, and the reader will remark our author's faithfulness, as borne out by the passages in italics. We hope to goodness we are not running our heads against *banter*; but if banter it be, it is as thick as matters of fact!

But I must proceed. I turned heels upon Threadneedle-street, at eight; the object being to find a lodging nearer the west, and less subject to the spleen.

This street deserves a particular notice; not because it has the Bank, Royal Exchange, Stock Exchange, South Sea House, and St. Bartholomew-who-was-flayed-alive's Church in it, with a gridiron on the top, but on its own account. St. Anne, where I lived in Paris, is so called, because there are no saints in it; the *Rue des Postes*, no post office; and the *Rue Bergere*, there not being any shepherdess in it; but Threadneedle-street does not belie its etymology. *Just where I lodge, it is so narrow that a slender man has sometimes to make himself thinner by holding his breath, to get through it; and yet all London, I verily believe, passes through it daily. The very fat persons used to go round by East Cheap and Mrs. Quickly's.* This was my starting place, or rather Leadenhall street, close by, whither I had sauntered only to take a look at a camel, a hundred feet in the air, and other images, on top of the East India House. This seemed to me the place where rich men go through the eye of a needle, and camels go to heaven. On my return, I was choaked up with all sexes, ages, and conditions, in this straight, until, by the accumulated pressure from behind, we were pushed through with almost an explosion, and sent diverging violently into the wider space; as the Junietta, pent between two hills rushes out and expatiates in the wider channel. A native gets through well enough, and seems rather pleased than otherwise; but a new-comer puts himself in a flurry, makes supernatural exertions, struggles till he is black in the face, comes out deplorably rumped, and then stands rubbing his legs, or adjusting his wardrobe, in a corner. Your best way, in such an emergency, is to run into the Royal Exchange, or some place of public resort, to get out of the crowd. So I did.

Cheapside appears to have smothered our author, and, in the confusion of the moment, he avails himself of the opportunity, never neglected by philosophical travellers, of coming to certain moral conclusions. We are not certain that there is not something of truth in the remark upon our national love of a crush, though we are not aware that the English people are invariably *wedged* in Cheapside.

Of the crowds upon Cheapside, I despair of giving you any sensible impression. Malthus' book and Miss Martineau's have been of no manner of service. This huddling together has had its effect upon the national character. The fondness of the English for squeezing one another, and their flocking for this express purpose to public places, are matters of history. In a fashionable party, a squeeze is the chief luxury of the entertainment, and the quantity of pressure enjoyed, the measure of its gentility. You know the distress of English travellers who come to America, where the ordinary pressure being removed, they feel as fish transferred from their denser medium to our atmosphere. Mrs. Trollope was very unhappy. But contrary effects are produced often by the same causes, or at least by their reaction; so the desire to be alone is also a national characteristic of the Englishmen. Indeed, the habits of a London existence seem almost entirely built upon the extremes of the social and anti-social propensities.

And, again, as to crowds. Certainly, according to our author, our carriages are extremely gregarious:—

The crowd upon the street, of vehicles crammed to suffocation, and the dense mass of pedestrians, with the addition of umbrellas, on a wet day, is indeed a spectacle. As I stood wrapped up in a stupid astonishment, and looking on, I met an adventure, which made me a ridiculous part of the exhibition. I saw a person at some distance, a little above the others, who, with a most affable smile of recognition, beckoned me toward him. Supposing it a friend, of whom I had just now so much need, who had observed me, I made haste to obey. He had mounted on the rear of an omnibus, the better to draw my attention. Close by, in a similar situation, was another, who, as I approached, disputed with him the honour of my acquaintance. "This vay, sir!" said the one; "This vay, sir!" said the other, both with great animation. I now thought they were warning me of some imminent danger, but not knowing in what direction, I stood still, paying them my respects alternately; a kind of Scotch reel, setting now to this lady, now to that; till at length I made up my mind in favour of one, without giving preference to either, as happens often in love, or a president's election, and stepped in, aided by the civility of the gentleman, who slammed the door upon my heels. In a French omnibus you get in, to be sure, with impediments, sitting about on the women's laps; but they take it in good part, and assist your movements, and you even sometimes get into little conversations: "I hope I have not hurt you, Ma'am?" "*Au contraire, Monsieur*;" and the whole affair is agreeable enough. But only think of running the gauntlet between two rows of Englishmen's faces! "Take care, Sir!"—"Hal-loo!" It is a cold bath at the Yellow Springs! But I had no sooner reached the back seat, than I recollected, with great presence of mind, that I had not the slightest intention of riding, and that I must absolutely, and in spite of the general displeasure, get out. However, I found that one always leaves a crowded vehicle with general consent, and I passed out without other obstacle than from the conductor (classically "cad") insisting on sixpence, his fee for having outwitted me, which I willingly paid and again set foot on the pavement.

The foregoing, we think, may very well pair-off with Captain Marryatt's incidents of the ultra love of delicacy manifested by an American school-mistress, who never allowed the word legs to be mentioned, or hinted at, before her pupils, and who had, for decorum sake, those useful supporters to the piano, *dressed in trousers and frills*.

Now as to St. Paul's Church, and old London bridge. (*Iron old*, according to our author's remark upon it, our black letter knowledge cannot inform us.)

It is not a little to the credit of London, that its most conspicuous monument, beside having a religious character, should stand in the centre of the town, and upon a hill. I was not much in a mood for admiration, but I paid devoutly my little share of the tribute due from all mankind to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren. Only think of an acre of church!—room enough in its nave for half the churches of Philadelphia, including the Quaker Meeting, and for more than half the honest worshippers in Christendom. The houses in the neighbourhood seem to squat down with humility in its presence; the men, as they walk by, appear to be curtailed of their ordinary dimensions; and one feels impressed with an awful sense of human littleness. In looking around, I was bound as if by a spell, by the familiarity of names, and the revival of youthful associations. What I know of the alphabet, I learned upon the banks of the Juniata, in a Dilworth's spelling book, printed in "Paternoster Row," and here it was, staring me in the

face. I remembered, too, I was taught this branch of human knowledge by a very clever man named Butler, yet living, who, as a boy, used to take the toll upon the old London Bridge, which I will visit, or its successor, some one of these days, on his account.

An unaccountable spur into the sides of our author's *amor patriæ*, produces the following. He is like Molière's character, in the best of his comedies; he has been "speaking prose all his life and did not know it." Our author, in truth, feels a long yearning affection for a stone figure in St. Paul's Church-yard, and ultimately finds it to be that of *America* :—

I gazed long upon the west side, from which is a view of the principle architectural beauties, and before taking leave, examined the statues; for one of which I felt a kind of yearning affection, without suspecting the cause. I have since learned it is a figure of America. What she can be doing here, about the church, I do not conceive. And they have set out the Virgin Anne in front, in all the accoutrements in use in her time. Who but the English would ever have thought of putting a woman up in hoop petticoats, in a church yard? While taking a last look, and holding on by the iron ballustrade in front: "How difficult," thought I, "it is for an English queen to get a husband! By marrying at home, she descends from her rank, and confers an invidious distinction on a subject; and abroad, she must select a good Protestant, and there are none."

Then I amused my fancy in examining every thing, and spelling the signs, which you know are a part of the literature of a nation. Female infirmities—"patronized by all the nobility." "Reading and writing, sixpence a week; manners, three pence. Half-price in both the countries."

The following is a *genuine* specimen of the history of us; and who, after such a warping of Joe Millerism to historical purposes, ought quietly to submit to be *Trolloped* into asserted truth, without suspicion or enquiry?—

I observed here pleasant little streets, running at right angles toward the river, about the eighth of a mile, which I fancied would be convenient retirements for lodgings; and I explored them, one after another, in this intent. Persons having rooms to let, put labels at the window, intimating their intention. I passed several, and at last spied one, agreeable in position, and having the welcome word, "Mrs. Sanderson," emblazoned on a brass plate. This was irresistible. I went in, and there was to be sure, Mrs. S., with four or five children gathering about her, and one squalling in the cradle. She talked incontinently, even to give me suspicions of a common ancestry, and recommended her rooms: "They are very 'hairy,' Sir, I assure you." "But they are quite small; have you not one larger?" "The adjoining one is larger, Sir, but my husband keeps his 'ores' there." "Now," thought I, as I went away abruptly, "here is a woman who not only connives at the licentiousness of her husband, but has so lost the sense of shame, as to speak of it with the indifference of a Turk! Thank heaven, our country has not yet reached this effrontery of vice!" I learned, however, in a neighbouring house, that this Mrs. S. is a very decent woman, and the wife of an industrious mineralogist; whence I have presumed that, stripped of its aspirate, the offensive word probably meant only a very innocent collection of copper, iron, and other specimens, which occupy said room.

I next entered a very agreeable house, having two rooms vacant, "which," said the hostess, a very pleasant woman, "were occupied by your countryman Cooper." He had brought the muses from the Aonian mount, into this room

He had written one of his novels here. "This was his bed, this his table, this his chair;" and she asked more for it on this account.

Here we might very well take leave of our author, but we find one other "whiting's eye" for "a pearl," which we must put upon our string. Just pre-observing that Tom Thumb is *never* swallowed by the cow at a theatre, and that *no* house in Adam-street, Adelphi, would exclude a lodger at eleven, we think the following passage may range itself along side of any mal-treated incident in the works of any of our writers upon the United States:—

We went to the theatre, and saw Tommy Thumb swallowed by a cow, and at a quarter past eleven, exact, I stood upon the threshold of the two maids.

I was much pleased with these two sisters. It is often the prettiest women, who live maids, their very beauty being frequently the cause of the maidenhood. Adam-street, too! It is the name of the street upon which I reside in America. It seemed like revisiting one's household gods, and I raised the knocker with respect, with a repetition, after a reasonable interval, a little louder, and then louder still. Then I stood and reflected on the patience of ancient times, when a Roman used to lie upon the steps, imploring his mistress' door to be opened, until he had broken his ribs upon the marble. After this, I tried as near as I could the knock of a nobleman's footman; a kind of recitative, with a run along the chromatic; relapsing again into reflections; this time, on the value of early moral instruction. Doctor Franklin, who was brought up to dipping candles, was remarkable for his patient waiting the regular growth of events; and then a knock loud enough to wake up Vicesimus Knox, and a ring at the bell, with a tintinnabulum which I feared never would end. It did end, however, when, from the uppermost window, which rose slowly upon its pulleys, a female poured these words upon the night, in a voice seemingly squeaked through a quill. "These doors are not opened after eleven!" And the window resumed its station on its casement; *et finem dedit ore loquendi*.

So much for the "Familiar Letters from London."

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## MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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MERRY Christmas, gentlemen sportsmen! and a happy new year! and many, many of 'em! and may your shadow (thrown out by the jolly blaze of a Christmas fire) never be less! And may we live, all of us, to crack many a merry joke, and to tell many a tale of sport, by flood and fell, in the pages of the dear old New Sporting Magazine! It's many a year, now, that we have revelled in its pages, and we have formed such an affection for all concerned in it, contributors, embellishers, publishers, printers; aye, down to the very devil in Spiers's back shop, that we would rather give up the monthly moonshine than its monthly visits. Wherefore, we say again to one and all of these worthies, and their no less worthy readers, we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year!

Christmas! what a jovial time it is! How the very name sparkles

and crackles, like a bonfire! Christmas—Christmas! Don't it? You may almost warm yourself at the blaze. And what an effect has Christmas time on the whole country! How every thing has changed since last Wednesday! Before then, nothing but gloomy faces and cold hearts: now, nothing but merry looks and generous feelings. I should as soon have thought of borrowing (or lending) money last week, as of flying over the moon; but now, who wants to borrow ten pounds? Can I be bail for any one? Is there any one who wishes to draw a bill upon me? Any body going to be married? I'll be father. Any body going to be christened? I'll stand godfather. Any body going to fight a duel? "I'll be your second."

How I love the dear old symbols and symptoms of the time—the holly and ivy—the feast and the dance—the misletoe and the "light fantastic" toe—the boxing and mumming—the writing and carolling! What a glorious sight, now the old oaken board, groaning beneath the weight of that most excellent of sirs, sir loin, and that most noble of barons, the baron of beef. Never was the definition, that man is a cooking animal, more strongly exemplified than now. Cooking (and eating) seem to be his only employments. He is a culinary coquette, always looking into his "Glasse." The universal pan seems to have given way to a universal pantry. The race of life appears, by some New-marketing rules, to be determined in a single *eat*. The last pun or two are not remarkably good ones, and on another occasion, perhaps, might demand an apology; but it's Christmas time, and fooling goes free. How eating, now, upsets every thing else. Commerce is completely topsy-turvied by it. Mails can't come in in time, on account of the barrels of oysters they have to deliver; stage coaches are hours behind-hand; tallyhos seem to have merged into whohoops. The very steam carriages don't blow up till half an hour after their usual time. Then what flights of turkies are winging into London at every inlet. It's a regular Turkish invasion, and, as an Italian would say, every one has his gusto (goose too). Oh, oh! (Silence! Christmas time!) Then, what Atlantics of wine and drinkables of all sorts are consumed in healths and greetings, and toasts and sentiments, to our friends, and kindred, and acquaintance! In vain doctors forbid fermented liquors; the most patient patient cannot withstand the temptation of the times. Temperance societies dissolve themselves by dozens, and teatallers enter into anti-gunpowder plots all over the kingdom. The merry fagon goes laughing round; and Sir John Barleycorn seems in a fair way for a peerage. So much good ale is consumed "now about," as they say in the Almanacks, that instead of X-mas, it might very well be called double XX-mas.

Then the kissing bunch! what magic in *that* sound! eh, girls?

Who has not some tale of romance, some recollection of happy days, connected with it? What schemes and tricks on the part of the lasses now to get themselves *by accident* under its magic circle. How *astonished* they are on looking up to discover the mystic branches! with what *unfeigned* horror they fly into the nearest (convenient) corner, and poke in their pretty little heads, leaving you nothing to kiss at first but their nut-brown ringlets, till at length, *apparently* suffocated by the position, they throw up their heads *in despair*, and resign their blooming lips to the privileges of the season.

Then the Christmas supper! *the* supper—coming like Christmas itself, “but once a year”—what a jovial time that is! There’s not a mince-pie on the table but seems conscious of something peculiar about the season. And that hare! Don’t tell me that the retrospective head is a mere vagary of the cook’s, a mere conforming to the established rule of hare-dressing as handed down to us by our revered forefathers. No, no, there is in the position of that head a lesson for us all to ponder. It tells us that this is the time of year when we should look back upon the past, reckon the days we have mis-spent, regret the hours we have lost, and, above all, (for without this the hare might just as well be running about the fields), make a firm resolution to do better for the future. But we have very little time to be moral; for the tables are cleared away, the chairs are thrust into corners, the “merry bit of wood” is put into requisition; “Drops of Brandy” is in full swing, and away the dancers go in all the ecstasies of Down the middle, and hands across, and hands four, and hands five, and hands six, and hands anyhow you like. To be sure the young ladies of seventeen and thereabouts are rather stiff and formal at first, whether on account of their womanhood or their new gauze slips over white satin, I shall not take upon me to determine; and Miss Clarinda, the daughter of the house, is rather horrified at the vulgarity of her brother Bob, who has changed all the mottoes of the *bon bons*, so that instead of pretty posies about Love and Cupid, young ladies meet with such interrogatories as “Does your mother know you’re out?”—“Don’t you wish you may get it?” &c., &c. But never mind, two or three sets of country dances shake down all disagreeables. By ten o’clock all formalities are banished; by eleven the gauze slips over white satin are abandoned to their fate; by twelve the young ladies themselves are asking the young gentlemen whether *their* mothers know they’re out, and whether *they* don’t wish they may get it, &c., &c., and Bob, the horrid wretch of two hours ago, is become the hero of the party. To be sure all this is very shocking, and desperately vulgar; but then, you know, Christmas comes but once a-year, and at such a time jokes go free. We have three hundred and sixty-four days in the twelve-month



to be prim and prudish in'; and it's very hard if we mayn't kick our heels on the three hundred and sixty-fifth. And after all, there's no harm done—except to the gauze and satins. And this I will say for our little rustic party—I wish that at *every party* there was no more mischief done than the milliner could mend. |

“Lawk!” says our old granddam, who has taken the liberty of looking over our manuscript while we were gone to mix a glass of water and something. “Lawk!” says she, “how can you write such stuff? Christmas, indeed! you've no Christmas now. Do you call this Christmas? It's more like a vapour bath. Such weather! Lawk, how times *are* changed! the Christmasses *I* remember! the good, old-fashioned Christmasses, when there was snow on the ground six feet deep, and poor people were starved to death by dozens, and you couldn't go out without having your fingers frost-bitten, and coals were at six shillings a hundred, and canals froze up so that you couldn't get your goods, and the roads all impassable, and daren't ask a few friends to merrymake for fear of losing three or four of 'em going home in snow-drifts, and—oh, those *were* Christmasses! we shall never see such times again!”

“Hope not, granny: but if I don't put down every word you've said, and send it to the Editor of the New Sporting Magazine, my name's not

SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

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## MEMOIR OF ARTHUR PAVIS THE JOCKEY.

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“Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;  
 Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouths;  
 Between two blades, which bear the *better temper*;  
 Between two horses, which doth bear him best;  
 Between two girls, which hath the merrier eye;  
 He had, perhaps, no shallow spirit of judgment.”

Shakespeare.

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THE death of Arthur Pavis, a true Sportsman, in the fullest sense of the word, we announced in our last number;—promising, at the same time, to devote a page or two to his memory at the earliest opportunity:—That pledge we now hasten to redeem;—and we are quite sure, that, to such of our readers as put a just estimate upon unquestioned private worth,—a devoted love for the pursuit in which his life was passed,—and a sleepless zeal for the interests of those who placed their confidence in him,—a short record of his career will be welcomed with melancholy

pleasure. His premature death,—for he died at the early age of 34,—has been very sincerely felt by all who knew him;—for he was an earnest friend,—a skilful and resolute Jockey,—an intelligent and amiable companion,—and an honest man.

Arthur Pavis was born at Hounslow Heath on the 17th January, 1806,—and at a very early period manifested quickness, nerve and neatness, as a rider. When he was only twelve-years-old, he went into the service of a Captain Farmer,—then living at Putney;—and with that gentleman he resided for fifteen months,—giving such satisfaction as to procure him a recommendation from the Captain to Lord Rossmore. He then became private jockey to his lordship,—and passed a short period of his time at Hedgeford,—from whence he was sent to Lord Rossmore's seat near Foxhall, Parson's Town, in Ireland. Lord Rossmore in a few months after the engagement of his young English jockey, gave up racing entirely;—and Arthur Pavis returned to England totally disengaged,—but certain, from his comely appearance, invariable neatness of habit, and promising talent in the saddle, to command a service in one of the English Racing Establishments. Mr. Dilly at once recognized his valuable qualities—and with him, young Arthur remained for six or seven years. His appearance as a public jockey commenced about a year after his first connection with Dilly;—for his debut in the silk jacket, on the thronged race-course, was at Exeter in 1821,—when he rode Nightshade over the flinty and dangerous course on Haldon. His ability to ride the light weights, with the ease of a boy, at the same time that he could bring into the scale the matured judgment of the man,—soon recommended him to wealthier and higher masters:—and in the year 1829, he was employed by that distinguished patron of the turf,—the Duke of Richmond, and almost immediately afterward His Majesty George the Fourth engaged him as one of his regular jockeys. The first royal saddle in which he had the honour of taking a seat, and carrying the kingly colours from post to post, was in the year 1829; and we know that at this period, that devoted lover of the turf, George the Fourth, declared to one of his noble attendants, attached to the sport, that he was satisfied that in ability, character, bearing, and dress,—he had three of the most distinguished jockies of the day in his service. One of his great pleasures was to see James Robinson parade before him in his beautiful turf livery, on his favourite mare Maria, the daughter of Waterloo; or Nelson (still a commander of the *Fleet*) or Pavis; clean symmetry itself in miniature. Subsequently to his Majesty's death Arthur has been engaged with Colonel Peel, and the late Sir Mark Wood, Captain Gardner, Lord Suffield, Lord Uxbridge, Mr. George Payne, and various other noblemen and gentlemen. The subject of this brief memoir was, in the great races, perhaps, not a lucky rider; for he had the annoyance

in the short space of two years, of being twice *second* for the Derby,—once *second* for the Oaks,—and once *second* for the Leger. Caravan, Ion, and Calisto, were the three animals that would not take him up *first* for judgment. In the service of Colonel Peel, and Captain Gardner, Arthur Pavis remained until the time of his death;—had life been permitted to him, there is no doubt that he would even have ripened as a rider; for confidence, and experience in jockeyship, are the head masters of skill and success. He was fond of all sports,—particularly that of pugilism, and for his weight was perhaps one of the best setters-to of his day. He had a turn also for Cocking (one of the Newmarket pastimes of the winter)—was a cheerful attendant at the Coursing meetings—and occasionally followed the hounds.

In the year 1833 Arthur Pavis married Eliza, the daughter of old James Edwards, the long-trying, faithful, and accomplished trainer of the Earl of Jersey. Turf-blood, therefore, being on both sides, it is not unreasonable to hope and expect that one of his three sons, Arthur, Albert, or Alfred, will turn out A 1 in the class of life adopted by the father. The eldest boy was *five years old* last October, and must therefore (if duty be done to him), begin to have his attention directed to the saddle. We trust his God-father gave him a *stirrup-cup* at his christening, the most apposite sponsorial present. Poor Arthur, we fear, has left his little family to a wide heath, and but scanty landmarks! and this, though it is the highest compliment to his honesty, is a poor and but a sad reed for them to depend upon. Many of those, who have participated in the benefits arising from his zealous exertions,—might by a generous conjoining together, do good service to those who were dear to, and depended on him.

We cannot do better,—in bearing testimony to the straight forward and talented character of Arthur Pavis, than state the number of races in which he rode, from the first time he put foot into the public stirrup, to the last, when he carried that stirrup into the scale, for the final time! as well as the number of times in which he was successful. He rode 1845 races, and *won out of them* 706; thus making himself one of fortune's very few favourite children!

He was seized with a kind of fit, about ten days after the Houghton Meeting, upon which brain-fever supervened. Conolly was by his bedside when he died. His illness was short, and his death comparatively sudden. He now rests peacefully under the turf, upon which he so honourably distinguished himself.

## THE MASTER'S ROOM.

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THERE is one room in the house which is strictly *mine*. No washing, cleaning, dusting, and, above all, no "setting things to rights," is allowed there. It is my *sanctum sanctorum* and answers for study, smoky, armoury and general depôt. There are antlers, cross-bows, antique and foreign weapons on the walls, with two or three specimens of Sartorius, Landseer, Cooper, Ferneley, and our best animal painters; nets, guns, pistols, fishing-rods, cigar-boxes, bats, wickets, hatchets, saws, fish-kettles, shot-bags, powder horns, with "spears, and bills, and bows;" in short, everything is there, and what's more, I know where it is, although, in parliamentary phrase, I am free to confess it would sorely puzzle any one else to find it. Nay more, I was once sadly out, within these sacred walls myself, as Paddy Blake would say, for on my return from a grouse-shooting tour my little world at home had undergone a revolution. It had been papered, painted, new carpetted, and set to rights.\* I never found what I wanted for six months afterwards, and could have made a harangue on the occasion, but that all this had been ordered to be done by *one* who met me with such a smile, and looked at once so kind and arch after a month's absence, that I said nothing, but have quietly locked the door ever since and kept the key in my pocket. I said a few words to *Batsay*, though, and they were few but very effective, "*Batsay*," said I, "if ever you go in *there* again, except when I tell you, the next time Ned whistles under the window I'll set Nero on him." *Verbum sat*. I much question if by chance I left the key in any other pocket, and the mistress was again fully bent on "setting things to rights;" if this branch of my establishment could be induced by threat or bribe to lend a hand. So I have it all to myself; and sitting there, as I do now, many a brother sports-

\* The following passage from the life of Crabbe—one of the most forcible, pathetic, and natural poets in the English language, shows that "the Master's Room" is not "an earth" sacred only to the sportsman. A *chaos* of books seems the natural element of a well-ordered mind.

"Would the reader like to follow my father into his library?—a scene of unparalleled confusion—windows rattling, paint in great request, books in every direction but the right—the table—but no, I cannot find terms to describe it, though the counterpart might be seen, perhaps, not one hundred miles from the study of the justly-famed and beautiful rectory of Bremhill. Once when we were staying at Trowbridge, in his absence a few days at Bath, my eldest girl thought she should surprise and please him by putting every book in perfect order, making the best bound the most prominent; but, on his return, thanking her for her good intention, he replaced every volume in its former state; 'For,' said he, 'my dear, grandpapa understands his own confusion better than your order and neatness.'"

man, similarly domiciled, will enter into the feelings with which I look upon yon old flint and steel, single, in the rack over the window. It was my father's, and during the Xmas holidays, "a long time ago," was given me, under special injunction to be careful with it, and take great care not to overload it; for though it carried but a small charge it would kill dead at sixty yards. Methinks the day is come back when after singing *Dulce domum*, and almost exceeding the immunities of breaking up, I hastened from the scene:—

" ——— where winding pathways lead  
To upland lawn and level mead,  
Where Nene in silent sorrow laves  
The princely warriors' lowly graves,  
And that dismantled mount where stood  
The turrets red with Stuart's blood."

True, since those merry times, "when the heart promised what the fancy drew," I have filled the bag with the stately pheasant and crouching hare, snipe, woodcock, wild duck, and far away, over moor and mountain, have brought down the red deer, ptarmigan, and black cock; but I cannot look back upon these nobler spoils with half the pleasurable feelings with which, on regarding *that* old gun, I remember when I killed my first woodcock, and to tell truth when I had no game certificate. My heart must grow changed and cold if I ever pass the place where this was done unmindfully. The snow was on the ground, and I had sallied forth after wild fowl, and coming back through some bushes where field-fares were feeding on the haws, I passed near a spring, unconscious of what might be expected there, when up got the cock. Reader, I thought it was an owl, but like yourself when you too was a boy, fired (as we did, you know, at every thing), and down he came. I saw by his long bill I had a prize, and showed it, when I reached home, with no little degree of pride, to *him*—long since a saint in heaven. I often pass that spring. To tell truth, I oftentimes make it in my way in the Christmas holidays, and through many winters have twice since flushed a woodcock there. I did so on the first of last January, and down he fell; and, it may be a weakness which I am not ashamed to own, I would rather kill one cock there at that season, than ten elsewhere. The things which made "the magic of our boyhood," influence many of our most important actions in after times; and many a man's life is chequered with events which owe their existence to causes as distant and puerile, as that which I have alluded to; "the boy is father of the man." I remember some years ago accompanying an old school-fellow to the pleasant places which we had roamed over together, and which he felt, after a long exile in India and many a narrow escape from peril in the war of the Peninsula, a burning of the heart to see again. And there he found *one*, well-known in

earlier days, but who had faded almost from memory, through long years of absence, amid the stormy scenes of a soldier's life.

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain."—COLRIDGE.

I don't know how it came about, but fathers and mothers were dead, and the adverse influences which existed once, existed no longer; they again became lovers, and, after a two months' courtship, were married. Never shall I forget that morning: the very ivy on the old village church looked greener than ever, and there was a music in the village bells which brought back thoughts of other days, and while it made "fools and cowards of us all," lit up a light within our hearts, which, though it sometimes leads to weaknesses and griefs, is the best gift which God has given us, for in it are kindness, and mercy, and love. So he settled there, and once a year I pass a fortnight with them, for my friend is a sportsman, and a good one, and as our nerves and sinews are yet firm and good, I trust that many and many a day we shall hasten with dog and gun, "to fresh fields and pastures new."

But whither has my imagination led me and thee! Forgive me, reader; when you entered "the master's room," we left the every-day world behind us, and commenced an existence apart from its cares and pleasures. I believe every true sportsman is a "man of feeling:" at least, I know that the pleasures of the field and chase to me were nothing, were it not for the beauty of the landscape—the fine old oaks—the stately halls—the streams—the brooks—the hills—the valleys, and the caves, which live in the hours through which we follow both hound and horn:

"Thanks to the human heart, by which we live;  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."—WORDSWORTH.

Look upon yon picture over the fire-place. It is that of an old man, with a quiet-looking Spaniel standing by him. He was my uncle, and in his early days had been a keen sportsman; but the ills of *eld* came upon him before his day, and he lived and died a cripple. But will the silvery tones of the old man's voice be ever unremembered by me? No! and I can show you still a couple of spaniels, of "our own blood," and trace them to the quiet old dog which is looking up at his master in the picture. And there is the black mare, with cropped ears, which he rode in what he called "the day of the white collars," and brought back the

brush of bold Reynard, which you see in the glass case here behind me. And were we to open yon cabinet, and enter upon the old tales which belong to its treasures, you might smile at the weakness, and pity the fondness of the master, but would not soon forget the lumber in his room. But I must tell you, reader, that I have a pride in all these things; and I may be wrong in my opinion, but I think it is a part of the sportsman's character, and one of the best traits in the heart—characteristic of country life, and unsophisticated nationality—a feeling to be cherished rather than repulsed—to glory in, rather than to disown; that one loves to dwell on recollections which delighted those we loved, who are in their tombs; to look upon their weapons, their trophies, their pictured forms and faces; to muse upon their sports and pastimes—their joys and achievements; to feel that the best portion of our hereditary possessions is that which, on the heart and from the heart, we took of those who loved us best, and whom we best loved.

But I am growing too sentimental I fear, and will therefore turn from the olden time to some of my own doings, and with you live over again the happy moments when some of the trophies were won which hang around these walls. Look now at those antlers—fine, are they not? Now for their story. An outlying deer in 1836 had been frequently seen near Royce Wood. I borrowed three couple of blood hounds—not of the true breed, but crossed with the stag or fox hound, and fleet enough in all reason. We roused him at half-past ten, one lovely morning in September, and off they dashed in pursuit, at a pace, which, if it lasted, bid fair soon to leave us in the lurch. On, on, by Oakley Dell, through Burnham meadows, and then up the western hills for the distant forest of Deene. Down came many a gallant fellow and many a noble steed stood still; but the hart kept on, as though his sinews were of wire and his wind unailing; brook and corn field, hill and valley, wood and plain, in turn were passed; and we were still going when the clock struck twelve, and had gone near thirty miles. At length the deep tones of a hound reached my ear, and then another and another. No doubt existed that it was the bay, and my only fear was that some more fortunate friend should first find it. Passing through a hand gate I beheld the noble and infuriated animal with his back against the wall of a lodge, and his antlers raking and dashing at the hounds. No time was to be lost. I dismounted, and coming cautiously in upon him, shot him through the head with a rifle pistol ball. Oh! 'twas a glorious day, for of thirty-three who met, four only saw him fall, and to me was awarded the trophy which here bears my spurs and cap *cum multis aliis*. And now look at this pike's jaw-bone. The fish that bore it measured thirty-eight inches from the eye to the fork, and weighed twenty-seven

pounds. He was a river fish, and I killed him in the Welland, two years ago last April. I was trolling one Tuesday morning, with the wind in the west and the water rather more discoloured than it ought to have been, but the sun shone brightly and the birds were singing as though it had been May. Besides, the winter was over and spring was come, and it was some months since I had thrown a line or cast a net, and I was rather keen for fishing. I was cooling a little, however, about mid-day, for I had taken nothing good, when lo! in taking a back cast in a nook, where there was a reed bed, my bait was suddenly seized, and as by chance I pulled against it a little more than I ought to have done, I thought I had hold of an otter, for I *knew* something more than usual was there. In five minutes time we were at it; and had I not hooked him deeply and well, he would have beaten me. I never saw so game a fish for a large one, for they are generally sluggish, and show less sport than a fish of eight or twelve pounds weight; however, at length I landed him, and that's his jaw bone. Other mementos of sport and adventure are *there*, each with its tale or legend annexed, some of my own and some of my forbears, but all teeming with sweet memories of flood and field. Then there are things of a less exalted but of a comfortable kind; here is my easy chair; in yon cupboard are various stores; and there is the sofa on which to repose after a hard day. Besides, here are my books; Daniel, Beckford, Bewick, Yarrel, Mudie, Hanger, Waterton, Hawker, Johnson; the N. S. M. from its commencement; with Ben Johnson, Shakspeare, Milton, Cowper, Somerville, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. In short, it is my citadel, my earth, my burrow, and I hope you are not unamused with this brief chronicle of its histories; and should you, reader, ever journey to these parts, it will go hard, if thou art one of my sort, but I shall ferret thee out; and we will then crack a magnum together in "the Master's Room."

December 9, 1839.

W.

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## A PEN AND INK SKETCH OF MR. FARQUHAR-SON'S HUNT.

BY THE BOUGH RIDER.

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Ah, welladay, it is full twenty years ago, since Mr. John Knight promised us a portrait of the Squire's Hunt, and how many since then have doffed their scarlet and white cape for a *graver* dress? I have hunted with the Squire, man and boy, for nearly five and twenty years; first, on foot as an urchin truant from school, for which I was always "horsed;\*" then on a favorite pony, bridled and saddled with my own

\* A preparatory ordeal before receiving the birch.



hands, and led out of the stable with the utmost secrecy and caution, to prevent a surprise and countermand from those in authority over me; next on the compact cob, which would carry me through rasping hedges, over yawning ditches, and top awkward bars, gates, and stiles, until at length I find myself rather too corpulent to be a "fast un"—the other side of the line, amongst the seven and thirties, with a very good nag or nags at command, and enjoying the wide spread reputation of the "Rough Rider." But, when I look back across the vista of twenty years, and make Mr. Farquharson's hunt the loadstone of my memory, I can perceive many a gap that has not been stopped—and many a young sapling growing in the room of the old parent tree; for instance, who can witness the young Lord Stavordale taking his proper place and keeping his straight line, without remembering his father the Earl of Ilchester, who was always in a good place, where every fearless and judicious rider ought to be? then we have Mr. Oglander, a light weight and a good rider, fully maintaining the credit which appertained to his father, Sir Wm. Oglander, who was not to be shaken off in his younger days by the most daring horseman in the field. Captain Goodenough rides with judgment; and although we hope his father may live for many years to greet us with his friendly nod, yet we are happy that he has taken care to fill up his place, whenever he shall retire from the sport. The Earl of Digby is no longer seen; and his two nephews, Messrs. George and John Wingfield, have retired; both were straightforward riders; and Mr. Richard Wingfield still comes out; and when he appears no man in the field can beat him. I am surprised, from the publicity which is given to Mr. Farquharson's hunt, by the *Sherborne Journal*, which regularly records his runs, and I observe they are always copied in the London Sporting Papers, that more strangers do not attend his meets; as it is, he generally musters from 100 to 150 horsemen, and sometimes 200. But come, you must go with me and judge for yourself; the meet is a favorite one, *King Grove*. I shall give you a "mount," therefore be quick, get on your "toggery;" another cup of coffee, more ham; there, put those cigars in your case; by Jove, but remember the sherry brandy. Well, now we are all ready, you shall ride the little grey horse, he'll go if you let him have his head; don't check him in his leaps, and all you will have to do will be to ride up to the tails of the hounds. Now we are on the Dorsetshire Downs; the small quiet town in the bottom is Cerne Abbas, and the gentleman's seat on the right is Admiral Sir Henry Digby's; those gentlemen creeping up the hill are good sportsmen. I fancy I can see Mr. Goodenough; yes, there he is, the very beau-ideal of a gentleman farmer. No man knows the country better than he does; he has been a most active man through life, a very successful and a very intelligent agri-

culturist, and a thorough bred sportsman, his neat and genteel cottage lies below the hill, not at present in view; the other horsemen I think are Mr. Cocheran and Messrs. Crane coming to join the meet. Those in scarlet behind us are Somersetshire gentlemen; they have sent on their hunters from Sherborne, and are hastening forward on hacks. The fact is Mr. Tatchell, I mean that good looking man, look at his eye, how quick, and firm, and resolute see; how well he keeps his seat; his weight must be full 15 stone, and although the horses which he rides are light and nearly thorough bred, yet he is always in his place in the first rank. The next is Mr. Lee of Dillington, and the other a thinner man, Mr. H. Hushens of South Perrott. Coming on after them is Mr. Goodden of Compton House; he rides excellent horses, and is universally respected as a kind-hearted and generous country gentleman. But hold, this is the place under the direction post where they meet. Yes, yonder comes Treadwell, and the two whips with the fine Dog Pack, in splendid condition. Do you see that gentleman who has just given a quiet and very peculiar greeting to Mr. Goodenough? there is a deep calculation on his brow; he has evidently not come out with the view merely to chat and laugh with his friends, but even pastimes and pleasures are with him matters to be conducted with all the method and good order of business; look at his compact frame and closely-set sinews, which show that he has lived a life of regularity, his countenance radiant with health and freshness, although his hair is somewhat silvered by the hand of time. *That is the squire*, who for nearly thirty years has kept fox hounds in the first rate style at his own sole expense, for the amusement and gratification of the gentry and yeomanry of the county of Dorset. That is John James Farquharson, Esq., whose name, my dear Editor, will be remembered as a sportsman when yours and mine, "old fellow," shall be forgotten. Well, I am glad to see old Mr. Butler out; the old gentleman has passed his eightieth year, and has been a constant follower of the hunt from its commencement. See how he makes them laugh at his droll stories; he is the Vicar of Frampton, and was the constant friend of the late Mr. Browne, and is much respected by the present worthy proprietor R. B. Sheridan, Esq. Mr. Butler was a great favourite of the Prince of Wales, who in his younger days spent much time in Dorsetshire. Oh, Mr. Sheridan is coming on with his two brothers Frank and Charles; what a good looking fellow he is; Stultz cut that coat, for certain,—those must be Hoby's boots,—and his neighbour over the way in Piccadilly must have supplied that short knapped and well brushed castor; by Jove Miss Grant showed good taste when she gave her hand and heart, and splendid fortune to this dashing and clever Corinthian. The Earl of Ilchester is now talking to him:

this nobleman is an ornament to any country, and a grace to any amusement; see with what marked respect every body treats him; how happy they are to see him well. Ah my Lord, but you are older and not so bold a rider as you were when I first saw you in the field;—but there is the same man and the same heart, uncontaminated by the intrigues of a Court, and unpolluted by the treacheries of the world. The tall fair gentleman is his son-in-law, Mr. Edward St. Vincent Digby, who will one day become Lord Digby, and the other is Mr. Digby's friend Colonel Porter. The good humoured gentleman of middle age is Mr. Blair, a thoroughbred foxhunter; several years of his life have been spent at the Cape of Good Hope, where he kept a pack of hounds for the amusement of himself and friends; the gentleman by his side is Captain Caldwell, a good rider and very much respected. There are three gentlemen, Sir Edward Baker, Mr. Smith, son of Sir John Smith, and Mr. Frampton, son of Colonel Frampton, riding together: they are all very excellent and worthy young men, and add very much to the gentlemanly bearing and good feeling which characterize the Squire's Hunt. Mr. James Farquharson, the Squire's eldest son, is now passing; he is a great favourite, from his thoroughly unaffected and open-hearted manner. A gentleman in black, with curious boots, and another with scarlet coat and blue handkerchief, are riding together in the next field, talking on some interesting topic: those are the Rev. Mr. Serrell, and Mr. John Penny, relating the particulars of a run a few days back. Mr. Serrell is highly respected throughout the Hunt, and is an excellent rider. Mr. Penny is a humourist, the Editor of the *Sherborne Journal*, and Author of those graphic lines which appear under the cognomen of "Old Boots." Some hundred yards before Mr. Serrell and Mr. Penny are two gentlemen, one on a grey, the other on a bay horse, each wearing the scarlet and white: those are Sir Wm. Medlycott, Bart., of Venn House, and Mr. Pretor, of Sherborne, two intimate friends, and worthy each other's confidence, from their mutual gentlemanly bearing and honourable feelings. There are three gentlemen under the covert; one in scarlet, and two in black coats. The scarlet is Mr. Pinney, M.P. for Lyme, a regular good-hearted fox-hunter, and an honest politician; one who always keeps his word and his place, and rides a good horse. The next is the Rev. Mr. Newbolt, of Somerston; he must have his joke at any risk—no one escapes him, and presently you will hear him and Charles Sheridan bantering each other to the amusement of the whole field: Newbolt is a clever fellow and a wit, but rather satirical. The Rev. Mr. Tooke, who forms the third of the group, is as good a Sportsman as ever went into the field. They are all Somersetshire men, and are ever welcome in the sister county. There is a stout gentleman with green coat and high boots; that is Mr.

Richard Hart, of Alton, an excellent sportsman and fearless rider; his younger brother also rides with great boldness, though with less judgment: it is not uncommon to see one or the other of these brothers in first at the death:—but if I begin to explain to you the names and manifold good qualities of the various gentlemen who have now arrived, I should detain you much longer than you would wish, particularly as—Hark! that's it! Tally ho! Halloo! gone away; there he goes! This is the prettiest find in the county; so hold hard abit. Now then, come along, we'll talk over the rest after dinner.

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LORD BAGOT'S BLOODHOUNDS.—MR. MEYNELL'S, AND THE  
ATHERSTONE HOUNDS.

Dec. 17, 1839.

DEAR N. S. M.

I am just come in from an excellent day with Lord Bagot's bloodhounds, and cannot go to sleep without giving you a word of our doings. We met (a private field) in the neighbourhood of Blithfield Park, and a fine buck was soon uncarterd, and the hounds laid on after twenty minute' law. There were five couple of hounds out, all of the purest blood, and the dogs in particular magnificent fellows, with tongues like church bells. My lord Bagot's is now the only pack of bloodhounds in the county, and I need scarcely say that no expense is spared to keep them up to the mark. What is better, the success they have had has amply repaid all the care that has been bestowed upon them. They were hunted on this occasion by Mr. Henry Turner; and every one who knows Staffordshire knows that a fitter person for the honourable office could not be found. A teaser of a brook at the beginning, gave the *worthy family of the Talbots* a start which it took some hard riding to recover from; and a villanous lane with ruts, which it would have puzzled the Duke of Rutland himself to keep clear of, soon after presented itself. But luckily the lane led into some fields, when our chase boldly took the open, and showed us the way gallantly over hedge and ditch by Morton Farm, Bishton Hall, and Wolseley Bridge, to Colwich, where he took the river (the Trent), now swelled to a torrent by the late rains. The pace up to this point had been terrific, as will be readily conceived, when I say that the whole ground had been gone over in the space of twenty minutes. Now comes the tragedy. Poor *Hi-ho-chivy* having taken refuge in an island half way across the river, the hounds surrounded him, and pulled him down in his endeavour to escape. It was some time before he could be discovered, but at last he was duly "found drown'd," and a crowner's quest held over his body. A fine scene was that of friend Walkeden and another staunch sportsman, hauling him up through

reeds and sedges, themselves half way to the middle in water, to the opposite bank; and I hope friend Cooper, the first spare day he has, will stretch a point (and a canvass) and paint us one of his life-like pictures on the subject, for the Magazine.

On Saturday last, Mr. Meynell's hounds had a capital day, running a brace of foxes; one of which (from Mr. Chadwick's crack little cover, Pear Tree Leasow) they killed gallantly in the open, after a good run; while from the other they were obliged to be whipped off, in consequence of night coming on. These hounds had two more excellent days the same week, and I am glad to say their country is full of foxes. "Old Tom," whose name has so often figured in your pages, I am sorry to tell you, is no more. A worthier or a better man never existed. If to be honest, kind, zealous in his master's service, and devoted to his family, be claims to our respect, these claims must be conceded to honest Thomas Leedham.

The Atherstone hounds, still under the management of Mr. Applewaite, have been enjoying a fair share of sport; and the Marquess of Anglesey's barriers have had some good days in Cannock Chase. But my letter is growing long and my pen stumpy; so pray excuse "further particulars," and believe me to be,

Your's (with "a merrie Christmas"),

MIDLANDER.

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## VARIETIES.

*Colonel Pete Whetstone.*—This original, wild, and amusing correspondent of the "New York Spirit of the Times," a Journal that *will* "go a-head") has furnished another letter to its agreeable columns. We calculate on importing an epistle from this real sportsman, direct for our pages,—before many moons are wasted.

### INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM PETE WHETSTONE.

Aldie, Va., July 18, 1839.

DEAR JIM,—I was most tarnation glad to git your last letter, for I was afeard you chaps on the Devil's Fork had forgot Pete. Well, I hadent the smallest notion the old lawyer would ever fall in love, but there is no gitting round a widder; when one takes a hankering arter a feller, he's a gone coon. And what is worse, it aint wice wersa, for the old song says,—

"I courted the widder,  
Fifteen long years and couldn't get her."

Well, I'd jist like to be back to say a good word for the lawyer. Speaking of lawyers, I reckon I felt proud when I picked up a newspaper jist now, and saw where our friend Albert Pike, of Little Rock, was taking the corn over the big waters. Why the way his poetry beats them all is a sin to Moses. He is the crack nag of "Blackwood's Magazine," a book that never prints trash.

If any body is going down to the Rock jist git them to ask the Governor to offer a reward for Coffee Vault, the man what wrung in the beef bones for the

pure ivory, and whose animal passions carried him beyond decency, and who perpetrated an outrageous murder. He is now as large as life and twice as natural in Indiana, in Vermillion county, and is figuring upon the honors that his democratic friends in Arkansas showered on him. Go it, my Coffee Vault, while you're young.

Well, I have had lots of fun in Old Virginny—maybe them chaps about Middlebury aint whole teams! They are the boys what are cut the right way of the leather. Sich barbecues you never did see—and I tell you good sheep meat aint easy to beat, and then they sling in the briled chicking, to say nothing of the liquors—punch with ice in it and the lemons cut and sqz both. It is all done in the shade, and you can take off your coat and roll on the grass, some pitch, and then others go it with an old greasy “deck,” sarn me to the sarneds if I didnt see one feller so lucky, that he could float from Louisville to Orleans on a chip. And jist to make a long story short, I tell you a Virginny barbecue is next thing to a bear hunt.

I wish you could see the man what drives the stage here. His name is Billy Whaley, and I tell you he is a horse; every man, woman, and child, on the road knows him. Says he to me, “Col. Whetstone, won't you ride outside,—do no w, for I want to show you some of the keenest critturs you ever did see.” “I don't care if I do,” says I, and out I got and mounted long side of him. “These aint my bullies, Colonel; the road is heavy, and I must go slow awhile, but jist wait till I git to Fairfax Court House, and I will show you perfect bounce balls!” Well, we got to the Court House—says I, “Billy, can't you lay something on your bosom?” and he said he would. So in we stepped, and there was a queer looking sort of a genius with nose and chin sorter like nut-crackers standing by the bar, so says I to him, “my friend, wont you jine us in taking a horn?” “I dont care if I do, says he.” So the landlord set us out three julaps. Nut-crackers raised his glass, with “here is to you.” “The same to you and all your family,” said Billy. “Well, look here, driver,” said nut-crackers, “I'll tell you how a man should drink to enjoy it; when he first gits up in the morning, he should take an eye-opener, in about an hout, a fleme cutter, and jist as he sits down to breakfast, a gall-buster.” “Hah! hah! hah!” said Billy, and jist then the landlord asked us in to breakfast. In we went, and I reckon there was all sorts of a good breakfast—presently the horn blew. “Stage waiting,” shouted Billy. “Aye, aye,” said nut-crackers, and in they got; I kept outside with Billy. Well, now I tell you he had a set of lively critturs. “All ready,” shouted Billy, and drawing his reins well up he hollered “let go” to the boy what held his leader. She sprung like a wild cat, while Billy brought a keen crack with his whip and shouted “git out of the way you money making dogs!” I tell you it was the next thing to a steam car. After going about three miles, says Bill, “What do you think of them Colonel?” “Think,” says I, “why I think they are perfect race-horses, and how do you keep them so fat?” “Why,” says he, “the secret is in favouring them over bad ground and up hill.” No more about Billy at present, only that when it comes to driving give me him.

Well, what has got into the people of Arkansas?—they are gitting jist as bad as they used to be before Mississippi and Texas took the corn. They must turn in and hang freely; that is the way to stop murders.

My paper is about out, so I must close. My love to the lawyer and tell him I shall buy him a plain gold ring—to sister Sal and tell her I have bought her some of the slickest jewelry she ever did see. How does your boy come on? Give my love to him and tell him I have a heap of purtys for him. What sort of a paper is that new paper at the Rock? Tell the lawyer to subscribe for it for me.

Ever yours,

PETE WHETSTONE.

To Jim Cole, Esq., Devil's Fork, of Little Red, Arkansas.

## WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES, GOLD CUPS, AND TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES IN 1839.

### WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES.

Ascot Heath, May 28 .....	Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick
Bedford, September 25.....	Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabel, by Merlin, or Merchant
Brighton, August 8 .....	Mr. V. King's Ruby, by Reveller
Caledonian Hunt, October 4 .....	Mr. Ramsay's Lanercost, by Liverpool
Canterbury, August 28 .....	Mr. Hornsby's Romania, by Sultan
Carlisle, July 4.....	Mr. Robertson's Olympic, by Reveller
Chelmsford, August 13 .....	Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick
Chester, May 7.....	Captain Lamb's Chit chat, by Velocipede
Doncaster, September 16.....	Lord Westminster's Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon
Edinburgh, July 23 .....	Mr. Robertson's Olympic, by Reveller
Egham, August 28 ..	Mr. I. Day's Caravan, by Camel
Goodwood, July 31 .....	Mr. I. Day's Caravan, by Camel
Guildford, July 16 .....	Mr. Bowes's Jagger, by Actæon
Hampton and Mousley Hurst, June 6	Mr. Greville's Rory O'More, by Langar
Ipswich, August 27 .....	Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick
Lancaster, July 25 .....	Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar
Leicester, September 11 .....	Mr. Collins's Isaac, by Figaro
Lewes, August 15 .....	Duke of Richmond's Mus, by Bizarre
Lichfield, September 10 .....	Hon. S. Herbert's Clarion, by Sultan
Lincoln, September 26.....	Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax
Liverpool, July 18 .....	Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar
Manchester, May 22 .....	Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar
Newcastle, June 25 .....	Duke of Cleveland's Sampson, by Cetus
Newmarket, April 16 .....	Mr. Batson's Vespertilio, by Reveller
Newmarket, April 18 .....	Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Momus, by Comus
Newmarket, October 3 .....	Mr. W. Scott's Fame, by Margrave
Northampton, August 28.....	Duke of Richmond's Confusionée, by Emilius
Nottingham, October 11 .....	Mrs. Massey's Tubalcain, by Cain
Plymouth, August 22 .....	Mr. W. Lee's Vasa, by Gustavus
Richmond, September 5 .....	Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax
Salisbury, August 14 .....	Mr. I. Day's Caravan, by Camel
Shrewsbury, September 20 .....	Mr. Collins's Isaac, by Figaro
Warwick, September 5.....	M. I. Day's Caravan, by Camel
Weymouth, August 29.....	Mr. Fulwar Craven's Deception, by Defence
Winchester, July 24.....	Mr. I. Day's Caravan, by Camel
York, August 21 .....	Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax

### IN IRELAND.

Bellewstown, June 27.....	Mr. Barry's Arthur, by Sir Hercules
Curragh, April 23 ..	Mr. Fitzpatrick's Waitstill, by Alcaston
Curragh, April 25 .....	Mr. Hutchins's Cregane, by Young Lottery
Curragh, April 27 .....	Mr. Hutchins's Cregane, by Young Lottery
Curragh, June 11.....	Mr. St. George's Cadot, (late Heatherbell), by Blacklock, or Alcaston
Curragh, June 14.....	Mr. St. George's Rocius
Curragh, July 25 .....	Mr. Harrison's ch. c. by Recovery, out of Taglioni
Curragh, July 26 .....	Mr. Graydon's Alba
Curragh, September 4 .....	Major Hay's M.P., by Young Blacklock
Curragh, September 5 .....	Mr. Harrison's ch. c. by Recovery, out of Taglioni
Curragh, September 6 .....	Mr. Graydon's Alba
Curragh, September 7 .....	Mr. Graydon's Cadot, by Blacklock, or Alcaston
Curragh, October 16 .....	Mr. Graydon's Alba
Curragh, October 18 .....	Major Hay's ch. c. by Recovery
Down Royal Corporation, July 24 ..	Mr. Fitzpatrick's Waitstill, by Recovery
Down Royal Corporation, July 26..	Mr. Whittle's Revenge.

## WINNERS OF GOLD CUPS, PIECES OF PLATE, &amp;c.

- Abingdon, September 11 (in specie) Duke of Richmond's Confusionée, by Emilius  
 Ascot, May 28 ..... Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabel, by Merlin, or Merchant  
 Ascot, May 30 ..... Captain Berkeley's Caravan, by Camel  
 Blandford, August 21 (in specie) .. Lord George Bentinck's Ratsbane, by Muley  
 Breconshire, September 25 ..... Mr. Walmsley's Catamaran, by Strephon  
 Bridgnorth, August 1 ..... Mr. Walter's Chantilly, by Langar  
 Burton Constable Hunt, April 3.... Mr. Catton's br. c. by Sandbeck  
 Burton-on-Trent, August 20 ..... Mr. Ogden's Harpurhey, by Voltaire  
 Burton, June 19 ..... Mr. Copeland's King Cole, by Memnon  
 Carlisle, July 3 (in specie) ..... Captain Wrather's Hackfall, by Actæon  
 Catterick Bridge, April 4 ..... Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax  
 Cheltenham, July 3 (in specie) .... Mr. Ferguson's Harkaway, by Economist  
 Chester, May 6 (in specie) ..... Lord Westminster's Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon  
 Chester, May 8 ..... Lord Westminster's Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon  
 Chester, May 9 ..... Captain Berkeley's Caravan, by Camel  
 Coventry, March 13 ..... Mr. Stevens's Talebearer, by Incubus  
 Curragh, September 9 (in specie) .. Mr. Graydon's Gadot (late Heatherbell), by Blacklock  
 Devon & Exeter, Aug. 14 (in specie) Mr. W. Ley's Vasa, by Gustavus  
 Doncaster, September 19 ..... Major Yarburgh's Charles XII., by Voltaire  
 Dumfries, October 17 ..... Mr. Ramsay's Lanercost, by Liverpool  
 Egham, August 27 (in specie) ... Sir G. Heathcote's Valaincourt, by Velocipede  
 Epsom, May 16 (in specie) ..... Mr. Eddison's Rory O'More, by Langar  
 Goodwood, August 1 ..... Mr. Ferguson's Harkaway, by Economist  
 Goodwood, August 2 ..... Lord Eglinton's Bellona, by Beagle  
 Hereford, August 28 (in specie) ... Mr. Walmsley's Catamaran, by Strephon  
 Hippodrome, June 17 ..... Mr. V. King's Ruby, by Reveller  
 Kelso, May 1 ..... Mr. Ramsay's Sunbeam, by Vanish  
 Knutsford, October 9 ..... Mr. Fowler's Profligate, by Emancipation  
 Knutsford, October 9 ..... Mr. T. Longshaw's Harriet  
 Lancaster, July 24 ..... Mr. Attwood's Cleanthes, by Argantes  
 Leicester, September 12 ..... Mr. Tomes's Isaac, by Figaro  
 Lichfield, September 11 (in specie). Mr. T. Walter's King Cole, by Memnon  
 Liverpool, July 17 ..... Major Yarburgh's Charles XII., by Voltaire  
 Liverpool, July 19 ..... Mr. Denham's Compensation, by Emancipation  
 Liverpool, September 25 ..... Mr. Bell's La Sage Femme, by Physician  
 Ludlow, June 27 (in specie) ..... Mr. Tomes's Isaac, by Figaro  
 Manchester, May 23 ..... Lord Westminster's Sir Ralph, by Pantaloon  
 Manchester, May 24 ..... Sir T. Stanley's Gasparoni, by St. Nicholas  
 Marlow, August 7 ..... Mr. Smith's Caligula, by Augustus  
 Newcastle, June 26 (in specie) ... Lord Eglinton's St. Bennett, by Catton  
 Newcastle, June 26 (in specie) ... Captain Wrather's Hackfall, by Actæon  
 Newcastle, June 27 ..... Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax  
 Newmarket, May 2 ..... Lord Exeter's Adrian, by Sultan  
 Newton, June 5 ..... Lord Westminster's Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon  
 Newton, June 6 ..... Mr. Denham's Compensation, by Emancipation  
 Newton, June 7 ..... Mr. Holker's Maid of Monton, by Recovery  
 Northallerton, October 18 ..... Col Cradock's The Provost, by The Saddler  
 Nottingham, October 10 ..... Mr. Robinson's Melbourne, by Humphrey Clinker  
 Oswestry, September 24 (in specie). Mr. Holker's Maid of Monton, by Recovery  
 Paisley, August 22 (in specie) .... Lord Eglinton's Bellona, by Beagle  
 Paisley, August 22 (in specie) .... Mr. Ramsay's Sunbeam, by Vanish  
 Paisley, August 23 ..... Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar  
 Pottery, August 6 (in specie) ..... Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar  
 Richmond, Yorkshire, September 4 Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax  
 Rochester & Chatham, Sep. 6 (specie) Mr. Turner's Isabella, by Medoro  
 Royston, May 24 ..... Mr. Webber's Harold, by Master Henry  
 Salisbury, August 15 ..... Mr. Herbert's Arctic, by Brutandorf  
 Shrewsbury, Sept. 19 (in specie) .. Mr. Tomes's Isaac, by Figaro  
 Stamford July 18 ..... General Grosvenor's Dædalus, by Buzzard



Stirling, August 8.....Mr. Ramsay's Sunbeam, by Vanish  
 Stockton, Durham, August 30.....Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax  
 Wolverhampton, August 13.....Duke of Cleveland's Kremlin, by Sultan  
 Worcester, August 7 (in specie)....Mr. Tomes's Isaac, by Figaro  
 Yarmouth, August 6.....Lord Tavistock's Gimcrack, by Stumps  
 Yarmouth, August 7.....Mr. Sandiford's Oliver Twist  
 York, October 9.....Col. Thompson's Hamlet, by Young Phantom  
 York, October 9.....Mr. H. S. Thompson's Van Buren, by Velocipede  
 York, October 10.....Mr. E. H. Reynard's Slyfellow, by Guerilla  
 York, October 11.....Mr. Allen's Quid, by Tramp.

#### ‡WINNERS OF TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.

**ADOLTON**, b. c. by Colwick, out of Catherina, by Walton, Mr. Lacey's.—At Buxton, 50 sovs.  
**ASSASSIN**, b. c. out of Sneaker, Mr. W. Edwards's.—At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, the Nursery Stakes, carrying 6st. 10lb.  
**Bay Colt**, by Emilius, out of Wild Duck, by Whisker, Mr. Goddard's.—At Oxford, 105 sovs.  
**Bay Colt**, by Laurel, out of Dewdrop, by Defence, Mr. Aphin's.—At Egham, 60 sovs.  
**Bay Filly**, by Defence, out of Feltona, Captain Lamb's.—At Stockbridge, received forfeit in a match from c. (dead) by Defence out of a Whisker mare  
**Bay Filly**, by The Colonel, out of Mary Anne, by Blacklock, Col. Peel's.—At Newmarket Second October, received 10 sovs.  
**Bay Filly**, Sister to Montezuma, by Merchant, dam by Phantom, Mr. Thornhill's.—At Newmarket July, 60 sovs  
**Bay Filly**, by Olympus, out of Miniature, by Teniers, Mr. W. Foster's.—At Ludlow, 110 sovs.  
**Black Colt**, by The Mole, out of Marianne, by Malek, Mr. Meiklam's.—At Newton, 155 sovs. ; and at York August, the Wilton Stakes of 75 sovs.  
**BOB PEEL**, b. c. by Medoro, dam by Young Phantom, Captain Elmsall's.—At Lincoln, 65 sovs.  
**Brown Colt**, by Liverpool, out of Queen Bathsheba, Lord Eglinton's.—At Eglinton Park, received 100 sovs.  
**Brown Colt**, Brother to Euclid, by Emilius, out of Maria, by Whisker, Duke of Cleveland's.—At Wolverhampton, the Chillington Stakes of 150 sovs. ; and at Doncaster, 480 sovs.  
**Brown Colt**, by Young Blacklock, out of Therese, by The Moslem, Mr. Alexander's.—At Dumfries, 60 sovs.  
**Brown Filly** by Emilius, out of Christabel, by Woful, Mr. G. Bulkeley's.—At Egham, 90 sovs.  
**CAPOTE**, ch. c. by Velocipede, out of Mantilla, by Sultan, Lord George Bentinck's.—At Newmarket Houghton, 100 sovs.  
**CARLOTTA**, b. f. by Frederick, out of Cestus, by Longwaist, Mr. Forth's.—At Goodwood, 50 sovs.  
**Chesnut Colt**, by Emilius, out of Misrule, by Merlin, Duke of Cleveland's.—At Catterick, 140 sovs.  
**Chesnut Filly**, by Actæon out of Electress, by Election, Col. Peel's.—At Newmarket First October, divided 600 sovs., the forfeit of a Sweepstakes, with Lord Tavistock's filly by Glencoe, out of Frolesome.  
**Chesnut Filly**, by Augustus, out of Amoret, by Abjer, Mr. Fyson's.—At Newmarket Second October, 30 sovs.  
**CLOVE**, b. f. by Cain, out of Perfume, by Emilius, Lord Albemarle's.—At Ascot Heath, 90 sovs.  
**CRUCIFIX**, b. f. by Priam, out of Octaviana (Carmelite's dam), by Octavian, Lord George Bentinck's.—At Newmarket July, the July Stakes of 780 sovs. ; at the same Meeting, the Chesterfield Stakes of 560 sovs., carrying 9lb. extra ; at Goodwood, the Lavant Stakes of 460 sovs., carrying 5lb. extra ; at the same Meeting, the Molecomb Stakes of 475 sovs., carrying 7lb. extra ; at Newmarket First October, the Hopeful Stakes of 890 sovs., carrying 9lb. extra ; at the same Meeting, received 150 sovs. ; at Newmarket Second October, the Clearwell Stakes of 610 sovs., carrying 7lb. extra ; at the same Meeting, the Prendergast Stakes of 650 sovs. ; and at Newmarket Houghton, for the Criterion Stakes

- of 910 sovs., carrying 9lb. extra, she ran a dead heat, and afterwards divided the Stakes with General Yates's b. c. Gibraltar, Brother to Tarick, by Muley.
- DARKNESS**, ch. f. by Glencoe, out of Fanny, by Whisker, Capt. Williamson's.—At Bath Spring, the Weston Stakes of 220 sovs.; and at Salisbury, received 30 sovs.
- DE CLIFFORD**, br. c. by Recovery, out of Baroness, by Leopold, Lord Stanley's.—At Liverpool July, the Mersey Stakes of 75 sovs.; and at Knutsford, 45 sovs.
- DIPLOMA**, ch. f. by Plenipotentiary, out of Icaria, by The Flyer, General Grosvenor's.—At Stockbridge, 150 sovs.
- DOCTOR CAIUS**, b. c. by Physician, out of Rectitude, by Lottery, Lord Eglinton's.—At the Western Meeting, 1250 sovs.
- DUNSTAN**, bl. c. by St. Nicholas, out of Aglaia, by Fyldener, Mr. T. Crytchley's.—At the Pottery, the Champagne Stakes of 150 sovs.; and at Warwick, 100 sovs.
- FILLY**, by Glencoe, out of Frolicsome, by Frolic, Lord Tavistock's.—At Newmarket First October, divided 600 sovs., the forfeits of a Sweepstakes, with Colonel Peel's ch. f. by Actæon, out of Electress.
- GALLIPOT**, b. c. by Physician, dam by Whisker, out of Voltaire's dam, by Phantom, Col. Cradock's.—At York October, 100 sovs.
- GARRYOWEN**, ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Excitement, by Emilius, Mr. Byng's.—At Newmarket July, 40 sovs.; and at Newmarket Houghton, 25 sovs.
- GIBRALTAR**, b. c. Brother to Tarick, by Muley, out of Young Sweetpea, by Godolphin, Gen. Yates's.—At Newmarket Houghton, ran a dead heat, and divided the Criterion Stakes of 910 sovs. with Lord George Bentinck's b. f. Crucifix.
- HILL COOLIE**, b. c. by Mulatto, dam by Figaro, Mr. Etwall's.—At Bath, the Kelston Park Stakes of 110 sovs.; at Bibury Club, the Champagne Stakes of 170 sovs.; and at Abingdon, received 50 sovs.
- HOYDON**, bl. f. by Tomboy, out of Rocbana, by Velocipede, Lord Stanley's.—At Liverpool July, 150 sovs.; and at the same meeting received 50 sovs.
- INTERLUDE**, b. f. by Physician, out of Comedy, by Comus, Mr. Jacques's.—At Catterick, the Champagne Stakes of 135 sovs.; at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 120 sovs.; at Stockton, the Claret Stakes of 180 sovs.; and at Richmond, 40 sovs.
- IRIS**, ch. f. by Cain, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow, Lord Albemarle's.—At Epsom, the Woodcote Stakes of 105 sovs.; and at Brighton, the Pavilion Stakes of 70 sovs.
- JEFFY**, br. c. by Jerry, out of Mandane, by Sultan, Lord Lynedoch's.—At Newmarket First Spring, 40 sovs.; at Epsom, 450 sovs.; and at Ascot Heath, 190 sovs.; carrying 3lb. extra.
- KING OF THE PEAK**, b. c. by Taurus, out of Plaything, by Lamplighter, Lord Tavistock's.—At Newmarket July, the Buxton Stakes of 150 sovs.
- LADY CRAINSHAW**, b. f. by Contest, out of Lady Easby, by Whisker, Mr. Inglis's.—At Paisley, the Champion Stakes of 150 sovs.; and at the Western Meeting, 135 sovs.
- LA FEMME SAGE**, b. f. by Gainsborough out of Golden-drop's dam, by Whisker, Mr. Bell's.—At Northallerton, 75 sovs.
- LALEA ROOKH**, b. f. by Defence, out of Leila, by Waterloo, Mr. Fowler's.—At Manchester, 120 sovs.; at Newton, the Golborne Stakes of 200 sovs.; at Worcester, 70 sovs.; at Liverpool Autumn, 500 sovs.; and at the same meeting, 200 sovs.
- LAUNCELOT**, br. c. brother to Touchstone, by Camel, out of Banter, by Master Henry, Lord Westminster's.—At York August, received 50 sovs.; and at Doncaster, the Champagne Stakes of 675 sovs.
- LAURA**, b. f. by Physician out of Matilda, by Comus, Duke of Cleveland's.—At Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Tyro Stakes of 200 sovs.; and at Stockton, the Cleveland Stakes of 80 sovs.
- MARTHA LYNN**, br. f. by Mulatto, out of Leda, by Filho da Puta, Mr. Ramsey's.—At Eglinton Park, 100 sovs.; and at Paisley, 90 sovs.
- MARIALVA**, br. f. by Gambol, out of Miss Middleton, by Middleton, Mr. W. Key's.—At Bedford, 90 sovs.
- MOGUL**, b. c. by Saracen, out of Minikin, by Manfred, Mr. Fowler's.—At Chester, 200 sovs.
- NAWORTH**, br. c. by Liverpool, dam by Emilius, out of Surprise, Mr. Parkins.—At Carlisle, the Corby Castle Stakes of 65 sovs.; and at York August, 180 sovs.

- NEGUS**, ch. c. by Bedlamite, out of Lady Fanny, Mr. E. Peel's.—At the Houghton Meeting, a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs.
- NICHOLAS**, b. c. by Jerry, out of Olive, by Tarragon, Col. Anson's.—At York Spring, 160 sovs.
- PEKULANT**, ch. c. by Defence, out of Pet, by Gainsborough, Mr. Sadler's.—At Bath, received 30 sovs.; and at Oxford, 50 sovs., carrying 5st. 7lb.
- PROTEUS**, ch. c. by Cetus, out of Peggy, by Bourbon, Mr. Greville's.—At the Newmarket Second October, 100 sovs.
- RABBITCATCHER**, ch. c. by Birdcatcher, out of Lena's dam, by Tramp, Sir T. Stanley's.—At Liverpool July, 80 sovs.: at Liverpool Autumn, 95 sovs.; and at Holywell Hunt, 50 sovs.
- REMEDY**, br. f. by Physician, out of Snowball, by Prime Minister, Mr. Meiklam's.—At Newcastle-on-Tyne, £25 sovs.; and at Liverpool Autumn, the Eglinton Stakes of 225 sovs.
- REMNANT**, ch. f. by Cain, out of Burden, by Camel, Mr. W. Edwards's.—At the Newmarket Second October, ran a dead heat, and divided the Stakes of 60 sovs. with Mr. Sadler's b. f. Caracole, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs.
- RESOLUTION**, b. c. by Physician, dam by Whisker, out of Swiss's dam, by Shuttle, Mr. J. Gill's.—At Northallerton, 50 sovs.
- RICHMOND**, b. c. by Memnon Junior, out of Henrietta, by Jerry, Mr. Bowes's.—At Richmond, the Dundas Stakes of 70 sovs.
- ROAN COLT**, by Augustus, out of Constantia, Col. Peel's.—At the Houghton Meeting, a Match for 25 sovs.; and another at the same Meeting for 25 sovs.
- SAL VOLATILE**, br. f. by Augustus, out of Volage, by Wavarley, Lord George Bentinck's.—At the Newmarket Houghton, 50 sovs.
- SOPHOCLES**, b. c. by Laurel, out of Bertha, by Reveller, Sir G. Heathcote's.—At Egham, 40 sovs.
- STAMBOUL**, b. c. by Reveller, out of Galata, by Sultan, Lord Exeter's.—At Ascot Heath, 200 sovs.
- TEN POUND NOTE**, br. f. by Augustus or Taurus, dam by Centaur, out of Problem, by Merlin, Mr. Rayner's.—At the Newmarket Second Spring, 50 sovs.
- TULY**, ch. c. by The Tulip out of Zara, by Camel, Mr. F. R. Price's.—At Holywell Hunt, 40 sovs.
- TROJANA**, ch. f. by Priam, out of Whimsey, [by Partizan, Mr. Greville's.—At the Newmarket Second October, 55 sovs. carrying 7st. 13lb.
- VICEROY**, b. c. by Voltaire, out of Valentine, by Soothsayer, Mr. Shepperd's.—At Stockton, the Thirst Stakes, of 110 sovs.; and at York October, 55 sovs.
- WARDAN**, b. c. by Glencoe, out of Margellina, by Whisker, Mr. Wreford's.—At Winchester, received 40 sovs.; at Newmarket First October, the Beckenham Stakes of 750 sovs.; at the same Meeting, the Rutland Stakes of 270 sovs., 3lb extra; and at the Newmarket Second October, 50 sovs.
- WILDERNESS**, b. f. by Camel, out of Xarifa, by Moses, Mr. Firth's.—At Epsom, 80 sovs.

#### TWO-YEAR-OLD WINNERS IN IRELAND.

- Brown Colt**, by Lapwing or Skylark, out of Helen, Mr. Maher's.—At the Curragh October Meeting, received forfeit in a Match for 100 sovs.; and at the same Meeting, the Rushborough Stakes of 25 sovs.
- Chestnut Colt**, by Blacklock, out of Spermacti, Mr. Watt's.—At the Curragh September Meeting, the Two-year-old Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each.
- CRIMSON**, ch. f. by Drone, out of Kiss, Col. Westenra's.—The Halverstown Stakes of 25 sovs. each.
- FILLY**, by Philip, out of Barefoot's dam, Lord Howth's.—At the Curragh September Meeting, a Two-year-old Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.
- HUMMING BIRD**, b. c. by Skylark, dam by Robert, Mr. Disney's.—At the Curragh October Meeting, a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each.
- JOHNNY**, b. c. by Elvas, out of Perdita, Mr. Maher's.—At the Curragh September Meeting, the Anglesea Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added; and at the Curragh October Meeting, the Paget Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 40 added.
- MAYBOY**, h. c. by Skylark or Roller, out of Guiccioli, Mr. Knox's.—At the Curragh October Meeting, a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, with 25 added.
- WELFARE**, b. f. by Priam, out of Vat, Col. Westenra's.—At the Curragh September Meeting, the Column Stakes of 10 sovs. each; at the same meeting, the Two-

year-old Sweepstakes of 25 sovs., with 25 added; and at the Curragh October Meeting, the Two-year-old Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each.

ZELMYRA, by Drone, out of Pasta, Lord Miltown's.—The Third Class of the Stewards' Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added.

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

LVE, THE JOCKEY.—In the course of the last season this celebrated rider travelled upwards of 6,000 miles, and rode 173 races, many of them for large stakes, of which he won 68, twenty-nine of the successful ones being for Lord Eglinton (eleven on Potentate), eleven for the Duke of Cleveland, and the rest for other parties not immediately connected with him. We believe that this can scarcely be paralleled.

#### TATTERSALL'S.

The Derby betting throughout the month has been exceedingly dull: indeed, the amount of business done has been extremely small. Brother to Euclid, and Angelica colt, it will be seen, have advanced a few points while Wardan and Bokhara have receded. The following are the latest prices:—

#### DERBY.

500 to 100 agst. Scot's lot (tk.)	50 to 1 agst. Confederate
10 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's lot	750 to 100 agst. Brother to Euclid and the Angelica colt (tk.)
20 to 1 agst. Ld. G. Bentinck's lot (t.)	1000 to 50 agst. Velvet colt and Ottoman (tk.)
14 to 1 agst. Brother to Euclid	1000 to 800 on Angelica colt agst. M. Ishmael
16 to 1 agst. Angelica colt (tk.)	1500 even Gambia agst. May Boy.
18 to 1 agst. Muley Ishmael	1000 even Gambia against Sophocles, Uzbek, and Camello.
20 to 1 agst. Launcelot (tk.)	600 to 500 on May Boy agst. Brother to Melbourne.
25 to 1 agst. Wardan (tk.)	300 to 100 on Bro. to Euclid, Angelica, M. Ishmael, Lancelot and Bokhara (tk.)
22 to 1 agst. Bokhara	
30 to 1 agst. Glenorchy (tk.)	
33 to 1 agst. Ottoman	
40 to 1 agst. Velvet colt	
40 to 1 agst. Grey Milton (tk.)	
50 to 1 agst. May Boy	
50 to 1 agst. Janus (Ld. Albemarle's)	
50 to 1 agst. Gambia (tk.)	

#### OAKS.

7 to 1 agst. Crucifix.	13 to 1 agst. Rowton's dam.
8 to 1 agst. Lalla Rookh, (tk.)	

#### COURSING MEETINGS TO COME.

†Southport Open Stakes.....	Jan. 2 and 3
The Union (at Southport) .....	Jan. 8 and 9
†Northumberland (Whitfield) .....	Jan. 8 and 9
Hampton .....	Jan. 9
* Ardrossan, open to all England .....	Jan. 9 and 10
Curragh .....	Jan. 15
Fleetwood-on-Wyre .....	Jan. 23
*Clydesdale (Duke of Hamilton's) .....	Jan. 30 & 31
Cockney—Everleigh.....	Feb. 3
Ashdown Park .....	Feb. 3, &c.
†Bidston .....	Feb. 4 & 5
Kyle (Auchinleck) .....	Feb. 5
Sudbury (Derbyshire) .....	Feb. 13 & 14
*Altcar (Lord Sefton's) .....	Feb. 21 and 20
*Mid Lothian (Edinburgh) .....	Feb. 25 and 26
Stone .....	Feb. 27
*Waterloo (Lord Sefton's) .....	March 4 and 6

Mr. Nightingale will judge at those Meetings marked with an asterisk, Mr. M'George at those marked with a dagger, Mr. Batty at the Union (Southport) and Fleetwood-on-Wyre Meetings, Mr. Kimber at the Ashdown Park and Deptford Inn Meetings, and Mr. Dunlop at the Kyle Meeting.

THE  
**New Sporting Magazine.**

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have too long delayed writing to our friend Trigger, but he may rely upon hearing from us within a week.

The paper of Cymraeg has come to hand, and he will see in the present Number our reason for postponing immediate attention to him.

The gentleman who writes to us from Regent Street will see that we have attended to his request.

Both Letters of A. C. B. are before us. He will hear from us by the Rowland Hill conveyance.

Sandie Gray is thanked.

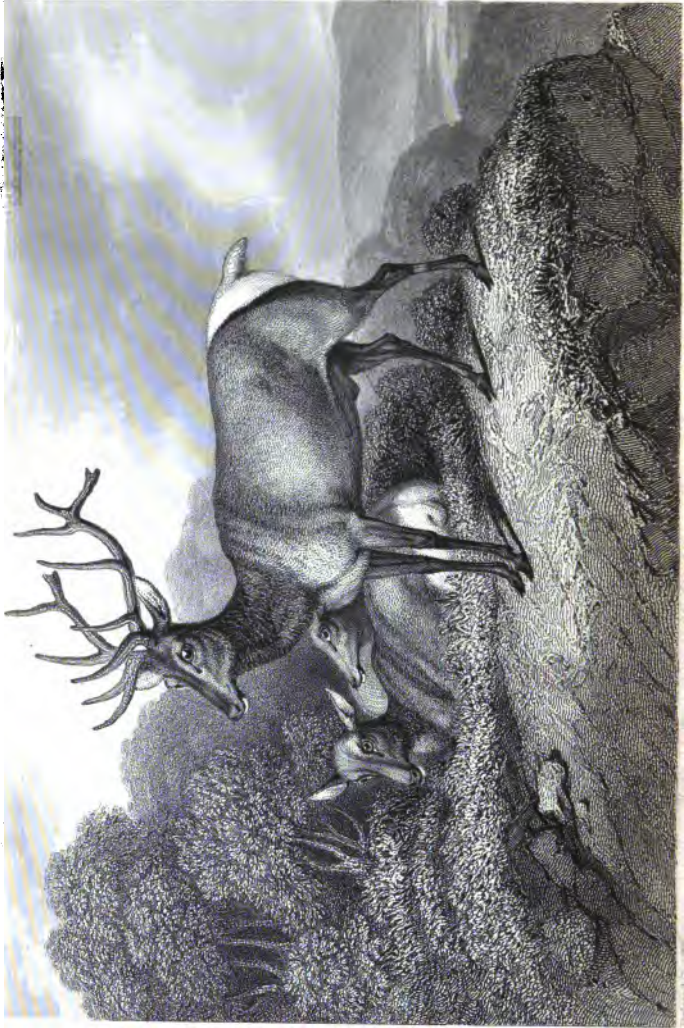
Our excellent correspondent Tono begs to correct the following *errata* in his "Retrospect of the Season," in the last Number:—for "eighty" brace of birds killed in a week by a neighbouring keeper, read "thirty;" and, further on, for "the old birds do not dine," read "the whole birds."

Some other typographical errors occurred in the Number for January, owing to the Editor's temporary absence from Town; and those readers who detect them are requested to correct them.

We decline the lines on Nimrod. We have spoken to him seriously in prose, and we know our readers are sick of the subject; and why, therefore, continue a battle which is tiresome to the spectators, and where only one gentleman fights?

Crito—G. Y.—Alpha—A Friend to Fox Hunting, and B. C., are received.





Wapiti Deer.

WAPITI DEER.

Engraved by Bowen.



## WAPITI DEER.

Engraved by H. GRIFFITHS, after HOWITT.

THE deer speak through the painter's pencil and the engraver's touch for themselves. They are fine specimens of the animal, realizing to the eye in the parlour, the truth of skin, form, and atmosphere.

## HEADS UP, STERNS DOWN.

Painted by A. COOPER, R.A., engraved by J. W. ARCHER.

But what shall we say of our friend Cooper's living sketch of "Heads up, Sterns down?" Were we permitted to see nothing *but* the sterns, we should know that the fox was going his best, yet with a jaded brush and death in his eye. What condition in these three inimitable dogs (inimitable, excepting certain dogs we could pick out in certain packs); look at the rib-marks in the foremost hound! look at the ears down under the craving agony of scent!—the mouths look like giving tongue, and yet the expression of silence from pace is perfect. The spirited sketch of the painter has inspired the engraver.

## THE LIFE'S IN THE OLD DOG; YET.

Written on seeing the Picture in the Royal Academy, painted by Edwin Landseer, R. A. 1838.

My brave old hound, my bonny old hound,  
 Here's a health, here's a health to thee;  
 And as years roll round, may thou still be found  
 In chase of the deer with me.

Many is the day we have hunted away,  
And many is the track we have set ;  
And now I am told that thou art grown old,  
“ But the life's in the Old Dog yet.”

How oft has thy voice made the hunters rejoice,  
When thy deep mellow tone was heard ?  
For well did they know thy conquer'd foe  
Was the best red stag in the herd !

Thou hast followed the chase, with untiring pace,  
Till thy fine glossy coat was wet ;  
Thou hast bled at my feet, while thy heart ceased to beat,  
“ Still the life's in the Old Dog yet.”

Once did I think, when on the steep brink  
Of a black shelving rock thou stood,  
That thy race was run, and thy life was done,  
As thou hung o'er the yawning flood.

Thou leapt that crag with the dying stag,  
And methought a hard fate thou had met ;  
But we found thee below, on thy prostrate foe,  
“ And the life's in the Old Dog yet.”

Thy coat is now grey, and thy strength doth decay,  
But thy heart is as bold and as true  
As when first we went forth 'mid the hills of the north,  
To wage war 'gainst the fleet-footed crew.

Men *are* to be found who would kill the old hound,  
And his long years of service forget ;  
But a hand I'll ne'er lend to destroy my old friend,  
“ For the life's in the Old Dog yet.”

SANDIE GREY.

## FETE OF THE WRESTLERS IN THE OBERLAND OF BERNE.

—  
BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.  
—

WHOEVER knows anything about Switzerland (as who doesn't, in these days of steam-boats and steam-busses?) knows that the Oberland of Berne has long been celebrated for its wrestlers. Their pre-eminence is admitted in all quarters of the world—except perhaps some obscure corners of a certain county of Cornwall. Their strength, their agility, their skill, the perfection to which they have brought their art, have been the themes of successive travellers and historians. Wyss has not thought it beneath his dignity to give us plates of the principal "attitudes" of the noble science, and Simond has followed Wyss in this particular, as in many others of equal wisdom and sagacity. It was my good luck to be in Switzerland last year at the annual fête of the Giesbach, in the heart of the Bernese Oberland, and in the very centre and strong hold of the wrestlers. Gentle reader, did you ever see a Swiss fête? If not, I'll give you a sketch of one: not one of your flashy-dashy, silk and spangles, rouge and flake-white affairs, such as they are presented to us on the stages of old Drury and the Opera House; but a real, genuine, straightforward, unsophisticated *fête-champêtre* among the mountains of old Helvetia, in the very heart of "Das Oberland."

*Il-y- a une fête au Giesbach aujourd'hui, messieurs,*" said our old friend, the guide of the *Hotel d' Interlaken*, as we stood in front of our inn gazing at the sublime Jangfrau, and debating whether our day's exploit should be a visit to the glaciers of Grindelwald, an excursion to the falls of the Staubbach, or a sail on the Lake of Brienz. This announcement decided us. We immediately pressed into the service two young Englishers who were staying at a neighbouring hotel (and whom we had encountered by fits and starts in various parts of Switzerland), and a young Bâlois who had been one of our party in getting up an impromptu concert at our inn the preceding evening: and, having duly consulted the tarif (*vive le tarif!*) at the "Zoll-haus," on the edge of the lake, we were soon afloat on that most glorious sheet of water, the Brienzer-See; day magnificent, thermometer up to every thing, and spirits about two hundred per cent. above the thermometer. We shall not stop to describe the beauty and transparency of

the water : nor to write a sonnet to the nymphs of the lake (though we know that is the usual custom) : neither shall we pause to admire the ruins of the Castle of Golwyl : no. to be pathetic over the giddy *Tanzplatz*, where the maiden and her lover, crossed in their young affections, took advantage of the brief *réunion* afforded them by the village dancer to waltz away together over the cliff some thousands of feet into the lake below. Of all this we shall say nothing (tho' at the imminent risk of offending all our sentimental readers), but proceed at once to the foot of the Giessbach ; where, having stowed our boat in a little rocky cove, we grasp our *bâtons-forrés* and scramble up the steep cliffs rather more nimbly than so many Chamois.

And here, what a magnificent scene awaits us ! A beautiful meadow lies at our feet, hemmed in on all sides but the one by which we have approached, by stupendous mountains which rise around it almost perpendicularly. The cascade of the Giessbach, one of the finest in all Switzerland, roars down one of these sides in a succession of seven or eight falls, each rivalling the other in magnitude and beauty. Every jutting point of rock, and the whole circle of mountain tops, are crowned with pines ; while here and there, high up among the clouds, in spots which we would think it impossible even to attain, are little cottages and chalets peeping out from amidst their bowers of foliage, the welcome homes of the highland swains and shepherdesses. Numerous herds of goats are seen scrambling about the mountains in all directions, and the whole air is tinkling with their little bells. The rich crimson flowers of the Alpen rose are springing everywhere under our feet, and the bright blue cups of the gentianella lie glistening over every green slope. The peasants and peasantesses are coming down from the mountains in gay and happy groups, decked out in all sorts of strange costumes ; and be sure they have none of them (ladies particularly) left their best clothes behind them. Such an exhibition of chains and crosses, and ear-rings and bracelets, and ribbands and *long tails*, is not often to be met with even in the Bernese Oberland : and a more splendid day for the show cannot well be imagined. Hats or bonnets are quite out of the question ; but most of the young ladies (or their beaux for them) carry a light umbrella to protect them from sun or shower.

Now, having examined the falls from top to toe, and discussed an excellent dinner at the little auberge opposite the falls, we hasten to the arena, the centre of the meadow aforementioned, where the " *kampfers* (*anglicé*, wrestlers) are to exhibit their strength and skill. A circle had already been formed, around which groups of mountaineers in their holiday costume lay smoking and chatting, or parleying with their gentle demoisels under the shade of some " wide-spreading beech-tree."

The prize of the feast, a fine, full-grown lamb, decked out with all manner of ribbands and spangles, was making the tour of the company, and receiving the caresses of a thousand gentle hands. We soon fell into the circle, lighted our meerschaums, and began puffing away as well as the best. Two of the wrestlers now came forward, each of them looking about as cool as any six of the spectators you might be able to pick out. Round the legs of both, silk handkerchiefs were tied: and each one having with all due deliberation got a firm grip of his adversary's Bandana, they commenced the encounter in good earnest. I regret that my studies never led me to investigate the merits and mysteries of this noble science; and that I am consequently unable to give so lucid an account of the proceedings as might be desirable. "L'objet," says Simond, who knows much more about the matter than ourselves, "est de renverser son adversaire sur le dos par trois fois, ce qui constitue la victoire. Pour cet effet, on tâche de lui faire perdre terre en le soulevant! et les lutteurs se saisissent l'un l'autre par une espèce de caleçon court, fait exprès, ou par leurs mouchoirs liés à l'entour de la cuisse. C'est un exercice qui déploie plus de force que d'adresse au de grâce: le mouvement par lequel on soulève son adversaire au-dessus de sa tête, et le fait tourner, en l'air pour l'étourdir, et le jeter enfin par terre, est sans doute un tour de force extraordinaire. Il-y-a de ces attitudes qui amènent quelquefois la fracture du bras."

What surprised us as much as anything in the affair, was the extreme *slowness* with which the various manœuvres were performed. The combatants would remain sometimes for two or three minutes without moving a limb; but each watching the other meanwhile with the keenness of a hawk, and ready to take advantage of the least oversight, or the slightest betrayal of passion. Sometimes, after a long pause of this sort, one of the champions would suddenly throw himself into a new position, and instantly one or the other would be sprawling on the ground. The quickness with which this was done was only matched by the coolness evinced by both parties at the close of the tussle. The victor hitched up his smalls with as much unconcern as if he had just cracked a walnut, while the vanquished commonly gathered himself up very comfortably into a sitting posture, and began chatting and joking with his companions just as if nothing had happened. There was no triumph on the one side; no sulkiness on the other. Each seemed to view the affair as the mere chance of war; and if we might judge from appearances, they were as good friends after the fall as if they had only been drinking a glass of kirschewasser together. Each successful throw was followed up by a collection made in favour of the victor; and it was no small fun to see sometimes a group of strangers, ignorant of the rules of the game, moving off before the hat came round, in which case

the gatherers never failed to run after them and explain the law, when they were obliged to contribute their share, amidst the laughter and jokes of the whole company. The names of the fortunate competitors I do not remember. If I did I could not spell them. But a tall, gaunt, bony fellow, that looked as if he couldn't turn over a wheelbarrow, proved himself as tight a bit of stuff as any of the lot. A most intensely broiling sun, however, prevented us from seeing the game fairly out; and, indeed, if the sun *had* been several degrees milder, it is just possible that the attraction of a bevy of Swiss maidens waltzing in another part of the grounds, might have induced us to leave the worthy Oberlanders to wrestle it out by themselves.

The pretty auberge opposite the falls was the scene of this part of the revelry. Thither we accordingly repaired: and there, in the "great room" of the mansion, we found a large party of Swiss men and maidens exercising their light fantastic toes in the giddy mazes of the waltz. Now I know the gentle and confiding reader is looking forward to a most luxurious description of bounding nymphs and blithe swains, winding gracefully through the labyrinth of the dance; while luscious strains of wild mountain music come sweetly upon the ear, mixed with the murmuring cadence of the distant waterfall. And remember! we have traveller's licence (query—lie-cence?) to entertain him with such a recital. But no: we will be honest, and tell the truth, at the risk of spoiling this, the best paper of our Swiss portfolio. The nymphs, instead of lightly bounding, joyously smiling, went through the evolutions of the dance with countenances where neither smile, nor smirk, nor simper seemed ever to have had place since the beginning of their existence. And such countenances! brown as burnt umber, and as ugly as the very —. Let's see! *what* were we talking about? oh! the Swiss girls dancing. Well: and then the manner in which they clattered about their heavy heels! (spirit of Taglioni defend us from ever seeing the like!) and their beaux! most of them in their shirt sleeves, and not a few with their hats on! and all looking as lugubrious as if they were going to their fathers' funerals. Such an exhibition it has never been our lot to light upon—and may we never light upon such another. The music was about on a par with the dancing, consisting of a couple of fiddles and a clarinet, on which a trio of threadbare musicians churned away in a series of airs as old as the battle of Granson, and about as inspiriting as a Gregorian chant. Of course we were hugely disappointed, as we had quite made up our minds to something very romantic; but the truth is, as every body knows who is honest enough to confess it, that the Swiss women are no more to be compared to our fair Englishers than sticks with strawberries. As for the "mountain maidens" that our young ladies sing

so touchingly about, they are, without exception, the brownest, roughest awkwardest, dowdiest, humpty-dumptiest set of beings that ever wore petticoats. They are about as like the prints and fancy-ball figures we see of them at home as Miss Biffin is like the Venus de Medicis; and as for their voices, a screech-owl in a hay-cratch is an Apollo in comparison. However, we were not going to throw up our passports because our expectations had not been quite borne out by the reality: so, making the best of a bad bargain, we modestly picked out the best-looking girls in the room, and having done a few compliments into very bad German, succeeded in obtaining their hands—or rather, their waists, for a waltz. My young lady was the “daughter of the house,” and to the best of my judgment, the belle of the room. My friend “Tomkins,” however, contends that *his* was the belle, a smart little moonfaced damsel from ten thousand feet above the level of every thing, and cousin german to my fair one.

Having whirled the rival belles about till we were sufficiently giddy, we proposed “a little music;” a proposal to which the young ladies very graciously acceded. Accordingly, our little party adjourned to the next room, which contained a piano-forte (built by William Tell, as far as I know), and the young lady from beyond the clouds having favoured us with a melody of the *iodle-dee-iodle-da* school, we five Englishers delighted the company with *God Save the King*, and the Canadian Boat Song, sung at the top—or rather, the bottom of our five bass voices, and with an effect that may be “more easily imagined than described.” If we came away with a mean opinion of Swiss music, the worthy Oberlanders on their part must have had an exalted notion of English minstrelsy. Our concert over, we returned to the ball-room, where we tried to introduce the English country-dance; but with no very eminent success. Whether hands-across is not in keeping with the genius of the country, or whether our instructions were not of the most lucid order (teaching *English* country dances to *Germans*\* in bad *French*, is by no means the easiest practice in the world!), or whether it was that the accidental circumstance of the musicians being only able to play waltz tunes in triple time to our dance in common, was fatal to our experiment, I know not; but certain it is the attempt was a complete failure; and persisting in it as we did under the sanction of the ladies (God bless ’em!) we very nearly embroiled ourselves with the masculines of the party; and, had it not been for a timely warning from our young friend the Bâlois, we might have stood a fair chance for a set of Swiss *Hic jacets*. As the evening was by this time advancing, and all had to cross the lake before bed-

\* The German is the popular language of this part of Switzerland.

piece of water, made to resemble a river, therefore not broad. It extends perhaps three hundred yards. The stream is only sufficient to feed it. I employed the word used in the country for the weed that chokes it, namely, Rate-Weed, because I preferred the language of the guardian of the place to the more learned designation of the botanist. It is the *zannichellia palustris*, or pond-weed, is an annual, and flowers in July and August. It grows most in hard mineral waters. Its height is from four to six feet, and its flower is white.

I used the term "thief-net" for the same reason, being myself a water-side-farer, and having learned the term from those of my kind; but the more correct designation is the trammel.

I had no wish for exterminating at a "fell swoop" so delicate and delicious a fish as the tench. I never meant to angle for them. During the winter months I merely wished to produce a delicacy for the table. I was taunted with not being able to do so; and having tried the trammel to the prejudice of the trout, having had recourse to the bow-net with its egg-shells and piece of suspended looking glass to no effect, I said, in the pride of my creed, "I will ask, through the pages of the New Sporting Magazine, and I shall learn something"

I have learned how to use the net with effect, and the heavy leads, and yet sufficient buoyancy of corks, the dragging the "slow length along" to outstay the period of immersion in the mud of the fishes' heads; the auxiliary net for the fugitives, are killing means. I fear, however, that they are not available. In an ornamental piece of water it is important to let the weeds remain at the bottom. It is not easy to cut them to so large an extent, nor is it slightly that any part of them should float as scum on the surface. The stream in the pool is not sufficient to carry it off. I fear, therefore, that the tench must remain till the spring. As they are kept for the table, and not for sport, it is perhaps a loss; for the fish that are cast on the move at night, are best for the table. If they are taken out of the water when they have fattened, and are put into a stew, they change their nourishment, and are not so good.

I have heard of half-boiled potatoe being a good bait for a carp. It is at all events a harmless one; not so the ingenious but cruel device of pinching off the head of the worm to prevent its burrowing in the mud. I have never seen a tench taken with a hook. If this subject be pursued further, there are particulars of the tench that I should like to know. Does the time of the spawning differ according to the nature of the water? What is the fish that most preys upon the spawn of the tench? This in order to avoid his kind in the same water. What is the nature of the water or the soil that best suits for the fattening the tench,—what for the breeding? For I infer that in a breeding pond



the tench do not fatten, nor in a fattening pond breed. What are the baits used for taking tench in rivers ?

These are subjects that should not occupy much of the attention of the real lovers of the art. They will, however, find access even as prohibited books do in schools. Izaak Walton could in these days pass no examination before our modern anglers. We have refined the art since his time—we have perfected our tackle. There are many preserves of rivers where even the dead bait is not allowed ; this may be carrying it a little too far ; for the largest fish are rarely taken except by spinning, and it benefits no water to leave the monsters too long in it ; but fly fishing is the real poetry of the art—spinning its history and prose.

PISCATOR.

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### A SPORTING SOVEREIGN.

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THOSE whose love of *pace* in pursuit of pleasures leads them to keep costly stables—give Meltonian dinners, and have store of clippers and raspers for the Leicestershire pastures, and Leicestershire fences, will be entertained at a short notice of the mode which James I. had of “doing the trick.” We are indebted to Mr. Jesse (son of the Gleaner) for an introduction, through his amusing memoirs of the Court of England, to so slow yet sure a royal Nimrod as the first James. His seat would have highly annoyed that stirrup-attendant on her Majesty, Queen Victoria, Captain Fozzard ; for he was not content with giving the animal his head ; he appears very deliberately to have made a present to him of his whole body. The idea of it being matter of serious history, that his Majesty narrowly escaped being drowned by getting a *purl* into a pond, would make Dick Christian laugh not a little !

It appears that the “principal source of enjoyment of James the First was in the chase, from which he ever derived the keenest gratification.

“It was a common expression of our ancestors, when they took leave of their friends, ‘God’s peace be with you, as King James said to his hounds.’ Scaliger observed of him, ‘The King of England is merciful except in hunting, where he appears cruel. When he finds himself unable to take the beast, he frets, and storms, and cries, *God is angry with me, but I will have him for all that!*’ When he catches him, he thrusts his whole arm into the belly and entrails of the creature, up to the shoulder.’ His favourite pastime on one occasion very nearly cost him his life : Sir Symonds D’Ewes tells us that he was thrown headlong into a pond, and very narrowly escaped drowning. Nor is

this the only instance of his indifferent horsemanship nearly proving fatal to him."

"In addition to his ruling taste for hunting, and his addiction to the pleasures of the table, the cockpit was frequented by him at least twice a week, and indeed constituted one of his principal sources of amusement. It is even affirmed that the salary of the master of the cocks, amounting to 200*l.* per annum, exceeded the united allowances of two secretaries of state."

"In his hunting costume (says Mr. Jesse) the appearance of James must have been highly ludicrous: Walpole says he hunted in the "most cumbrous and inconvenient of all dresses, a ruff, and trowser breeches." Sir Richard Baker, who was knighted by James, informs us that the king's manner of riding was so remarkable, that it could not with so much propriety be said that he rode, as that his horse carried him. James was accustomed to say that "a horse never stumbled but when he was reined."

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## THE LAHN.—AN ECLOGUE.

### PICTOR AND PISCATOR.

THE following pleasant discourse, picturesque and piscatorial, is from Hood's amusing work upon Germany, entitled "Up the Rhine." The book is confessedly constructed, "partly on the Ground Plan of Humphrey Clinker;"—but is rich in original humour of the raciest kind.

*Pis.* Stay! here we are, at the likeliest place on the whole water. Come, put together your rod.

*Pic.* O my friend, what a sweet picturesque river is this you have brought me to!—But surely one of the worst for angling in the whole world.

*Pis.* Nay, you shall find passable sport here, I warrant you. There be good Perch herein, and Chub of an arm's length, and Barbel, and what is better, as you are a Tyro, not shy and suspicious, like the experienced fish in your well-angled English streams, but so greedy and simple as almost to catch themselves. The Germans, however contemplative, are no followers of the gentle art.

*Pic.* My friend, you mistake me. My speech aimed not at the fish or the water, whereof I have had no trial, but at the beautiful scenery, which will distract me so, I shall never be able to watch my float or my fly. What feudal Ruin is that which overlooks us from the top of the bushy hill?

*Pis.* It is called Lahneck, and belonged aforetime to a Commandery

of Teutopic Knights. But come, make ready your tackle; for here is a notable place at this rapid, where the current rushes and eddies amongst the large stones.

*Pic.* Now I am ready. But by your good leave, being only a beginner, I will use a worm rather than a fly.

*Pis.* At your own pleasure. For my part, I prefer to fish at the top. Look!—I have one at the first cast!—A huge Chub! A rare struggle he makes at the outset, but he hath a faint heart at bottom—anon you shall see him come into the landing-net as tame as a lamb.

*Pic.* How beautifully it comes out!

*Pis.* Ay, doth he not?

*Pic.*—Against yonder dun-coloured sky. Then all those grey tints and verdant stains! And those little feathery flying clouds!

*Pis.* They run very large here. You may hear them chop at the flies and chafers like a dog! And though they be reckoned elsewhere the very worst of dishes for the table, let me tell you, in this country, where they do not get fish from the great deep, a chub is a chub, as the saying is. I make bold to say, I shall obtain store of thanks from some good woman of a house for this same loggerhead.

*Pic.* Of course there is a tale to it!

*Pis.* A what?—a tail?—It would be a rare sort of fish without one!

*Pic.* I cry you mercy! I was thinking of the old feudal castle, and some marvellous legend. There must needs be some romantic story about it, amongst the rude peasantry. How beautifully the light plays upon the crisp fragment! Marry, 'tis quite a picture! I should like prodigiously to take such a one.

*Pis:* And so you would,—provided you would bait as I do with a live chafer or a white moth. But hist! I have him! A still larger chub than the other!

*Pic.* It must be many centuries old!

*Pic.* How? I did not know the chub was so long-lived. But perchance you were thinking of a carp. In the moats at Charlottenburg there be carps so venerable that their age is unknown; and the moss has grown on their backs. But see,—you have a bite; your float is gone half-way across the river!

*Pic.* Truly, I was gazing another way. Lo! here he comes. It is a fine perch.

*Pis.* They are caught here of four and five pounds weight, and especially nearer to Ems; for they delight in the warm springs which thereabouts bubble up in the very midst of the Lahn. But here comes an old fisherman from the village. How he stands and stares at our prey, with his mouth in a round O, as if he would take a minnow!

*Pic.* What is the aged man discoursing of, with such a vehement gesture and emphatic voice, in the German tongue?

*Pis.* He says he is gospel-sure we have some smell or some spell to our bait beyond the natural—seeing that he hath fished here the two last days all through, without a fin! And little marvel, for his tackle is a German hook like a meathook, and a line like a clothes-line, wherewith, if he entice a fish, he throws it clean over his head. But, look again to your cork!

*Pic.* Pish!—'tis only a very young perch.

*Pis.* Nay—a Pope or Ruff. Some naturalists opine, forsooth, that on being hooked, this same fish is seized with a sort of fit or spasm, which gives him the lock-jaw. But he bites far too boldly to be troubled with such weak nerves. But, say they, when he is hooked he shuts up his mouth, which is contrary to the practice of fishes in the like case. And truly, when he hath once gotten the bait, instead of gaping like an idiot, or a chub, or a child with a hot morsel of pudding, he doth indeed shut up his mouth, as much as to say, "What I have got I mean to keep," and so locks up his jaws, and holds on like a bulldog. But for a fit from fright—not he! Just look at his face, full front, how determined and desperate in his physiognomy! How fiercely he stares with his big black eyes—for his temper is up as well as his back-fin! Verily, if he resemble a Pope at all, it is Pope Leo and not Pope Innocent.

*Pic.* Ay, truly, it is part and parcel of Popery: but it makes a pretty object in the landscape!

*Pis.* What object?

*Pic.* The little Popish chapel yonder, on the crest of the mountain. O, my friend, I thank thee most heartily for bringing me to angle in so fair a scene. How serene it is!—and how much more silent for the presence of that ancient Ruin, where so much riot hath been aforetime! How largely doth an old castle, that hath made a noise in history, enhance the present! Should we feel half so still or so solitary if there had never been those Knights Hospitallers, dwelling aloft, with all the shoutings of warfare and revelry, but presently dumbfounded by Time! Where now is the bold German baron, with his long line of ancestry—

*Pis.* He's gone—a murrain on him—line and all!

*Pic.* Eh! what?

*Pis.* The heaviest chuckle-headed fellow, with such a length of gut!

*Pic.* The bold German baron!—

*Pis.* No—a chub—a chub!—But stop! I see it—he's entangled. If haply I can but leap on to that biggest stone—

*Pic.* How audibly the fishes are splashing and floundering in their

disport! The sun is sinking beyond the Rhine. Oh my friend, look at the beautiful cool tone of that grey mountain—then the dark reflection of the village and its trees in the glowing water,—the feudal Castle on the other hand—half in shade—and then these rocky stones in the foreground—but—grace be with us!—what hath chanced to you?

*Pis.* Chanced—why I have fallen into the Lahn! And the while you were poetising I have helped myself out again!—Fye, what a watery figure I am!

*Pic.* Beautiful! Nay, stop—pr'ythes do not stir—pray, pray, pray, stay as you be!

*Pis.* What for?

*Pic.* For one mere single minute. There! Just so. With the low setting sun glowing behind—and all those little jets and liquid drops, each catching the golden light—



A WATER KELPY.

*Pis.* A plague on it! Am I standing here, dripping, for a water-colour picture? Come, put up, put up, and let us back to our inn. I must beg of our civil host to befriend me with a dry suit, and to chain up the big dog!

*Pic.* It will be well. But wherefore dismiss the poor dog? He was very gentle and friendly to us as we came hitler. Of all animals I do love a dog!

*Pis.* And so do I too—in my own proper plumes. But one day a poor piscatory friend of mine fell into this same river, and was so furnished with dry clothes by our host; but after snuffing and growling about his legs, the big dog flew at our unlucky angler, and with much ado was hindered from stripping him of the borrowed garments.

*Pic.* What marvellous sagacity! How I should like to see it tried!

It would be a study for a picture! The staunch Hound springing at Conrade of Montserrat!

*Pis.* I'faith I thank you heartily. Come, let us be stirring. A frize on it! How the fishes are rising!

*Pic.* What dainty colours on those changeful clouds! Well, fare thee well, feudal Lahneck! With thy visions of Teutonic Knights.

*Pis.* There must needs be trouts here!

*Pic.* With helmeted heads, and gauntlets on their hands!

*Pis.* In the season, haply, even salmon swim up this river, from the Rhine!

*Pic.* With an ancient minstrel before them, twanging melodiously on the harp! Nay, but stop—stop—stop!

*Pis.* What hath miscarried?

*Pic.* Nothing—but, an it please you to walk a little more slowly—to let us enjoy the scene. How the creeping shadows steal over the prospect, at every moment producing a new effect! Do look at those sportive swallows dipping into the sober-tinted wave, and producing a corruscation of burning light on ring and ripple! How soothing this stillness! How refreshing, after the noon-tide heat, this cooling evening zephyr!

*Pis.* Ay, with a dry shirt, and unducked nether garments! But here is the ferry-boat; come, step in. Honest Charon, there is a goodly chub for thy supper, and prythee thrust us speedily to the other side. Gentle, pretty country Damsels, wherefore huddle so far away from me, like a flock of timid sheep? I am but a wet man, not a wicked one. Moreover, if you crowd so to oneside o' the boat—ah, say I told you so!

*[The ferry-boat heels on one side, fills, and is swamped. Fortunately, the river is low, and nobody is drowned.]*

*Pic.* *[Looking round him, up to his neck in water.]* What a subject for a picture! What a singular effect!



TAILS OF THE GERMANS.

## ON HARE SHOOTING.

I TAKE much pleasure in shooting hares, and pride myself a little on the certainty of aim with which I bring the gun to bear upon poor puss, run how she may. The courser will start with horror from the title of this paper, and read with no diminution of hatred, the above sentence. But I wish for a preliminary word or two with him, before plunging further into my subject, and which I trust will exculpate me from his indignation. To soothe him, I will say that no one is fonder of a good course than I am—that no one has whipped the thistles and quick lines, and scoured the tilts, wheats, and stubbles, for many a weary hour, without a find, than his humble servant. Still I never kept a greyhound, and those with whom I used to course keep them no longer. Lord Spencer's new Game Laws, in their establishment of a thousand markets for the poacher's spoils, destroyed all our sport, for our hares are in a manner swept off the earth. Again, I have shot for fifteen seasons, and during a portion of that period, over farms where the hares were preserved for coursing, and never was found fault with, and never yet had notice not to trespass. These are sufficient proofs that I followed my diversion of hare-shooting without giving offence to others, and in a spirit which every sportsman will do well to imitate in every department of field-sports. In fact, the fields or Lordships, where I have followed hare-shooting, have been such as were either unfitted for coursing, or where greyhounds were not kept, or in covers where, of course, they are legitimate objects for the gun. Having thus, as I trust, made matters right with *Того!* I will commence my narrative of a few of the many interesting facts in hare-shooting.

The first thing to be done towards sport, is to get a couple of mute steady spaniels that do not chase hares—one of these should be a retriever: the other is to be taught to beat on the opposite side of a hedge row and not to go out of shot. Nothing is easier than to teach a spaniel to beat on the opposite side, and spring the hare out on the side you walk, with your retriever at your heel. Of course he *must* be kept there, or he might push the hare out on the wrong side, or prevent her coming out on the right one. So much for beating quick lines. In beating open fields, both your dogs may work, if they are steady, and there is plenty of cover; if not, one is sufficient, and will shew most sport. Experience has taught me a few things in looking for a hare, which may be useful or amusing to others. If you know there are hares in a Lordship, depend on it, that on any given day they lie on the young wheats—or the tilts, or the stubbles, in grass fields, or in quick lines. If the weather is open, they are on the wheat, &c.; if it is frosty or stormy, in the quick lines, stubble-shocks, or spinnies. In a woodland country, or in the neighbourhood of large

woods, they are in the woods almost wholly : and here it is that you must watch the fox-hounds (if there is a pack in the neighbourhood), and heavy rains which occasion them to leave those retreats for the open country. Observe too the quarter of the wind, for as the wind is, so is the hare. She varies her *form* as the wind shifts from east to west, and will leave the wheat or grass land for stubble-shocks, wall-sides, and other effectual protections against the blast, as the winds vary from south to north. So again the wet has a strong influence on her whereabouts. Hares like to lie warm and dry, (except the buck hares, next month, when we are about to leave off killing them ; ) and hence it is that a hare is sure to be found in a particular field, about Christmas, or on the sunny side of a hill, when it lies to leeward. A good hare-finder, I take it, has certain rules to go by in commencing his beat. Thus he looks along footpaths, under gateways, by stiles, at the runs, and by the hedge sides, for fresh foot prints. I think I can tell whether there is a hare in a field before I begin to beat it, if I take the trouble to go over this catalogue of preliminaries. Then on beginning to beat, a man's eye naturally glances over the field for any fresh *draw* of earth, which indicates that pussy has been making her house there. Hassocks, ant-hills, thorn-bushes, pond-banks, tree-roots, dry grips, hay stacks, and long grass, require particular attention, as being the favourite haunts of hares, and where generally they are found. I know a famous courser, who always found a hare by her eye ; he told me he could see it, and *did* see it, first ; and generally speaking, it is the mode in which I first view her. A rabbit I almost invariably spy by its eye ; and in speaking of hare-shooting, by the bye, I consider rabbit-shooting next to it, and very much akin. A hare should not be more than thirty yards off to be killed dead ; and it is cruel to fire, if she is further off than forty. It is a little egotistical in sound, but the truth is, I never miss a hare which is within distance, and in the open ; for in wood-shooting, there are a thousand things to aid her escape ; and yet I have killed twenty-three hares at twenty-five shots in a wood—shooting at every hare I saw. The same thing, which is to be observed in shooting at a buck, running, with a rifle ball, is to be noted in firing at a hare. If she crosses, aim forward—if she is bounding from you straight forward, fire high enough.

At this period of the season, hares draw near to villages, and will be found in cottage gardens and the environs of turnip fields. The cold weather occasions them to resort to both of these for food, and generally at this time they take up their quarters in a double hedge row, or dry dike bottom. They are fond of cabbages ; but do not lie among them, as they afford no shelter from the blast—they rather seek the screen of a gravel-pit or ozier-bed, where there is nothing to disturb the quiet of either. Hares travel a long way in a frost, and I have known them when a river has been frozen over, to leave the preserves on the south



side of it, and take up their quarters on the north, most likely for the sake of fresh feeding grounds, or a change of food altogether.

So much for poor puss; and admitting, as after all I cannot deny, that she ought never to be shot, I *do* like to see her sly quiet eye peep-out of a bunch of sedge or thistles—and then to witness the bound with which she starts from her form, or breaks forth from a quick line, which is to be so shortly succeeded by two or three regular somersets, as the death-shot strikes the very life out of her. Yes! after beating many a weary field, and tramping it up and down some scores of quick lines, it compensates a man who is passionately fond of the sport, to see *Flush* or *Rover* wag his tail, and feather in fifty circles and semicircles over a piece of rough grass or foul stubble, while every moment in passing, assures him that the instant is at hand, when the fatal muzzle is to be brought to bear upon his game, and the next words to be uttered will be “Dead! dead! Good dog! Down charge!” N.W.

January 13th, 1840.

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## : THE STATISTICS OF BETTING.

“Our tables:—meet it is, we set them down!”—*Shakespeare*.

It has, of late years, been a mooted question, between wise men and foolish men, (which two classes include all classes of betting men,) whether the *layers* or *takers* of odds, have the best of the game. There could be no doubt, that in the days gone by, when betting was a matter of business, (the sellers and buyers being distinct classes,) when each nobleman or gentleman backed his horse,—that the layer of odds had his fortune at his pencil's end. In the time of Ogden, in the youth of young Crockford, Goose Davis, Bolting Ned Porter, Jerry Cloves, and others of the profession, who lived on the mere profits of the odds, the trade yielded its certain returns;—but now that nobleman make books—now that the coronet has found out the value of secret service-money—now, in short, to use the O'Maher phrase, ‘that the *legs* in *silk-hose*, as well as in *worsted*, are shuffled together under the same table.’ It has been thought that there is an end to the business as a distinct business. Not so. To prove how times are not changed, or rather to prove what, an industrious and not extravagant leg might have done in 1839 we have taken the trouble to ascertain what might have been gained or lost at the various popular and betting meetings during the year. The details we submit below, and we think that, as a livelihood, the Leg has “a good leg, and a marvellous proper leg” to stand upon. With but an explanatory word or so more, we proceed to facts; and we think that Gray will still make the inconsiderate gambler wish that he had felt the prophetic beauty of the line,—

“A favourite has no friends!”

We will merely request any gentleman, inclined to try his hand at results, to consider himself as having put £1000 as capital (in £100 and smaller notes), into a dirty silk embossed case; to have bought his vellum betting book and metallic pencil; to have made up his mind to have gone from leading meeting to meeting—laying down an inflexible principle of staking £100 (*no more and no less*) on every race in his power, AGAINST THE FAVOURITE: and when, too, there was another favourite (with a third horse, or more for a Field), to have laid against the second, at not more than three to one to the extent of his £100. With these directions, and allowing what he pleases for travelling expences, and putting on the blackest of stockings for his business; our gentleman commercial traveller will find by the following tables, that it will be the wisest course not to take them off. We have omitted the great Epsom Meeting, as comparatively nothing is done there except on the Derby and Oaks; and those two races, like one or two others in our details, we have not dealt with, as they are works for a book separately. We intend furnishing the Statistical Society with copies of our tables.

1839.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN.		win	lose
Mon. April 1. Craven Stakes .....			40
Handicap, 10 sovs.—Ab. M.....	65		
Ditto, 10 sovs.—T. Y. C. ....			40
Riddlesworth—Cæsar .....			100
Sweepstakes of 50 sovs.—Euclid .....	150		
Tues. The Oatlands—Caravan .....			70
Tuesday's Riddlesworth—Ilderim.....			100
Sweepstakes, 100 sovs.—Joannes .....	100		
Ditto, 100 sovs.—Flambeau .....			100
Wed. Subscription Plate, 50 sovs.—Fifer .....	200		
The Column—Cœnis .....			75
Thurs. Produce of £ 100—Farce f. ....			100
The Vaccillation Stakes, 150 sovs.—Cæsar			100
Fri. Subscription Plate, 50 sovs.—Rory O'More	60		
Sweepstakes, 50 sovs.—Euclid .....			100
The Port Stakes—Grey Momus .....	150		
		£725	825
			725
			100

## NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

Mon. April 15. Handicap, 10 sovs. T.Y.C.—Dor-  
mouse..... 80

	win	lose
Sweepstakes, 75 sovs. T.Y.C.—Vicuna ..	80	
Sweepstakes, 10 sovs.—T. Y. C. Louisa		10 10
Tues. Sweepstakes, 300 sovs. B. C.—Don John		40
Ditto, 100 sovs. A. F.—St. Francis		100
2,000 Guineas, A. M.—The Corsair.....	700	
The Queen's Plate, R. C.—Vespertilio....	210	
Wed. Handicap Stakes, 10 sovs. D. M.—Courier		50
Thurs. 1000 Guineas, D.M.—Cara.....		50
Fri. Handicap, 10 sovs. A. F.—Quicksilver ..		100
Sweepstakes, 10 sovs. D. M.—Io.....		20
Newmarket Stakes, D. M.—Montreal....	75	
Sweepstakes, 100 sovs. D. M.—Hesione ..		100
Handicap, 10 sovs. T. Y. C.—Fifer... ..		100
Sweepstakes, 10 sovs. T.Y.C.—Mandadine		50
	1145	620 10
	620 10	
	524 10	

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

Tues. April 30. Handicap Sweepstakes, 10 sovs. D.		
M.—Mendizabel .....		80
50 Pounds, R.M.—Courier .....	75	
Wed. Handicap Plate, 50 sovs. A. F.—Gimcrack	175	
Thurs. J. C. Plate, 50 sovs. B. C.—Adrian ....		80
50, T. M. M.—Drogheda .....	80	
Handicap Sweepstakes, 10 sovs. T. Y. C.—		
All Fours .....		100
Sweepstakes, 25 sovs. T. Y. C.—Ten-pound		
Note .....		100
	330	360
		330
		30

MANCHESTER.

Wed. May 22. Wilton Stakes, mile and a half—		
The Potentate .....		100
Sweepstakes, 15 sovs., mile and a quarter		
—Velocity.....		20
Handicap, 10 sovs., mile and a quarter—		
Bellona .....		75
Her Majesty's Plate, 3 miles and a distance		
—Potentate .....		100

	win	lose
Thurs. St. Leger, 1 mile and three quarters— Malvolio .....		30
Sweepstakes, 10 sovs., 2 miles and a distance— Sir Ralph .....	150	
Fri. The Broughton Stakes, St.L.C.—Wee Willie Tradesmen's Cup, 2 miles and a distance— Gasparoni .....		100 75
	150	500 150
		350

ASCOT HEATH.

Tues. May 30. Her Majesty's Plate—St. Francis Ascot Stakes, 2 miles and a half—Tur- quoise f. ....	2 30	
Ascot Derby—Bloomsbury .....		100
Sweepstakes, 50 sovs., three quarters of a mile—Stamboul.....	100	
Her Majesty's Silver Vase, 2 miles— Mendizabel .....		100
St. James's, P. S. 100 sovs. O. M.—Euclid 50, Plate, three quarters of a mile—Ochiltree	(no betting.) 100	
Wed. Swinley Stakes, 1 mile and a half—Ion ..		100
Albany Stakes, N. M.—Æther.....		30
Produce Stakes; O. M.—Euclid .....		100
The Postmasters' and Innkeepers' Plate— Jenny Jones .....	100	
Thurs. The Buckhurst Stakes, S. C.—The Corsair	175	
Sweepstakes, 30 sovs., T. Y. C.—Jeffy....	175	
Gold Cup, 2 miles and a half—Caravan ..	25	
Sweepstakes, 200 sovs. S. C.—Bloomsbury	(no betting.)	
Grand Stand Plate, 1 mile and a distance —Mervan .....	30	
Windsor T. P. 2 miles—The Drama ....		100
Windsor C. Stakes, N. M.—The Corsair..	700	
Fri. The Wokingham Stakes—Alemdar.....	35	
Plate, 50 sovs. three quarters of a mile, N. M.—Clove .....	20	
Plate, 50 sovs. O. M.—I-wish-you-may- get-it.....		100
	1415	730
	730	
	685	

## NEWTON.

	win.	loss.
Wed. June 8. Trial Stakes—Potentate .....		100
Sweepstakes, 15 sovs.—Imogene .....		100
Gold Cup—Cardinal Puff.....		45 10
Thurs. St. Leger—Malvolio .....	10	
The Golborne—Lalla Rookh.....		100
The Borough Cup—Compensation .....	200	
Friday, The Shrigley Cup—Maid of Monton ....	130	
St. Helen's Purse—Marianne colt .....	150	
	490	345 10
	345 10	
	<u>144 10</u>	

## BIBURY CLUB.

Wed. June 19. Produce Sweepstakes—Arrian ..		100
Handicap Plate—Vale of Belvoir.....	250	
Champagne —Hill Coolie .....		100
Free Plate—Merry Thought.....	250	
Bibury Stakes—Arctic.....	90	
Thurs. A Match—The Hydra .....		100
Cup Stakes—Pocket Hercules.....	100	
Racing Stakes—Melbourne .....		100
	690	400
	400	
	<u>290</u>	

## NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

July 9. Handicap Sweepstakes—All Fours .....		40
July Stakes—Crucifix .....		70
Wed. Match—Garry Owen .....		100
Sweepstakes—Sister to Montezuma.....	120	
Thurs. Town Plate—Retamosa.....	190	
Buxton Stakes—King of the Peake.....		100
Chesterfield Stakes—Crucifix ... ..		30
	310	340
		310
		<u>30</u>

## LIVERPOOL.

Tues. July 16. Croxteth Stakes—The Doctor.....	10	
Produce Sweepstakes—Ginger Blue.....	150	
Match—Hoyden .....		100

	win.	loss.
The Mersey Stakes—De Clifford .....	160	
Wed. Sefton Stakes—Aurtigua .....	70	
Tradesman's Cup—Charles XII. ....	40	
The Derby Handicap—Bellona .....		60
Thurs. St. Leger—Hetman Platoff .....		100
Two-year-olds' Stakes—Rabbit Catcher ..		100
Friday. The Knowsley—Chaffatari .....	200	
The Stand Cup—Compensation .....		40
Grosvenor Stakes—Lanercost .. .....		100
	<hr/>	
	630	500
	500	
	<hr/>	
	130	

GOODWOOD.

Tues. July 30.—The Craven—Epirus .....		40
Sweepstakes of 300 sovs.—D'Egville ....		30
The Lavant—Crucifix .....		100
The Drawing Room—Deception .....		100
Innkeepers' Plate—Tambourini .....	90	
Wed. Fifty Plate—Cestus F. ....	100	
Goodwood Stakes—Barnacles .....		
(A long betting race, not of the day.)		
Members' Plate—Jack in the Green ....		100
Queen's Plate—Caravan .....		100
Thurs. The Molecomb—Crucifix .....		100
Racing Stakes—Westonian .....		10
Goodwood Cup .....		
(A long betting race, &c.)		
Duke of Richmond's Plate—Charion .....		35
Anglesea Stakes—St. Bennett .....		70
Friday. Handicap—Confusionée .....		70
Free Cup—Camelinó .....		70
Harkaway Cup—Bellona .....		70
The March Stakes—Guava .....	120	
	<hr/>	
	310	895
		310
		<hr/>
		585

	win.	lose.
<b>YORK, AUGUST MEETING.</b>		
Wed. Aug. 2d. Sweepstakes, 25 sovs.—La Sage Ragme .....	120	10
Her Majesty's Plate, no betting.—Beeswing		
Thur. The Wilton—Fitz Roy .....	250	
(This race is disputed.)		
Sweepstakes, 10 sovs.—Antigua .....		100
Produce Stakes, 100 sovs.—Lollypop .....	170	10
Friday. Sweepstakes, 20 sovs.—Naworth .....		100
Sweepstakes, 30 sovs.—Hetman Platoff ..		100
City Members' Plate—Melbourne .....		100
	541	400
	400	
	<hr/>	
	141	

<b>WARWICK MEETING.</b>		
Tues. Sept. 3. Guy Produce Stakes—Susanna ..	100	
Leamington Stakes—Isaac .....		30
Sweepstakes, 5 sovs.—Tamburini .....	100	
The St. Leger—The Dean, (no betting) ..		
Wed. Sweepstakes, 5 sovs.—Dunstan .....		100
Warwick Cup—Confusionée .....		100
Thurs. Her Majesty's Plate—Caravan .....	100	
	300	230
	230	
	<hr/>	
	70	

<b>DONCASTER.</b>		
Mon. Sept. 16. The Fitzwilliam—Beeswing .....		100
Handicap, 10 sovs.—Kremlin .....		100
The Champagne—Launcelot .....		100
Tues. The Cleveland, 20 sovs.—Opera .....	300	
The Great St. Leger .....		
(A long betting race.)		
The four-year olds—Lanercost .....		100
Wed. The Doncaster Stakes, 10 sovs.—Kremlin .....		100
The Selling Stakes, 10 sovs.—The Quack .....	50	
The Corporation Plate—Opera .....		100
Thurs. Sweepstakes, 200 sovs.—Epidaurus .....	170	10
The Gascoigne—The Lord Mayor .....	120	10
Sweepstakes, 20 sovs. ft. Y. C.—Theon ..	200	
The Cup—Charles the Twelfth .....		100

	win.	loss.
Friday, The Hornby Castle Stakes—Cardinal Puff		100
The Scarborough—The Provost .....	130	
The Park Hill—Mickleton Maid.....	200	
Town Plate—Opera .....		100
	1171	900
	900	
	271	

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN MEETING.

Wed. Sept. 25. The Eglinton—Remedy .....		70
The Pastime—Melbourne .....	250	
Match—Lalla Rookh .....		100
Thurs. The Wilton—The Shadow .....	100	
Steward's Cup—La Sage Femme .....	150	
The Ormskirk—Melbourne .....		100
Friday. The Knowsley—Rabbitcatcher .....		100
Heaton Park Stakes—Cruiskeen .....	60	
Meggernie Castle Stakes—Dr. Granger ..	230	
A Match—Lalla Rookh .....		100
	790	470
	470	
	320	

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

Tues. Oct. 1. Handicap, 10 sovs.—All Fours ....		70
Buckenham Produce Stakes—Wardan ..		100
The Grand Duke Michael—Euclid .....	200	
The Hopeful—Crucifix .....		100
Wed. The St. Leger—Montreal .....		40
Thurs. The Town Plate—Euclid .....		100
The Rutland Stakes—Wardan.....	50	
Queen's Plate—Fame .....	120 10	
	370 10	410
		370 10
		39 10

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

Mon. Oct. 14. Handicap, 10 sovs.—Medea ....	80	
The Garden Stakes—Flambeau .....		30
Fifty sovs., Three-yr. olds—Æther .....		100
Tues. Fifty sovs., Two-yr. olds—Wardan.....		60
Sweepstakes, 5 sovs.—Remnant .....		50
The Clearwell—Crucifix .....		100



	win.	loss.
Wed. Sweepstakes, 100 sovs.—Montreal .....	40	
Ditto, 10 sovs.—Amoret f. ....	150	
The Cæsariwitch Stakes—Cruiskeen.....		70
Thurs. Handicap Plate, 100 sovs.—Colt, out of Heron's dam .....	40	
Match—Proteus .....	250	
Town Plate, 50 sovs.—Primefit .....		100
Friday. Handicap, 5 sovs.—Trojana.....	40	
The Prendergast—Crucifix .....		100
	600	610
		600
		10

## NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

Mon. Oct. 28. The Cambridgeshire St.—Lanercost	125	10
The Criterion—Crucifix.....	100	
Handicap, 25 sovs.—Flambeau .....		100
Tues. Match—Garry Owen.....		100
Fifty sovs. Plate—Sal Volatile.....	80	
Handicap, 100 sovs.—Wings colt .....	40	
Wed. Subscribers' Plate, 50 sovs.—Camelino....		100
Match, 100 sovs.—Capote .....		100
Handicap, 100 sovs.—Æther .....		60
Thurs. Sweepstakes, 100 sovs.—Proteus .....		100
Subscribers' Handicap, 50 sovs.—Joannina		50
Sweepstakes, 50 sovs.—Capote .....		100
Ditto, 10 sovs.—Miss Hawk .....		60
Friday. The Audley End—Dey of Algiers .....	50	
Match—Constantia colt .....		100
Ditto—Trojana.....		100
Ditto—Mickleton Maid .....	300	
The Nursery Stakes—Assassin .....	50	
Match—Bosphorus .....	125	10
Ditto—Flambeau .....		100
Ditto—Capote .....		100
Sweepstakes, 10 sovs.—Negus.....		20
	871	1190
		871
		319

The Account may be thus summed up:—

	win.	lose.
1839. Newmarket Craven.....		100
Ditto 1st Spring .....	524 10	
Ditto 2nd Spring Meeting		30
Manchester .....		350
Ascot .....	685	
Newton .....	144 10	
Bibury .....	290	
Newmarket July Meeting		30
Liverpool S. Meeting ....	130	
Goodwood .....		585
York, August .....	141	
Warwick .....	70	
Doncaster .....	271	
Liverpool Autumn .....	320	
Newmarket 1st Oct. ....		39 10
Ditto 2nd Oct. ....		10
Ditto Houghton M. ....		319
	<hr/>	
	2575 10	1463 10
	<hr/>	
	1463 10	

Winning of the year 1839 £1112

In this statement of the statistics of betting for 1839, some of our readers may say, "Aye! but this year had a Corsair that realized two immense stakes on the 2000 guineas at Newmarket (from beating the then wonder, Cæsar), and by losing a great stake at Ascot, against a common Plater:" but these are two extraordinary events, that invariably occur at some of the great meetings during every year. "Disputed races" also will be urged, as in the York August Meeting; but "disputed races" more often turn in favour of the layer against favourites, than the taker. "Bad debts" may be also a question raised—but, with a small capital risked, and *that capital always in the pocket to pay*—bad debts ought not to be incurred, or else to a trifling amount; and if the capital is enlarged as well as the book, of course the comparative increase of loss, on this score, may be endured.

THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK,  
OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR  
SALMON, TROUT, &c.

—  
 "Up to the fields! thro' shine and stow,  
 What hath the dull and drowsy hour  
 So blest as this? the glad heart leaping  
 To hear morn's early song sublime,—  
 See earth rejoicing in its prime!  
 The Summer is the waking time,  
 The Winter time for sleeping."  
 —

CHAP. XI.

*Theoph.* That you may not lose the slightest hint which circumstances afford, I should mention that a fish certainly does look much less in water, than out, when viewed in an oblique direction. While fishing on a level of the water, I have, on two or three occasions, supposed fish of 13lbs. to 15lbs. not to weigh more than 6lbs. to 7lbs.; and I can thus easily account for Llewellyn's being so easily deceived. At the same time I advise you, when recounting losses of fish, rather to under than overrate their proportions! The honour of our craft demands this! For there are indeed too many who view with horror the out-coming of that tale-teller, the Weighing Machine! At the same time, bear in mind that if I had lost that fish, it would have been only "8 or 9lbs.," though catching him added 10lbs. to his weight!! Therefore don't be illiberal to your fellow sportsman. Now hide yourself from the water behind these alders,\* while I fish it. I imagine you need hardly be told, the less the angler himself, even, is visible, the greater his chance: and what is of almost equal importance, the less noise or movement, especially heavy treading, we make about the ground, the more are the odds against us reduced.

*Herb.* What, then, do you think fishes have ears?

*Theoph.* My own observation assuredly leads me to conclude that they have, to a certain extent, the sense of hearing, or something equivalent to it; although some anatomists class them almost at "Zero," in the scale of animal perfection in that respect. I was lately induced to ask the opinion of my esteemed friend, Sir Anthony Carlisle, on this subject, and I will now give you his observations in his own words, which, coming from so eminent an anatomist, must be valuable.

\* These bushes have been much cut since this dialogue occurred, and the fishing in this pool has been rendered easier, and the taking fish more precarious in consequence, until time shall have restored them to their pristine grandeur!

## HEARING OF FISHES.

“The organs of hearing in fishes,” says he, “have been known to anatomists for more than two hundred years. They are especially constructed for receiving sounds in water, and for repeating those limited vibrations which pass through water, while the organs of hearing in animals, which live in air, are adapted to that medium, and those, of amphibious creatures, are fitted for both elements. Insects appear to feel the vibratory motions termed sounds, with the instruments called antennæ or horns. Sounds are only modifications of vibratory motions, but these are liable to unlimited variations, as exemplified by music.

“The organs of hearing are in all creatures ordained to afford them information respecting the movements of distant objects, but those perceptions (as well as the sense of seeing) are withheld from stationary beings, such as trees, because the evidences of hearing and seeing are only serviceable to moving or roving creatures.

“The mechanical structure of the organs of hearing in fishes is more simple than in aerial animals. The sounds which especially affect the welfare of fishes, are those which occur in their own element, such as the rushings or concussions of waters, the attrition of stones or sand, or the movement of aquatic creatures, whether their natural enemies or their prey. For these essential purposes, the ears of fishes are repeaters of aquatic vibrations, and a peculiar enamel-like detached bone is placed in the middle of the nervous expansion of their hearing organ, and appointed to repeat those rattling noises which prove equal warnings in the dark, as when it is daylight. These auditory bones are readily found in the middle cavity of a cod's or whiting's skull: they are tooth-like in texture, with a pearly whiteness, and so brittle as to break on attempting to bend them. The construction of these ossicles is perfectly adapted for their intended uses, viz. that of responding to the vibrations of similar substances.

“It is a vulgar error to suppose that sounds are necessarily dependent on air, since they are known to be better conducted through the medium of metallic bodies, or even water: and the human ears may be rendered aquatic instruments by plunging the head under water in a warm bath, when any conversation, or the airs from musical instruments, may be heard distinctly, although the outward ears had been filled with water, and the nostrils closed for the occasion.”

ANTHONY CARLISLE.

In the preface to Julius Wolf's Treatise on the use of auscultation and percussion, &c. &c., Sir Anthony has also in the following language further instructed us. “This beautiful adaption of the exact portion of sonorous intelligence bestowed on fishes by the construction

of their organs of hearing, is, amongst endless other examples, a proof of the exact but yet sufficient providence or protection afforded to inhabitants of the waters. There is an especial sac of calcareous pulp given to skates and some other cartilaginous fishes, in the place of dense ossicle;—apparently intended to respond to the movements of sand and muddy strata, on which they are doomed to exist. And it is remarkable that the sturgeon has its auditory ossicle, consisting partly of hard substances, and partly of calcareous pulp. In the whale tribe, aerial thunder issues from their lungs, and the booming of their voices is well adapted to convey intelligence of distances to each other, when parted by ice-islands; while their organs of hearing, adapted by filling the tympanum with water, become hydrophonic organs, and tell the distant collision of stones, of rocks, and icebergs."

*Herb.* If fishes hear—if these philosophical investigations of so eminent an anatomist are to be regarded, what becomes of Mr. Ronald's experiment?

*Theoph.* In a work called "The Catalogue, &c. of the Royal College of Surgeons, vol. 3, pt. 1, p. 135, et seq. (which also contains Sir A. C.'s ideas, together with drawings of several kinds of these ossicles), is to be found a paper upon the same subject by John Hunter, in which, after saying, "as it is evident that fishes possess the organ of hearing, it becomes unnecessary to make or relate any experiment made with living fishes which only tends to prove the fact," he mentions the same experiment as that of Mr. Ronald, tried by himself with an equal degree of caution in all the minutæ, and the result was quite the reverse. The fish were *much* frightened by the report of his gun! Ronald's trout might have heard, though it remained stationary, and although I may remark that in the one case the fish was in running water, and probably not near the bed of the river, and in the other in a still pond and near the mud, I will not further attempt to reconcile the conflicting parties, or say whose opinion is entitled to more respect! leaving *you* to judge.

*Herb.* But do you think the mere human voice in conversation can reach fishes?

*Theoph.* 'Tis very hard to say, and a very difficult subject for experiment; for if a fish moves he may have seen, and if he stays he may still have heard. I have often seen a huge stone thrown at, almost *on*, a fish, without his noticing it, and witnessed other occasions on which a pin's head would startle him. It has been implied by anatomists that their hearing is limited to a few tones, and they have no interest in aerial affairs beyond visible impression, and thence, because fishes are destitute of voice, they would not hear the human voice. However the conclusion is, at all events I dispute the "because" from which

it is deduced. For many have the power, frequently exercised, of uttering oral sound, call it voice, or by any other name. Carp and other fish we often hear "chewing the cud," as it were, on a fine evening. Lobsters and Crabs, when immersed alive in boiling water, utter shrill and piercing cries; and the gurnet expires in the boat amidst most melancholy and plaintive groans. Remember also the human voice is only heard by us through means of the vibrations it causes in the air. But there is this curious anomaly brought against the doctrine of fishes hearing, that Thames anglers in a punt are more boisterous and noisy while enjoying *good* sport, than while they sit dispirited and quiet through *bad*. This, however, only proves that the fish are not *frightened or deterred from eating*, not that they are "hard of hearing." I am convinced by my own observation of one thing, namely, that fish can hear, or feel, almost every footstep which falls near them; and therefore I would have fishermen tread as lightly as possible about the banks of a river; and, above all things, never jump, where they expect to find fish. One opportunity, among fifty others, of making observations inducing this caution, I may as well mention to you. One fine day, passing by a noted hole in this river, called "the well," or "steep bank pool," where the bank is precipitous, and then had an altitude of about eleven feet above the surface of the river, while the water in the hole might be about the same depth, I laid myself flat down on my stomach at right angles with the stream, my eyes only being extended over the edge of the bank, in order to watch the salmon. There were in the hole six or eight, varying from 8 to 20lbs. They floated and swam quietly about, sometimes far out, and sometimes close under the bank where I lay. After a while, when any came near it, and in order to see the effect it would produce, I kicked with the toe of my heavy shoe upon the ground; and simultaneously those fish suddenly darted off, evidently alarmed or disturbed. After a while they would return, and I repeated the experiment with a similar result three or four times. Now, this can hardly be supposed to have arisen from a sense of hearing, in the ordinary acceptation of the words, little or no sound being emitted by a blow of such a nature upon a soft clayey soil as it was. It was concussion, or vibration, and nothing else, beyond doubt; and therefore, when beside a river, my advice is,

"Lighly tread, 'tis hallow'd ground;"

(*Qy. hollowed ground?*) or, as Shakspeare says :

"Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall."

*Glide* along as quietly as possible : and also, that you may the less

attract their visual observation, let all the motions of your body, as much as possible be of the same "ghostly" order.\*

*Herb.* Your own experiment, backed as it is by the authorities you mention, convinces me upon this subject. Henceforth, depend on't, I'll be quiet as a cat watching a mouse, and become a living Apollo Belvidere, in the statue-like *stillness* of my *motions* (there's a "bull.") But tell me: I suppose you esteem the salmon a shy fish. Is it more so than the trout?

*Theoph.* Why, really, I cannot say: there's much of a muchness between them and all large fish, in that particular. A pike is a bold fish if he happen not to see you; but let the shadow of your little finger fall within his angle of vision, which is much more extensive than ours, he's off like a shot. So, if a salmon happens to catch a glimpse of you, he lies like stone in the deepest hole. If, therefore, any one be with you as companion or assistant while fly-fishing, bid him take it as no offence, if you desire him to keep out of sight; for unthinking persons are too apt to conclude that because they cannot see the fish, there is no danger of the fish seeing them. But it is a truism in optics, long since well known and very prettily exemplified by Mr. Ronak, in the "Fly-fisher's Entomology," that by the refraction of the rays of light passing through the water, a fish lying under a bank, which intervenes and almost prevents you seeing the surface even of the water immediately over him, can perceive you most distinctly. This is too well known to require me to explain "the whys and wherefores;" so if you are afraid of exposing your ignorance by asking me more concerning it, look at Mr. Ronald's work, and there you'll learn all you need; or else, any, the most popular work on optics, will tell you.

(SCENE—*The Rector's Pool on the Conway at Llanrwst.*)

*Herb.* Now, my friend, let one of us begin fishing; for I long to see a salmon ashore.

*Theoph.* Patience, patience! Don't you see the "sun shines high and bright." It would be most imprudent to make even one cast just now: especially as there are clouds coming up, which will, every now and then, screen his rays. As a general rule, no "surface fish" will rise at a fly during sunshine. Some suppose (and perhaps very properly) that this is because they see the angler, or his rod and line, too plainly, or are, by the superior light, able to detect that the bait offered is *merely* artificial. But I am not quite satisfied that this is the true

\* See further on the hearing of fishes, "Nollet on the hearing of fishes." Mem. Fr. Acad. vol. 1 (1745), p. 199. "Anderson on the same subject," ib. (1748) p. 149. "Hunter on the same," Phil. Tran. (1782) p. 39.

or sole reason, though scarcely *quite* prepared to offer a better; since these phenomena are still occupying my deepest attention. The rays of the sun, or the absence of them, seem to be more sensibly felt passing through water than air; and I am thinking, the inclination to motion in fishes, is immediately affected by their presence. Every fly-fisher has remarked how very rarely, by comparison, trout rise, either in sport or at flies, while the sun shines bright and scorching: and it is said to have been observed by good swimmers, that if their companion merely move the shadow of a hat over their bodies, while they are under water during the feat of diving, so as to intercept the sun's rays, a most sudden and sensible chill on their bodies ensues. The heat of the sun's rays I believe to be inimical to fishes' activity, and this will at once account for their predilection for shadowed banks and screening stones during bright sunshine. I recollect taking, many years back, one or two dozen fine roach and dace, on a hot bright day, by thrusting a flat-ended landing-net between the much-worn boarding which maintained the banks of the Thames near Kingston. I first observed them to be regularly packed, side by side, like horses at a fair, their heads in the shade, and tails protruding into light. How fond also are perch of getting under barges, and trout, under the boarding of weirs or mill-tails, evidently avoiding the light and heat. We had best, therefore, only fish while

"Haply o'er the shaded sun;  
Passes a cloud;"

and avail ourselves of sunshine for gossip and instruction, or for eating our "snack," or repairing damages.

*Herb.* Well, then, here is a fine shady scycamore, where the ground seems tolerably dry; let us sit down till the cloud comes; and, tell me, is it with salmon as with trout, that they take up a certain station in the river, and there remain during the season as in their castle?

*Theoph.* Most assuredly not. A trout, as you observe, always affects a given haunt. During summer he will lie by a particular weed or stone, and is always to be found there; or, during winter, he lies in a particular hole: and if driven away, is almost sure to return after a while: you may as well try to induce a minister to vacate office, as attempt to rout *him* out.

In February, 1839, I was trolling with a large gudgeon and gorge-hook for pike, in the waters of an excellent friend of mine, near Uxbridge, and having a "run," gave full fifteen minutes' law for digestion; then I struck; and, after a vigorous tussle, found I had a goodly trout, about four or five pounds. It being out of season, I determined to release him: which, as he had not gorged the hook, I could safely do. The keeper carried him down-stream to below a considerable fall (about



quarter of a mile distant from the spot I took him at), and turned him in it, having been first conspicuously marked by a cut in his back fin. About three weeks after, another philistine came across him; and this identical fish was caught by a gentleman trolling with a similar bait, and in the very same hole where I had before hooked him! That fish was fore-doomed to die of gluttony,—of over-gorging! One would have imagined that the place whereto it was carried, would have proved more congenial; for there there was a good depth and flow of water, and plenty of weed and shallow; and it seemed the very place for a trout to covet: but he preferred his old haunt, and died in maintaining his position!

*Herb.* How is it, then, with salmon—are they promiscuous rovers?

*Theoph.* Not exactly. It is assumed they come up rivers merely for the purpose of spawning; but as they do not spawn till the months of November and December, it is as yet inexplicable why they came up so early as months previous,—in the spring for instance: for, as I shall take occasion to show you another time, they are supposed not to leave a river they have once fairly entered, until after the operation of spawning is over; that is, in the early part of the following year.

*Herb.* I think you hinted yesterday, that salmon did not feed in rivers; if so, can it be possible they remain in such a state of abstinence for so many months?

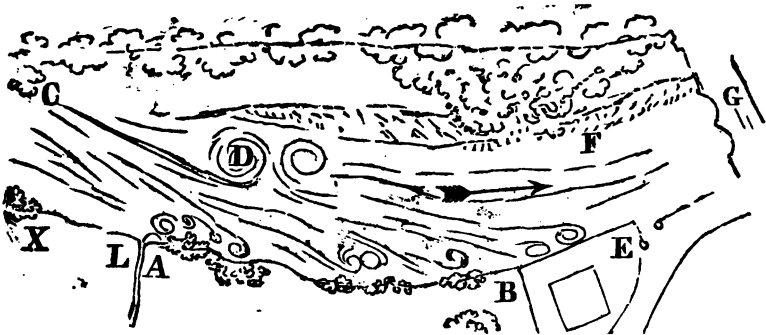
*Theoph.* We must consider that some other time; else we shall digress too far from the subject we were upon. I was saying, they come up from the sea for the purpose of spawning; and the early comers seem to act upon the old maxim, that “the early bird secures the corn;” for they take plenty of time to look about for the best unoccupied spawning ground. They come up from the sea during a flood or fresh; and if they determine to advance beyond the tide-way,\* they rest themselves in the first still pool they meet with above it. Below this, it is supposed, they never return during the season; but lie there till another flood. They will then advance to a pool higher up the river (perhaps no higher than that immediately above it), while fresh fish from the sea will mount guard in their stead in the first hole. Thus they advance by degrees with every flood, till they get as high as the nature of the river will permit. But those fish which come up to spawn late, will content themselves with spawning ground nearer to the tide-way. This is their supposed general habit, liable to exceptions of course. However, while the river remains low, they do not move from the immediate neighbourhood of the pool the last flood has left them in, either by night or day. And thus they are stationary to that, and only

\* As to this habit see post.

that, extent; for the moment a fresh of water comes down from the mountains, we find them leaving the pool for the shallows above, and can trace their journeys upwards. Therefore before the river thickens, and immediately it begins to clear after a flood, the best places to fish for them, are the fords and shallows above these deep pools. It is singular, however, that whenever you once hook a salmon, at a given spot, you may almost with certainty expect to find another supplying his place when he is dead or gone! So that there must be something in each spot they locate particularly adapted to them.

Speaking, however, of the salmon not descending a river they have once entered, and looking at it in a very limited sense, there is one most important thing always, *at every throw*, to be borne in mind; namely, that no fish seems to relish going down-stream in pursuit of prey; a salmon, especially, will seldom if ever rise at the fly, if it be allowed to be carried too straight down stream, and it requires the greatest attention so to manage the rod as to cause the fly to swim obliquely, or almost at a right angle across the river; and perhaps there is nothing in salmon-fishing which demands greater care and thought, and more close attention to what one is about, than this little matter, namely, the guidance of the fly. Success in *trout*-fishing very much depends upon it, and still more in salmon-fishing.—But look at that cloud; it will surely “darken the sun!” So, promising to teach you more upon that subject at another fitting opportunity, let me, while the cloud is coming, explain this pool to you, and the mode of fishing it, and then get to work, or I shall not see a fish before breakfast. I may as well inform you, that, in like manner, I intend to describe every good spot on this river, not so much with the view of teaching you how to fish the Conway in particular, as that you may grapple with other rivers, elsewhere, in which you find the like characteristics.

Fig. 23.



Here we stand on the convex bend of the river, which, as you see, flows from left to right. Our chances on this pool lie from this rivulet (A) down to the Rector's garden wall (B), about 150 yards. The stream sets in to this side (A B), all the way,—in fact to the bridge (G), causing a considerable depth under us, and an increasing shallowness till it leaves much shingle dry on the other side (C F) when the river is low. But about 40 or 50 yards down, near the opposite side, there is a gentle eddy (D), and, consequently, deeper water. In high water it eddies much also all the way down under this bank, causing many deep holes of 10 or 12 feet in its lowest state, especially about half-way down the field, and about 30 yards above the garden wall, which spots are indicated by the indentations in the bank. Opposite this rivulet (A) it is rather shallow; in fact, it is the head of the pool; but below the opposite eddy (D) the mid channel retains much of a uniform depth of about 7 or 8 feet in driest weather all the way till below the Rector's garden (E).

It is towards this side, as being the deepest, that the salmon lie; close to and almost under it in low water; and during better seasons, in the opposite eddy (D), and below it, in the mid channel, at about 20 yards off this bank.

The plan of fishing this sort of stream will vary very much, according to the height of water. Opposite this rivulet is an excellent spot, when the water is rising and before it thickens, and for a short time after it becomes clear again, while still high, for the reason that salmon which had been resting below, are then making an advance towards quitting the pool altogether for a higher station in the river. In such a state I should commence throwing from the field above (X L), as high up as the bushes will allow, straight across the stream, with about 18 yards of line, and should play the fly continually towards my left side:—*why*, I will explain hereafter. After repeating this once or twice (as indeed every throw should be), I should cast with another yard or two, in a direction slanting more down-stream; working the fly first towards the right, till it came to within 4 or 5 yards of this bank, and then, by gently carrying the point of my rod back again before me, over to the left, give the fly a curve in the water, and draw it up-stream in 8 or 10 strokes. Thus I should fish the whole stream, taking the nearest range at the first time of going over it. Then I should give out another yard or so, recommencing where I started, and work down the stream in the same fashion as I have last described, till my fly fall near the head of the opposite eddy (D). The line must then be lengthened to the utmost, and I would throw at about an angle of 45 degrees, letting the fly continue at its work till it reaches this side. In this fashion I should continue all the way down to the wall (B).

The general place for them to rise, is near this bank, as the fly is making its curve; for although they sometimes lie far off, they will generally, unless very eager, follow and seize it at that moment.

I shall have but one or two pools to show you on this river, where there is less rapidity of motion; and you will content yourself for the present, in noting that the most vigorous and lively play of the fly which I shall permit to you to adopt (all which I must explain to you fully another time), must be resorted to on this kind of water.

In low water, though the same direction of throwing is required, yet, as the fish do not lie so far out, 16 or 18 yards of line is the utmost you need cast for them, unless you can command much more, and throw at a more acute angle with this bank; which, as it keeps you further from their sight, and also places your fly in a better position on the water, will give you a greater chance in proportion. Neither is it now requisite to trouble the water much opposite this rivulet (A), as it is too shallow for fish to lie in: and during low water, the most likely spots are about the two holes I mentioned, at half-way down and towards the lower end of the field. They are also taken during a high water close under the Rector's wall, for that again is the head of deep water under the wall, and shallower than below.

On the other side, which only affords chance for salmon when the river is full, and is generally best for morts, unless a very long line can be thrown, the first thing is to look well about you for the trees behind!! You may in full season, that is, during a fresh, fish it from as high up as the trees will allow you (C), where the water is of a tolerable depth, down to opposite the extremity of the Garden (E), and you must throw all the time as long a line as you can command, or wade so as to reach near this, the then opposite, bank. The line must slope also, the more the better, in proportion to your skill in throwing a long one, so as to near this bank. But, except in the eddy (D), and close up at the top (C), it were useless to bring the fly near to your then side, as the water must always be more or less too shallow; if it approaches at any time, (except as I have mentioned,) to within 15 yards, that is quite near enough. Opposite the Rector's garden wall is a most excellent part of the pool; but it is far best fished from off the wall itself—for it is requisite from the opposite side (F), to throw a line so long, that the trees which hang close to the water, are sure to trouble you, unless you can wade; as to the safety of which I'm not quite certain, as I have never yet awhile "charted" the depths and holes. I may as well tell you that in low water all along the opposite side is a capital place for trout and par, even to the very centre arch of the bridge, and the upper end is rather preferred for morts than salmon. During small freshes I have taken and hooked several fish from the opposite side, out of the lower

hole towards the lower end of the field, but then the wind was favourable, so as to allow one of my "extra superfine throws" almost reaching across the river.

How fortunate, the cloud is up, just in time : good bye for awhile to bright Phœbus. Now for a throw. It goes well out ; for I kept the gut bottom in my mouth on our way here, and it has since lain in the water, and is now well soaked. Put that in your log. \* \* No luck—they are asleep, I fear. I must "try back."

*Herb.* Try again ; don't give in, or you'll cause me to despair.

*Theoph.* I don't intend ; for I think at my last cast I saw the motion of a fish. Be patient ; for I must stay a few minutes before I show him my fly again. They very seldom rise directly over the spot they lie in, but follow the fly, awhile, first. After a few minutes, they mostly return and take up their old quarters, and are ready for a second attempt. \* \*

Now,—look out,—I have him ! Stand still and let me pass you to the sand-bank (A), where I must "conquer or die." Watch his course, and should I call, take a clod or two of earth to throw between him and the bank ; any thing to drive him away ;\* for all along, there are bad roots and stumps, especially about fifteen yards from where I stand. Soho ! He has shown himself—not above eight or nine pounds ; yet he plays well. How he cuts about ! Now up the river ! You see he must and *will* go for the present ! There's twenty yards of line run out "at a dash !" but *I'll* bring him round again.

*Herb.* Heavens ! what a terrific plunge ! I thought he must have gone then altogether. He seemed determined to break all or pull you in. I had no notion what a salmon could do. He seems to tug like an elephant, so steady and determined. Bravo ! this is beginning well, and I'm all alive again. I have the gaff all ready : shall I come down to you ?

*Theoph.* Mind you, he is not mine own yet—"first catch your hare." There's plenty of game in him, for these five minutes,—as I never strain a fish except he approaches a dangerous ground. Now for a leap !

*Herb.* Up he goes ! *all's* safe. How beautifully exact to his motion you seemed to yield the rod's point, and eased your line.

*Theoph.* As my pupil, take example. Come along, my beauty ! my reel works well, thank goodness ; for now I am down here I am forced to remain stationary, and cannot be dancing attendance on you in all your "tacks and stays." He goes down again and grows weak ! So, come hither and see fair play ; for I have him "well in hand," and he is too much exhausted to fight his way into the bushes. Yet see ! he makes to the bank, as they always will at their last moments. Now

\* As to fighting, and turning heavy fish, in a more scientific fashion, see post.

then—look sharp—“down with the dust”—heave in a clod; but be sure it falls between him and the bank, else it will startle him the wrong way, and frighten him under the stumps, to a certainty. What, another leap? That was a danger well got over. A leap at such a moment, when I was “buting\* him furiously!” Another turn or two and he’s—

*Herb.* Shall I stick the gaff into him?

*Theoph.* To be professional, say “gaff him.” No, this shelving sand-bank will save you that pleasure—and I will show you a dangerous trick. Now he is—*MINZ*. Hurrah!

*Herb.* What a splendid fish! but how you tremble. Well done!

*Theoph.* Tremble! Do you fight a salmon even of this size, and you’ll find yourself “another.” Talk of excitement, catching a salmon is the *αμῆ* of it! During its operation, one’s nerves, aye and *muscles* too, are continually upon the greatest stretch; and only imagine this state kept up for an hour or more, which is sometimes the case with large fish. Nay, I have even known three and a half hours spent upon a twenty-pound fish, by a first-rate fisherman. As it is, this has kept me at work, not less than twelve or fifteen minutes.—He’s tolerably bright for the low state of the river. But let me carry him on to the grass; and do you stun him to death, with the but end of the gaff over the head, while I hold him, and then measure his length and girth.

*Herb.* From the tip of his nose to the centre of his tail, twenty-nine and a half inches; girth fourteen inches.

*Theoph.* It would have been better at twenty-eight and a half length, and fifteen girth—Now, out with the weighing machine—eight and a half pounds standard weight, as I said.

*Herb.* Tell me how did you manage to lay hold of him so cleverly? Why not have gaffed him at once?

*Theoph.* In such a position as that in which I stood, where one can get close to him, if you have coolness sufficient, and have fairly killed the fish, you may quietly grasp him with the right hand just above the spread of his tail, and you have him as firm as though he were already in a pickle-tub. Try it.—But I don’t think this can be done with all fish, as their shapes are different. Nor can you well manage a salmon smaller than five or six pounds in such a way. Gaffing discolours the flesh when dressed, and destroys the beauty of a fish before-hand, into the bargain, and may thus be avoided if you intend the dead prize to travel far. At the same time, gaffing is by far the more certain and safer plan: for, at least, the other mode is a dangerous experiment, and I have known many good fish lost in the attempt. Well, that’s over.

\* As to “buting” a fish, see post.

## THE SONG OF THE WILD DUCK.

BY GREGORY GREYHOUND, ESQ.

DEEP—deep here, sleeps the pool!—  
 Wide—wide here stares the pool!  
 And the day is in its midmost march,  
 And all is calm and cool:  
 And the sedges stand an edge and green,  
 And the silent wave melts in  
 Against the Wild Duck's rocking breast;—  
 But not a feather's seen  
     Of the Water-bird's fair plumage,  
     Of the Water-bird serene!

Unmov'd upon the waters,  
 How sleeps the silent sun;  
 And all Light's gentle daughters  
 Of joy, around him run:  
 And the Water-birds are green and gold,  
 That float in pleasant light—  
 And loving them, as I love them,  
 I hail the blessed sight:  
     The sight of the fair plumage  
     Of the Water-birds serene.

I stray on by the alders,  
 Through reeds—through rushes look;  
 Here Solitude her nest hath made—  
 No wimpling dimpling brook  
 Speaks!—Here the water is not heard,  
 Save when the grey breasts spring;—  
 Scared at the crash amid the weeds,  
 They madden on the wing:  
     The wing of the fair plumage,  
     Of the Water-birds serene!

And is not this a happy scene  
 Of generous sky and sun?  
 And tender waters all about,  
 A blessing wholly done;

No,—something in the yearning heart  
 Stirs out for living things ;  
 Ah ! Is it not that restless joy  
 Is never without wings :  
     Yet, wings of fairest plumage,  
     Like the Water-birds' serene,

Thus—thus to speak—'Twould seem One Bird  
 Haunted the reeds among ;  
 But at a breath,—a burst,—a word—  
     Up springs a myriad throng :—  
 They make the whitest weathers,  
     One clouded splendid sight :  
 The sky upon their feathers,  
     Reposes all its light,—  
     Borne—borne on the fair plumage  
     Of the Water-birds serene !

Wild birds !—when shall I waken  
     Your wings again !—I pine,  
 To see your wealth of golden-green,  
     Above the water shine :  
 Too see your cloud against the sky ;  
     Your long necks streak the day ;—  
 And oh ! I give my soul's best bond  
     To turn the gun away !  
     From my Water-birds' fair plumage,  
     My Water-birds serene.

Home—home, I go !—but, water-bound,  
     A feather holds my heart !  
 So slight a thing finds anchor-ground,—  
     I cannot break apart.  
 The light grey breast—the sheening neck,  
     Have hold upon me, well ;—  
 As firm as doth the anchor keep,  
     The ship on ocean's swell :  
     Dear birds of the fair plumage,—  
     My Water-birds serene



## MISADVENTURES OF A CLASSICAL EQUESTRIAN.

A SHEET FROM THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF SYLVESTER STEEPLE-CHASE, LATE OF ——— COLLEGE.

HEIGHHO! *Semel insanivimus omnes*. "Every man makes himself ridiculous at some time or another of his life." Why should I be ashamed to avow, that to this universal rule I have not been an exception?

The confession is perfectly disinterested. I have been almost all my life a student—solitary, and keenly sensitive of ridicule; and if I now freely acknowledge that I did once make an egregious fool of myself, and publish my folly to the laughter-loving readers of a Sporting periodical, I have but one motive—the hope of perhaps saving from similar absurdity some unsuspecting member of that simple class, among whom the fairest portion of my life has been spent.

I said that I have been all my life a student—I might have added, but that the bull would fix my nativity west of St. George's Channel, that I was *born* one. Circumstances shaped my destiny; choice almost from infancy tied me down happy and contented in its pursuit. Family prospects I had none; for my father, the younger son of a sporting—(as the name implies)—and not over-wealthy baronet in ———shire, had left me utterly unprovided. My uncle, his elder brother, undertook the charge of my education; and I was brought up in the prospect of a valuable living, which, for the time, was in his gift. Thus, at an early age, I was transferred from the seclusion of my fond mother's house, to the even gloomier home of the clergyman, who had the charge of my education, and with the exception of an occasional visit to my uncle's residence, I had literally seen nothing, even as a boy, of what is called the world, when I entered the university. There, I need scarcely add, habits such as these at once decided my career—I settled down into a reader.

An unexpected event, the death of my kind uncle, some years afterwards, altered my destiny. He had been for a long time a periodical sufferer from gout; but, of an iron constitution, he had hitherto been able to deal very summarily with its attacks; and I well remember the childish wonder with which I used to watch him during the process. As soon as it began to threaten, his invariable practice was to sit with his feet plunged in cold water; and, although the torture for a time was exquisite, he would bear on, and literally *roar the fit away*. The cry which came easiest to him, even in his pain, was his favourite hunting halloo; and I have seen him sit for an hour together groaning in his agony, occasionally by way of relief bursting out into a wild

protracted note, which in these degenerate days would make the fortune of our comparatively voiceless huntsmen ; and which, if I described it on paper, I should spin out like the celebrated *upsilon* in the *Plutus* of *Aristophanes*. This was indeed a desperate remedy : but the iron firmness of his frame for a long time bore him through. Unfortunately, in one of these efforts, so long successful, the process was at last reversed. This invertebrate enemy at length fixed its fangs in his vitals ; and, after being beaten in many a hard run, the gout at last raised the 'death-whoop over my poor uncle !

Upon this portion of my history I shall not dwell. My cousin George succeeded to the title and estate of his father ; but in my circumstances the change produced no alteration, or if any, it was for the better. My hope of the living fell with the decease of my uncle, the presentment having been held only for life ; but my cousin insisted on settling upon me an allowance more than adequate to my wants ; and, consulting my long-cherished inclinations, I continued to reside on a fellowship which I had obtained in ——— College. I was contented and even happy ; for, from a feeling of propriety, I had trained my mind to habits of study and retirement ; and, even from my youth, had felt a constitutional aversion to the more active enjoyments of life in which my gayer cousin had always delighted. I was now able to indulge my bias without restraint, and gave my whole soul to the study of the classics. My favourite author, since I had been capable of comparison, had been *Xenophon*. I was captivated by his unpretending, almost child-like, simplicity ; and, in the ambitious day-dreams, in which students fondly indulge, my fancy, in some of its idle wanderings, would whisper that perhaps it might one day be my fortune to go down to posterity as the *great editor* of my favourite—the *Lipsius* or *Heyne* of *Xenophon* ! Alas ! the recollection that I was poor and dependent, chilled the ardour of these too proud aspirings. But these things are arranged elsewhere. Every one knows that fox-hunters, albeit they enjoy more of life, are no more immortal than other men. My poor cousin George was a keen lover of the sport ; perhaps it was thus his fortune to enjoy more of it in a given time. But, unhappily one last day of the season—almost at the very last fence of the last run—his noble hunter, who had carried him through the year without a blunder, proved not false, but fortuneless at least ; they were both killed by the same fall ! Poor George, he is gone ! And in him I lost one whom I loved, and who loved me well. Our tastes did not assimilate, but our hearts were one. I shall never forget him. *Illi sit terra levis !*

This was a sudden, almost stunning, revolution. From the humblest and most retiring member of my college, I had in a moment grown into a potent baronet—*Sir Sylvester Steeplechase*, of ——— Hall. I had

once, even in fancy, contemplated the possibility of such an event : and will it be believed that the first thought which this sudden acquisition of independence suggested, was, that I might look forward to the accomplishment of my darling hope—I might now publish my Xenophon ! I had at this time just completed my thirtieth year.

For a time, however, the necessary attention to the arrangement of my affairs gave me abundant occupation. Solicitors, agents, stewards, brokers, worried me with a ceaseless jargon about titles, accounts, and investitures. I was tormented by applications which to me were absolutely unintelligible. Grooms, trainers, whips, gamekeepers, earth-stoppers, and a hundred other tribes whose names I had never before heard, clamorously demanded my patronage. I was beset with visits of condolence or congratulation, with deputations and requisitions. I was expected to fill, in every particular, the position left vacant by the death of my poor cousin ; and in truth they seemed to believe me possessed of a sort of sporting ubiquity. I was unanimously called to the mastership of the great ——— fox-hounds, named treasurer of the ——— stakes, and, great Diana ! captain of the ——— archers ! I was elected member of nine hunts, seven shooting-clubs, and there was not a race for the coming year, of which I was not appointed steward. Heaven help me ! never was there a more degenerate scion of a sporting race ! never was the patronymic “ Steeple-chase ” more miserably misplaced ! I had never been on horse-back in my entire life. I could not sleep with an easy mind, if I fancied there was a loaded fowling piece under the same roof, and if, in the excess of folly, I could have been induced to venture my neck after the hounds, I would have deemed it more meritorious to slaughter the dogs themselves, than the miserable little persecuted animal which they were trained to worry to the death ! It is almost needless therefore to say that, in all these cases, I begged to decline the honour intended, respectfully, of course, and with suitable regrets for the unhappy neglect of this part of my education. At the same time I felt it due to the memory of my poor cousin to direct, that, though all the supernumeraries of his extensive stud had been disposed of, his favourite pack should still be maintained in the style of excellence for which it had long been proverbial.

Having thus disposed of all, I sat down seriously to resume my labours, determined to give my life to literature, to those pursuits for which I felt that my natural dispositions, as well as acquired tastes, had prepared me. Alas ! how short-sighted is human prudence ! how little did I deem it possible that any chain of events could convert me into a sportsman ! Every one knows that my favourite Xenophon was an accomplished horseman in his day, and an ardent lover of the sports of field and forest. He has left us, in his Treatises on “ Horesmanship ”

and "the Chase," a perfect manual of the "noble science," as cultivated in his own times. With these works I had long been familiar, that is as a student. I had read and re-read them. I had pored over every commentator who had thrown any light upon their meaning. I had even taken the pains of studying Grattius and Appian, as well as Arrian's Cyngeticus, in the hope of gleaning all possible collateral information. But, when I seriously set about my editorial labours, I soon found that my knowledge was barren and theoretical: and some mischievous fiend prompted me that I never should be able to do justice to my immortal favourite, without a *practical* knowledge of those subjects, of which he had been so accomplished a master. My vanity was tickled by his representation, that "it is on horseback gods and heroes are painted; and that men who manage their horses gracefully present a most magnificent spectacle." Visions of the pride of reviving the glories of Classic equestrianism, which I saw had sadly fallen away, began to flit before my fancy; and I will not deny that I had some slight visitings of shame, when I reflected that I was the first of a long line who had deserted the hereditary walk in which a sporting ancestry had figured from time immemorial. My determination, therefore, was speedily taken, for I have ever been rapid in my counsels. I resolved to set about the study of horsemanship—practical horsemanship—and, as my object was to acquire such knowledge as would enable me to illustrate the works of Xenophon, I determined to discard all the modern devices of luxury or convenience, and limit my equestrian caparison by the rigid rules of the classic manege. I need not say that in all things Xenophon was my model; and as a preliminary step, I set about furnishing my stud upon the principles laid down in his first chapter for the judgment of horseflesh. With these I laboured to become perfectly familiar; as a specimen of my zeal, even in small matters, I may mention, that I remember walking several miles on a scorching day, that I might study, unobserved, the construction of a goat's fetlock; and, on another occasion, daubing myself over with the filth of a hog-sty, in examining the formation of a boar;—all this, that I might practically understand the caution,\* "neither must the lower bones of the fetlock be erect, like that of a goat," nor "the neck falling forward from the chest, like that of a boar." When I fancied myself sufficiently prepared by this private study, to enter the market, I was not long in finding many eager to accommodate me, nay to press upon my acceptance bargains, which they would not offer to any living soul save myself. However, I was determined to judge for myself and by myself.

\* Xenophon De re equestri. Cap. I. sect. 5 and 8.

I will not attempt to enumerate the accidents which befel me during the search. The forefinger of my right hand was crushed almost to mummy, in proving the soundness of the feet and the proper elevation of the sole. In measuring, *secundum artem*, whether the "hocks were the proper distance asunder," I had two ribs almost broken by a kick; and in feeling whether "both sides of the jaw were equally tender," the scoundrelly groom, who held the mouth open, suddenly letting go his hold, my hand was well-nigh torn off, as the jaws closed, with iron gripe, upon my wrist.

This was dearly-bought experience; but, being determined to have it at any price, and to take nothing upon hearsay, I persisted in a personal examination. At last my perseverance was rewarded; I discovered a young horse, perfect, as I fondly hoped, in every particular required by the skilful Grecian. The tail, to be sure, was cut in the barbarous fashion of modern times; but as he was unexceptionable in all beside, I consoled myself by reflecting that if this was unusual at Athens, it was not without classical precedent at Rome; and I remembered with satisfaction Horace's old complacent boast,

—— "Nunc mihi curto  
Ire licet mulo."

With this slight exception, I considered myself extremely fortunate. There is no point on which Xenophon insists so strongly as that the knees be flexible: "the horse must bend his knees pliantly." In the animal which I had chosen there could be no question on this score. The knee bent with the slightest motion—nay, even when he stood perfectly still—*shook*, by the mere exertion of standing. I was pleased, too, by my own penetration in discovering this: for the salesman, though loud in the praises of the steed, *did not once advert to this excellence*. It was plain he had not studied Xenophon: but that was his own affair—I was not bound to tell him. I was satisfied, too, from his appearance, that he possessed abundant spirit and willingness to work. Indeed, even when held by the groom, such was his eagerness to go forward, that he constantly kept *one foot pointed out before him*. I question whether I should have attached much weight to this fact, had it been pointed out by another; but it was my own discovery, and satisfied me perfectly. There were some *marks upon the left knee*, from which I concluded, though the dealer did not specify the fact, that he had been already, as Xenophon directs, trained to kneel down, "in order to admit the rider on his back."

In carrying out my theory, I had predetermined not to consider expense: I paid at once the price demanded. It was a large one certainly; but fell far—very far—short of the twelve talents paid for the

famous Bucephalus; and besides, I had found an animal which at once realized all my wishes. The removing him to my own stables was a matter of some difficulty and importance; and I fear I rather puzzled the groom by the multiplicity of directions which I gave him, word for word, from my text-book \* He must be sure not to lead him with a bridle, "for thus one side of the mouth is rendered harder than the other;" not to "go before him, for then the horse has the power of doing what he pleases;" nor "behind him, for in that case he may work what mischief he will." I have reason to suspect that, although the fellow touched his hat in token of obedience, he led the horse just as he pleased himself notwithstanding, going "behind" or "before" him, exactly as he found most convenient.

The stable appointments of my poor cousin George were perfect—that is, perfect in the modern style. This, however, was quite at variance with my classic views; and I determined that it should be altered immediately. The details of my own arrangements I shall spare the reader; suffice it to say, that the most important alterations regarded the stalls, which were remodelled strictly according to the following plan:—

"If the stall be moist and smooth, it will injure the feet, even though they be naturally excellent. Let it be made sloping, therefore, and provided with sewers, to prevent moisture; and, to guard against improper smoothness, let it be floored *with stones, each about the size of the hoof, laid one against the other.* A floor made on this plan will strengthen the hoof of the animal standing upon it. The horse should be led out by the groom when he wishes to clean him; and, after the morning meal, untied from the manger, that he may go with more pleasure to his supper. Let the outer part of the stall be made with the utmost care; it will contribute to strengthen the feet, if it be *covered with broken stones, a hand broad and about a pound weight,* kept together by a band of iron encompassing them. While he stands on these stones, it is as if he were travelling on a stony road; and thus these strengthen the hollow of his hoof."\*

Reforms so extensive, naturally excited considerable observation; nor were they unaccompanied with grumbling on the part of the underlings of the old system. Some of my sporting neighbours, too, occasionally called to enjoy a laugh at my expense. I allowed them to indulge their merriment. Time, I said, would show which was the wiser. There was one part of my establishment, however, completely beyond my reach. I attempted to introduce the reform into the stables of the huntsman and whip; but old Jack Belton stoutly re-

\* Ibid. C. N. s. 3, 4, 5.

sisted : and, although I had been nettled by the free terms in which he ridiculed my first purchase in horseflesh, pronouncing him a "dead pointer" and I know not what beside, yet I could not find it in my heart to press it on the hearty old man against his will.

My operations were now almost completed. I had made several expensive additions to my stud, upon the same principles which had guided my first choice : I delivered in the great hall a series of lectures on the classic rules of the manege to the wondering retainers of the new establishment ; and wrote out with my own hand a translation of Xenophon's golden treatise, to *guide the operations of my confidential superintendent*. Into the caparison and equipments of my stud, also, I introduced a radical reform ; dismissing without mercy the modern abomination of stirrups, with all their appendages—condemning the countless varieties of bridles on which my poor predecessor had prided himself—bridoon, Pelham Chifney,—retaining only the plain, but classic, snaffle ; and, to silence opposition by a single stroke, I stripped off every horse-shoe in my establishment, and fell back at once on the usage, which, alone, nature as well as classic science had sanctioned !

There remained but *my own training* in the mysteries of equestrianism. This I had hitherto deferred, partly that all things might proceed according to order,—partly from a certain nervousness as to the event ; which, although it always disappeared when I had my books before me, yet, I know not how, invariably returned as soon as the time came for commencing. I flattered myself, however, that I was perfect as a *book horseman*. I knew every rule, and the approved usage in every difficulty. I understood the "circular riding," the "oblong riding," and "that riding which is directed straight forward,"\*—the rules for "ascending a height" and "descending a declivity;" and I had a sort of vague imagining that perhaps I might venture on the directions for "crossing a ditch." Nor had I altogether overlooked the practical portion. One part at least I was perfect in—the manner of leaping on horseback without the assistance of the *anaboleus*†. I had made it a point to practise this, using as a substitute for a real horse, a wooden figure, made on the plan of those placed in the Campus Martius, to afford the youths of Rome an opportunity of similar exercise. As yet, however, my training had gone no farther. Now that all preparations were complete, there was no shadow of excuse for further delay ; and yet I felt an unaccountable unwillingness to make the first essay. Most opportunely I received a pressing invitation from a neighbouring baronet, an old friend of my late uncle's,

\* Cap. vii.

† The slave who, in the absence of the stirrup, which the ancients never used, assisted the rider in mounting. By the Latins he was called *Strator*.

protesting against further delay of my long promised and often deferred visit. In the state of mind which I then experienced, this was a most seasonable relief; and I compromised with my editorial conscience, by resolving that *the very day after my return, I should most positively begin*. I but staid, therefore, to repeat all my instructions as to the management of the stud during my absence—especially directing that the horse “should be tied to the stall from above” rather than from below; and that the head, instead of being cleaned with the brush, “should always be washed with water,”\* and set out at length upon the first visit which I had yet made in my new capacity.

It is no part of my present plan to dilate on the frankness and cordiality of my host, nor the arch, though retiring simplicity, of his beautiful daughter Emily. We spent several delightful days in exploring the romantic neighbourhood of his residence; and I began to feel that there were other beauties *besides those of the classics*. But I must not forget myself—my adventures are hurrying to a close.

One evening we had a large party of the neighbouring gentry. After dinner, the conversation turned upon my novel plans; and there was a good deal of amusing speculation as to their probable success. I was induced to give a full explanation of my theory; and was not a little nettled to perceive, that it was with difficulty the politeness of my audience restrained the laughter which was struggling to escape. The air of ridicule, too, which a practical old sportsman threw over the whole matter, when I had concluded my explanation, so completely mortified me, that when our host, Sir William, to give me, as he said, a fair trial of it before I should finally abandon it, proposed to mount me, in the *true English style*, on the morrow,—I was too proud to acknowledge my utter inexperience; nor was it until I had gone too far to retract in honour, that I saw, in its full horror, the difficulty in which I had involved myself. Ye Gods! what a night I spent in the appalling anticipation of the morrow! how heartily I cursed the folly which had thus led me, step by step, to the crisis of my fate! Would it not be possible to plead illness? Alas! an instinct told me the plea would be suspected, and, at best, would but postpone the day of terror which now must come!—A sudden call home? Conscience assured me that the shallow pretence would be seen through with half a glance. Alas! there was no retreat. I had crossed the Rubicon—I fell asleep in despair, to rehearse, in dreams, the dreaded *dénouement* of the morrow!

\* Cap. ii. s. 4 and 6.



## THE NEW YEAR'S SPORTING HOPES.

“ And coming events cast their shadows before !”—*Campbell!*

THE new year, if it does not come in with the speed of the racer,—comes in with that fierce wind, which ought to teach him it; for no man of the slightest sporting fancy can look up to the sky, without seeing a rush of clouds (Derby shaped things, if he has an ultra fancy) running the course over the sky, and ideally realizing in winter, that, which is actually performed in spring.—The river too, unlike Wordsworth's sonnet-river-Thames, runneth *not* “ at its own sweet will ;”—for it is urged on by the *Robinson*-tempest—or pressed by the steady spur of the Chifney-wind,—and carries all before it !—So much, indeed, have the elements opened to us, of the new year,—that we are unusually tempted to take their career as our guide, and by a sort of hurried impetuosity of “ going ahead” (as the Americans call it), anticipate at a rapid glance what may happen in 1840. Prophetic inspiration, however, ought to take, and *does* take with us,—the proper hint from Hamlet's ghostly father's phrase, of “ brief let me be.” May we therefore indulge in a slight look-out (and certainly not like any one of the *preventive* service) at what may happen, not in results, but in the mere performances of a few sporting events.—We do not pretend to be Murphys,—except so far as in advising our readers, whenever they are interested in the events of which we speak,—to *heep that weather-eye* (which *he* might advise them to close) open !

Racing first demands our attention. It is quite evident that racing, from distress, oppression, and severity,—loss, aridness of soil, and poverty,—begins to emigrate from its old settlements. Brighton and Lewes are becoming pauperized,—and the population-supporters of those races, would gladly *quit*. Heaton Park is already a deserted village; the present promising *Australia* of Liverpool, having lured the emigration, wealth, and support of its *Emigrées*. Doncaster is on the wane. The north-country trainers are already looking out for the *New-Sidney* of south stables;—and the St. Leger, which was once the pride, the grand attraction of all racing people, has at last been detected to be so mere a spot for the chicanery of stable and stable, that it is impossible not to see the wings of this woodcock-meeting, spread for flight !—Doncaster will die;—the vans, which would seem to have promised inflated lungs to this asthmatic meeting (by the *air* of the introduction of fresh horses), have opened a promise to the ear of Doncaster, which better improvements make them break to the

threats, &c., (and all these silently endured till now,) they would wonder that we recurred to a subject so repulsive. Let it not, however, be forgotten, that there are the sunny sides of the Turf to be looked at ; that, to give a true picture of the turf, it cannot be painted all in shade ! There have been, and are, honest trainers,—dear old short silent men,—who never sleep at daylight or talk at candlelight ;—men who take a pipe as an excuse for taciturnity, and who drink the placid glass of ale, as an excuse for the opening of the mouth,—“ and these are of them.” There are jockeys who are weighty in their opinions, however they may be light in their bodies ; who, scarcely educated, can take a degree in honour ! and who would look upon any disgrace on horseback, as humiliatingly as any Armed Knight of old. There is even (even !) a Stable Boy,—perhaps I should say there is *the* stable-boy, who would lose his fustian jacket,—his cotton pocket-handkerchief,—drab gaiters,—and all ; who kneels down, with devotion, at the heels of the thorough-bred devil who would kick his brains out—without reference to whether he would gloss his outside, or poison his in !

They may talk of PETRARCH with LAURA, ELOISE with ABELARD—or any given Lover with any given Lover ;—but we will venture to say (only that neither of them writes) there is no attachment so devoted, so unwearying, so enthusiastic, as that which glows, lives, and grows, between the seven-years' old human urchin, and the younger racer he superintends ! Look at the moment when the Owner and his friends go in—the trainer, too, of course, attending them. Is there not timidity in every one but one ? There is a descending scale of courage in all of the race.

The trainer has his stick or his whip, carries his *bow-window'd* waistcoat or the *flap* of that *casement* (for there is no medium), right up to a decent distance, from the long-tail,—the black sinewy hocks,—and uncertain heels of the creature at the manger ! The owner has a nervous courage behind the trainer ; the friends are always appearing with the utmost anxiety to examine points,—to stand out of reach of the animal's hoofs,—and (if required) to go up and feel her condition having of course talked at home of the crest, shoulders, withers, loins, and hocks of a racer) : they advance very much like sacrifices to the altar,—or rather, at the *halter*, with dim knowledge and veiled fear ;—they feel the crest, as a child would touch the monument ; run the hand over the shoulder with an evident eye to animal-devouring ; gloss the hand over the back, with an equally shining alarm ; and, having escaped from the straw, declare they are satisfied with the *sight* of the *hock*. This is no imaginary or over-coloured picture—if there is a trainer, who has a race horse, and whose Owner likes to visit it in its stall, and who brings his friends to see this colt out of “ *Nonplus' dam,*”

he will at once apprehend and admit the truth of what we write. But we have reserved the charm of our truth to the last: and as children gnaw around the uncertain pasty,—nibble about the unreliable out-skirts, and leave the small, poor, yet precious relish, to the last, so we preserve and refer to our trifle with an almost childish devotedness. Perhaps this illustration has occurred to us from this,—that it is to children we are about to refer. Owners of race horses, Trainers, Friends, have all their great or wider interests, to study; they have their influences to extend: their friendships to covet: their prides to sustain;—but look at the stable boy! Shakespeare has said, that, in his allusion to the hounds in his “MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM,” they are “each under each,”—and so is the race-horse-stable gradation, of Owner, Friend, Trainer, Head Lad, and Stable Boys. Hounds, however, have no last dog in the estimation of *the pack*:—the stable has! In the stable boy, however, the ardour of racing exists, and exists at the root! A *plater* wins his affections; the winner of a cup elevates him; the winner of a great race makes a *drunken boy*. But the loser of a small race makes the lad wisp him afterwards with a sigh,—yet no defeat would withhold that wisp from him; and perhaps no tears have ever been shed, in more profusion, than by the ten or eleven lads home at stable who have rubbed down the legs of the losers of the Derby and Oaks, each shrimp expecting to see its particular object come back crowned with laurels. No pride of Owner, Trainer, or Jockey, or Head Lad (if he leads), equals that of the stunted urchin that walks before or behind, or by the side of, the winner of the Derby, Oaks, or Leger. He is “the great pan of the dairy,” and would—oh would he could carry the honesty of his childhood through this his educational probation invariably up to his stunted manhood!

It has been the custom, and perhaps not one that is not to be unlauded, to designate lads,—who have the exercise-work in training stables—by the names of the celebrated jockies of the day: so that a thing on the race-horse of about the size of a *beetle*, if he have the courage, confident-anticipation, and coolness of a Chifney, he is christened by a *surname* at five years old! A small thing with dark hair and wire nerves (“not made to ring”), is the *Jem Robinson* of the yard. And the John Day has his craning children; the Conolly has his imitators of the Irish-English jockey! and all the rest of *their* copies, in the mocking-boys beneath them, have their fags!—as truly as the Attorney-General, Mr. Thesiger, and Sir F. Pollock, have *their helpers* behind the bar!—We have spoken of the conduct of all in the stable, including the stable-boy; but omitting the main point of the latter as to the course, respecting the race-horse! Although we feel justice is fairly done to the lad, in the hasty notice we have taken of

him; we have, on reperusing what we have written, felt that one of the great points in his favour has been omitted to be noticed—that point is the one of true courage!—The Trainer, Owner, &c., enter the stable, hitherto closed and half dark: the poor lad is working at his hind quarters, or heels,—wiping warmth and kindness to him! There is nothing to disturb, alarm, or annoy. A great nasty key, perhaps loaded with others, is *convulsed* into the door by the Trainer; or, he knocks with a restless stick to be let in by the boy. In enter a crowd to see the full trained, high bred, restless animal! He has a double excuse for a rare courage of the lion, with a pampered solitude and eternal controul! Can it therefore be wondered at, that visitors make him dangerous?—Then, as to the danger, what says the Trainer?—“Boy! go to his head!”—The boy, with a foolish threat, goes, and hangs (switch in hand), like a Lilliputian menace, at his tawny muzzle! That very suspension of an ounce of human being, controlling the powers of the concentrated force in animal.

It was our intention to have referred to the subject of the English Jockies,—but the very *introduction* to that subject, has led us to the *roots* of our subjects; and we have, therefore, been induced to treat of the children-jockies—the baby-spanners of saddles,—the ill-used things of daylight,—the forced slips of manhood!—in fact, the jealous, quarrelsome things of the mysticdoor, the silent yard, the profuse unstained straw, the hot hopeful devil with its endangered thousands! the stable-boy of the race-stable! We shall defer our notice of the grown-up gentlemen, who “live with ease,” until a future opportunity. No subject was ever so profuse as the one that has suggested to us that of TURFIANA, and with our promise not to quit the subject, we may be allowed to base the excuse for our tardiness upon the ground of the old saying, that people let the “grass grow beneath their feet.”

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## THE SPORTING LOOKER-ON AND REFLECTOR.

ALFRED SELBORNE'S JOURNAL (CONTINUED).

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How Nature, as Wordsworth, or somebody else says, asserts her own! I met, the other day, in the North of England, with a young gentleman who had never been at a public school, seen a college, or been experienced in beauty, who had contrived to fall in love with a country girl, and had, therefore, taken to stream wandering and romantic thinking. The following was the result of one of his walks, and I think it might very well have been the calm studied composition

of a writer in Bentley's Miscellany, or one of Lady Blessington's annuals :—

REFLECTION OF A SENTIMENTAL COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

How like my dearest is my stream ;  
 How true the course it keeps—  
 How soft it murmurs in it's dream,  
 And dimples while it sleeps !

—A sportsman, even chained to a sick room, can never be without sport, if he chooses to seek it rightly : he may beat the covers of a Magazine or Review, and up jumps that *puss*, nonsense, from her favourite form. He may stalk down on the wastes of any of Mr. Colburne's novels, or have a *battue* in the impudence preserves in the newspapers on any given day. I think it has been my fortune to bag as curious a brace of game advertisements as ever fell to the lot of sportsmen. The first is of rare plumage in the way of composition :—

WATERPROOF BOOTS.—To gentlemen who are subject to take cold from damp boots, has induced S. HOBLEY, 40, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, from the recommendation of several gentlemen, to make publicly known his superior Waterproof Boots and Shoes, which exclude all damp, thereby preventing all those evils resulting from taking cold through wet feet, and need only be worn to be approved of.—*Morning Chronicle*, Jan. 24, 1840.

But the following is the bird ! Having myself been afflicted with every complaint referred to in this great announcement, I can assure the Rev. Dr. Moseley and Co., that I arose from the perusal of his disinterested prose in the jolliest state possible.

MOST IMPORTANT HUMAN DISCOVERY.—A clergyman of Cambridge University, having cured himself of a nervous complaint of fourteen years' duration, and in four years having had above 3500 patients, all of whom he has cured, who followed his advice, except twelve, offers, from benevolence rather than gain, to *cure* others. Low spirits, mental debility and exhaustion, determination of blood to the head, vertigo, groundless fear, sleeplessness, failure of memory, incapacity for business, study, &c., restlessness, irresolution, wretchedness, indecision, delusion, melancholy, thoughts of self-destruction, &c., are curable by this important discovery. Most recover in six weeks. Apply to, or address (post paid) Rev. Dr. Willis Moseley and Co., 9, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury Square. At home from 11 to 3. Just published, second edition, improved, 8vo, 5s. cloth, (Simpkin and Marshall), Eleven chapters on nervous and mental complaints, by W. Willis Moseley, L.L.D.

Life certainly has its mental diseases and bodily tempests, but the above holds out,—

“ Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm.”

I do not know who preserves the Thames, or, to use Falkland's

words, who is the "life of the company;" but it appears there is a congealed set of men determined in their own minds to see that no injustice is done to the roach and gudgeons in the mighty river. The object in itself is good; but the sooner the gentleman who composed the following is allowed to retire upon half pay, the more the sensible use of the corps will be studied:—

THAMES ANGLING PRESERVATION SOCIETY.—*Hampton, 4th Jan, 1840.*—At a meeting of the Committee of this Society held this day, the following regulations were unanimously agreed to:—

"That in the opinion of this Committee, as well as of many experienced Anglers, and Fishermen, the taking of Trout in the river Thames so early as the 25th of January, though permitted by the 'Rules—Orders—and Ordinances,' is inexpedient, on account of the sickly condition of the fish, which renders them at that time, equally unfit for food, and for affording sport to the true Angler.

"That the several members of the Committee now present, do engage for themselves, henceforth to defer the commencement of Trout Fishing in the river Thames, to the 1st of April; and earnestly recommend to the Members of this Society—to Thames Anglers—and Fishermen in general, the adoption of the same practice.

"HENRY PERKINS, Chairman.

"By order of the Committee,

"D. CROLE. Hon. Secretary."

My tailor, who never until this notice had a notion of fishing, on account of its difficulties, went up to Hampton Court, or thereabouts, at the suggestion of this prohibition, as he thought he might be able to catch fish in a sickly state.

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## GLANCES AT HUNTING.

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HUNTING has had a glorious time of it lately. Lord Chesterfield has found at Crick Gorse, Mawsley Wood, and Badby Wood, and other favourite covers. The runs have been good, sharp, short, and decisive. The Worcestershire fox-hounds, have had some good days. The following is an account of one of them:—

"The fixture for the pack was Bredon Hill. After drawing Elmley and an adjoining cover blank, we trotted on to that well-known and favourite retreat of Reynard, called Ashton Wood, which had been entered but a very short time, ere the cry which exhilarates the heart of every lover of the sport, broke forth from the hounds, and echoing, and proclaiming through the wood, the welcome tidings of a "discovery." As soon as the "well-known tale" was told, all were on the *qui vive* to ascertain which point sly Reynard intended to select for his

escape; and it soon became apparent that the top of the hill was the "destined spot." The hounds were immediately laid on the scent, and ran him through Aston Grove; he then turned to the left, in a direction for Ashton Underhill, dashed back, and made a line for Beckford Coppice: here, finding his pursuers fast gaining ground on him, he broke cover and went away for Dumbleton Hill, crossing the Ashton and Beckford road; he was here headed and made a line for Great Grove, leaving Alderton village to the right, and Dumbleton Hill to the left; when nearly at Gnat Grove, he was met by a sheep-dog, which chased for two or three fields towards Dumbleton Wood: he started Dumbleton Wood, and on for the village of Frampton, through Lord Sudeley's park and plantations: here the field got very select, and a slight check enabled some of the stragglers to come up. The fox now made boldly for Broadway Hill, the hunting up to which was of the most magnificent description—the scent sweet—and the music of the hounds still sweeter. The fox kept a pace that to live with the hounds required a steeple-chaser: every fence taken flying, and each man taking his own line—no following over fence, across the Dumbleton country, passing Lady Elcho's, and on for Letcomb Wood, being about seven miles from Stowe: the nags were nearly all dead beat. It was now after four o'clock, the scent getting worse, and the country heavier; and all hopes of killing having ceased, the hounds were whipped off. The huntsman and whippers-in have been capitally mounted, and during the last three months, the sport has been first-rate, and unequalled by any other hounds in the country. Those who have the prads to go the pace, and are fond of it, will find Captain Candler's hounds worth going fifty miles at any time to meet. Long may he live to enjoy the first of British sports!"

The hounds of Lord Hastings had a splendid day on the 2d. The cover was Hayes' Wood. The run, which lasted an hour and fifty-minutes, was *the* run of the season.

The North Wiltshire hounds have been distinguishing themselves. They had a rare thirty-two minutes' burst from Rowley Brake lately.

Mr. Horlock's hounds have been doing the thing over Marlborough downs, well.

The hounds of the Hundred of Worrall are disputing with the Cheshire hounds, in the way of attraction. Indeed we might, were room open to us, fill our Magazine with interesting hunting history.

Stag-hunting is not a favourite sport of ours, as it is more like the *rehearsal* of hunting; but Baron Rothschild's pack have been going the pace after the *calf*!

The following run we cannot resist giving at length.

## MR. RUSSELL'S HOUNDS.

DEAR N. S. M.

Brancepeth Castle, near Durham, was during Christmas a scene of festivity conducted upon the most princely scale—the most sumptuous entertainments were given, and the attention and affability of the owner of one of the most magnificent baronial residences in the kingdom towards his guests, called forth the unqualified praise and delight of the latter. Owing to a superior kennel discipline and management, and to the mode of hunting them, by not lifting them but allowing them to cast themselves and work out the scent (a system which is frequently too little adopted), and owing to the country, which, being little drained, generally holds a scent, Mr. R's hounds have latterly shown sport which has not been surpassed by any other pack.

On 26th December, being St. Stephen's day, which is always there observed as a holiday, one of the largest fields ever witnessed in that part of England, met the hounds at Wilton Gilbert:—a brace of foxes were speedily found in Bear-park whin, and after ringing about for a considerable time, one of them was killed; the hounds then settled on the second varmint, who was forced to fly the cover, and as the pack got away close at his brush, he was compelled to yield up his life after a burst of only ten minutes; a third fox having been viewed away, the pack were laid on his scent, and after running for upwards of an hour, during a greater part of which time the pace was very fast, the hounds were stopped, as the day was nearly closed and the frost had set in very severely.

During the following week, the same pack showed three days of superior sport. On Wednesday, Jan. 1st., being a holiday, a large field assembled to meet them at the turnpike gate, on the Durham and Newcastle Road, and were gratified by a very fast scurry for thirty-two minutes: a second fox was immediately afterwards found, and, after a sharp burst of twenty minutes, he, like his predecessor, saved his life by getting into a drain when the pack were close at his heels. Owing to the severity of the country, and to the pace, those who did not take the advantage of a good start, did not see the runs.

On Friday morning, previous to breakfast, whilst a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen were assembled in one of the Halls, at a considerable elevation above a wood, at the bottom of which runs a brook, a young sportsman espied what appeared to him to be a fox, lying kennelled on a dry bank, at the bottom of the wood, near the brook, and immediately below the windows. Every one's attention was attracted, and many bets were made whether "pug or no pug,"—some of the party contending that no fox could be bold enough to take up his quarters so near the sound of the Christmas revels and festivities, which were then being kept. The hounds met at the Castle, and at the appointed hour of meeting, the "wily varmint" was aroused from his lair, by the view holloa of "the Squire," in sight of the ladies, to the joy of several sportsmen and gentlemen, whose anxiety had been wrought to the highest pitch. After a sharp burst of twenty minutes, and making a tour of the park, as if on purpose to gratify the numerous visitors, pug saved his life by taking refuge in one of the flues of the pinery. A second fox was afterwards found at Brandon Whin, from whence he took a direct line into Brancepeth park, of which he was compelled to make a circuit before he could effect his escape. He then pointed for, and ran almost to, Burninggill—thence to Sunderland bridge, where he, being



headed, doubled back down the meadows adjoining the river Wear, and was finally run into in the middle of a large grass ground opposite to Whitworth Park. The run lasted an hour and ten minutes, and owing to the deepness of the country and severity of the pace, no horse was able fairly to live with the hounds for the last three miles, which were perfectly straight.

Saturday—Found at Bowden-close, from whence Reynard went away towards Cornsay, then doubled back past Bowden-close, through Willington Deans, along the meadows to the lower end of Brancepeth-park, through Stockley-gill, and back again to the park, where he was several times viewed in the shrubberies not ten yards ahead of his pursuers, and had it not been for a person meeting him in the gateway, he would have entered the court-yard of the Castle, from whence he could not have escaped. His pursuers having at length got upon a fresh fox, pug continued to elude them, and it was a considerable time before the pack could be stopped. The first forty-seven minutes was straight and without a check, and the pace first-rate, and the whole run lasted two hours and five minutes.

VENATOR.

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## VARIETIES.

WALKER'S MANLY EXERCISES. Orr and Co.

This is a book worthy in its object—clear and clever in its getting up, and containing useful information. It is edited by Craven, as stated in the title page; but from the clearness of its original pages, we should think it must have given him very little trouble.

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

### THE DEATH OF THE AMERICAN RACE-HORSE MINGO.

THE most lamentable accident it has been our duty to record, is the death of Mingo, killed by the falling of a tree. It occurred on the 5th of November last, near Lexington, Kentucky. The tree stood in an adjoining lot, and was blown down in a gale of wind, and struck Mingo obliquely, breaking eight of his ribs, and severely bruising his right side; and either immediately by the fall of the tree, or by his efforts to disengage himself from it when struck down, his right thigh was crushed to pieces for several inches. The gallant horse did free himself from the tree, and was found at some distance from it very soon after the accident. In place of shooting him at once, as would have been the more merciful course, every attention was rendered, the best medical advice obtained, and the poor animal lingered for two or three days in pitiful agony.

The fame of this horse was cherished by the writer with a peculiar predilection. His victories upon the Turf could hardly have afforded more delight to his owner than to the Editor of this Magazine (the American Turf Register). In reading so continually of horses, a temporary interest is sure to be awakened for the leading names in the succession of great winners;—Mingo had in some way enkindled a higher and a permanent regard;—every race he ran was watched with eager and anxious attention. It does not, therefore, become him to speak at length of the performances of his favourite, lest his partiality should lead him into extravagance. But all gentlemen who admire the horse will

regret this cruel end of a steed so gallant. With unflinching game was united a turn of speed that was remarkable. When avowedly amiss, he ran with Post Boy at Trenton, the last mile of a four mile heat, under a minute and fifty seconds—the watches differed one or two seconds :—he was beaten in the heat and in the race, but it was one of those defeats that added to the fame of the vanquished. That mile of the heat to which allusion has been made, was a race to remember for an age; the struggle began immediately opposite the stand, as they entered the last mile; for more than half a mile it was kept up at a rate the most killing,—nothing faster can be recollected on our Turf. As they came within the gates, Mingo made another effort which, startled by its suddenness and its rapidity. He lost the heat but by a head. It was his performance on that day which awakened such an interest for him with the public, and which created those expectations which he subsequently justified.

His blood was such, that the most confident hopes were entertained of his success in the breeding stud. So far as a judgment can be formed from his first year's get, these hopes have been realized. But this is a point which the Racing Calendar of future years must decide: it is sufficient to remark here, that so highly was he valued in Kentucky, that offers were made for him and refused, extravagant even in the times of high prices. For the pecuniary loss to his owner, will Turfmen, one and all, regret the death of Mingo; while breeders have to deplore the loss of a stock horse whose place cannot be readily supplied.

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### RACING ENTRIES.

We give the Entries for the St. Leger, 1841, together with such others as are complete for this year. Handicaps we reserve until we can lay them before our Readers in an *accepted* state.

#### DONCASTER, 1841

**TUESDAY.**—The St. Leger 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; St. Leger Course (137 subscribers).

Allen's, Mr., b. c. Phaon, by Humphrey Clinker Junior, or Belshazzar, out of Madame Pelerine

Allen's, Mr., ch. c. Belgrade, by Belshazzar, out of Alice, by Langar

Anson's, Col., b. c. Pandarus

Anson's, Col., b. c. Traffic

Anson's, Col., ch. f. Miss Horewood

Bell's, Mr., br. c. the Squire, by the Saddler, out of Sircingle's dam

Bentinck's Lord G., Mustapha

Blakelock's, Mr., b. f., by Voltaire, out of Black Diamond's dam, by Catton

Blakelock's, Mr., b. f. by Voltaire, dam, Fancy (Yarico's dam) by Osmond

Boswell's, Sir J., b. c. Triumph, by Jerry

Briskham's, Mr., br. c. Muladdin, by Muley Moloch, out of Negus's dam

Briskham's, Mr., bl. c. Ethon, by St. Nicholas, out of CEna, by Velocipede

Brook's, Mr., ch. f. by Tomboy, out of Lunatic

Bruce's, Lord, b. c. by Glaucus, out of Rosalie

Buckley's, Mr., br. c. Tory-boy, by Tomboy, out of Bessy Bedlam, by Filho da Puta

Buckley's, Mr., ch. c. brother to Tom, by Muley

Bulkeley's, Sir R., ch. c. Blueskin, by Pantaloon, out of Miss Patrick

Chesterfield's, Lord, b. c. by Ishmael, out of Arcot Lass

Chesterfield's, Lord, f. by Sultan, out of Rowton's dam

Chesterfield's, Lord, ch. c. by Velocipede, dam by Whisker, out of Tramp's dam

Chesterfield's Lord, f. Paleface, by Velocipede, out of Y. Petuaria

Clark's, Mr., b. c. Gammon-box, own brother to Dragaman, by St. Nicholas

Clark's, Mr., ch. c. by Langar, out of Delusion, by Comus

Cleveland's, Duke of, ch. c. Giaour, by Sultan, out of Pauline

Cleveland's, Duke of, b. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Olive

- Craddock's, Col., b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch, out of Fanny by Jerry  
 Crawford's, Col., b. f. Emengardis  
 Dixon's, Mr. W., ch. c. Junius, by Negotiator, dam by Catton, grandam Theodosia by Tramp  
 Eglinton's, Lord, br. c. Assagai, by Muley Moloch, out of Elizabeth  
 Eglinton's, Lord, ch. c. Zaniel, by Muley Moloch, out of Spaewife  
 Etwall's, Mr., Thistle-whipper  
 Exeter's, Lord, Cesarewitch, by Rockingham  
 Exeter's, Lord, c. by Sultan, out of Velvet  
 Exeter's, Lord, brother to Candia  
 Exeter's, Lord, c. by Ibrahim, out of Anne of Gierstein  
 Fairlie's, Mr. J. O., br. f. Crockery, by Rockingham, out of Ambassador's dam  
 Ford's, Mr. G. S., br. c. Metternich, by Plenipotentiary, out of Shilagh's dam  
 Gascoigne's, Mr., ch. c. Quilt Arnold, own brother to Eborina, by Laugar  
 Gascoigne's, Mr., b. c. Jack Sheppard, by Voltaire, out of Rebecca's dam  
 Gill's, Mr. J., na. ch. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Resolution's dam, by Whisker  
 Godwin, Mr. G., na. ch. c. by Sir Hercules, dam (foaled in 1821) by Mango, out of Sir Harry's dam, by Alexander the Great.  
 Golden's, Mr., b. or br. c. by Robin Hood, out of Lillah  
 Goodman's, Mr., gr. c. by Agreeable, out of Antelope's dam by Y. Gohanna  
 Gully's, Mr., b. c. Radical, by Tomboy, out of Sal, by Reveller  
 Habcock's, Mr., ch. f. Evelyn, by Mundig, out of Progress, own sister to Pilgrim  
 Harcourt's, Capt., b. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Adelicia  
 Harrison's, Mr. R., b. c. Studley Royal, brother to Tornado, by Liverpool  
 Hastings's, Mr. H. T., St. Cross  
 Haworth's, Mr., br. e. by Contest, out of Minna  
 Hogg's, Mr., b. f. Clementina, by Liverpool, out of Miss Parkinson, by Swiss, dam by Reveller, grandam by Waxy, out of Elve (sister to Magic)  
 Houldsworth's, Mr., Delusive  
 Houldsworth's, Mr., ch. c. Barelegs, by Pantaloon, out of Basilisk  
 Ibbetson's, Sir C., b. f., by Voltaire, dam (foaled in 1820) by Partisan, out of Spotless's dam, by Trumpator  
 Kelburne's, Lord, b. f. by Jerry, dam by St. Patrick, out of Blue-stocking, by John Bull  
 Kelburne's, Lord, b. c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon, out of Georgiana, by Woful  
 Kelburne's, Lord, bl. c. Muley Moloch, out of Miss Whip, by Jerry  
 King's, Mr. S., b. c. Cattonian, by Muley Moloch, out of Jubilee (Juvenile's dam) by Catton  
 Knox's, Mr., ch. c. Hark Forward, by Economist, out of Guiccioli  
 Lichfield's, Lord, brother to Phosphorus  
 Lichfield's, Lord, ch. c. by Peter Lely, out of Margrave's dam  
 Lichfield's, Lord, c. by Ibrahim, out of Malvina, by Oscar,  
 Marfleet's, Mr., b. c. by Gambol, dam by Beagle, grandam Georgian, by Buzzard  
 Marfleet's, Mr., c. Lothario, by Lambtonian  
 Merry's, Mr. r., br. or bl. f. Clydesdale Lassie, by Retainer, out of Helen Aaron, by Epperston  
 Milner's, Sir W. M., ch. c. Osberton, by Mundig, dam, sister to Currency, by Velocipede  
 Milltown's, Lord, b. c. Fidhawn, by Sir Edward Codrington, or Delirium, out of Brandy Bet  
 Monck's, Sir C., b. c. by Master Syntax, dam (foaled in 1832) by Filho da Puta, out of Twinkle  
 Newton's, Mr. J., ch. c. Little Tom, by Belshazzar, dam, Promise, by Mulatto  
 Ogden's, Mr. G., b. c. brother to Harpurhey, by Voltaire, out of Sarah, by Tramp  
 Osbaldeston's, Mr. b. f. The Queen of Beauty, own sister to Alexandrina  
 Orford's, Lord, Brother to Ascot  
 Parkin's, Mr., b. f. by Liverpool, dam by Tantivy, out of Myrtilla, by The Flyer, grandam, Myrtle, by Abjer  
 Parkin's, Mr., Askerton, brother to Naworth  
 Peel's, Col., Simoom, brother to Sirock

- Peel's, Col., brother to Whim  
 Peel's, Col., Hawk's-eye  
 Plummer's, Mr., b. f. Alice Hawthorne, by Muley Moloch, out of the Provost's dam  
 Portland's, Duke of, a. by Advance, out of Young Agatha (foaled in 1829) by Tiresias, out of Agatha  
 Powlett's, Mr. T. O., br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of the Mystery, by Lottery  
 Powlett's, Mr. T. O., br. f. by Tomboy, out of Tesane, by Whisker  
 Price's, Mr. F. R., ro. ch. f. Louise, by Sir Hercules, dam, Sketch, by Partisan  
 Price's, Mr. F. R., ch. f. Miss Tatt, by Velocipede, out of Conciliation, by Moses  
 Ramsay's, Mr. br. c. Sheriff of Fulton, by the Saddler, or Marcean, out of Frailty (Cyprian's dam) by Filho  
 Rawlinson's, Mr., b. c. Coronation, by Sir Hercules, out of Ruby  
 Rayner's, Mr., br. c. Metternich  
 Rayner's Mr., ch. c. Young Quo Minus, by Buzzard, out of Sontag  
 Richardson's, Mr. G. G. b. c. Silstron, by Revolution, dam (foaled in 1823) by Filho da Puta, or Magistrate, grandam (foaled in 1818) by Cardinal York, great grandam by Precipitate  
 Robinson's, Mr., b. c. Basto, by Muley Moloch, dam, Bolivar's dam, grandam by Hambletonian—Vesta  
 Robinson's, Mr., ch. c. Cato, by Muley Moloch, dam, Miss Fox (Carnaby's dam)  
 Robinson's, Mr. J., b. f. Faith, by Langar (sister to St. Andrew)  
 Rose's, Mr. W. A., gr. c. Fitz-Glue, by Economist, out of Glue, by Master Robert, dam, Globe (first called Annette), by Quiz  
 Rush's, Mr., ch. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Bangtail, by Phantom  
 Sadler's, Mr., Defy  
 Sadler's, Mr., Lady Strut  
 Sadler's, Mr., Diversion  
 St. Paul's, Mr. C. M., b. or c. Riot, by Velocipede, out of Galewood's dam  
 Scott's, Mr. W., b. c. The Duke of Wellington  
 Sharpe's, Gen., ch. c. Lara, by Langar, out of Myrrha, by Malek  
 Skerratt's Mr., b. c. by Newton, dam by Mr. Lowe, grandam by Trinidad (foaled in 1829) out of Miss Skim  
 Sowerby's, Mr. ch. f. Phingari  
 Stanley's, Lord, b. c. Sybarite, by Voltaire, out of Roseleaf  
 Stanley's, Lord, b. c. Fatalist, by Voltaire, out of Mysinda  
 Stephenson's, Mr., b. c. Langarian, by Langar, out of Voltaire's dam  
 Stradbroke's, Lord, ch. c. Precursor, by Alpheus, out of Adeline  
 Syngue's Col., ch. c. by Zealot, out of Zillah, by Blacklock  
 Thompson's, Mr. H. S., br. c., by Sheet Anchor, out of Medea, by Whisker  
 Thornhill's, Mr., brother to Mango  
 Vaasittart's, Mr., b. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Darioletta  
 Vaasittart's, Mr., gr. or ro. c. by Langar, dam by Macduff, out of Merlin's dam  
 Walters's, Mr. T., b. c. Hope, by Sheet Anchor, out of Valencia, by Cervantes  
 Walters's, Mr. T., bl. c. St. Botolph, by Sheet Anchor, dam, foaled in 1833, by Emilius, out of Brocard  
 Walters's, Mr. T., br. c. Mustapha Muley, by Muley, dam by Orville, or Walton out of Mussulman's dam  
 Wauchope's, Mr., ch. f. Euterpe, by Valparaiso, out of Emma, by Octavian  
 Welch's, Mr., b. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Miss Chance's dam, by Cardinal York  
 Westera's, Col., bl. c. Warlock, by Velocipede, out of Vat  
 Westminster's, Lord, c. Satirist, by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm  
 Westminster's, Lord, c. Doctor Jenner, by Ishmael, out of Miss Giles  
 Westminster's, Lord, Van Amburgh  
 Westminster's, Lord, c. Morning Star, by Glaucus, out of Bertha  
 Westminster's, Lord, Marshal Soult  
 Westminster's, Lord, Lampoon  
 Whittle's, Mr. L., b. c. Tareaway, by Voltaire, out of Tagliani, by Whisker  
 Wilkins's, Mr., br. c. Septimus, by Satan, out of Abraham Newland's dam  
 Wilkins's, Mr., br. c. Vulcan, by Voltaire, out of Venus, by Langar  
 Williamson's, Capt., Morabek  
 Wilson's, Mr., br. c. by Voltaire, out of Yorkshire Lass

Wood's, Mr., b. c. by the Earl, out of Lanercost's dam  
 Wood's, Mr., br. c. Longsight, by St. Nicholas, out of Rose, by Waverley  
 Wood's, Mr. James, b. c. Paul Potter, by Peter Lely, out of Lacerta (Marvel's dam)  
 Wrather's, Mr., gr. f. by Belshazar, out of Hackfall's dam  
 Wreford's, Mr., br. c. by Camel, out of Escape  
 Wreford's, Mr., b. c. by Sultan, out of Monimia  
 Wreford's, Mr., b. c. by Sultan, out of Margellina  
 Wyndham's, Col., Sledmere  
 Wyndham's, Col., Yorkshireman  
 Yarburch's, Major, b. c. Heslington, own brother to Charles XII.  
 Yarburch's, Major, b. f. Brandy Snap, by Muley Moloch, out of Lollypop's dam

#### NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1840.

**TUESDAY.**—The **HOPEFUL STAKES.**—Mr. Thornhill's b. c. by Emilius, out of Ophelia—Mr. Thornhill's b. f. sister to Montezuma—Mr. Bird's b. f. Cast-off, by Bedlamite, out of Fidalma, by Waxy Pope, grandam, Dinarzade, by Selim—Fulwar Craven's br. f. Benedetta, by Defence, out of Phantasima—Mr. Nevill's Hilarine—Duke of Grafton's b. f. by Mulatto, out of Dublin—Duke of Grafton's br. f. by Doctor Syntax, out of Zinc—Colonel Peel's The Hunchback—Colonel Peel's br. c. Huen, by Plenipotentiary, out of Mary Ann—Lord Lichfield's c. by Ibrahim, out of Malvina, by Oscar—Lord G. Bentinck's Gobemouche.

**WEDNESDAY.**—The **ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb. D. I.—Duke of Bedford's b. f. by Augustus, out of Courtessan, by Filho da Puta—Duke of Bedford's ch. f. by Taurus, out of Leeway—Mr. Newton's b. f. by Ranvilles, out of Zeal—Lord Lynedoch's b. c. Jeffy—Mr. Treen's Fitzroy—Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Ottoman—Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Curreny—Lord Exeter's Amurath, brother to Alemdar—Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Velvet—Lord Exeter's c. by Jerry, out of Lucetta—Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Datura—Gen. Yates's Gibraltar—Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Milton.

#### SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1840.

**TUESDAY.**—The **CLEARWELL STAKES.**—Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. by Langar, out of Fidelity—Mr. Watt's b. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Myrrha, by Whalebone—Lord Albemarle's b. f. Minaret, by Ibrahim, out of Dandizette, by Whalebone—Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Sultan, out of Margellina—Lord Jersey's c. by Ishmael, out of Misnomer—Lord Jersey's b. f. sister to Glencoe—Lord Orford's brother to Ascot—Mr. Isaac's b. f. Executrix, by Saracen, out of Zelinda—Mr. James Wood's b. c. Paul Potter, by Peter Lely, out of Lacerta (Marvel's dam)—Mr. Sadler's Diversion—Mr. Nevill's Hilarine—Duke of Grafton's bl. f. Delhi—Duke of Grafton's b. f. by Mulatto, out of Dublin—Lord Exeter's brother to Candia—Lord Exeter's f. by Reveller, out of Green Mantle—Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan, out of Marchesa—Lord Exeter's Cesarewitch, by Rockingham—Colonel Peel's brother to Whim—Colonel Peel's f. Palmyra, by Sultan, out of Garcia—Captain Gardnor's b. c. by Camel, out of Cecilia, by Comus—Lord Chesterfield's f. by Sultan, out of Rowton's dam—Mr. Cooke's b. f. Esperanza, by Sheet Anchor—Lord Lichfield's ch. c. by Peter Lely, out of Margrave's dam—Lord Lichfield's ch. c. by Langar, out of Portrait's dam—Mr. Etwall's Thistle Whipper—Lord G. Bentinck's Gobemouche.

#### HOUGHTON MEETING, 1830.

**MONDAY, October 26.**—The **CRITERION STAKES.**—Duke of Beaufort's b. f. Snow-drop—Mr. Rogers's br. f. by Little Red Rover, out of Waresti, by Sultan—Mr. Watt's b. f. by Voltaire, out of Fanchon, sister to Lap-dog—Mr. W. Cooper's br. c. Mistle-tonian, own brother to Disagreeable, by Agreeable—Mr. J. Newton's Yarratilda—Mr. Wreford's br. c. by Camel, out of Escape—Lord Albemarle's ch. c. Ralph, by Dr.

Syntax, dam by Catton, out of *Altsidora*—Lord Jersey's c. by *Ishmael*, out of *Misnomer*—Lord Jersey's b. & Sister to *Glencoe*—Fulwar Craven's br. f. *Benedetta*, by *Defence*, out of *Phantasima*—Capt. Williamson's *Moharek*—Capt. Williamson's *Decision*—Mr. Rush's c. by *The Exquisite*, out of *Maresfield's dam*—Mr. Day's b. f. *Executrix*, by *Saracen*, out of *Zelinda*—Mr. James Wood's b. c. *Paul Potter*, by *Peter Lely*, out of *Lacerta* (*Marvel's dam*)—Col. Anson's b. f. *La Gitana*—Mr. Sadler's *Defy*—Mr. Sadler's *Diversion*—Mr. Nevill's *Hilarine*—Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Mosque*—Duke of Grafton's ch. c. by *Divan*, dam by *Jupiter* (*Hatfield's dam*)—Lord Exeter's Brother to *Candia*—Lord Exeter's f. by *Reveller*, out of *Green Mantle*—Lord Exeter's f. by *Sultan*, out of *Marchesa*—Lord Exeter's *Cossarewitch*, by *Rockingham*—Sir J. Boswell's b. c. *Triumph*, by *Jerry*, out of *Hambletonia*—Colonel Peel's brother to *Whim*—Colonel Peel's f. *Palmyra*, by *Sultan*, out of *Hester*—Gen. Yates's *Sinoom*, brother to *Siroc*—Captain Gardner's b. c. by *Camel*, out of *Cecilia*, by *Comus*—Mr. Ford's *Young Quo Minus*, by *Buzzard*, out of *Sontag*—Lord Lichfield's brother to *Phosphorus*—Lord Lichfield's ch. c. by *Peter Lely*, out of *Margrave's dam*—Lord Lichfield's ch. c. by *Langar*, out of *Portrait's dam*—Mr. Etwall's *Thistle Whipper*—Lord Bruce's b. c. by *Glaucus*, out of *Rosalie*.

THURSDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two year olds; colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb. Ab. M.—Mr. Wreford's br. c. by *Camel*, out of *Escape*—Mr. Rush's c. by *The Exquisite*, out of *Maresfield's dam*—Mr. Sadler's *Defy*—Mr. Sadler's *Diversion*—Mr. Nevill's *Hilarine*—Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Mosque*—Lord Exeter's brother to *Candia*—Lord Exeter's f. by *Reveller*, out of *Green Mantle*—Colonel Peel's brother to *Whim*—Col. Peel's f. *Palmyra*, by *Sultan*, out of *Hester*—Lord Lichfield's brother to *Phosphorus*—Lord Lichfield's ch. c. by *Peter Lely*, out of *Margrave's dam*—Mr. Etwall's *Thistle Whipper*.

#### YORK SPRING MEETING, 1840

TUESDAY.—The TWO-YEAR-OLDS STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C.

Colonel Anson's b. f. *La Gitana*, by *Ishmael*  
 Colonel Anson's b. c. *Traffic*, by *Hampton*  
 Duke of Cleveland's br. c. by *Memnon Junior*, out of *Snowball*  
 Mr. Wilkins's br. c. *Vulcan*, by *Voltaire*, out of *Venus*  
 Mr. H. S. Thompson's br. c. by *She-t Anchor*, out of *Medea*  
 Mr. Bell's gr. c. *The Squire*, by *The Sadler*, out of *Sircingle's dam*

#### AUGUST MEETING, 1840.

\*SECOND DAY.—Nominations for the WILTON STAKES.

Colonel Anson's b. c. *Traffic*, by *Hampton* (5lb)  
 Duke of Cleveland's br. c. by *Memnon Junior*, out of *Snowball*  
 Mr. G. G. Richardson's b. c. *Silstrou*, by *Bevolution*, out of *Lady Lowther*, by *Filho da Puta*, or *Magistrate*, her dam (foaled in 1818) own sister to *Cardinal Wolsey* (5lb)

THIRD DAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each; for two-year-olds colts; 8st and fillies, 8st. 4lb.

General Sharpe's ch. c. *Lara*, by *Langar*, out of *Myrrha*, by *Malek*  
 Colonel Cradock's b. c. *Pagan*, by *Muley Moloch*, out of *Fanny*, by *Jerry*  
 Mr. Hancock's ch. f. *Evelyn*, by *Mundig*, out of *Progress*, sister to *Pilgrim*  
 Mr. Gully's b. c. *Radical*, by *Tomboy*, out of *Sal*, by *Reveller*  
 Mr. Clarke's br. f. sister to *Imogene*, by *Langar*  
 Col. Anson's b. f. *Maceroon*, sister to *Pantomime*, by *Pantaloon*  
 Mr. Marfleet's br. c. *Lothario*, by *Lambtonian*, dam by *Sultan*, out of *Loe*, by *Waxy*  
 Mr. Marfleet's b. c. by *Gambol*, dam by *Beagle*, grandam *Georgian*, by *Buzzard*, out of *Circassian's dam*

Mr. W. Scott's b. z. The Duke of Wellington, by The Saddler—Flighty  
 Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. Quilt Arnold, brother to Eborina  
 Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Kaiser, by Sultan, out of Francesca  
 Mr. Brookes's ch. f. by Tomboy, out of Lunatic, by Prime Minister  
 Mr. Wilkin's br. c. Vulcan, by Voltaire, out of Venus  
 Mr. Parkin's b. c. Askerton, brother to Naworth  
 Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. c. by Mundig, out of sister to Don John's dam (foaled  
 in 1822)  
 Colonel Thompson's br. f. Flying Gib, by Sheet Anchor, out of Betty Martin, by  
 Blacklock

**SWEPPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. ; for three-year-olds colts, 8st. 7lb. ; and fillies  
 8st. 4lb. ; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Shepherd's b. c. Viceroy, by Voltaire  
 Mr. J. Gill's ch. c. Prince Albert, by Langar  
 Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Gambia, by The Colonel  
 Mr. Edison's ch. c. The Ruler, by Belsbazzar  
 Mr. Clarke's ch. c. Benjamin, by Belsbazzar  
 Mr. Marfeet's b. c. Mayboy, by Lambtonian  
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Symmetry, by Liverpool  
 Mr. Bell's b. f. La Femme Sage, by Physician

The following shows such promise of bringing a great Meeting to the very thresh-  
 old of our great Metropolis, that we feel compelled to make room for it:—

#### “THE HIPPODROME, 1843.

“The Hippodrome Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, hf. ft., for three-year old colts  
 and fillies; with a free gift of 1000 sovs. by the proprietors of the Hippodrome.  
 To be run triennially. To be run for first in 1843, by the produce of mares cov-  
 ered in 1839; colts, 8st. 10lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.; untried stallions or mares (at  
 the time of naming) allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb.; to start at the Judge's Chair, and  
 run out and home (the Chesterfield course), not quite two miles. Produce or  
 failure to be declared on or before the Saturday in the Newmarket First October  
 Meeting, 1840. No produce, no forfeit. The winner to pay 100 sovs. towards  
 the expence of police, judge, &c.; the second horse to receive 150 sovs. out of the  
 stakes. To be run for on the Wednesday after Epsom, over the Hippodrome  
 Course; the winner of the Riddlesworth, Column, 2,000gs., 1,000gs., or New-  
 market stakes, to carry 5lb. extra; of the Derby or Oaks, 10lb. extra; weights not  
 accumulative. These stakes to have 56 nominations at least, or the 1,000 sovs.  
 will not be given.

	Covered by
Alder's, Mr. W. R., Mandolene, by Waxy, 3lb.....	Glaucus
Anson's, Colonel, Cyprian, both untried .....	Jereed
Anson's, Colonel, Frailty, both untried .....	Gladiator
Anson's, Colonel, Scandal .....	Velocipede
Anson's, Colonel, Louisa .....	Velocipede
Anson's, Colonel, Rotterdam, h. untried .....	Gladiator
Anson's, Colonel, Marchesina .....	Bay Middleton
Bateman's, Mr., Apparition, by Comus .....	Camel
Becher's, Captain, jun's, br. m. by Nimrod (son of Whalebone); dam by Partisan, out of sister to Godolphin (foaled in 1823)—5lb.....	Hymen
Bentinck's, Lord G., Claw, 5lb .....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Chapeau d'Espagne, 5lb .....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Skilful, 5lb .....	Bay Middleton

Bentinck's, Lord G., Muliana, 5lb.....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Moss Rose, 5lb .....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Malvina, 5lb.....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Flycatcher, 5lb .....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Camarine, 3lb .....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Camarine's dam, 3lb.....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Cinderella, 3lb .....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Torch's dam, 3lb .....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Constantia, 3lb .....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Lady Emmeline, 3lb.....	Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Octaviana .....	Confederate and Bay Middleton
Bentinck's, Lord G., Conciliation, 3lb .....	Riddlesworth
Boswell's, Sir J., Bella, both untried.....	Bay Middleton
Bouchier's, Mr., Miss O'Neil, 3lb.....	Elis
Briskham's, Mr., Dragsman's dam.....	St. Nicholas
Chesterfield's, Lord, Arachne .....	Liverpool.
Chesterfield's, Lord, Rattle's dam .....	Camel
Colgan's, Mr. Peter, Taglioni, by Whisker, h. untried .....	Freney
Collier's, Sir F., Aunt Bliss (foaled in 1835), by Woful, out of Mandaline, m. untried .....	Bizarre
Day's, Mr. I., Maldonia, h. untried ..	Bubastes
Day's, Mr. I., Zoe, h. untried .....	Slane
Dawson's, Mr. G., Cherub (The Earl's dam) .....	Liverpool
Edwards's, Mr. W., Sneaker, by Camel.....	Jerry
Edwards's, Mr. W., Esmeralda, by Zinganee m. untried.....	Jerry
Eglinton's, Lord, Spaewife .....	Liverpool
Eglinton's Lord, Zillah, h. untried .....	Sheet Anchor
Eglinton's, Lord, Rectitude, h. untried .....	Bay Middleton
Etwall's, Mr., Mantilla.....	Defence
Etwall's, Mr., Mopsa h. untried.....	Venison
Forster's, Mr. W., Combat's dam, half-bred .....	Defence
Forster's, Mr. W., Nike, m. untried .....	Defence
Forth's, Mr., sis. to Marvel, foaled in 1835, 5lb .....	Elis
Garrad's, Mr. J., Gaiety .....	Camel
Herbert's Mr., Nanine, 3lb. ....	Elis
Herbert's, Mr., Clara, by Filho da Puta, 3lb. ....	Elis
Herbert's, Mr., Gulnare .....	Economist & Freney
Holme's, Mr., Vinegar h, untried ..	Freney
Houldsworth's, Mr., Destiny, by Sultan, 5lb.....	Tipple Cider
Houldsworth's, Mr., Virginia, h. untried, 3lb.....	Tipple Cider
Howe's, Mr., Eliza Leeds.....	Bizarre
Hussey's, Mr. T., Firefly, both untried .....	Maple
Kelly's, Mr. P., Vignette, by Partisan, out of Landscape, by Rubens, 5lb. ....	Bran
Key's, Mr., Zingiber, by Zinganee, out of Ruth, both untried	Maplebeck
King's, Mr., Sketch, 3lb.....	Bran
King's, Mr., Babel, 3lb. ....	Riddlesworth & Glau- cus
King's, Mr. V., Caroline, by Whalebone, 3lb. ....	Rockingham
Knox's, Mr., Guiccioli .....	Economist and Freney
Lichtwald's, Mr., Streamlet .....	Saracen and Demetrius
Maitland's, Mr. A. C., Dirmid's dam.....	Tomboy
Maley's, Mr., b. m. Possima, m untried .....	Defence
Maley's, Mr., b. f. by Hussar, out of The Tartar's dam, half- bred, both untried.....	Elis
Meiklam's, Mr., Margaretta, by Actæon, 5lb .....	Inheritor
Miltown's, Lord, Porta, both untried .....	Birdcatcher, (sister of Sir Hercules)
Miltown's, Lord, Brandy Bet .....	Economist



Miltown's, Lord, Potteen, both untried .....	Birdcatcher, (sister of Sir Hercules)
Neville's, Mr., Eyesore, by Castrel, h. untried.....	Mundig
Noble's, Mr. W., Lady Lowman, both untried.....	Inheritor
Ogden's, Mr., Sarah, by Tramp, out of Polly, Oliver .....	Voltaire
Parkin's, Mr., Broadwath's dam.....	Liverpool
Peel's, Colonel, Garoia, h. untried.....	Slane
Peel's, Colonel, Hester, both untried.....	Slane
Potterton's, Mr. T. B., Gift, by Priam, out of Lillian, by Lottery, both untried .....	Mundig
Ramsay's, Mr., Lady Easby, h. untried .....	Inheritor
Richmond's, Duke of, Baleine, 5lb .....	Bay Middleton
Richmond's, Duke of, Estelle, 5lb.....	Bay Middleton
Richmond's, Duke of, The Soldier's Daughter, 5lb.....	Venison
Sadler's, Mr., Defender's dam.....	Defence
Sadler's, Mr., Europa .....	Defence
Sadler's, Mr., Folly .....	Defence
Sadler's, Mr., Euryone.....	Defence
Sandiland's, Mr. J., Lady Stepney, both untried .....	Inheritor
Taunton's, Mr., Goldfringe, by Phantom, or Waterloo, out of Goldwire, both untried .....	Elis
Waller's, Mr., Enterprise, sister to Deception (foaled in 1834), both untried .....	Slane
Westera's, Colonel, Vat.....	Plenipotentiary
Westminster's, Lord, Decoy, 3lb. ....	Touchstone
Westminster's, Lord, Languid, 5lb. ....	Touchstone
Westminster's, Lord, Brocade, 5lb. ....	Touchstone
Westminster's, Lord, Laura, 3lb. ....	Touchstone
Westminster's, Lord, Maid of Honour, 3lb.....	Touchstone
Westminster's, Lord, Sarcasm, 3lb. ....	Pantaloon.
Whittington's Mr. G. T., Whitmore, hf. bd., both untried ...	Job
Whittington's, Mr. G. T., Cinderella, h. untried .....	Onus (s. of Came)
Whittington's, Mr. G. T., Blue Bottle, half bred .....	Eryx.
Whittington's, Mr. J., m. by Actæon (foaled in 1834), out of Lady Emmeline, by Y. Phantom, 5lb.....	Rockingham
Whitworth's, Mr., Lady Moore Carew, 3lb. ....	Tomboy
Wreford's, Mr., Monimia .....	Camel
Wreford's, Mr., Margellina, h. untried.....	Bay Middleton
Wreford's, Mr., Victoria, h. untried.....	Sultan Junior
Wreford's, Mr., Mouche, h. untried.....	Bay Middleton
Wreford's, Mr., Westaria, m. untried.....	Camel
Wreford's, Mr., Wadastra, m. untried.....	Camel
Wyndham's, General, Hercules .....	Nonsense
Wyndham's, General, Vashti .....	Nonsense

Several nominations came too late, but still claim to be admitted, and intend appealing to the Jockey Club.

#### STEEPLE CHASES TO COME.

Dunchurch.....	Feb. 11	Blackburn .....	March 12
Louth and South Wold.....	12	Boston .....	12
Brocklesby Hunt .....	18	Nottingham .....	16
Bath (Close) .....	21	Northampton .....	26
Bath (Open) .....	25	Cheltenham .....	April 2
Liverpool.....	March 5		

LIVERPOOL GREAT STEEPLE CHASE ENTRY.

Lord Sefton na. the Weaver, late Demi-doff	Captain Fairlie's Pyramid
Lord Macdonald's The Nun	Mr. Osbaldeston na. Barefoot
Mr. Elmore's Lottery	Mr. L. Whittle's Daxon
Mr. Villebois, jun's Jerry	Mr. W. A. Rose's Spolasco
Mr. A. L. Goodman's Vandyke	Mr. Robertson's Honesty
Count Bathyany na. Weathercock	Mr. Robertson's Legacy
Mr. White na. ch. g. The Forester	Captain Richardson's Deceiver
Mr. J. Peel na. Guadeloupe	Mr. Ferguson's Rust
Sir Edward Mostyn's Seventy-four	Mr. Goodwin's The Duenna
Mr. Theobald's Pauline	Mr. Thomas Whittaker's Cruikshanks, late Stranger
Sir Thomas Stanley na. b. g. St. Paul	Mr. Barry's Arthur
Captain Edwards's Defence	Mr. Power's Valentine
Mr. Speed's b. h. Tushingham	Mr. Caldwell's Fieschi
Lord William Beresford na. Matadore	Lord Chesterfield na. Ansterlitz
Mr. J. P. Somers' b. g. Patron, late Rowland	Lord Craven na. Magpie
Mr. Justice na. br. mt. Hasty, by Harry	Mr. William Stanley na. Mahomet
Mr. W. H. Hornby's The Lady, by Velocipede	Hon. A. Villiers na. Verrial
Mr. Stevenson's True Blue	Mr. Williamson na. Conservative
Mr. Peter's Syntax	Mr. Calvert na. The Queen
Mr. Knaresborough's ch. h. Dan O'Connell	Mr. C. Marshall's Railroad
Mr. Devine na. b. g. Antonio	Sir D. Baird's Pioneer
Mr. Ashton na. Grayling	Mr. F. Seymour na Abd-el-Kader
Mr. Gardner's ch. h. b. Welcome	Mr. G. Hamilton na. Decidér
Mr. H. M. Blake's Sarah	Mr. Powell na. Isaac
Lord Howth's ch. h. Honesty	Mr. Chalmondeley na. Prickbelt
Lord Howth's ch. h. The Augean	Mr. Reynard na. Melbotrre
Lord Waterford's The Sea	Mr. Leche na. Revenge
Lord Waterford's Columbine	Mr. Rawlins na. Rex
	Mr. S. Barry na. Valentine, by Lottery
	Colonel Copeland na. Adrian
	Mr. Collett na. Mischief.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

2000 GUINEAS STAKES.

Confederate.....	8 to 1 agst. (tk)	Grey Milton.....	14 to 1 agst. (tk)
Ottoman.....	8 to 1 agst.	Confederate and War-	
Wardan.....	8 to 1 agst. (tk)	dan.....	50, even

DERBY.

Scott's lot.....	5 to 1 agst.	Grey Milton.....	30 to 1 agst.
Theon.....	15 to 1 agst.	Lady Sarah colt.....	gone.
Angelica colt.....	15 to 1 agst.	Prince Albert.....	coming.
Bokhara.....	18 to 1 agst.	Fitzroy.....	40 to 1 agst.
Confederate.....	18 to 1 agst.	Assassin.....	50 to 1 agst.
Launcelot.....	16 to 1 agst.	Chameau.....	} high odds.
Muley Ishmael.....	17 to 1 agst.	Mononops.....	
Ottoman.....	24 to 1 agst.	Torres Vedras.....	
Wardan.....	28 to 1 agst.	Dread Nought.....	
St. Andrew.....	30 to 1 agst.	Mollineux.....	
Gambist.....	30 to 1 agst.	Morgan Rattler.....	
Glencorchy.....	gone.	Black Bess.....	

OAKS.

Crucifix.....	4 to 1 agst.	Rowton's dam.....	12 to 1 agst.
Lalla Rookh.....	8 to 1 agst.	Japonia.....	20 to 1 agst.

THE  
**New Sporting Magazine.**

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have great pleasure in announcing to our Subscribers and Readers, that we are considerably reinforced in the number as well as strength of our Contributors. The able writer, under the signature of *Cacus*, will continue his papers on Foreign sports. We are also in possession of a very clever article from the talented pen of *SHAMROCK*, whose spirited sketches of "Hibernian Jocks" in *Bell's Life*, have of late attracted so much attention. We shall also, in our next Number, treat our Readers with a contribution from *THOMAS HOOD*, who is a sportsman as well as a wit. We are rich in sound, as well as spirited, matter, from able hands, for the instruction and amusement of intelligent Readers.

We have received *A. C. B's* paper, and will write him anon by the post.

The second poem of *Sandie Gray* requires a great deal too much *heel-piecing*, to fit it for the Public. We are obliged to him for his intentions.

The "*Nôtitia Venâtica*" will be continued, we trust, in our next.

Our next Number will certainly be enriched by "Thoughts on breeding and rearing Blood-Stock."

The Author of "*Salmon Fishing in the Wye*," will see that, as *Madame Vestris* would say on the Queen's state visit,—"*Every seat in that box is taken*." The paper shall be sealed up and left for him at our publisher's.

The proffered article on the *Devon Rivers*, if approved on perusal, would be acceptable.

"*Hunting Miseries*," by *Miserrimus*—as soon as possible.

*Hark Holla* is thanked. He will see that we have attended to him.

Our Correspondent at *Nuneaton* shall hear from us. We entreat his patience.

"*An Old Salmon Fisher*" is thanked, and we shall be glad to hear from him again.





THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

London, Published 1846, for the Proprietors at the Athenaeum, 49, Abchurch Lane.

## GREY MOMUS.

Painted by A. COOPER, R.A. Engraved by J. W. ARCHER.

It is indeed to be lamented that this gallant Grey is lost to the English Stud. His noble owner sold him to Count Hahn, and he is now *servng* in Germany. A more beautiful, a more honest animal, and possessing in his veins the blood of Comus and Cervantes, never stood in clothes, or stept under the small saddle in the radiance of condition, up to the starting post.

The Painting, from which this Engraving is so beautifully executed, will be exhibited at the exhibition in the Royal Academy this year.

## THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

Drawn and Engraved by PRIOR.

In the autumn of 1837, about midway between the confines of the Black Forest and Carlsruhe (in the Grand Duchy Baden), two keepers or huntsmen, in the service of the Grand Duke's, at a distance, perceived an eagle pounce on some object upon the ground. They approached cautiously towards the *preyer* and the *preyee*; and found the former in the act of devouring a hare: so absorbed too with the rapture of its banquet, that it showed no cognizance of the intrusion of the keepers. The men were anxious to secure the highly taloned bird alive. Accordingly one of the men threw off his jacket, and availing himself of a rise in the ground, to get as near as possible, rushed upon it suddenly from the rear, and by the help of his comrade, (to use an American phrase,) "awfully captivated it." They cut his wings, and at the imminent risk of having their eyes and hands torn, brought it safely home; and it lived some time in chains in an out-house at Carlsruhe. Chains to an eagle are death. But this bird (the incident of its capture having being related to the artist by whom the illustration has been executed,) stood for its picture. It was a female eagle of the golden species, and was extremely large and fierce.

## THE PRESERVES AT HUNGERFORD.

BY GREGORY GREYHOUND, ESQ.

“Not where they eat, but where they are eaten.”  
*Hamlet.*

You sportsmen may talk of the world as you will,—  
 Of the burst through the valley, the stalk o'er the hill ;  
 But I—who am town-bound—though once I drew breath  
 (The dear breath of childhood !) o'er meadow and heath—  
 Can beat for my game where I never can fail,  
 Can find my sure pheasant,—my widgeon,—my quail ;  
 Can hare-it,—or snipe-it,—can teal-it,—or lark-it ;—  
 And ne'er be warn'd off, too—at Hungerford Market !

What—what is the gun—the percussion—the barrel,—  
 But an exquisite engine for quibble and quarrel ;  
 The *Manton* is all very well for the moor,  
 But it leads to long strides and long strifes with a boor !  
 Without gaiters,—stern shoes,—and the dark velyeteen,—  
 I can tread o'er the pavement, as though o'er the green ;—  
 And my spirit at seeing a hare, seems to hark-it !  
 Though it hangs by its swift heels,—at Hungerford Market.

All green shades,—all counties,—all countries, I find,  
 By dead feathers wing'd me, flit into my mind ;  
 The Ptarmigan brings me its white and bleak clime,—  
 And the water-birds swim to me all in true time ;  
 The cock of the woods can be mine from the hills,—  
 And all the short birds with the very long bills ;  
 So that wood-it,—or wild-it,—or field-it,—or park it,—  
 There is no such sure cover—as Hungerford Market !

The keepers—oh ! are they not all,—all the same,  
 As to watching, and warding, and *selling* the game ?  
 As all other keepers,—they *find* if you *pay*,  
 And—shillings indifferent—i'faith so are they !  
 No brow of a hill brings the sweat to the brow,  
 No tramp o'er the land, that has rolled to the plough ;  
 Yet all sorts of game, be it light,—or be dark it,  
 Abound in the covers of Hungerford Market !

G. G.



## A RABBIT PITCH AT BRADGATE PARK, LEICESTERSHIRE.

As a constant reader of your Magazine, I beg leave to contribute a trifle to its "stock of harmless pleasure." And should I not come strictly within what is understood by the term "*thorough sporting*," some allowance must be made for a female pen. I can only with perfect confidence assert, that I have but attempted to describe a scene and a sport (if it may be so denominated), which came under my own eye.

The practice of thinning Rabbit Warrens by Pitches, a practice so common in many parts of England, may appear to the true, or rather ardent and liberal sportsman, as approximating a little too closely to *poaching*; but to one who, like myself, enjoys nature under her wildest as well as her most simple appearances,—a Rabbit Pitch carries with it as great a zest as the severest and truest course run on the downs of Wiltshire, ever awoke in the heart of a devoted courser.

The scene I am about to describe, and which I seek to enrol in the agreeable columns of your valuable Periodical, took place at Bradgate, in Leicestershire, a spot yet hallowed in the memory of many a brave sportsman;—and by none held more dear than by the party who now offers a tribute to its early associations. The Pitch in question was set a few years after the Earl of Stamford had sold his pack of fox-hounds;—that pack—the pride—the boast—the heart's-blood of its huntsman! the crack pack of the country. It was at this period, being myself a resident in the humble but beautiful cottage of this excellent sportsman, that there appeared one evening a more than usual commotion in him and his family—and upon enquiry, it was found that one of the largest Pitches of the Park was that night to be set. I, of course, made one of the party, and accordingly about three o'clock on a bright moonlight morning, we all sallied forth "to the death" of many an inoffensive little member of the *grey* family!

I know not whether your readers, the principal part of which must doubtless come under the denomination of sportsmen, will tolerate so great an innovation on honest sport, as that of which I am now attempting a description, but it is not a period of more than thirteen years ago that I beheld Lord Grey (the son of the present Earl of Stamford), and a single friend of his Lordship, in the brief space of six hours, destroy, by the gun, 360 couple of Rabbits! Was this sporting? Not according to my idea of the rules of a generous Pastime; and when I beheld the cart that was summoned from the keeper's lodge to contain the furry result of the massacre, I could not help jotting it down in my

heart as complete butchery! It was unadulterated death on the spot, for the poor grey objects of terror were not allowed even the common chance of a run for life and liberty! But to return—

I shall never forget the sensations that haunted me as I accompanied Mr. Hardey (at that time keeper) through the little wicket of the Lodge, out,—upon the wild and romantic scenery by which we were on every side surrounded. The dark wood (rook-possessed) that skirted the dwelling,—the mantling towers saddening in age and decay,—and rendered dear to the heart of every Englishman and Englishwoman from their being the birth-place, the country home,—and the nourisher in youth, by nature (“the kindest mother still”), of the unhappy, the peerless, the murdered Lady Jane Grey!—the bleak hills of Charnwood,—and lastly, the pale cold and stillness of the moonlight scene at this shudder of the early morning,—all contributed to impress me with a kind of awe which bewildered my youthful feelings then,—but which I have since learned so well to understand. I looked at my dear companion. He was a thin shadowy man—age had not as yet imperatively claimed him;—and yet there were furrows of care slightly ploughed in; and thought (which never with age comes unattended by melancholy) had evidently “marked him for her own;” to be the possessor of every comfort, even to luxury; it was therefore impossible for me to comprehend the dejection with which he pursued a duty that promised to every one else hilarity, and the invigorating health from healthy amusement. I was not long, however, in ignorance of the cause—a total silence on his part had prevailed until we reached the Kennels, which had been large and commodious, but were now neglected and they had been formed out of a portion of the old Hall,—solitary. The feeding house,—the spacious yards,—and the ever-babbling stream which carried throughout health and cleanliness, to the noble stud that dwelt therein, all,—all, as it should seem, the work and arrangement of himself,—were more than he could bear to look and rest the mind upon. The muscles of his features worked, and a heavy sigh escaped him.

“This place is not as it used to be,” he murmured. “Before the Earl sold the hounds, it was a settlement of itself. Dogs,—feeders,—horses, and men!—Why! I have stood at nearly a mile’s distance, and their voices have come to my ears like so many bells.”

“You regret their loss then?” was but a natural question.

“Regret them! Much as I love yonder scampering haggages (pointing to his children), I would let any one of them go out to service in

a hard world, to purchase a return of the happiness the very sight of a full-filled kennel afforded me!"

Mr. Hardey was a huntsman to the back-bone,—and if he could no longer be allowed to manage the pack, it was not to be supposed that he could bear their loss, without the desire of retaining one or two favourites.

Two tried old dogs yet remained to him, and both on this occasion had stolen quietly—almost imperceptibly,—after the steps of their master. It seemed also as if Nature, working in common sympathy with the scene, the hour, and the thought, united man and quadruped; for, at sight of their old habitation, they leapt joyously around and upon him! The greeting was reciprocal,—a moment he bent over them,—patted their long ears, and then exclaiming, in his usual authoritative tone, as he pushed them from him,—“Back, Venture, back!—Manager be quiet!” he paused—and then with a sort of inward shudder, went silently on his way.

Need I add, that shortly after this, Mr. Hardey died,—I was going to add, of a broken heart. Unable to sustain the loss of his mass of favourites—unable to bear the silence and solitude of a spot that had so lately rung with “the old familiar voices,”—he literally walked on the path towards death,—and if his employer paid but little regard to the life-retirement of a good man and true sportsman, the midland counties lost, and knew they lost, as keen a fox-hunter, and as hard a rider, as either Quorndon or Melton have ever since been able to take pride in!

Two trifling incidents respecting this able huntsman, I will intrude upon your readers before I come to my attempt at a description of a rabbit pitch.

The late Marchioness of Salisbury was not an unfrequent follower of the Bradgate hounds, and once, as she attempted to leap one of the Park gates, her horse faltered, and she remained in a very perilous situation. Mr. Hardey was at hand to rescue her. Her Ladyship was fortunately unhurt, but the horse would not a second time attempt the gate, which was more than sufficient to enrage this determined Lady; for, while she thanked him for his assistance, she added—

“Are these your gates, Hardey? (I fear she administered to the huntsman *an oath*, not usually heard in a legal court.) I shall owe Lord Stamford a grudge for barricading in this manner. But I am not going to be let through like a common foot passenger; lend me your horse!—mine does not deserve the name of one.”

However annoying to the huntsman, for the dogs were in full chase before them, there could be no denial. The horses were exchanged, and the Marchioness, with a spirit worthy of the ablest sportsman, actually cleared the timber, whilst her “obedient and humble servant”

contented himself with opening the gate and following the course of her Ladyship. Both, however, were in at the death.

The second anecdote has its origin in that faithful and hardly ever forgotten attachment, that subsists between the hound and its masters. Six years after the hounds were parted with to a gentleman in Dorsetshire, whose name at this moment it is immaterial to mention; the whipper-in was conducting them across the country to some other of the gentleman's estates. Though far advanced in consumption, business had called Mr. Hardey to the other side of Atherstow, and an accidental meeting took place. Strange as it may appear, the dogs were the first to recognise their former master, and, though coupled, leapt stoutly upon him. The circumstance was too trying for one so advanced in disease. He got off his horse, and seating himself on a small bank, covered on every side by the caresses of his ancient friends,—weak and care-worn,—he actually burst into tears! That was the last of Mr. Hardey's worldly career with fox-hounds: he returned home to his family and took to his bed, from which he never rose.

I trust I may be pardoned by the lovers of the chace, this little history of an individual whose name is still revered in Leicestershire, and whose greatest misfortune was his early, long, unshaken, never-dying attachment to hunting. Having digressed thus far, I once more return to a sport I would I were better able to describe.

The place picked out for that night's Pitch was at the base of a hill, known by the name of Startstow. It had been a favourite place for the hounds to throw off at, and at the commencement of Lord Stamford's love of hunting, or perhaps of remoter date, when the red deer of Charnwood gave amusement and zest to the epicurean taste of royalty, had probably derived its name from that very circumstance. Be that as it may, to this spot we went. The two hounds, Venture and Manager, who had so unceremoniously stolen from their resting place, were sent back with a reprimand; but the various posse of spaniels; terriers, and lurchers were duly coupled together, and with us; we were all watching the moonlight shadows of each other, and treading with cautious steps lest the sound of our feet on the crisp grass might alarm the outposts of the ever-watchful rabbit. The men with the nets proceeded some yards before us, and as they commenced staking in the grounds appointed to be hunted by the side of the brawling brook, I placed myself on one of the adjoining rocks, quietly to await a summons to the coming skurry.

As I sat awhile, sometimes listening to the murmuring waters, sometimes straining my eyeballs over the dusky expanse, a black rabbit (a kind which in childhood we used to denominate "the parson," and

which are not unfrequent amid the well-burrowed warrens of Bradgate), jerked suddenly across my feet as if making for the brook, and perceiving the nets, struck as suddenly into the fern. I watched its progress, as it rustled under the decayed herbage, with anxiety.

"It may be an old friend," thought I, "I will save that rabbit's life, if it's possible."

The determination led to a train of pleasurable recollections, that continued unbroken until the first halloo for the dogs gave notice it was time for the sport to begin.

Away went men—children—and animals. The latter,—with wagging tails,—ears erect,—yelping tongues,—pushed into every tuft and brake. The former with their sticks kept knocking and beating every bush that stunted their progress. Now we were ankle-deep in swamp, or occasionally lost our footing over the slippery ground, whilst the ill-fated little throng, whose haunts had been so suddenly disturbed, scampered on every side,—trusting,—hoping,—to regain their holes before the ingenuity of man should complete their destruction! But vain was such expectation! The nets had been far too securely placed to admit of escape. Here and there, one, perhaps,—stronger than the rest,—would by a hazardous leap bound out of the prison of death, and so secure his liberty. The principal were entangled, and so became the prey—not of dogs,—for they were not permitted to touch them,—but of men.

Despite the interest which I had shared in common with my companions, I nevertheless watched over the tuft that contained the black rabbit. Dog after dog was prevented from hunting near the spot, until, diverted from my office by endeavouring to render assistance to a pale-faced curly-headed little girl, the daughter of Mr. Hardey, who, too eager in her exertions, had slipped her footing, I was under the necessity of deserting it,—a post, which, for my *protégé* at that moment became too perilous for him to retain. Away he ran, followed by a brace of busy, ravaging, savaging terriers, after whom I ran, accompanied by the child. But I was too late to save the life of the *clergyman*. Before he reached the net, terror had so completely overpowered him, that he fell exhausted and absolutely died of fright.

Our pastime continued for the space of four hours, and we returned to the Lodge with a plentiful supply of rabbits; as usual on such occasions, we found a well-furnished breakfast, each one contented with himself or herself, and fitted with an appetite to do justice to the good things on the early and unpretending table.

"And what," your readers will say, "after all, is a rabbit pitch?—Only a little netting,—by a brook-side at daylight,—with an old man and some meddling children,—and a few terriers in the fern!" Well,

it is nothing else! Yet, what is any sport,—but dear from its peculiar hour,—its thrill of scenery,—its charm of association!

“Yea! the poor rabbit that we set around,  
In corporal bustle, gives a joy as great  
As when a Red Stag dies!”

I am, Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

A HUNTSMAN'S DAUGHTER.

### LETTER FROM A SECOND WHIP.

“sir—i take advarntidge of Livving in a peny post age to Drop yeu a line, tho betwene yeu and me and the Wal i doant think my lordship the erl of lichfield has shode his postmaster genaralship in Reducein his self so lo, wich in my oppinion it wil turn out Peny wise and pound foolish. Sir a felow sirvent Rites this wich thereby hangs a Tail Bean in coarse verry much Dceevd by the noospapers sayin after the Tenth of giniwary awl the pore pepel wood be Abel to Rite ass Wel ass there Beters, but juge off my shagreen after boroing a Shete off the Larn-dres and bying haf a point of hink out off my one poket and boroing a Steal pen from master's hink orn (wich owever that is no Grate mater, ass masters got a pare of orns) only juge off my Asstonishment wen i found i cood not Rite a leter, and insted of Bean abel to Drop yew a line ass xpect was obleegt to Drop it alltogether. But i hav Aplide too 1 off my Felow sirvents (if sich a turm may be ust to a Fee-mail) namely Elen ousmade woo has always bean verry Ableeing in moor ways than 1, wich she now Takes up my pen with plessure to inform yew that i ope yew ar Quite wel and injying Gud helth wich is the ods of me for i am injying verry Bad helth oing to a terrabl fal in the Late frost wich going out to Skate i got a most dredfull Flounder and upon my Sole i doant think i shal get rid off the Plaice ass lungs i breathe.

“ Butt to percede to Bisnes with Bisnes, fust and plessure arfter as the chap sed wen he went to By a coffin for his wife, sir my name is Wil Witlether and i am 2nd wip to the \* \* \* \* \* Unt. i tel yew this Confidently wich i ope yew wil not Blob, but if yew Think our Sportive perceedings in these parts wuth yewr Serius attention i shal be verry appy to forard yew haff a ounce off Litteratur ass offen ass yew and Elen ous made are Agreeable. sir i select yewr maggyzeen Becaws master takes it in and Alows us wips and untsmen to rede it after hes

dun, not that theirs anny grate obligasion, ass it has allwys maid the Round off the Sirvents all afore it Gets into his cluches. To begin upon the Ladys—ass our frensh cuk ses, Plass O d—m! sir i am verry sorry that her most Grashus madgesty has turnt out sich a hexperand orseman ass it has maid awl our yung ladys hearabouts foller her Rial xampel and becum her Hakney subjex, and even the marred ladys cant be Esy without wantin to go Singel agen. sir i shoodent mind this only they wil cum out to Foller the ounds, and sir without Bean personable ow the devvle is ounds to carry a sent wen theirs sich a smel off hotto off rosis and lavvinder water and bergymott and O D colon and rowlans's makasir wich these ladys put on their hair to sich a Degre i am Ableegt to cry War hair 100 times a minuet. Then sir xcuse my libberty if i say i think wen ladys go out to unt Fox they shoodent Run riot arter Buck, and in particler if miss Sofire \* \* \* \* \* will get Corting with tawl mister \* \* \* \* \* i wish shede take a Line of her own and not xpose me to the unplesant necessary of standin Lissenin behind a holy bush were i was sent to vew away the fox, til at last it cum to sich a Pich i was forsed to cry Tallio at randum and afterwords Got blew up ski hi by master for caling away the ounds wen they was setling to their fox at the uther end of the Cuvver.

“sir my next cumplaint is the yung men namely in Adishun to there siggars and there Shams wich is awl make beleave and wus if possabel then the lavvendar warter and hotto of rosis they wil ride so Wild and Boltin that it is a tos up wich is wurst there 2 much Fire or there 2 much Smoke. In partickler i must menshun Them ass rides Thurrow bred uns wich as the frensh cuk ses is allwys goin *ventur and tear* and ather over ridin the ounds or els Ridin over em. Ass i told l off em the uther day Caling out War ound woant Peace a brokn dogs leg, no moor nor wont cryin war Oss mend a brokn Oss humorous. sir its verry heavydent they doant cum out to unt so much ass to set l anuther at a jump wich for Raspers i nevver sea sich Rasperry chaps in awl my life and as for pearls they Care no moor for em then Nothink and its rely only Throing pearls befour swines ass the saing is. To sea em go along yew wood Think they was a stepel chasing with a pak off Wether cocks insted off fox ounds, and law bless yew they make no moor off a bruk or a rivilet then i do off a glas of Brandy and warter, and wen they cum to a Bulfinch they make quite a Lark of it and never think off a Crane.

“Sir my next complaint is Mastirs of cuvvers kikkin up a row with there game kepers wen we caint dis cuvver a fox, wich my Bruther who is a Son of a gun hisselfses the Way is to tel em to kil the foxs in privet and then to Blo em up for it in Public wich ass the old fox

unting saying is its unposabel to run with the hair and old with the ounds, and sir my Honnorabel opinion is that no game keper ass calss himself a Gentil man orts to submit to it Leastwise sich Howdashus conduck orts to be considerd Hansum in the wagis. sir if i was my own bruther i wood not Run my sole into Wikkidnis for les then 5 pound Per anum. The sam of traps and *spring guns*, sir its awl very wel to say there Only set too kil Human beans and maim nayberly pochers but if sli renard is fulish anuff to Pas that way its *la maim shaws*, as cuck ses. And sir Wild cats dusednt mend the mater for ass i say That must be a umane trap indede ass Wood refuse to take away the Single life off a fox But makes no Bones off the 9 lifes off a cat. Catch em at it!

“sir my next complaint is the Rumatiz wich i hav got a tail to Unfold Going awl up my back and over my shoalders and threw my Hed and out at my elbows acumpnide by Sluting panes in my lowr reguns and sich Weeknes (for this Last fortnite) in my Hips ass scacely can old my Rains. The tail is this namely Haveing cut out off a noos-paper a hexelent advertisment for the Rumatiz only think the kimmist reding the rong side and sending me a pot off Thorns poted yarmuth Bloters insted wich haveing tuk the hole off at a dose mixt up in rasperry Jam have bean sufering from a Hard row ever sins. Mastir ses it was suf Fishent to choke a wale and 'O mister edditer i wish you cod feel the Herrinks stikking in my side and sich a swiming in my hed as if awl the Blothers in Yarmuth was a swiming about in it, and as frensh cuk ses fish is Pisen in frensh yes ses i and in inglish too if yew doant mind wich side off the papar yew apply to your rumatiz.

“But too return too our sports, sir in regard of Coarsing am. sorry to say our Club has not turnt out Trumps—not from any Rarry nishness of hairs wich o contrary, as frensh cuk ses, we hav moor game then we want But on acount off crismas time, namely the farmers Wil make us algo in and tast there Taps and ete poke pi wich consequentally the verry fust day Boath the humpires got so Disgized in likker ass dident no themselfs and coodent dixtinguish the Turns for seing Dubbles, in consequents of wich sum of the mastirs of the Long dogs takking em up veary short sune after led to a Dele of hi lo langwige and the end of it was they gev over Runing anny moor pairs, and began Coursing I anuther. I gentel man cald a nuther gentel man a Lyre, and kept Harping on the wurd for sich a lung time ass at last the other Returnd the cumplement by caling him a d——d rog But have sins herd nayther ment nothink pursonel so hav returnd Boath masters cavaldry pistles wich they had Borwd for givin mutal Sattisfaction. So evvery Body bean apollogized the club wil go on ass a mater of



Course, tho i hope next time they meat they wil not giv luse to sich Course langwidge.

“ Sir in Shuting i must be Open with yew. Sins fessants and partridges ar no longer maid game off But sold at the poulsterers jist like Dux and Turks the pochers is becum moor hawdashus then nevrer, takning the yung birds befour they can fli, and in sum instants hav bean axually cort a Pooching eggs. The way they dew it is with wat they cal Air guns, wich they hav a way of muzeling their guns, which prevents em maken a nise, just the same as muzeling a dog prevents his bitin only a verry smal peace out off yewr leg And the way they Lode em is Nothink but air, wich i supose is rapt up into cartriges in bits of Blether or pattant makkintosh and thin Ramd down with a hinvisable ramrod, After wich yew hav Nothink to dew but Blo into the tuch ole and pul a Air triger, but ass i never Here I go off only speke from Repports.

“ Sir the Stepel chase is postpond on account off the Church wardings haveing Refusd the use of the Church Stepel to run agen. sum off the members propozed the Win mil insted and Last toosday the race was to Cum of, but unfortynat Bean grindin day the milner woodent Stop the mil and the osses awl takin frite at the Sales coodent be got neerer then the last feeld—awl xcept yung mister Sharpshinss who haveing Hired the milners oss and Enterd him for the ocashun he tuk him Rite up to the mil dore and never stopty til he got his hed into the Bran chest, wich in coarse Sharpshins clames the prize But is considerd he has plaid his Cards in sich a Dimond cut. Dimond fashun ass is Determind to apeel to the joky Club. . .

“ sir yew must xcuse my cuming to a Sudin end, ass Elen ous made is obleegt to go and make the Beds, wich ass she laffably ses, now i hav dun with yeur Peny poster i must go and atend to my 4 posters—and ganlantry diktates I gud turn deserves a nother, so mums the word!

Sir yewr obediant, sirvent, to Comand, Wil Witlether.

“ P.S. Seing by my Curl papers (wich Alow me to say Boath me and missis is far two Genteel to Bob our hairs in anythink but the mornin post) that reverrant bishop Fillpot and lord Broom is interducung so-shallism to the notiss off the publik i Beg to ask Unbenown to wilyam if in case i Mary him if i shal be stil Liabel to the advantiges off big-gamy, and if in case off wilyam’s dying fust and Leveing me awl his savings wil my uther 6 sirviving usbands hav a Rite to share and share alike the property betwene them? Realy it is verry kind off my lord Broom and the bishop Puting us poor countrifide sirvent mades up to sich things and if ever i cum to injy sich a Larg istablishment i shal consider it awl Owen to them.

sir yewrs Unbenown to wilyam

ELEN SPRIGGS.”

## ANTI-CORROSIVES FOR MIDDLE AND OLD AGE.

## A SONG.

You ask for a song ! it were more than absurd  
 To hope for a song, from so tuneless a bird ;—  
 One melody only my temper doth suit,  
 Most eloquent music ! Foxhounds running mute ;  
 My heart and my whiskers, have both had their day,  
 My heart is grown cold, and my whiskers grown grey,  
 A bottle of dye can *their* colour restore,  
 But the heart's bloom once lost, oh ! is lost evermore !—

For I feel, not alas ! as I once may have felt,  
 When this heart, now so cold, before beauty could melt,  
 When loved notes came forth from a voice soft and clear,  
 The *Addio mio caro*, still rings in my ear !—  
 When the nights were consumed in soft breathings and sighs,  
 And the hours most befitting those mild southern skies ;  
 When the nights were too short, and the day broke too soon,—  
 And we wish'd there was no other orb but the moon !

But those days all are gone, as the " light summer cloud,"  
 And the future comes wrapt in Despair's dismal shroud ;  
 What resource then remains, but to exorcise Care,  
 And expel from the heart's core, that Vampire, Despair ?  
 With me there remains but to baffle the Fiend,  
 Good foxhounds, stout steeds, all more fleet than the wind.  
 When the mariner's wrecked, his kind stars he may thank,  
 Should Fortune perchance in his way throw a plank !

Oh you ! who your bark of bright visions have stove,  
 On the rocks of Ambition, or quicksands of Love ;  
 Hope throws to old age, as a final resort,  
 A *mahogany plank*, just to bring you to *Port* !  
 I've preached but a sermon, you asked for a song,—  
 More music say you, in the crack of my thong ;  
 To musing and sadness, I'm too much inclined,  
 But unkennel the hounds ; *they'll* hunt care from my mind !

## FINAL CHORUS.

Then fill for the toast, which all tempers may suit ;  
 Scent lying breast high, and the pack running mute,  
 And the bottle to follow the death of the brute !

## A LETTER ON THE CONDITION OF THE HUNTER,

DEAR HARRY.

You ask my advice so earnestly as to the management of your hunters, and stable in general, that though I feel inadequate to the task of giving you what may be considered the best advice on every point, still I am vain enough to think, I can give you a great deal of useful knowledge on the subject, and many hints, which, by experience, I have proved to be well worth knowing. Few have taken more delight in the chase than I have done, and few have paid more dearly for the stock of practical knowledge they have gained, than myself. When I began my hunting career, I considered I had all that was requisite for the greatest enjoyment of the most exhilarating of all sports, when I found myself master of some of the best bits of blood which tolerably round sums could purchase. A groom, first-rate (as they all are in their own estimations), and a particularly good, and well-appointed stable; but the great thing—the great thing was wanting! the knowledge of how to keep in the best condition, how to have always ready for their work, the high-priced animals I was master of—this I very soon found was not to be obtained by trusting entirely to my groom; for beyond the actual strapping of a horse, and the common routine of stable work, nine out of ten, are only wise in their own conceits; what an excellent thing it would be, especially for young sportsmen, if they would but remember this, and insist often on following the rules of common sense, in opposition to their frequently very absurd notions, the grossest of which perhaps is, that the usually practised plans of getting hunters into condition, will get all into condition, the thought never perhaps once occurring to them, that there may be quite as great a difference in the constitution of different horses as in ourselves, and we might just as well imagine that the same diet and regimen which will suit one of us, will suit all.

Now let me tell you I have proved, that in a stable of six horses, not any two could be fed exactly alike, or clothed exactly alike, to keep them in equally high condition—this can only be discovered by carefully noticing the effect which the same treatment has on different horses.

Always take the opinion of a veterinary surgeon before you conclude the purchase of a high-priced horse—the half guinea thus employed, in endeavouring not to be duped by the tricks and rascalities of dealers, and nine out of ten of those who have horses to dispose of,—is excellently well laid out, and I am confident, that had I always done so, from the time I commenced my hunting career, I should have saved myself

hundreds of pounds. My next piece of advice is, to see that your stable is kept properly ventilated; for it is incalculable the mischief that is done by this not being properly attended to, and grooms are continually erring in this point, thinking to keep their horses' coats fine by the warmth of the stable, and not as it ought to be by careful and sufficient clothing.

Your stable should by all means be a *boxed*, not a stalled, stable, for hunters, which is the arrangement now in all the best hunting establishments, and which for many reasons is far preferable, and the greatest care should be taken that the drainage (which should be in the centre of the box) is kept perfectly clear; for it should always be remembered that the health of the horse depends in a great measure upon the strictest cleanliness.

Every one is aware how necessary it is for the horse, after a hard day's work, to have perfect repose and quiet; and this object is but half gained, if the animal, the night after being hunted, is put into a separate box, his own place usually being a stall, and the box perhaps in a separate stable; he misses his companions, and even misses the noises to which he is accustomed; so far therefore from the change giving him more repose—if watched, he will be seen to appear in a state of considerable excitement; he will seem to be listening for the sounds to which he is accustomed; he will be observed to be evidently looking out for his companions; and this will therefore keep him from half the rest it is imagined he has. From this then, it will be seen how necessary it is for a hunting-stable always to be a *boxed* one; and never, when it can be avoided, should a horse be placed for the night in a strange place after severe work.

To any of my readers, who may be within a moderate distance of Bath, I would recommend them to view the stables of Haddy's repository in that city; they are well worthy of being imitated. The next point at which I arrive is the food and the manner of feeding. I need scarcely say, that all oats should be slightly bruised; for this is now so universally known, as being both highly advantageous to the horse, and particularly so to the pocket of his master, as to be unnecessary to repeat; but in addition to the oats being bruised, a small portion of chaff should with each food be given, as it obliges the animal to masticate his food well; and this, of course, assists his digestion. I shall now mention to you a species of food, in addition to oats and beans, which is found to be most beneficial to hunters, all through the season, as well as at other times. I speak of parsnips; they possess all the good and nutritious qualities of the carrot, without those which prevent the latter being used when a horse is in full work.

Parsnips possess the greatest nourishing properties, and while they

are in a slight degree cooling, they do not, like the carrot, tend to make the animal sweat;—five or six may be given to a horse daily, split in halves, chopped in small pieces, and given in two small feeds, the cooling property counteracting, in a slight degree, the feverish state in which the high feeding of the hunter, in the season, keeps him. Another crotchet I can give, which at first reading will quite startle you, but which has, nevertheless, by many, as well as myself, been proved a good one; it is constantly to let each horse have water within his reach; a bucket may always be kept at one end of the manger, or what is best, a square trough made of slate to fit the manger:—the horse, so far from drinking more, will be found not to take so much water on the whole, as he would do, if given in the usual stated times, for the horse is sensible enough to know that if he does not take plenty when offered, a length of time will elapse before he will have more;—but if the water is placed constantly near him, he will be seen frequently moistening his food with a little, instead of drinking greedily at one time.

I always have a piece of rock salt in the manger of each horse, as every animal requires salt to assist in digesting his food; and when he has not this within his reach, he may be observed licking any rough dirt, or even dung, within his reach, for the sake of the saline particles it contains.

A point which grooms from idleness are too apt to neglect, but which is of great importance, is hand-rubbing the legs; and I cannot help thinking, that Rolt's newly-invented horsehair gloves may be used with great advantage for this purpose, and produce more effect in less time than with the hand alone.

You know that for many years I have been on terms of the greatest intimacy and friendship with one of the greatest breeders of blood-horses in Europe; and from his experience, as well as my own, I am convinced that a change of diet is as beneficial to the horse, as it is to man. For those intended for speed, the greatest object is to afford ample nourishment, without too much disturbing the stomach, by overloading it with hay and other bulky food; and therefore, besides the parsnip, many nourishing roots can be given with advantage. The potatoe can be occasionally employed with good effect; and I strongly recommend your sowing a piece of poor land with furze, expressly for your horses: let the young plants be kept perfectly clean, and cut the second year after sowing; and after that, it should be mowed every year. Let the tender shoots thus cut, be passed between rollers made on purpose for bruising it, or passed through a malt or cider mill; and for *hunters* afterwards passed through the chaff-cutter, together with good wheat straw, and a little hay:—all horses are fond of it, but it should not be kept long after being bruised, as it will ferment.

Grains well drained and trodden with salt in a tub are a good change of diet at all times, and through the summer months may be largely employed in feeding hunters, whilst kept in their loose places, when great care should be taken that they do not acquire the habit of distending the stomach unnecessarily by bulky food. A strict attention to the foregoing rules, and diet, restored a favourite horse of mine, which had had a chronic cough for several years, and whose wind was supposed to be nearly, if not quite gone;—the cough entirely left him, and his wind continued so good that he was an excellent hunter till extreme old age.

The diet I have recommended has also the advantage of diminishing the necessity of giving so much medicine as is usually considered necessary previously to putting horses in condition; and, also, after their winter's work, it almost excludes nitre and other debilitating alteratives from the stable; for the diet I recommend is, in a certain degree, alterative throughout the year, and prevents that dry and feverish appearance of the skin, which is often the forerunner of serious illness.

The instructions I have given you, dear Harry, are those I have strictly practised in my own stable; and I flatter myself my horses are second to none for condition. Follow my advice for one season, and I feel confident you will not despise the crotchets of

Your's, &c. &c.

PINK.

## SPOTS FOR SPORTSMEN.

By GREGORY GREYHOUND, Esq.

Where the underwood grows  
On the brow of a hill;—  
And the clear freshet flows  
In the threads of a rill;  
Tread around,—tread about,—  
With the voice on the spring:—  
Tawny pheasants burst out,—  
By my life!—on the wing.

Go adown by the marge  
Of a wide wasted stream;  
Where the water's at large,  
Yet too languid to beam!  
Plash around,—plash about,—  
With an indolent care;  
The brown thing is near you,—  
The woodcock is there!

Then away to the spot  
Where the sunset is spread  
Over woodside and cot,—  
With the grass for its bed:—  
Beat along the dry drain,  
Ten dogs' lengths from the warm  
Sunny side of the wood;—  
There's a hare in its form!

G. G.

## RANDOM SKETCHES IN IRELAND.

## COLLEGE STUDIES.

WITH what beating hearts and trembling steps students approach the Examination Hall! What a dull unpleasant sound the old clock makes, as, on a cold October morning, it chimes the all-eventful hour—nine! More soothing far, the voice of your servant, “Fine morning—splendid scenting day—horse gone on to cover more than an hour.” Melancholy to dwell for a moment on Locke and Logic,—destroyers of the appetite,—although tempted with devilled kidneys and smoking muffins, both seductive in their way; the premium men are anxious about their expected honours; the idle scamps, nervous about being able to pass.—But the examination is over! Friends on all sides enquiring, “How did you get off?—the father watching for his *talented* son, a clever and *promising* boy (his schoolmaster said): alas, *promises* are often broken! With what a smiling face does the private tutor listen to the escapes of his pupil,—the many chances he got—his breaking to his examiner, in gentle accents, that illness, during the last three months (happy for his back had it been true), prevented his reading as much as he would have wished; then dropping a slight hint with regard to fever,—lingering remains,—not even yet completely recovered. We need scarce have apologized;—the examiner gives an easy part,—a scented cambric is extracted in haste,—he does not wish to detain. Well, think you, after getting your examinations, I may with safety send in my bill to the governor. Mark that pale, dejected, bilious, miserable looking young one! does not his appearance indicate a “cautioned man?” But to myself:—the rush over,—many were the congratulations on “getting off,”—(a T.C.D. as well as Doncaster expression):—all looked gay and cheerful; methought the sun itself shone far more bright and brilliant than when I entered the gloomy hall. But at that moment I felt much; it was my last examination; college and college days were about to pass away, and with them, college sports and college friends! In silence I pressed the many kind hands (“friendship’s offering,” as Hood would say) that were extended to me, and quickly passing on to my room,—flung aside my cap and gown,—threw myself into an arm chair, and felt as if tears would have been a relief! Was it over excitement? I cannot say; but such were my feelings at the time! And have we not oft seen a creature raised to the summit of his desires,—to the very pinnacle of happiness, and found the tear that sorrow, that disappointment, that death, could not wring,—tremble in the eye! Indeed, for a moment, I felt melancholy, but only for a moment. In looking vacantly round my apartment, the silver shining top of my whip caught my eye, then the racing cap and jacket, Sporting Magazine (the New,

we never take the Old in college) all in quick succession burst upon my delighted vision ; and, as some gentleman says, very *apropos*, " Richard was himself again ! " I went to my long locked drawer ; I took out my red coat and attentively surveyed it ; the sight revived me ! for with the coat came forth cheerful recollections, associated with happy scenes of by-gone days ! What a fall I got the day I tore that neatly patched skirt ! A wet day, aye ! and a wet night, too, when that arm was stained. Fellow sportsmen, as your eye glances over this, your hearts will beat responsive ! Do not you love to look and think on such things ? I then examined my top boots ; oh ! Day and Martin, what a wonderful invention was yours ! Your time (the time of Boots, not of D and M) is fast approaching ; one fortnight more ! Would to heaven my bills were paid !—*now* the only blank to perfect happiness. I heard a loud laugh on the stairs, the peculiar tones of which roused me from my musings. Here comes Phil, said I, the best fellow in the world ; his laugh was not to be mistaken—louder it grew ; the door with a vigorous push was most unceremoniously sent flying in, and in rushed Phil Walker ! Laying hold of an unfortunate Locke, he dashed it with well-assumed violence against the wall, and with a degree of agility I am happy to say I never since experienced, pulled, in no very gentle manner, my chair from under me and left me seated on the ground ; and, seating himself in my place, he says, " Get up, my dear fellow, and make yourself quite at home in your own room. " " Phil (said I) are you mad ? What is the matter with you ? " " Old chap (said he) I have got over my examinations in prime style. Did you ever hear of anything to equal it ? The latter end of October ! a letter from my mother this morning : *tin* enclosed. Bless her soul ! if I don't drink her health, why gratitude and whiskey must be low in Ireland ! Such shooting and such hunting ! You must join us to-night at Morrisson's. I won my bet, half a dozen of champagne, from long Thompson ; I will call for you at ten. Come out to Madden's : I want a cigar ! "

Madden ! shall I in silence pass the merits of thy saloon ! Forbid it sense ! Forbid it smoke ! Even in childhood's days I could not give a cold good-by, without a glance at the joyous faces, the many beaming countenances, as well in thy shop, as on the pipes displayed in thy windows. What happiness (thought I) could I but possess yon snuff-box ! The object of my admiration remains still unsold, proving the want of taste of the age ! On the lid you behold a very thin man with an amazing mouth yawning, while a much fatter person is in the act of driving a curricule and pair down his throat—close shaving rather. Years *rolled* over my head, and to smoke in Madden's, as yet, I had not ventured. My sagacious governor told me that only scamps went there. Was I a scamp ? no ! and therefore I would not go. However,



I was fated to break through my well-formed resolution, and the governor's command. And in a curious way fate attacked me—in the shape of *two* glasses of brandy, which I mistook for Sherry; one day while lunching at an old aunt's house, it came on me. Poor woman! she died a week after she *was told* she joined the Temperance Society; she had not the slightest recollection of having done so. The brandy was good—that I felt; yes, and I felt also, that I was queer. In walking from my aunt's towards Madden's, I laughed at every person and winked my eyes at all the Eve-kind I met. In fact I was in love with all mankind and womankind at once. I boldly flung open Mr. Madden's door; but was almost suffocated at my entering, the atmosphere was so alive with tobacco; pipes and cigars were *at work* in all directions; I never coughed or sneezed as I have since seen other young-uns do before being properly initiated. "Mild cigar?" I asked. A box was presented, accompanied by the words, "Very best weeds:" all saw that I was a raw one. At the moment a gentlemanlike person, with dyed moustash, came forth. He never asked, but took a cigar. I knew that he was an "old hand," he did it so quietly; he did not pay—I gave sixpence and got threepence change—some *friend* of the establishment, thought I; since, I have learned what rick is! I watched him bite off the end of his weed; as if unconsciously, I dittoed. He lit—so did I, not without shutting my eyes; the *fire flame* came very near my nose: I inclined on the sofa; puffed away; a pleasing languor stole on me. And when I awoke, gas supplied the place of daylight. The shades of night were setting in darksome shadows on the city; Mr. Madden told me I had been asleep four hours. A *practising* cigar, as he said, I took home in my pocket, in place of the threepence change. Such was my first introduction; and while on my way there again, allow me, courteous reader, to introduce you more formally to the individual I have the pleasure of walking with. Suppose Mr. Walker, Phil Walker, at the time I allude to, was about nineteen years of age—the *wildest scamp* in college; tall, but very thin—light hair—light body—light legs—and light heart. His body was indeed short; I won't say that a cab could be driven between his legs, and hats remain as they were before; they were so thin that it required undaunted courage to venture on them. Phil was such a fellow as we scarcely meet with, and, when once met, cannot be forgotten. With a temper never to be ruffled, he was a splendid rider and good shot, fortunate at cards—need I say he was beloved by all who knew him? Though years have passed since we parted, perhaps to meet no more, yet memory, Phil, has thee here! Thy joyous face is still before me! thy gladsome laugh and mirthful jest still re-echo in mine ear! All of us have had some friend of youth cherished far above all others—such was he to me. Side by side have we, "with our Mackintosh cloaks around us," served a long wintry

night's apprenticeship in a cold, dark, watch-box. Often too has he levelled the surly watch we could not bribe, and often have I guided and supported his unsteady steps returning from a *visit*. But I think we should have been at Madden's by this time. The shop was crowded—collegians all. As we were enjoying the whiff of a good Havannah, who should come in but poor Thompson? "Hollo, Thompson, my boy, smoking? Well, this is the march of intellect certainly (shouted Phil); if you go on this way, when you go home, your affectionate mother will not know her mild cigar, her once spooney son." "What is a spooney?" in a low, sickly voice, whimpered Thompson, who looked on Phil as on an oracle with regard to all crack terms. "Shame (said Phil) upon you, a collegian; nay, I add, a young man respectably brought up, and without flattery I say it, possessing extreme talent, not to know the meaning of so simple a term. Spooney, sir, was a word invented by Elizabeth, whose picture you see in the Examination-hall, and approved of by all the fellows of the college, to express their disapprobation towards gentlemen who could not smoke." "Thank you (said Thompson)," who firmly believed every word Phil uttered. Not being well *toned*, I begged to know "if smoking was good for the stomach." "Good (replied Phil with an energy that astonished Mr. Madden equally with his calling for his bill the previous day), good! I will prove *that* to you, my young friend, this night; be assured I will not defer it longer—by smoking a dozen! My father had a groom who was constantly complaining of a pain in his stomach. One day I gave him a cigar, and I pledge you my honour, I never heard him complain afterwards until the day of his death—which, however, *took place next morning*, by a fall (added Phil in an undertone to me)." "Wonderful (responded the delighted Thompson.)" A sort of smile faintly played on his miserable features, like a rainbow on a tomb-stone: He was pleased that so many smoking gentlemen would see him in company with one possessing such powers in that accomplishment. His good nature was touched by the kindness on the part of Phil. "I am much obliged to you (said he), and will show you that I am, by giving you a box of the *life-preservers* as a present; and shall also, by tomorrow's coach, send a box to my mother!" We left the shop as he was asking Mr. Madden to put on paper directions, as to what part she was to bite off—what end to light! and these were to be put in Mrs. Thompson's box. We returned to my rooms, stirred up the fire, and embarked under the weed, in some brandy and *some* water. I never heard whether Mrs. Thompson turned out a second Mrs. Nisbett at the weed.—And does this college examination end in smoke? methinks I hear the reader exclaim—"It would not be an Irish college examination, if it ended in anything else"—and in a cloud I leave the reader.

J. R. B.

## THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK.

OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR  
SALMON, TROUT, &c.

“Too good for any but Anglers, or very honest men.”

ISAAC WALTON.

## CHAP. XII.

(SCENE—*The Rector's Pool*, continued.)

*Theoph.* Why, Herbert, how you stand staring and gloating over the fallen victim! Wilt never have done? Arouse thee from thy trance.

*Herb.* True, I was thinking how soon are the mighty fallen. How bravely he fought for his life; and even in death how noble! Tell me, is any other fish as strong?

*Theoph.* The only two that in the least degree approach to it are the carp and the barbel—certainly powerful fish; but with any other, in comparison with salmon, the difference really is no less than between hooking a straw, and drawing up from the bottom of the river a large post. No one who has not felt or seen a salmon in hand can form the *least* conception of its comparative power. Hook, even with snap tackle and a spinning rod, a jack of 8 or 9 lb.,—he gives a shake or two, but still you may go on, wind, wind, till he is on shore; but hook a 6lb. salmon, and you'll be for ten or twenty minutes, at least, doubtful who's the master! It is this that renders salmon-fishing so gloriously superior—that spoils us for all minor work, reducing other fishing to mere child's-play, and leaving it to be tolerated only because better is not within reach. But talking of the strength of fish and hard fighting—wait,—I do believe I have it in my pocket; yes, here it is—*a copy of the Captain's own letter*. I'll read it to you:—

“AN ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF A SAW-FISH BY CAPTAIN WILSON OF THE HALIFAX PACKET WEST INDIA-MAN, OFF TRINIDAD, ON THE 15<sup>TH</sup> OF APRIL, 1839.

“Being in the Gulf of Peru, in the ship's cutter, I fell in with a Spanish canoe, manned by two men, then in great distress, who requested me to save their lives and canoe. Going along-side for that purpose, I discovered that they had got a large saw-fish entangled in their turtle net, which was towing them out to sea, and (but for my assistance) they must either have lost their canoe or their net—perhaps both—which were their only means of subsistence. Having at the time, only two boys with me in the boat, I desired the Spaniards to cut

the fish away, but which they declined. I then took the bight of the net from them, and by the joint endeavours of themselves and my boat's crew, we succeeded in hauling up the net, and to our astonishment, after great exertions we raised the saw and head of the fish about eight feet above the surface of the sea. It was a fortunate circumstance that it came up with its belly towards the boat, or it would certainly have cut the boat in two. I had abandoned all idea of taking the fish until by great good luck it made towards the land, when I made another attempt; and having about fifty fathom of two-and-a-half-inch rope in the boat, we succeeded in making a running bowline knot round the saw of the fish; and this we fortunately made fast on shore at Point-à-Pierre. When the fish found itself secured, it plunged so violently that I could not prevail on any one to go near it. The appearance it presented was truly awful. I immediately went alongside the *Lima* packet, Captain Singleton, and got the assistance of all his ship's crew, mine being away for sugar. By the time they arrived it was a little less violent. We hauled upon the net again, in which it was still entangled, and got another fifty fathoms of line made fast to the saw, and attempted to haul it on towards the shore; but although mustering thirty hands, we could not move it an inch. By this time the negroes belonging to Mr. Danglade's estate came flocking to our assistance, making, together with the Spaniards, about 100 in number. We then hauled on both ropes for nearly the whole day, before the fish became exhausted. On landing it on the beach, we found to our great surprise that it was considerably larger than the cutter, which measured seventeen feet. On endeavouring to raise the fish, it became most desperate, sweeping with its saw from side to side, so that we were compelled to get strong guy ropes to prevent it from cutting us to pieces. After that, one of the Spaniards got on his back, and, with great risk, cut through the joint of the tail, when animation was completely suspended. It was then measured, and found to be 22 feet long, and 8 feet broad, and weighed nearly five tons! The liver filled a beef tierce, and on opening the body we found several eggs, the size of 18lb cartonade shot, which the negroes craved as a great luxury. The only part which I retained was the head, which I cut off below the lower jaw. It is now in a fine state of preservation, and the largest, I should say, in the world."—26th Dec., 1839.

And so should I. I was favoured by a sight of its head and saw in Mr. Eaton's shop, Crooked Lane, who gave me this paper. Its saw was five feet long, and eleven inches broad in the widest part of the bone merely, without reckoning the teeth. It was purchased by Mr. Josiah Rumbell, and presented by him to the Wisbeach Museum, and a very fine specimen it is.

*Herb.* What a monster! but give me a salmon. I know you consider this to be, generally speaking, a tolerable fishing river;—what do they say of its present supply?

*Theoph.* There are without doubt many salmon now in it, though the first good fresh or flood will greatly increase their numbers. It at all times abounds with small common trout, and white trout or morts, as they are called; sea-trout rather later in the season; plenty of par and eels; and many fine and delicious-flavoured flounders are to be taken in the upper parts of it. The worst of this, as a salmon river, is, as with many others, the uncertainty of its supply of water; a little rain soon fills it, but as soon again it becomes low, although it may be said to have five principal sources,—the Llugwy from Carnedd David and Llyn Capel Curig, the Lledar from Moel Shabod, the Machno from Penmachno, its proper source from Llyn Conway, and the nameless streams skirting the mail-coach road from the mountainous plains between Cernioge Inn and Pentre Veolas, besides many inferior contributors during wet weather. One great recommendation to it at the present time is, that (with the exception of two pools a long way up above Bettws, not otherwise “fishable,” owing to the quantity of timber about them, namely, the “Beaver,” and “Tyn y Cai” pools, and where they do no more than drag occasionally) no nets have desecrated its fastnesses above Llanrwst Bridge, for years past. From the Bridge to Trefriew below, is let for netting as well as angling. But in some of the best angling spots in that part the nets cannot venture, the ground being too much broken and protected by sunken piles: nor do the renters of it, who merely drag with a corracle net, appear very well to understand their business, and therefore they do not very much lessen the supply. There is a stake net at Conway, its mouth, in addition to two or three intermediate traps. True, none of these engines work during the fence months, from the 1st October to the 1st March; yet, if a few more fish than can do so at present, were allowed at all times to run up this and every river for the next year or two, for each fish the wholesale fishers lose during that period, they would gain a hundred-fold in the third season. You are aware that salmon bred in a river, as a general rule, are certain to return to it at the proper seasons to deposit their spawn, and it is much to be regretted that greater pains are not taken for a while, by all parties, to preserve and improve the run and breed of salmon; they are now daily decreasing here, and everywhere, and if once wholly deterred, good-bye to them for ever—at least, it would be years before they could be recovered.

*Herb.* Is it so certain then that fry bred in a river always return to it, and that none others ever venture to do so?

*Theoph.* Perhaps not *always*: for though many have been marked and most have returned to the same river; yet some very few out of their numbers have been taken in strange waters. Mr. Yarrell mentions that fish marked in the Tweed are taken in the Forth, and that a successful season in the one is generally attended by a bad one in the other. Here then is evidence of salmon being found straying to a river, perhaps at least 100 miles from its original birth-place. Whither salmon go, while out of the fresh water, has never yet been determined; it is as yet a mystery. The probabilities are that they do not rove very far from the mouth of their original river, though it was asserted by one witness examined before the House of Commons, that they migrate to the North Seas; and the fact of their never being taken at sea near our salmon rivers, seems to favour this supposition. The preponderance, however, of evidence taken before the House of Commons since 1824, shows that fry always return to rivers in which they were spawned, those only which lose their reckoning resorting to strange rivers, the nearest they can hit upon to suit their taste.

*Herb.* But as to the growth of salmon, tell me what you think? because I remember to have read that fry marked in April or May, will return in July from the sea, and would then weigh two or three pounds, and upwards. If that be so, provided a few stock fish were left, it could hardly require so great a length of time to "re-animate" an over-draughted or over-poached river.

*Theoph.* Yes, indeed; for, supposing them to increase in weight in the same or even a greater proportion every year, still it would require three or four years at least to produce a quantity, which is what we most require—all accidents considered, of which anon. As to size, there exists little doubt that fry which go down to the sea in May, little longer than your finger, will return, in July and the following months, young salmon or grilse of from four to seven or eight pounds, increasing in size with each successive month,—it being generally estimated that from June till September or October, they grow at about the rate of half a pound per week while at sea; and therefore, perhaps, if we could only be assured that no netting or poaching would take place in a river, and IF ALL the fry survived their many dangers and returned to us here in the summer and autumn, the produce of one pair of salmon would be enough. The number of *ova* in a salmon are reckoned on the average at 18,000 or 20,000; and 12,000 are thought to be the average of fry vivified; so that from a single pair of salmon, spawning in December, in the following August we should have, say 4000 pairs, male and female, of from six to nine pounds, and 4000 non-breeders: then suppose each of these pairs produced their 12,000 fry; in the following August, the second

year, we should have the original 12,000 large fish of ten to twenty pounds, and their young, 48,000,000, from six to nine pounds, making in all, 48,012,000 fish!! What a sad pity it is there is an "if" in the case!—"If they escaped their manifold dangers"—Heavens, what sport!

*Herb.* Perhaps you will tell me what those dangers are some other time. Meanwhile, let me ask, have you read Yarrell's recent Observations on the Growth of Salmon\*?

*Theoph.* Rather say Mr. Shaw's; for it is more a criticism by Yarrell on what others have written and said than anything else. I have read them; but am not yet prepared to give my assent to a doctrine which is contrary to the opinion of every salmon-fisher I know, and of every witness examined of late years before the committees of the House of Commons, upon the salmon fisheries' question. These latter were for the most part practical men, who had been engaged in wholesale salmon-fishing all their lives, many, evidently, from their examination, acute observers; and they are, I think, unanimous in declaring their opinions to be, that the growth of salmon is as rapid as you just now intimated. No one will doubt that it is almost an insurmountable difficulty to determine which is right, they or Mr. Shaw, from the utter impossibility of making, and therefore of arguing from, actual experiment: and we know so little of the habits of fish, especially *migratory* fish, that it is as difficult to reason by analogy. With regard to Mr. Shaw's experiment, we may reasonably doubt its sufficiency, because the animal was not in its natural state when confined in his small pools or ponds. As Mr. Yarrell observes, Mr. Shaw had three ponds,

1st. . . . .	18 feet by 22
2d. . . . .	18 feet by 25.
3rd. . . . .	30 feet by 50 :

And Mr. Shaw himself admits that those fry in the third, the largest, were one inch, which is equal to one-fifth, larger than the others at six months old: and what is thirty feet by fifty, and "two feet deep," "supplied by a small stream," and of "higher temperature," compared with the length, breadth, depth, and lower temperature of a noble salmon river, bounding, and rolling, as it listeth, in freshness and majestic freedom! Besides which, the more rapid growth of the salmon is admitted to take place in the salt water, which Mr. Shaw's fry could never taste. How he gets at the fact that the fry "do not go down to the sea till they are more than a twelvemonth old at the least," I cannot understand: (his *could* not!) for thus much we know, that during April and May, the fry may be seen in the river by myriads; that their journey downwards has

\* Published by Van Voorst, 1839.

been traced, as it were, from day to day at that period; that bushels are destroyed in mill-races on their way towards the sea, and dozens upon dozens every day, for a month or six weeks, by angling; and that before June they totally disappear, and nothing more is seen of them or the like till the following year. Even assuming, for argument sake, the par we meet with in the autumn, to be young salmon, we never see shoals of these or any fish, small or large, after June; yet if the fry remain for a year in the river, still congregating, as we know them to do in the early months, in such countless numbers, surely something would be seen of them at a later period. But though many have looked for them, nothing is found in the river, during the autumn, except a few of what we call "par," and which we never take much above or under five or six inches in length.

*Herb.* But Mr. Shaw says, these par are the young fry of the salmon of the last autumn's produce.

*Theoph.* What I say is, that the very paucity of these, found in the autumn, compared with the immense shoals of small fish of the same size seen to go down to the sea in the spring, proves them not to be the younger fry of the salmon; and moreover, we have repeatedly taken in autumn these which we call par, with the milt ready for exudation, and with roe, in the females, in a less forward state. There is this fact also, which is observed by anglers, that in the autumn, though we take a fish we call in Wales "Morts" (somewhat resembling the salmon, but with a forked tail, weighing from three quarters to a pound and a half, and about thirteen inches in length, and which I take to be a distinct fish from the *salmo salar*); we never scarcely take a fish between that weight and four or five pounds. The average of salmon taken at this time, and in this river, where they run as large as thirty pounds, may be rather placed at ten or twelve pounds than under. But if the growth were so slow as Mr. Shaw indicates, the probabilities are, the rivers would then abound with, and we should take, a greater number of the smaller dimensions; especially considering that the smaller river-fish of other species are much more readily tempted by our various baits than the larger ones. Then again, the subject is open to this observation, that all terrestrial animals, except mankind, attain to near their full growth, within a year or two after their birth: and why should not fish? True it is, fish live to an enormous age, if the stories told of them are to be credited; and salmon have been known of upwards of eighty pounds weight; but I see nothing more marvellous, or incredible, in a fish attaining to twenty pounds weight in two or three years, than in a dog weighing as much, and being as large at eighteen months old, as it is at nine years. I do not fear, therefore, to express my opinion, that Mr. Shaw is wrong. I believe, first, that par



are par, and not salmon fry ; and secondly, that it does *not* take more than ten months to produce a salmon of six or eight pounds weight ; and thirdly, that the fry go down to the sea the first May flood after their being called into existence.

*Herb.* In the waters of a gentleman I am acquainted with, I knew of a trout which was *thrice* captured within a year : about the end of December it was unintentionally hooked and taken out, and weighed four pounds and a half, marked, and turned back again. Early in the following March it was again taken, weighing five pounds and a half, and turned back. In June following, strange to say, it was a third time captured, and found to have increased to seven pounds.

*Theoph.* That is very likely ; but you must allow something for the bad condition it was probably in on the two former occasions ; having, we might suppose, recently spawned upon the first. A salmon which, full of spawn, would cause a twelve-pound weight to kick the beam, would, as soon as the operation was over, lose at least five pounds, not merely from the emission of its spawn, but from the general decline in its condition ; and if you were to mark such a fish when only thus weighing seven pounds, and catch him in the following year, you would be surprised to find he had increased to near twenty pounds. They are perfect gourmands while at sea ; and this it is which nourishes and increases them so astonishingly.

But you were asking me about this river. Success here entirely depends on the state of the season. In fine dry weather, one may toil many days, not to say weeks, without a rise. But let a fresh come, then you may take a pretty good "*take*" for a day or two. In two instances, six or seven, varying from four to fourteen pounds, were taken by one angler in a day, last season ; though this is most rare sport. I have, myself, taken two, thirteen and ten pounds ; and lost, after playing them some time, one of about fifteen, and another ten pounds, and pricked three or four and had a few rises besides ; all which *might* have been realized. Two fish of any weight, say from seven to twelve pounds, in a day, and that occasionally, say once or twice a week, is, however, looked on as great success. My notion is, however, that this river might be much improved as an angling river, with a little more care and watching. It abounds in all the *locales* in which salmon delight—plenty of deep quiet pools intermingled with numerous gentle streams, plenty of rocky rapids and deeps, plenty of small falls above, plenty of gravelly shallows, as spawning ground, and not a single noxious mill-stream or manufactory near it. And, from this constant variety in its character, it constitutes, perhaps, one of the best schools for beginners in the noble art of salmon fishing. But here comes a good old soldier, who escaped the carnage of the American war. (*Enter the Keeper.*) Well, *Keeper*, what news his morning ? Any thing done below ?

*Keeper.* Eh! Gentlemen, I'm glad to see you've caught a "grand saumon." Mr. Llewellyn has taken only two morts. Your friend Antiquarius bid me convey this letter to you.

*Theoph.* What's this? Most à propos.—(*Reads.*)—"Bettws y Coed. My dear Theophilus,—According to promise I send you the enclosed, my observations about par. Your's ever, Antiquarius." Something most excellent, I warrant you. He has studied the subject, as well as the time of their delivery, it would seem! Let us read them. (*Reads.*)

#### THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PAR.

The following observations on the par are the result of practical experience during twelve or fourteen successive years; and, though differing in some points from the general received opinion, they coincide with the remarks of a few intelligent friends, who have lately devoted much time and attention to the subject.

Although the history of the par may at first appear scarcely worth the trouble of investigation, yet this is not really so; for independently of its interest as a long-disputed question in natural history, various legislative provisions have from time to time been made on the assumed nature and species of this curious little fish: indeed, so various and contradictory are the opinions entertained respecting it, that on consideration of all that has been said and written upon the subject, the naturalist is inclined to believe nature expressly intended it as an enigma for the solution of the curious, with the perplexing properties of changing its form and character, as the camelion was formerly said to do its colours, to every individual observer.

The par, skirling, fingerling, graveling, lastspring, shedder, sampion, rackrider, or smelt,—for by all these names, and many others, it is locally known—is a small fish, seldom exceeding six inches in length, though usually found much smaller: it is the ordinary inhabitant of every salmon river; and, in general appearance, closely resembles the common burn trout, particularly such as have the finger marks. These are *dusky*, *transverse*, stripes or patches on the sides, very similar to the well-known marks found on the perch. They are generally from six to ten in number, according to the length of the fish; and between each of these *dusky* patches, on the lateral line, is a bright red spot, below which the par is rarely, if ever, marked. The belly is perfectly white. Another distinguishing mark of the par, is an olive brown spot on the gill cover, and this it is never without. Its general habits resemble those of the trout, being extremely voracious, and frequenting the most rapid streams, particularly those thin sharps or streams, anciently known by the name of racks: hence its territorial epithet of rack-rider.

Many speculative opinions, and numerous theories, have been ad-

vanced, touching the nature and species of this mysterious little fish. Three, in particular, would seem most deserving of consideration: First, that it is the young of the salmon; or, at least, of one of the salmon tribe: Secondly, that it is a mule, or hybrid—the mutual offspring of both the trout and the salmon: and, Thirdly, that it is a distinct species.

A very slight examination into the habits of the par, as compared with *the well-known habits* of the salmon fry, will destroy the *first* of these theories; and the second certainly cannot be maintained by a single known fact, *sufficiently strong to support it*.

In tracing the habits of the salmon fry, than which nothing can possibly be more constant and decided, it will be found, that they are emancipated from the egg or roe of the parent fish, about the latter end of March, or the beginning of April, a few days earlier or later, according to the nature of the river, and peculiarity of the season: but prior to that period, not a single fish will be found in the river; although a few days afterwards, they may be taken by hundreds in every stream of a good salmon river: there they will continue, for six weeks or two months, at the end of which time the successive spring floods will have so completely taken every fish to the sea, that not a single one of the many thousands that were bred in the river, will be discovered. During this period, their growth is very rapid; indeed so much so, that during the last few days of their stay, they have been frequently taken in the tide-way (the tide being out), a quarter of a pound weight; although, a week or two before, it would have been difficult to have obtained one weighing an ounce. In appearance, they so closely resemble the parent fish, in its highest state of perfection, as to be to all intents and purposes a salmon, or a salmon trout—as the case may be—in miniature. On the other hand, the par has no greater resemblance to any one of the salmon tribe, than the common trout. It will be found in the river, in the cold months of December and January—long prior to the appearance of the salmon fry—and although it will associate with the fry in the same streams, it will not, like them (at least at that period), migrate, but will remain in the river after the fry have gone down to the sea: it will there continue in abundance, throughout the whole summer; and many will be found when the cold weather returns. On what grounds, therefore, can it be contended, that fish so essentially different, both in habits and appearance, can possibly be one and the same?

On examining the par, about the early part of October, at which period it would seem to have attained its full size (sometimes two ounces), a very curious question arises, which, while it affords the most satisfactory evidence that it is not the young of the salmon, leaves the

question of its real habits in considerable doubt. At this period, almost every fish that is taken (that is, with the rod and line), will be found to be males, the milt of which is usually so large as to comprise nearly one-fourth of the weight of the whole fish; and in so forward a state, as to be shed on the slightest pressure: while in the few females that are taken—and these are not one to ten of the males—the roe is so backward, as to be detected only on close, almost microscopic, examination. To this apparent anomaly may be attributed almost all the existing uncertainty as to the nature and habits of this little fish.

It is a well-established fact, that many fish will not take food in an advanced state of parturition: of this the salmon itself is a very strong instance. In the fresh water (to which it resorts during that period), although abounding with small fish, the salmon is *ever* found with an empty stomach, whereas the stomachs of such as are taken in the estuaries and tide-ways are frequently full of whittings, haddocks, sand-eels, and other fish, showing, as might be expected from the rapidity of its growth, the construction of its jaws, throat, teeth, &c., that it is really a fish of most voracious habits. Again, there are other fish, the male only of which, during the period of parturition, will feed, and this is particularly the case with the grayling. On the approach of the spawning season, the female wholly ceases to rise at the fly or take a bait, although the male during that period will greedily do both. If these habits be peculiar to the par also, the great preponderance of males taken, as well as the apparent discrepancy between the state of the male and female at that season, is very satisfactorily accounted for. But whether this discrepancy is or not correctly attributed to the cause just mentioned, does not at all affect the conclusion necessarily resulting from the facts before stated, it is as clear as any position drawn from positive demonstration can possibly be, that a creature (whether male or female it matters not) immediately about to propagate its species is not a creature in a state of infancy, but in a state of maturity, and that consequently the par is not the YOUNG of any fish, and cannot therefore be the young of the salmon.

Those who profess to consider the par a mule-fish, assert, firstly, that trout are frequently seen on the same scour together with and as if spawning with the salmon, and that the par is the produce of this union; that they are either all males, or at least, are never found with a clearly developed roe; for, like all hybrids, the par has no perfect organs of generation: secondly, that as the par is always found in salmon rivers, and no other, and is never found even in such parts of those rivers, up which, owing to falls, weirs, and other obstructions, salmon cannot ascend, it must therefore necessarily, directly or indirectly, be connected with that fish.

The mere circumstance of salmon and trout frequenting together, in the spawning season, such part of a river as is best adapted for their purpose, affords so little ground for the conclusion drawn from it, that it is not worthy of an instant's consideration; and recollecting that the trout will greedily feed upon the salmon spawn, the idea of their being together for the purpose of gestation, can only have arisen in mere wantonness of speculation.

By considering the nature and character of Hybrids and the general laws and principles which govern their production, and carefully comparing these with the known habits, character, and appearance of the par,—the utter improbability of its being a mule fish will at once be shown. It may be safely asserted that amongst creatures in a state of freedom, no one instance of a departure from the immutable laws of nature, which assign to each an affinity for its kind, has ever yet been detected; and it is only by constraint that this inconsistency can be effected: and that when produced the offspring are ever accompanied by a capricious and doubtful resemblance to either parent, and above all, by a total want of harmony and definitive character amongst themselves. Now, as an example of any deduction from these principles, the par is in every respect utterly opposed. It is in the highest degree improbable that trout and salmon left to the free influence of their own separate instincts, unrestrained in habits, and unconfined in space, should depart from the ordinary laws of nature, obeyed by every other creature; and still more so, that the offspring of such a union should be, as the par undoubtedly is, both in respect of its various spots and marks, as also in form and general appearance, one of the most perfect examples of constancy that nature can produce. Besides these objections, it should be recollected that there are *many* species of trout, as also several species of salmon, and assuming for argument the possibility of such a union, it would necessarily produce some variation in the offspring; but none such is found in the par, it being always alike. Although its assigned parents—the trout in particular—continually exhibit every variety of form, marks, spots, size, colour, and appearance that imagination can conceive. It is said that this union between trout and salmon is the work of necessity, and takes place only when the male or female salmon has been destroyed; but if no instance of the production of hybrids can be shown amongst carp, tench, roach, dace, and other fresh water fish, closely and artificially confined, as they continually are, in small ponds, ditches, &c., it is clear the necessity for a cross amongst fishes in general does not exist; and if so, it is absurd to plead the *necessity* for such inconsistency amongst trout and salmon in particular, wholly unconfined as their theatre of existence must necessarily be, save by the ocean itself.

That par are never found in rivers, but such as are immediately connected with the sea (all of which more or less afford salmon), and never in such parts of those rivers up which salmon cannot ascend, is strictly true, and any instance to the contrary will, upon inquiry, turn out to be the work of art or accident, not affecting the general rule. But this does not establish the fact of any connection between the two fish.

The power of closely observing fish in its element is necessarily very limited; much therefore of their history must always depend on conclusions and analogy. Now, assuming the par to be a migratory fish—and there is reason to believe it is so—all incongruity in this part of their history is at once removed. Like all other migratory fish, their travels must have a limit; and a fall of water that cannot be ascended by a salmon cannot possibly be attained by these little fish: hence they are never found except in rivers immediately connected with the sea, and never found above falls, weirs, &c, up which salmon cannot ascend. The only question seems to be at what period do the par migrate, as they are certainly found in the rivers during the whole year, although as certainly not in equal quantities. Now, it is perfectly well known that all fish immediately after spawning become in a very unhealthy state, at which period their bodies are infested with numerous water lice, animalculi, &c., for the removal of which, and a restoration of the fish to health, a change of place is absolutely requisite, and that with migratory fish deleterious animalculi, &c, acquired in the river, are lost immediately after their entrance into the salt water. There can be very little doubt, therefore, that the par migrate at this particular season, and assuming their migrations to be for a short duration only, commensurate with the restoration of their health and strength, as they cannot all be in a situation to leave the river at one and the same time, many will have returned before others will have gone down to the sea, and thus more or less they will always be found in the river. Be this, however, as it may, from a consideration of the facts already stated, and which for the most part have their foundation in practical experience, it seems extremely difficult to look upon the par in any other character than as a distinct species of fish.”

*Theoph.* Well said, most excellent Antiquarius; and in every respect I *entirely* agree with you. Herbert, I never read a more convincing unanswerable argument.

*Herb.* Might I add one observation to strengthen it, I would say a word about the par always being found in rivers where salmon are, and never in parts of rivers where salmon cannot get. From their hanging on scours and swift parts of a stream, we may infer them to be a strong little fish. But how do they get up high falls which salmon are obliged to leap? I take it that salmon only leap these falls because

there is not a sufficient body of water to admit of their swimming up ; though, if the same *force* of water came in greater body, they could *swim* through it with ease. The par cannot leap ; but from their smaller bulk and still sufficient strength, can *swim* up them. Besides, I assume there are few falls up which salmon can leap, which are not much reduced in height by a heavy flood or fresh of water.

*Theoph.* You are right.

ANCIENT ENGLISH AIRS AND SONGS, *consisting of Song, Ballad, and Dance Tunes, &c., preceded by an Essay on English Minstrelsy.*  
 Edited by W. CHAFFELL. Chappell.

THIS is a collection of Songs and Music that ought to be in the library of every old English gentleman ; containing, as it does, the best authenticated copies of ancient songs of England, and the true airs married to them. The preface, asserting our right to national music, is well grounded, and therefore solidly built ; and the desire expressed in it, to win attention to our *own tunes*, has in itself an air of authority. The beautiful struggle, the long harmonious feud, between England, Ireland, and Scotland, to make out *copyright* in favourite music, is defeated by the experience of time,—and Burns's national and enthusiastic claims for peculiar Highland and Lowland airs,—Moore's pathetic fashionable appeals in favour of Ireland—and the distinct claim for England of innumerable persons, all mingling the airs, toning them to characteristic cadences, and claiming them as national, make one unsettled Great Britain Glee ! and leave the whole question to be determined as Mr. Chappell determines it ; namely, by giving the airs unadulterated by modern interpolations, or wily arrangements, and by telling all the truth about them that he knows.

This work is a peculiar favourite of ours. The Essay on the Ancient Minstrelsy of England is carefully written, and bears in itself full evidence of research. But commend us to the *remarks* on the tunes. In them there is infinite acuteness and information ; and a great manifest love of the old music and the old ballad. Having indulged in these preliminary observations, we will come to the ancient songs themselves, in which it is impossible that our readers will not take an interest.

We, of course, must begin with drinking,—(our readers may say we should end with it)—can we open better, than with the song of “ Barley Mow,” and the charming account of it. The building up here is the reverse of the pyramid :—for we *enlarge*, as we get on !

No. LXVIII. THE BARLEY MOW is an old Song still well known in Hertfordshire and the adjoining counties, where it is very generally sung by the

countrymen in alehouses after their daily labour. At the end of each verse, all join in chorus, repeating the words "A health to the Barley Mow," and prolonging the final note. It bears a strong resemblance to the two preceding tunes.

#### THE BARLEY MOW.

And we'll drink out of the nipperkin, boys,  
A health to the Barley Mow ;  
And we'll drink out of the pippetkin, boys  
A health to the Barley Mow.  
The nipperkin, pippetkin, and the brown bowl,  
A health to the Barley Mow, my boys  
A health to the Barley Mow.

And we'll drink out of the half-quartern, boys,  
A health to the Barley Mow ;  
Here's a health to go merrily round, boys,  
A health to the Barley Mow.  
The half-quartern, pippetkin, and the brown bowl,  
A health to the Barley Mow, my boys,  
A health to the Barley Mow.  
And we'll drink out of the quartern, my boys, &c.

At each verse, the measure increases gradually from half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon, gallon, to barrel, or hogshead, according to the number of verses the lungs of the singer enable him to sing; and, sometimes, the words are made to multiply at each verse by speaking or chanting after the words "nipperkin, pippetkin," half-quartern, quartern, half-pint, &c. one being added at each verse, and always finishing (as in verse 1) "and the brown bowl."

There is another tune under the same name in "The Dancing Master."

At No. 82, we hear of "St. Leger's Round," or "The Beginning of the World;"—now we apprehend "St. Leger's Round," will last till the end of the world. "The Beginning of the World," however, is a very old air, and we cannot refrain from alluding to its curious description in "the *Dancing Master of 1686.*"

Round for as many as will.

"Take hands, and go round twice, back again.—All set, and turn S, that again.—Lead all in a D forward and back, that again.—Two Singles and a D back, set and turn single, that again.—Sides all, that again.—Arms all, that again.—As before, as before."

Country dances were formerly as often danced in circles as in parallel lines; and the round dances are usually placed first in "The Dancing Master." The others are described as "Longways for as many as will." "Sellinger's Round," or "The Beginning of the World," is usually the first tune in the book.

The best song upon the old air of "The Jovial Beggars," is preserved in this miscellany, and is entitled, "The Stag Chase." The Editor is, however, hardly justified in making the omissions, upon which he prides himself; for the catalogues of names, whether of men, horses, or dogs, harmoniously coupled,—invariably form the immortality of a song. We give "The Stag Chase."



## THE STAG CHASE.

I am a jolly huntsman,  
My voice is shrill and clear,  
Well known to drive the stag,  
And the drooping dogs to cheer,  
And a hunting we will go, will go,  
will go,  
And a hunting we will go!

I leave my bed betimes,  
Before the morning's grey;  
Let loose my dogs, and mount my horse  
And halloo "come away!" &c.

The game's no sooner rous'd,  
But in rush the cheerful cry,  
Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge and  
stake,  
The noble beast does fly, &c.

In vain he flies to covert,  
A numerous pack pursue,  
That never cease to trace his steps,  
Even tho' they've lost the view, &c.

Now sweetly in full cry  
Their various notes they join;  
Gods! what a concert's here, my lads!  
'Tis more than half divine, &c.

The woods, the rocks, and mountains,  
Delighted with the sound,  
To neighbouring dales and fountains  
Repeating, deal it round, &c.

A glorious chase it is,  
We drive him many a mile,  
O'er hedge and ditch, we go through  
stitch,  
And hit off many a foil, &c.

And yet he runs it stontly,  
How wide, how swift he strains!  
With what a skip he took that leap,  
And scowers o'er the plains! &c.

There is a famous song alluded to by Izaak Walton; and it is so well introduced—is so old, and so simply pointed, that we will give it as we find it.

NO. CII. COME SHEPHERDS DECK YOUR HEADS. This is one of the songs mentioned in Walton's "Angler." "'Milkwoman.' What song was it, I pray? was it 'Come Shepherds deck your Heads;\*' or, 'As at noon Dulcinea rested;' or, 'Phillida flouts me;' or, 'Chevy Chace;' or, 'Johnny Armstrong;' or, 'Troy town.'"

\* In the late editions of Izaak Walton, this is erroneously printed "deck your Herds,"

See how our horses foam!  
The dogs begin to droop;  
With winding horn, on shoulder borne,  
'Tis time to cheer them up, &c.

Hark! Leader, Countess, Bouncer!  
Cheer up, my good dogs all;  
To Tatler, hark! he holds it smart,  
And answers every call, &c.

Up yonder steep I'll follow,  
Beset with craggy stones;  
My lord cries, "Jack, you dog! come  
back,  
Or else you'll break your bones!" &c

See, now he takes the moors,  
And strains to reach the stream!  
He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,  
And quench his thirsty flame, &c.

He scarce has touched the bank,  
The cry bounce finely in,  
And swiftly swim across the stream,  
And raise a glorious din, &c.

His legs begin to fail,  
His wind and speed is gone;  
He stands at bay, and gives 'em play,  
He can no longer run, &c.

But vain are heels and antlers,  
With such a pack set round,  
Spite of his heart, they seize each part,  
And pull him fearless down, &c.

Ha! dead, 'ware dead! whip off,  
And take a special care;  
Dismount with speed, and pray take heed,  
Lest they his haunches tear, &c.

The sport is ended now,  
We're laden with the spoil;  
As home we pass, we talk o' th' chase,  
O'erpaid for all our toil, &c.

Izaak Walton was born in 1593, and married Rachell Cranmer, niece of that distinguished prelate Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1624.

This air is contained in the "Collection of English Songs," printed at Haerlem in 1626; and also in that printed at Amsterdam in 1634. The words are from a manuscript in the collection of the late Mr. Heber.

THE PLAINE DEALINGE WOMAN.

Come shepheards, deck your heads  
No more with bayes, but willowes ;  
Forsake your downie beds,  
And make the downes your pillowes ;  
And mourn with me, since crost  
As never yet was no man,  
For shepheard neaver lost  
So plaine a dealinge woman.

Fair Venus made her chast,  
And Ceres beauty gave her ;  
Pan wept when shee was lost,  
The Satyrs strove to have her ;  
Yet seem'd she to their view  
So coy, so nice, that no man  
Could judge but he that knew  
My own plaine dealinge woman.

All ye forsaken wooers,  
That ever care oppressed,  
And all you lusty doers,  
That ever love distressed,  
That losses can condole,  
And all together summon,  
Oh ! mourne for the poor soule  
Of my plaine dealinge woman.

At all her pretty parts  
I nere enough can wonder ;  
She overcame all hearts,  
Yet shee all hearts came under ;  
Her inward minde was sweete,  
Good tempers ever common ;  
Shepherd shall never meet  
So plaine a dealinge woman.

We must squeeze in the good words of Henry Fielding, on hunting ; they would do for the present *pace*.

No. CXLI and CXLI bis. Two copies of A HUNTING WE WILL GO, OR, THE DUSKY NIGHT RIDES DOWN THE SKY. The first from "The Vocal Enchantrees, 1783," and the second from Dale's "Collection." This song was originally to the tune of "A begging we will go." The words are by Henry Fielding, and are contained in his ballad opera of "Don Quixote in England," but have since been somewhat altered.

H. FIELDING'S WORDS.

The dusky night rides down the sky,  
And ushers in the morn ;  
The hounds all join in glorious cry,  
The huntsman winds his horn.  
The huntsman winds his horn.  
And a hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood,  
Secure to find we seek ;  
For why, I carried sound and good  
A cartload there last week.  
A cartload there last week.  
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws  
Her arms, and begs his stay ;  
My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,  
You will not hunt to day.  
You will not hunt to day.  
But a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,  
Their steeds all spur and switch ;  
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,  
And some thrown in the ditch.  
And some thrown in the ditch.  
But a hunting we will go.

At length his strength to faintness worn,  
Poor reynard ceases flight ;  
Then hungry, homeward we return,  
To feast away the night.  
To feast away the night.  
Then a drinking we will go.

One verse, even, of a song more, and we have done ; it is from the famous one, intitled "Bumper Squire Jones." It goes through all professions, and anchors on fox-hunting : this is the verse.

Ye fox-hunters, eke,  
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,  
 Who your ladies forsake,  
 Before they're awake,  
 To beat up the break,  
 Where the vermin is found ;  
 Leave Piper and Blueman,  
 Shrill Duchess, and Trueman,  
 No music is found in such dissonant tones ;  
 Would you ravish your ears,  
 With the songs of the spheres,  
 Hark ! away to the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones !

These are the two parts of this invaluable collection of airs and songs. We shall watch with interest for the completion of the work—noticing those subjects which are illustrated by the curious researches of the editor. The two parts are very carefully and beautifully got up,—and deserve a large and generous support, from all lovers of old English poetry, and old English music.

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## A BOAR HUNT IN THE SEA.

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*To the Editor of the New Sporting Magazine.*

Passages, near St. Sebastian, 22d. January, 1840.

SIR,

I SEND you an account of a Wild Boar chase, which took place about ten days back, in the quiet and romantic harbour of Passages ; and broke in a little upon the monotony of our every-day life. It will, at least, have novelty to recommend it ; as I never before heard of an *aquatic* Wild Boar chase. No doubt all have heard of “ hedge hogs,” “ sea hogs,” and “ sea boars ;” many of your readers may have seen them ; but I question if any ever before saw one killed in the blue water, whatever they may have seen off or on deck.

The harbour or port of Passages, is a narrow chasm, or fissure in the mountains, connecting a fine sheet or Lagoon of water with the Bay of Biscay. In this channel are moored, in a contiguous line, a British steamer, *Lord John Hay's Frigate*, a French Frigate, and a British steamer and transport. The channel is, in its narrowest points, 300 *yards wide* ; the mountains on either side, rise abruptly and irregularly, to the varying heights from 500, to 1,100 feet ; these heights are crested with fortifications, built and garrisoned by British Royal Marines.

But to the sport. About nine o'clock in the morning, a shout was heard on the St. Sebastian side ; and on looking up from the shipping, two countrymen were seen, armed with sticks and scythes, evidently in pursuit of some animal, which was at first not distinguishable or

surmisable. On its being viewed, and from the bounding slashing pace he was coming down at, scarcely a minute elapsed in shewing what he was;—he *turned out* to be a Wild Boar. All hands were soon on deck, to see the sport; still, on he came, with dashing stride, descending the mountain, from one of its loftiest ridges. On a sudden, seeing the water, he checked his speed, and looked back, at a sort of lingering stride: to have retraced his steps, would have broken his heart (for it would have been a *blower* at a slow place), then with desperate and stern resolve, he bounded on, and gathering himself with determined energy, he rushed, as though he were launched, into the sea. Taking off from an abrupt rock, thirty measured feet above the water, he sprang boldly down, descending deep under water, with tremendous splash, and on rising, without hesitation swimming to the opposite side, nothing daunted by the obstruction of the ships, towards which the strong tide was bearing him. He passed close to the bows of H. M. S. Salamander, the officers of which ship as quickly lowered a cutter, and, armed with a couple of fowling pieces, pulled in pursuit. Our daring friend made for the shore, and perhaps would have escaped, had he not struck out for a place, where a sort of wharf is built up—which rendered his bold efforts to land useless. He then shifted his position, but his landing was opposed by some Spaniards hurling stones down at him; the cutter approached;—he was fired at by two of the officers of the boat, and their bullets took effect! He was at once seen dead—floating on the water. The gallant young boar weighed 120lbs., had five growing tusks, and was the first ever seen at Passages or its neighbourhood. We heard afterwards, that he was first seen the day before, near *Toloso*, (so long Don Carlos's head-quarters), sixteen miles from the Passages: he must, therefore, have crossed the main St. Sebastian road, a country thickly inhabited, and perceiving the Bay of Biscay on one side, and the branch of Passages-harbour on the other, took the straight course, and fell an easy victim into our hands. His pursuers were at least half a mile behind and *above* him, when he took the leap; which leap appeared more surprising, as he was not pressed or hunted by dogs: the only regret we had, was, that the exciting sport was so soon over! We might have easily secured him alive, had a net been thought of; or even a running knot would have taken him in the water, and enabled us to make a handsome present for the Zoological Gardens. But then, our noble Commodore—the one-armed Pacificator of Northern Spain—would not have had a *boar's head* at his table; and the Commander would have been *minus* his bristles for a shaving brush!

*Our general sport*—shooting Partridges—has been poor; but we have woodcocks and hares in abundance, now the country is open to

us. We manage to find a fox, occasionally, muster six couple of dogs, and have a good run. It is well known that the Duke of Wellington had a splendid pack of hounds, when in Spain: they came out in one of the transports, and were landed at this very spot. The *Alcaldi*, or Mayor of this place, recollects their arrival well, says they were of the blood-hound sort, and *were trained* to go before our troops, into action; and, by diverting the attention of the enemy, and causing confusion in their ranks, allowed our troops some advantages, by a clash. He says the Duke was a clever fellow, to have thought of it; and to this, in a great measure, he attributes his successes—declaring that the *French* were more afraid of the dogs than the men. This ignorant *animal* is *chief magistrate* of one of the principal ports of Spain! and has the power of imprisoning the inhabitants—flogging, and even putting them to death! “Alack! and a’ well a day!”

Farewell. Yours truly,

DESSAI.

## ON THE STRENGTH OF FISH IN WATER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—“The Fly-Fisher’s Text Book,” p. 226, 7, in your number for Oct. 1839, contains a passage upon the subject of the strength of a large salmon, which at first, I confess, startled me. The author there says, “What weight do you think will a salmon of eighteen or twenty pounds pull in the water at the end of a line?”—“Now you’ll hardly credit that he pulls less than one pound and a-half; except in his rushes, which I have no means of estimating”—“yet such is the fact.” Myself and others were sceptical, and could not at once conceive this to be possible; we admitted that if it were so, it would be a most important fact; because as “friend Theophilus” says, it would give us anglers greater confidence, and, inducing us to use much finer tackle, would enable us to be more subtle in our devices against our noble game. But having lately put Theophilus South’s assertion to practical test, I may at once declare there is not a doubt he is perfectly correct, and he comes “all glorious and triumphant out of the fiery ordeal of criticism.” And let me take this opportunity to offer my meed of praise to these excellent and valuable papers, which, if reading can do it, will most materially tend to the improvement and exaltation of an art to which I am a most devoted slave. As I esteem the subject interesting to all fishers, the reasoning which wrought my conversion upon it, may not be deemed unworthy a page in your magazine.

Formerly I took it for granted, as I believe most anglers have done; that a salmon would pull considerably more than his own weight in the water. I had tested a single piece of the stoutest salmon gut and found it to bear fifteen pounds: and having one day shortly after, killed a salmon of twenty-two pounds weight, it struck me as singular, that with a line of many pieces of gut knotted lengthwise together, each of which would only bear fifteen pounds, I should uphold a battle for upwards of an hour with a fish I then supposed would at least pull thirty pounds. So the battle being over, I immediately tried the strength of the gut line by the weighing machine, and lo! at about six pounds weight, it gave way at one of the knots; instead of increasing, its strength being diminished. I had then, without much thought, read those valuable papers in your magazine; and it required no conjuror to tell me a line equal to six pounds, could not bear a pull equal to thirty pounds; or rather, that a fish which could not break that line could not pull so much even as six pounds, still less thirty pounds. I now began to think a second time on what Theophilus South had said;—that I *must* have been in error, and that he could not have spoken at random: I then tried the rod and line together, having Siebe's weighing machine at the end, held by a friend, and put the utmost strain I deemed prudent, on the tackle, quite as great as that used in killing my heavy fish; and true enough, as Theoph. South has told us, we found the pointer of the machine barely touched the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pound! After that, it came across me that he had also taught us (in your July Number, 1839, p. 50) that half a pound weight was sufficient to bend a salmon rod 5 feet  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches out of the horizontal straight line, and therefore that any great excess would naturally double or break it. I then no longer doubted: and the more we think the more plain the matter becomes. Consider, Mr. Editor, the strength of muscle we should require not only to lift, but to maintain sometimes for an hour or two, and seldom less than three quarters of an hour a greater weight than this  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pound.

But as the most convincing proof, we may apply the science of mechanics to the clearing up the vapour of scepticism. In killing a fish, the rod becomes a LEVER OF THE THIRD KIND. The "fulcrum" is at the but end, whether resting against the body, or held by the right hand, during its release from the reel; the "power" is in the left hand, which holds and plays the rod; and the "weight" is attached by the line at the tip. Now it is a law in mechanics, that *the power to sustain a weight must, when multiplied by its (the power's) distance from the "fulcrum," be equal to the "weight" multiplied by the distance of the weight from the fulcrum.* Suppose the rod to be an Eaton's 18 feet: when hold is had of a fish, it will bend so that a line drawn from the tip, at right angles, with an imaginary straight line from the but,

will intersect the latter, say at 14 feet from the fulcrum. Then the left hand, or "the power, is, (say,)  $1\frac{1}{2}$  foot from the fulcrum." Grant, for a moment, the 20 pound fish to pull only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pound. Then the weight, ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  pound) multiplied by its distance (14 feet) from the fulcrum, is equal to 21: and, for the like product, (21), the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  foot distance of the power from the fulcrum must be multiplied by 14, which is the power we are in search of: so that a force equal to 14 pound is required to sustain this  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pound at the end of the rod. This force will, of course, vary according to the position of the rod. If the line be at an obtuse angle with the imaginary straight rod, the weight and required force will be increased: and if the angle be acute, as in "butting" a fish, it will be diminished. The force required to sustain the rod by itself, in a horizontal position, is excluded from the calculation. A ceaseless pull of 14 pounds even, with a bent arm for three quarters of an hour, is enough for the muscular powers of most men! But only conceive what the force must be if the fish pulled a much greater weight. Suppose it were 12 pounds instead of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; then by the foregoing rule, the power or force of muscle in the left hand and arm must be equal to 112 pounds! which no one could sustain for even *half* an hour.

The truth is, we are accustomed to apply our strength in so many various degrees, that we never think what the quantity of it used on each occasion is. Another proof of our under-rating our strength applicable to sporting, I will tell you; about which, those who have not thought or have not been told, are always in error. Ask any such, what weight or pressure does it require to pull the trigger of an ordinary fowling piece, and you will be told,—“Oh! that is evidently very trifling; not above a few ounces, of course!” *Bless* their ignorance! I have an excellent gun, made by that “Prince of slaughter,” Purdey: the right-hand barrel has been much used—its trigger feeling easy, and the left not feeling by any means stiff; yet the one requires five pounds and a half, and the other between eight and nine pounds to discharge it!! And we perceive it at once, if we attempt to pull the trigger without allowing any part of the hand, except the finger engaged, to touch the stock or lock of the gun. Some sportsmen, I know, have their locks regulated every year, so as to require nor more nor less than six pounds pressure.

So much for our knowledge, as to the strength of muscle we apply! And we should bear this in mind, whenever we test the strength of knots or tackle in general, and not expect too much. That devoted fisher, Woolaston, so little thought of what Theop. South has called to our attention, that he never would be satisfied unless his finest gut for trout would stand the test of two pounds!

That a fish of 20 pounds cannot pull more than about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, in

his ordinary pulls, is now clearly established ; so I'll say no more, save this,—that if any still doubt, let him hang a 10 or 12 pound weight at the end of his best rod, and lift it, *watching what becomes of the pieces ! !*

Hoping the subject will justify my trespass on your valuable time,

I am, dear Editor,

Yours at command,

AN OLD SALMON FISHER.

Llanrwst, North Wales, January, 1840.

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## MISADVENTURES OF A CLASSICAL EQUESTRIAN.

### No. II.

A SHEET FROM THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF SYLVESTER STEEPLE-CHASE, LATE OF ——— COLLEGE.

What an effort did it cost me to assume at breakfast the indifference, which, alas ! was far from me ! The coolness with which the arrangements of the day were discussed, was to me absolutely maddening ; but when I heard it proposed that the fair Emily should be my companion, —when she playfully placed herself under my escort—there was utter despair in the alacrity with which I bowed my delighted assent to a proposal, at which my heart died away within me in shame and apprehension ! As soon as I could, with propriety, withdraw, I retired to my room, that I might, at least, rehearse the instructions of Xenophon previous to setting out. I read over and over again, “ As soon as he is mounted, whether on the bare back, or in the saddle, we do not approve of his keeping the same seat as in a carriage, but an upright posture with the legs apart\*,” till I began, especially when I remembered my “ wooden” practice, to work myself into something like confidence, that, after all, it could not be so *very* difficult. When the appointed hour arrived, I had wrought myself into a desperate indifference as to the results. Alas ! but a single glance through the open window, upon the spirited animal, which the hateful kindness of my host had provided for me ! All the courage which I had taken so long to steam up, was chilled down in a single moment. Oh ! how I cursed, in my heart, the diabolical obsequiousness of the groom—the barbarous attention of Sir William, who examined all the appointments with the utmost caution ! Stay—what is this ? does he want a shoe ? I am safe ! I am respited ! Alack-a-day ! it was but a speck,—all is right—I am again in the hands of the Philistines ! Even the gentle Emily herself, I looked

\* VII. 5.



upon as one of them. In my despair I fancied her a sort of female Centaur,—a hard-hearted, unfeminine, virago, leagued with the rest in a vile conspiracy against me! With an aching heart, concealed under as good a grace as I could muster, I assisted her into the saddle; and, with a suppressed sigh, resigned myself to the fate which I saw was inevitable. Suddenly it occurred to me, that, perhaps after all, the first step was every thing. Anecdotes of the power of mind over the brute creation flitted through my disordered memory. I determined to make one effort; and, though all else should fail, at least to mount in classic style. Unlucky wight that I was! The animal was led to the step of the hall-door. I was thus considerably elevated beyond the point from which, in my practice, I had been accustomed to vault upon my wooden substitute. In my confusion, I forgot to make the due allowance for this disparity; with one convulsive effort, I pitched myself,—not on, but over—the back of the affrighted steed; and was only saved from a desperate fall by the promptness of the groom, who caught me fast by the heel, like another Achilles, as I was rapidly disappearing on the off-side of the horse!

This was a fatal commencement. Fortunately, however, the man had not let go his hold. I was, at length, righted,—not, however, till I had condescended to use the stirrup,—all un-Athenian as it was,—and, with a grim joke about my being “too active,” the groom, in obedience to a desperate “let go,” which it went to my heart to utter, turned off the animal; with a gloomy foreboding on my part, that he should never behold either himself, or his rider again. We got off quietly enough, considering all that had occurred, with the exception of a little pawing and restlessness on the part of my horse, Xenophon directs\* that “the rider, in mounting, should, along with the reins, *seize the mane near the point of the shoulder.*” I have a sort of indistinct recollection that I retained my hold of the mane *a little longer than was absolutely necessary.* I had just been reading, too, that “it is a received precept to soothe the horse by whistling.†” But though I felt, with increasing alarm, that my brute required soothing very much, yet my tongue clove to my palate in the vain attempt to get out a single note. I recollect with confusion the dismal attempt which I made to praise his beauty and spirit, while I cursed them both from the very depths of my soul. But there was not much time for such speculation. By degrees the gentle walk quickened into an unsteady, undecided, amble, which pitched and shook me at a most woeful rate in the saddle. All my horrors were redoubled!—the light springy step of my steed was absolute death to me. How I envied the ease and apparent enjoyment

\* Cap. vii. 1.

† Cap. ix. 11.

of my animated companion! What incoherent and abortive struggles I made to disguise my terrors under the semblance of gay conversation! How eagerly I clung to the unclassical support of the stirrups, which, alas! seemed, as if of set purpose, to elude my tremulous grasp—only regretting—forgive me, Castor!—that my saddle was not also furnished with a *horn* to which I might cling—like that which the heedless Emily seemed so little to regard!

“Had we not better try a canter in the park?” at length proposed my companion. *Shrine of Taraxippus!*—a canter!—

“With—all—my—heart,” faltered I; while every drop of blood flew back to my heart at the bare idea. Oh, how fervently I prayed that my horse should get lame, or cast a shoe; in short, that any thing, no matter what, should occur to prevent it. Heaven forgive me! I should scarcely have regretted the sudden illness of my fair charge herself, so utterly desperate were my feelings. But, alas! fate was inexorable. On we went—every stride flinging me up and down with a force which I thought would reduce me to impalpable powder—she, all the while, laughing, chattering,—absolutely wild with enjoyment! On we went—my despair deepening—deepening—with every step!—faster—faster!—till at last—but no—it is impossible! she is not going to jump that frightful paling! Shade of Ixion! it is but too true. I saw it before me with awful distinctness—every angle—every point—of it; and, to my horror, the heartless monster seemed to choose the most impassible spot in the entire range! Well I remember the grim despair with which—for my thoughts flew faster than my steed—my eye selected *one particular stake* in the fence on which I felt a gloomy presentiment that I was most certainly destined to be impaled! I am not ashamed to confess that I had, by this time, called the re-advice of Xenophon, always, “in *crossing a ditch*, or ascending an acclivity, to *seize the mane fast\**.” I was clinging to it with the gripe of despair. But stay! Ha! she is over, and—confound the mischievous vixen!—has wheeled her horse, to witness my impalement! Crash—crash! on we come! Death and fury! In the tremendous up and down bound of my relentless brute, my forehead is almost cloven by the knock against his head; and, as if the brute understood “counter-irritation,” my nether extremity is tilted against the pommel with a violence which I feared would annihilate me!

But I was over, at all events; and, for a moment, I breathed again. Alas! but for a moment. Scarce had I landed, when my cruel tormentor wheeled, and was away again! My case had not been utterly hopeless until now. In the break-neck fly [over the fence, I had lost both my stirrups, and, as the excited horse careered madly onwards,

\* Cap. vii.

I lay upon his neck in all the helplessness of despair—the huge hunting stirrups pommelling my shins at every stride. To increase my confusion, too, I could plainly perceive by the backward glance of my bright-eyed companion, that she was enjoying the discomfiture of this doomed scion of the classic school of equestrianism. But alas! ridicule was not all: my knowledge of the locality enabled me to see that we were galloping direct for a frightful precipice, with a deep pool below, which lay a few hundred yards beyond the fence. I shut my eyes in horror—I attempted to fling myself off, but my hands, clinging nervously to their hold, refused to do the bidding of my will. I abandoned myself to my fate! We were flying with the rapidity of the wind, when, by a sudden stop, I found myself flung resistlessly forward, on a steep bank—a waving branch was before me—with a convulsive effort, though my shoulder was almost wrenched off by the exertion, I succeeded in grasping it. Alas! I felt it gradually yielding—yielding—dimness came upon me! the rush of water is in my ears!

When consciousness returned, I found myself in bed, the nurse bathing my dislocated shoulder with some ice cold application—the surgeon looking on with an expression of considerable anxiety—the attendants bustling to and fro, under the hurried and contradictory orders of my poor host, almost distracted at the untoward accident. Poor Emily, I gathered from their smothered words, had been in hysterics ever since the occurrence, which she attributed to her own thoughtlessness and indiscretion!

Such was the first result of my taste for classic equestrianism. On my recovery from the dislocation, and the severe fever which it brought with it, I found that all my directions had, during my confinement, been scrupulously attended to in my *manege*. The result was highly gratifying—to old Jack Belton! I shall not specify all the details; but to be brief, what with the classic flooring of the stalls—the washing of the head with water—the removal of the shoes, and the other analogous reforms, I had the comfort of finding three of my horses blind—two with legs which might serve a hippotamus—and all, without a single exception, unable to place a hoof upon the ground! As for my first purchase, on whose points I prided myself so highly, he had been strangled in the stall by a *Xenophontia halter*, which I had myself made with my own hands, strictly according to the directions of the great Athenian\*! To say truth, I had begun to think there was some truth in old Bolton's declaration, that "he was no great loss!"

I had now, I believe, got enough of my classic whim. But my pride was touched, and I determined to make another effort—this time

\* Cap. V., sec. II.

in the English style. The whole establishment, accordingly, was again placed under the surveillance of the trusty Bolton; and I set about the matter in good earnest. It may be some set off to the absurdities which I have confessed, that I have at last succeeded, though at the price of a second dislocation of the shoulder. I have proved myself not unworthy of the sporting name which I bear, having, during the last season, *won no less than three steeple-chases.*

But I hear the dogs giving note of preparation to start; and I must, at least for the present, have done. Suffice it to say, that I have stepped, *bona fide*, into the place of my lamented cousin George; and am now one of the crack riders of the —— Hunt. Best of all, I have turned my first failure to some account. I have wrought so successfully on the sympathies of my fair enemy, that I am now the happy husband of the prettiest bride in —— shire. I have more than once attempted to resume my editorial labours; but the temptations of practical horsemanship, and practical sporting in all its forms, have as yet been too much for me; and, after putting it off season after season, I begin to fear at last that the work must remain unfinished, till it falls into the hands of some one more fortunate than the CLASSICAL EQUESTRIAN.

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### THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

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“Look here upon this picture,—and on this!”—*Shakespeare.*

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THE sight of the paintings at this exhibition, placed in the quiet retired rooms of the British Gallery, reminds us of the retreat which a gay assembly makes in the dull part of the year, from a town-mansion with glittering stair-cases, and crowded rooms, to the hall—the abbey, or the house in the country. The people are the same people—but they are jaded; they assemble together in smaller numbers, and affect assemblies. Routed—they get up a rout of their own. The pictures now collected, irresistibly recall to us, in colour and character, and, we might almost say, *sex* of painting—the inimitable stanza in Don Juan:—

“The noble guests, assembled at the Abbey—  
 Consisted of—we give the sex the *pas*—  
 The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke; the Countess Crabby;  
 The Ladies Scilly, Busey;—Miss Eclat,  
 Miss Bombazeen, Miss Mackstay, Miss O'Tabby,  
 .And Mrs. Rabbi—the rich Banker's squaw;  
 Also the honourable Mrs. Sleep,  
 Who look'd a white lamb,—yet was a black sheep!”

At the town-house,—that is, at the Royal Academy, located in that Lilliputian cabinet, the National Gallery, we saw most of these pictures in their May-day dresses—flaunting it, one against the other, like high and holiday folk; we now see them dwindled in number, and dulled against each other. The retreat at the British Gallery, wearing down the colours, as the retirement into the country, ameliorates the spirits of the collected party. A few of the *Wits* of painting have deigned to honour the thing; but of course they *take cold*, from their peculiar position—just as Sydney Smith, or Theodore Hook, would get a *chill* at a villa near Putney or Brentford, with country curates and squires for their companions. Maclise's Robin Hood preserves its white teeth, and sun-burnt faces, but loses its festivity. Lee's landscapes—charmed with truth in themselves, are “committed for a certain period, with hard labour!” Turner's *game-cock* of classical landscape, highly fed, stands very much like Washington Irving's bird, of the same species and sex, in the inn yard, on a wet day. The very people who walk about the rooms, appear to be persons inspecting Hampton Court (*without* the pictures), or the National Gallery with; so silent are they, and so little interest do they take in what is before them. If, however, sales are accomplished, the end—and a good end, is surprisingly answered. Now to the Pictures.

No. 1. *Is* number one!—unapproachable by anything, except the animal painting, by Maclise, in his Robin Hood. It is the gem on the forehead of the exhibition. It is “Young Roebuck and Rough Hounds,” by E. Landseer, R. A.;—and oh! what skins! the picture would charm a furrier! The hound licking the wound in the neck—the wound itself—the quiet shaggy dogs in front—the deathful roebuck—and the solemn terrier, forming the black and back ground—are something more like an oil improvement upon the art of transferring nature to canvass, as it has been done through light to paper, than the common working of the imagination, the hand, and the brush!

No. 22. “Wood scene, with Gamekeepers.” F. R. Lee, R. A.—A delightful wood—but the gamekeepers are wood also.

No. 27. “Dead Game, from Nature.” H. B. Chalon.—Game, certainly dead, and certainly *from* nature.

No. 44. “Calais Pier. Sloop returning to Port,” by E. W. Cook.—This is not a sporting subject; but there is infinite life in it. It is almost impossible to look at it, without trying to get out of the way of the sloop. An honest man of imagination may hear *that* sailor on the pier, calling to it!

No. 59. “Mercury and Argus.” J. M. W. Turner, R. A.—Yellow,—in trouble!

No. 76. “Fighting Horses.” T. Woodward.—A bad grey biting the

crest of a bad bay, who is nibbling the arm of the said grey;—both struggling on very debateable ground, with a shocking congregation of cattle in the back ground.

No. 106. "The Timber Carriage." J. F. Herring.—Well drawn; and *too* carefully painted. Horses in the condition and shape in which these animals are depicted, do *not* draw timber.

No. 110. "Recreation." J. J. Chalon, A. R. A.—Stothard and water.

No. 140. "Game-piece." G. Lance.—A very clever picture, and true.

No. 144. "Sketch from Nature." R. Rothwell.—The painter characterises his picture with the line from Othello,—“The head and front of my offending hath this extent;” and well may he there stop—for “no more” could nature or beauty do! Such delicate sweetness of mind, temper, and feeling, never was collected together in one face. However, the picture is but a copy, we long to see the *original*.

No. 139. "Rising of the Pleiades." H. Howard, R. A.—Here is this gentleman's usual upper transplantation of a certain number of fat yet transparent dancers, to *lighten* the earth! The painter seems to have taken his notion of *stars*, from the well-paid ladies, well-watched coryhees, at her Majesty's Theatre.

No. 152. "Jay and Fawn." T. Woodward.—The faw is not ill painted, “but why *Jay*, Mr. Wild?” What a Jay! It is like a fat bit of Jay-colour run over on the Western Railway. The picture is worth buying by those curious in Fawns, for the mere sake of cutting out the Jay.

No. 201. "The Straw Yard." J. F. Hering.—A really very clever painting. The black and white pigs, with the skins glowing through the bristles, are admirable. The horses, too, are well painted, but the artist, from his race-horse habits, has thrown too much blood into the symmetry and hue of his animals. And, again, in a straw yard they are *not* in condition.

No. 221. "Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er." W. Etty, R. A.—The human frame improved by *imagination*. Quite the reverse of the Pleiades.

No. 306. "Captain Rolando showing to Gil Blas the Treasure of the Cave." G. Lance.—But that a robber does not only rob his own countrymen, we should say the treasures were ill assorted. The foreground, however, of the picture is well conceived and painted; but the opening into the cave in the back-ground is melo-dramatic and bad.

No. 376. "Les Apprêts." S. J. Rochard. This is a charmingly painted portrait (the only one we mention) of a very charming face and figure. Spanish. piquante, and lovely. The hair related to the raven's

wing,—and the eye of the same colour, with light in it. The painter seems to have intended a subject, but it surely must be a portrait.

No. 463. "Game with Gold Fish." H. B. Chalon. Clever, but still, dead game, and dead gold fish.

N. 426. "Lady Jane Grey at the place of her Execution." S. A. Hart, A. R. A.—An unjustifiable enclosure of a waste of canvas! A coloured libel upon the best and sweetest of women that ever existed.

No. 90. "Farewell." D. Maclise, A. R. A.—This is the picture of a lady parting with her knight. The gentleman in steel is nothing,—but what a woman! We only see her shape, the back of her shoulders, and the bound up wealth of her black hair. Her face is buried in his breast. But can its beauty be mistaken!

With an exception here and there, we have noticed the pictures whose subjects are most suitable to the pages of this Magazine; and in taking our farewell of this exhibition, we feel that those works which have reference to country scenery, out of door nature, and sporting, are generally the best in the collection.

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

### HUNTING RECORDS, &c.

#### HUNTING IN NORTH WILTS.

DURING the last month North Wiltshire has rivalled Leicestershire in the sports of the field, her vales and rich meadows maintain the well-known fact, that the richer the pasture the sweeter the scent.

With the Duke of Beaufort's hounds we have seen an English Prince\*, of a true English character, like his revered grandfather, enjoying the chase in a true English spirit, riding as straight as the best of them; sometimes leading the Wiltshire yeoman as a crow would fly over his farm, as often following him half smothered in dirt across some of its deep lanes, accompanied by some of the first sportsmen in the kingdom. From Rowley Brake we witnessed a brilliant run of thirty-two minutes passing through Shipton-wood over the fine pasture land between that and Higham, through which cover he flew with a burning scent to the river beneath; *here* (though the Duke's hunt were never suspected of whiggism, O'Connell himself,—whether galloping over the wild banks of Killarney, or riding *rough shod* over the ministerial benches,—never had such a *tail!*) the broad waters of the swollen Avon cannot turn the leading men from their straightforward course; several are seen

\* Prince George of Cambridge.

swimming neck and neck after the impetuous pack, whose gallant, daring and unerring nostrils will not give poor reynard a chance, by ablution in the rapid stream, of washing away the sweet odour which is so fatal to him; from the river he passed through Cowage Grove, over the deep cultivated land of Malmesbury Common, and many a heavy weight, as he *craned* on his sobbing-horse, over the boundary fence of the common, and marked the depth which those before him had sunk into the rich loamy soil, was well satisfied in fancying that pug had gone to earth at the extremity of the common; but our wily game had only tried the drain and pursued his onward way to West Park; I trust like Hudibras "to live to fight another day." Each day with the Duke of Beaufort's pack the game has been found within ten minutes of entering the covert and the sport has been invariably good.

Lord Moreton has had some brilliant runs; amongst others may be enumerated Saturday the 28th ult., the day he met at Charlton Gate; a fox was found immediately, and, although a Park Fox, he gave a brilliant run of about twenty-five minutes over one of the sweetest countries in the world, and was killed in Shipton-wood; a second fox was found in Keene's Wood, which gave a severe run of about two hours and an half in large circles in the Braydon country, and the horse and rider must be gluttons who could wish for a harder day.

Mr. Horlock's hounds, on Thursday, 2nd inst., met at the Hillock's Windmill, but did not find till about a quarter before one, in Stanmore, when after drawing that grassy and scentless cover for about a quarter of an hour, a few hounds were observed feathering near the boundary hedge. "A part of the pack are away," cried their indefatigable huntsman, who was not above a minute or two in getting the body of the pack well up with them: the fox broke towards the down, and after running about two miles, through stiff inclosures with very high perpendicular banks, with sometimes a wide ditch on one side of them, but oftener on both, sure traps for some of the unwary young hunters, he boldly faced the down, having previously passed Whyrr Farm and Coppice, Berwick Bassett village, and Winterbourne, he made over the Hackpen Down to Dean Bottom; here he was viewed by the whole pack and by most of the field, and after running for about a mile and a half in view, without any tailing amongst the *hounds*, he was fairly run down in a ploughed field beneath Barbary Farm; a favourite young bitch first seized him, but was unable to hold one so strong, even in his agonies; a few yards farther the body of the pack were at his brush, and with one check of about two minutes (affording an opportunity of admiring a judicious cast) the run lasted forty minutes, and, from point to point, was about seven miles; for the last ten minutes the pace was at the top speed of the fastest.

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## LONGEVITY OF MRS. SOUTH.

On Saturday the 8th ult., Mrs. South, relict of William South, who was more than half a century ago a first-rate jockey at Newmarket, attained her *hundredth year*, and *mirabile dictu*, she is in the possession of a degree of health, strength, and cheerfulness, which will apparently enable her to hold the pace for some distance yet!

## THE OAKLEY HOUNDS.

On Tuesday morning, the 13th ult., a meeting was held at the Swan Inn, Bedford, to receive the resignation of the mastership of the Oakley fox-hounds from his Grace the Duke of Bedford. After a short discussion, Mr. Magniac was declared his grace's successor. There were present Lord Charles Russell, — Littledale, Esq., — Thornton, Esq., — Barnett, Esq., Mr. Phillipson, Hankin Turrin, Esq., W. Higgins, Esq., C. L. Grimshawe, Esq., Samuel Whitbread, Esq., Philip Booth, Esq., Williamson Booth, Esq., — Stewart, Esq., and many others.

## STEEPLE CHASE, MAN AGAINST HORSE.

The race between an old hunter called George IV., belonging to Mr. Griffiths, and Cootes, the celebrated runner, took place on Monday at Hyde Park, Sheffield; there was an immense number of people to witness it, including most of the sporting gents in the neighbourhood. The start took place at a quarter before four; Cootes took the lead; the horse refusing his first leap, he was again tried, but again refused. It was then discovered that the rider was rather overweighed, not with shot, but with heavy wet. He was ordered to dismount, when his spirited owner mounted him, and got him over; he went away at a good pace, but the horse was too hot and too much on his mettle, and again refused his leaps. By this time Cootes had made considerable progress, and was full half a mile a head. With a little bit of good jockeyship and management, Griffiths got his horse pretty well over the next ten or twelve leaps, taking them very cleverly; he was, in the ninth round, very near his opponent, and it was very clear if he went on he must win; however, he again refused his leaps, and Cootes made way fast, and in the thirteenth round, or about four miles and a quarter, Cootes was full three quarters of a mile before him in the course. Eleventh round he slipped at a leap, and with difficulty pulled over the bar, laming himself so badly, that, after taking three or more leaps, Griffiths found it impossible for the horse to perform the remainder of the distance, consequently he gave in. Cootes went the whole distance, and was proclaimed the winner.

## A DAY WITH LORD MORETON'S HOUNDS.

This gallant pack met on Tuesday the 11th instant, at Hampney park, the seat of Earl Ducie. The noble master of the hounds and a good field were on the spot; in consequence of Lord Segrave's hounds being at Berkeley a good many of the right sort well mounted from Cheltenham were there. At half-past ten the hounds were at the front of the house, with Joe Thompson, the huntsman, and our old friend Jack Grant, first whip, once again in his old place at their tail. Earl Ducie did honour to her Majesty's wedding by presenting each sportsman with a rosette of white satin ribbons to wear on his coat, and a bumper of mulled wine to drink her Majesty's and Prince Albert's health.

## BRILLIANT RUN WITH THE VINE HOUNDS.

These hounds met on Friday, 14th Feb., at West Sherborne, when, after drawing a little, this beautiful musical pack struck up, leading the field through some tremendous stiff lands; every fifty yards a jump into lanes knee-deep, or over well-filled ditches to the neighbouring fields—no crawling over; if a horse attempted to walk down a bank, he was sure to slip. One of these accidents occurred: a gentleman was riding slowly over, when his horse slid, and fell, and unfortunately rolled over his rider, hurting him much, though happily not severely. These enclosed fields are excellent practice to steeple-chace sportsmen if they ride this severe district well, no chace ever so formidable would daunt them. Our fox gave us some delightful woodland hunting which, coupled with the fineness of the day, and such "fairy-like music," was a treat rarely to be met with. We skirted the lands in the neighbourhood of the Vine to Beaurepail, Bramley, to the reen, and eventually to Strathfieldsaye, where he saved his life in the covers of that princely domain. These hounds have done wonders this season, having killed, up to this day, twenty-two and a half brace of foxes. The same hounds had a tremendous run on Monday last. Met at Clerken green gate; drew the Dean and Ash woods, where a gallant fellow broke, and being no doubt in fine condition, he resolved to show what could be done by a little animal of the right sort, and was the finish of many engaged as his followers. He took to the open towards Overton, and continued his course, disdaining to enter any cover where a friendly earth might have saved him: on he went to near Whitchich, where he turned, and made the best of his way back, still all in the open, not a check for upwards of twenty miles; when near the warren, he made good his retreat. Of his followers four horses are dead, and report says three more cannot survive. This day will never be forgotten by all those who followed, those who went home with him, or those who dropped short; some of the "hunt" purpose, taking the line of the country, in which

case you will have the full particulars of those who figured on this ever memorable day.

#### THE EAST SUSSEX HOUNDS.

On Monday, Feb. 3d, the East Sussex hounds met at East Hoathly, and soon found in the cover of the Common wood, Laughton. After a ring in the cover, he crossed the Green ride to the Upper wood, and went at a slapping pace over Frith's farm to Hicks's furze, crossed the brook to Fox-hunt, through the Stream woods, to Horsham to Little London; from thence to Hanging Birch, nearly to Cross in Hand, when, turning short to his right, he made for Heathfield park, which he entered near the tower, and endeavoured, but in vain, to save himself by running through the herd, and keeping on the deer stain for near half an hour. Up to this time the chace had been over a most difficult country, and the hounds consequently left to themselves for several miles. Time, one hour and a half, up to the park, very fast, and the fox killed, through much good management on the part of the huntsman, and perseverance on the part of the hounds.

Thursday, 6th, Barcomb Cross.—After a long draw, found in Nowland's wood, and immediately went to ground, but was bolted, and went off at a good pace from the old park, through Nowland's wood and Barcomb, crossing the brooks; after being headed at the mill, he went off towards the Hainsey brooks, where there was water in abundance, and the field was as well splashed as they have been any day this season; few, however, felt inclined to dandify themselves at the expense of an ablution in a marsh ditch or the brooks. The field, of course, became very select, the hounds going at the best pace to the Ouse, which was swollen by the late rains (followed only by four horses)—the pack at once dashed in, and hit the scent at the Thorn Island; in an instant they took the flood again from the opposite side, and went away with it to Wellingham. At six o'clock the hounds came up with their fox, who had dropped from exhaustion before he could join the Plaskitt, for which he was pointing. The run lasted two hours and ten minutes.

#### THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS

Had a fine run on the 3rd instant. A fox went away from Gayhurst wood over the pastures to the Hoo wood, and turning down wind for the left, crossed the Northampton and Newport road, near the lodge, and the river Ouse at Tyringham-bridge. He left the gorse to the left, pointing to Filgrove, near which he turned to the right for Sherrington, leaving the village on his right, and the wood on his left; Heckney wood close on his left, Hardmead on his right, Astwood on his right; skirted Grub's wood, in which the Oakley hounds were then running, and making his way for Salem Thrift, was run into at Bury end, in one hour and a quarter, without a cast. The

distance being nearly twelve miles from point to point, as the crow flies.

#### MR. TUDWAY'S HOUNDS.

On Thursday, 6th February, Mr. Tudway's hounds met at the Berkeley lodge, Standerwick, to draw the Black Dog woods. At eleven, a fair sprinkling of pinks having collected—amongst them several of Mr. Wyndham's and Mr. Horlock's hunts—the hounds were thrown into the cover of A. Wansey, Esq., and in the course of five minutes a gallant fox was unkenneled, and broke away at once for the Main woods, across the Bath and Warminster road, for the earths. After trying the earths (distant nearly two miles, in these large covers from where he was found), he broke right away across the fine, though heavy vale of Corsley—principally water meadows, at this present season in not the best state to ride over—the scent breast high, and the pace most severe; so much so, that at the end of twenty-five minutes, without a check, poor pug was run into in a field of turnips, adjoining the farm house of N. Barton, Esq. The distance, run across a heavy country, was between six and seven miles.

#### THE FAST KENT HOUNDS

Met on Friday, Feb. 7th, at Swanton; went away from Pine-hill shave, near Loyd Oak, for a fifteen minutes' burst to Woolge wood, then crossed the Dover road into the Broome firs, recrossed it into Woolage wood, and soon came to a check. Got upon what was supposed to be the hunted fox, in Swingfield-park, and immediately killed. The usual ceremonies had scarcely been completed, when one single hound found another fox, and away we went to Lidden-hill wood, like lightning; here he meant Woolage wood, but in consequence of the arrival of Prince Albert and his retinue up the road from Dover, he was diverted from his intended course, and, after a temporary check, the pack dashed across the country to Waldershaw, and the fox was lost, owing to his being headed by some people at work between the park and Hazle wood. Time from Swingfield park forty minutes—very good.

#### MR. MUSTERS'S HOUNDS.

Friday, Feb. 7.—Met at Winkbourne Hall, and found in Deal-wood, from thence to Roe-wood, ran once round the wood, and away for Cockerton-moor and Winkbourne-hill, and then elbowed back to Roe-wood. The wood is a very extensive one, and after affording about twenty minutes of beautiful cover hunting, pug went away for Best-horpe, from thence to Orchard and Deliver woods, pointing in a direction for Earkring-brail, through the garden at Earkring village, and on to Lound-wood. "Forward" was the word, and leaving the Rufford kennels to the left, ran him through the Park springs to Wellow village.

Here he was chased by a mongrel cur, by which accident, although evidently dead beat, he succeeded in making his escape. Time, one hour and forty minutes, fifty-five minutes of which was across the open country, without a check, and at a racing pace, with not a horse-man near. Saturday, Feb. 8.—The meet was at Thurgarton; found at Halloughton-wood; went away for Halden; and leaving the village to the right, went straight for Graveslane-wood, through Coomb's wood, and on the hill to Healam; back to Coomb's wood, thence to Farresfield, where, taking a turn to the left, he crossed the warren at first-rate pace, and ran to ground; but poor pug's *dernier resort* did not save him, for he was easily bolted and killed after a run of one hour and twenty minutes, the pace being good throughout.

#### SPLENDID RUN WITH HER MAJESTY'S STAG HOUNDS.

On Friday, the 7th ult., the meet was at Uxbridge Common. The deer was the well known "Hampton." The pace throughout was tremendous; for many a good horse suffered in the run.

February 13.—This day the hounds met at Fern Cottage, the residence of the noble master (Lord Kinnaird), when his Serene Highness Prince Ernest and a large party partook of lunch, and then proceeded into the Great Park to meet her Majesty and Prince Albert, who attended in a pony phaeton, and a numerous suite, consisting of the Duke of Gotha, Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, &c. &c. &c.; also a number of gentry living in the neighbourhood, who were fortunate enough to hear of this *sudden* arrangement; for we are assured that the noble master of the hounds did not know her Majesty's intention till late in the previous evening, after returning from a long day's sport. Not time to say more than that the sport was every thing that he wished for, and all parties highly delighted. The deer was taken after running one hour.

#### THE BERKSHIRE HOUNDS.

One of the most splendid runs ever witnessed in this part of the country was run during the last month, on a lucky Monday, the meet Rose and Crown, Pusey; at Barcot copse, T. T. Morland, Esq. whipped off, ending a run of three hours and a quarter of as good running as the most fastidious could wish. The field was numerous in the morning, but very select in the evening, particularly with the "pinks," who were spread all over the country enquiring the way for their different homes. The only persons who were present, who had been through the day, were Mr. Morland, on his favourite horse, Bob Logic; T. Bennett, on Lady Harbro'; T. Luker, on his old celebrated brown horse Dreadnought; and two, whose names are not known.

Baron Rothschild's hounds have had good sport; and Sir John

Cope's pack had a brilliant and extraordinary run on the 11th of February. The Norfolk fox-hounds had, on the 15th, a good day from South Raynham.

Lord Milton, whilst hunting on Tuesday week in Burghley-park (where the Milton hounds threw off), had the misfortune to come in contact with a tree, the boughs of which struck him severely on the face and chest, and threw his lordship to the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to the bailiff's lodge, near which the accident happened. There was no wound externally beyond a cut across the lips; but the noble lord suffered for some days from the bruises he received. He was taken back to Milton in a carriage of the Marquis of Exeter. We are glad to learn that his lordship is gradually recovering. The accident might have been more serious, if not fatal, for his lordship had his breast and face severely injured by the fall.

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## VARIETIES.

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THE MEET AT BLAGDON. Engraved by Thomas Lupton, from a Picture by J. W. SNOW, Newcastle. HODGSON & Co.

THIS is a well arranged picture. The horses are all of the good old English hunter sort; and the likenesses of the present and late Sir Matthew White Ridley, and of Captain Ridley, are faithful and good. Eighteen or twenty couple of hounds fill up the fore-ground; and the landscape opens to the mansion in the distance. Sportsmen will not forget that the late Sir M. W. Ridley bred that pride of the English Turf, *Fleur-de-Lys*.

## HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

TRUE, humanity is a gem in the heart's cabinet, above all price; but the present is the period for the Scene-painting of Humanity to Animals; and we have already shown the lengths to which Mr. Thomas will go for the purpose of keeping up his Subscription Pack. A Dr. Styles has raved himself into a premium, by a Prize Essay; and Mr. Grantley Berkeley has manfully stepped forward to rebut the Reverend Gentleman's well-paid fawn over humanity. The pamphlet of Mr. Berkeley comes late to us, but it is honestly written, and should do good.

The following is done a little in colours, but it has nature for the background.

"Now as in this review I am determined to state nothing that I do not know, I will take the reader to one of the hills in the park of Berkeley, the scene of all those amusements for the pursuit of which we, as well as all other sportsmen, are so sweepingly condemned by Doctor Styles; the time of year shall be the spring, and the day beautiful. Around us are idly grazing the sleek and fattening herds of red and fallow deer, whose dappled skins and many-twinkling ears, as they shake them at the flies, give a quiet life to the otherwise dreamy calm which

surrounds us, while the hare and rabbit, and the gorgeous pheasant, gambol or strut beneath the hawthorns, the bloom of which is loud with the harmony of nature. On yonder drain or earth there sits an old vixen fox, while on the short green sward beneath her are her litter of cubs, either basking in the sun, or climbing sportively on little hillocks, whence to spring on the backs of their fellows, and roll them over in mimic battle; occasionally she raises her sharp eyes on the flap of the wood-pigeon's wing, who is cooing to her mate in peaceful security in the venerable oak, from beneath which an old hunter, loosed in the park for life, gazes wistfully into the grassy vale, seemingly uncertain whether a low from the distant dairy cow might not be the horn of the chase in which he used so joyously to share. Yonder, too, is a huge deer greyhound idling around the park lodge, taking no more notice of the deer than if they were so many sheep. All—all is wrapped in security and rest. Now I confess that in such scenes as these, when passive nature spreads her loveliest lap, like a garden of Eden, to disclose the living creatures of God's creation in their most peaceful and mirthful occupations, when a thousand flowers scent the air, and the lark wings her tremulous way to the skies, as if to seek a blessing or sing her thanks to that Being whose sun calls forth the hues of summer, my heart and soul are too full of admiration, are too fraught with the genuine thankfulness of nature, to blaspheme the visible perfections of the universe and the multitude of blessings it contains, or to let me think of 'pandemonium,' or dream that 'a breath of air from the devil is passing over and poisoning' such scenes of earthly happiness. No;—I leave the Reverend Doctor Styles to these amiable conclusions, and if he cannot draw more comfortable consolation from a research, which, if made rightly, in my opinion should cheer rather than depress us in our pilgrimage through the world, why from my soul I pity him.

"It is true that a charge of cruelty, to a certain extent, may be made against all the amusements of man, in which animals are assigned to serve his purpose; and if Mr. Thomas, the Secretary to the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty, felt half the solicitude for suffering nature, affected by Doctor Styles and the donors of the hundred pounds prize,—why his journeys to the different places to which his secret informations might lead him, would be miles of absolute purgatory; for he must know that multitudes of the creatures which were whipped to drag him through the weary stage were wrung in the withers, broken in their wind, blind, sprung in the sinews, and contracted in the feet; or as Biondello has it, when describing Petrucio's horse,—they are possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind galls, sped with the spavins, railed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, beknawn with the bots, swayed in the back, shoulder shotten and ne'er legged before.' If the members of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty affect to shut their eyes against these facts, it were a pity but that four of them were harnessed to a truck, and made to run up Ludgate-hill with plenty of sitters to give the machine they drew a rearward preponderance: they would find, that if forced to run straight—a thing they are not at the present moment doing—that there were far greater cruelties practised every moment in the streets and roads of the metropolis, assisted by their presence, and patronised by their shillings, than the thousands spent by the nobility and gentry; can stimulate or induce by their patronage of the spots of the field. In saying this, I do not lift up my voice against the stage coach, omnibus, hack cab, or public conveyance; far otherwise—I deem them the conveniences of life, suited to the majority of the people; but I wish to show, that situated as we are, if the obligations of society and the sinews of war are to be maintained, minor abuses must be tolerated, the spokes of the wheel kept in order, that the circumference or grand circle of its evolutions may run even and secure. We, the masters of hounds and sportsmen generally, have been condemned by Doctor Styles, as monsters of cruelty and unchristian members of society—the whole of us, we have all been held up in his Prize Essay as deserving of public antipathy! I will, for an in-

stant; suppose 'Othello's occupation gone'—and that, deprived of their amusement in the field, the immense establishments of the noblemen and gentlemen I have mentioned and alluded to, were broken up, and the thousands, the millions of money spent upon them, to be borne abroad and frittered away in foreign places,—what then would become of the multitudes of people thrown out of employment, and in what way does Doctor Styles point out a remedy for the calamity, misery, and distress, which must inevitably spread itself over the face of the land, were his most mischievous advocacy to obtain its obvious consummation? We all know, at least your practical reasoner knows—that rich men will have their amusements—ay, and poor men too, and that if they cannot have them in one place, they will in another. We know that England has been indebted to her ancient pastimes for the muscular power of her men, the might of her war-horse, and to the overwhelming power of the cloth-yard shaft. We also know that she is indebted at the present moment to her sporting establishments, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, for their presence on their estates of the landed nobility and gentry; and we know that thousands of her population derive their bread from the bounty of the castle, hall, and manor house; and that by the immediate presence of these lords and gentlemen, the laws of the constitution are locally dispensed and maintained. It is in the hunting field, too, where the rising aristocracy become acquainted with the best portion of the yeomanry, and learn to appreciate their merits. The landlord and tenant are joined in one amusement; there is a noble emulation in the chase in which the middling classes, the poorer man, may vie inoffensively with the rich, and become personally known to each other. It is good for them both; for by their immediate communication, the rough edge of one is softened and refined, while the other learns to believe that the middling and poorer classes are not absolutely automatons set up for the sole purpose of paying their rent, but that they are possessed of as quick feelings and sensibilities as the higher orders of society, and, if treated as man should treat his fellow-man, capable of all the best feelings of humanity. Let Doctor Styles turn his attention to the state of Ireland—let him listen to the powerful appeal made by some of the sons of that unhappy country, and he will learn, in spite of all the prizes in the world to induce him to believe the contrary—that the ruin of Ireland has been the absence of her landed gentry."

Cruelty is not a term, which is as yet truly understood. Were it so, Mr. Thomas would never have been a Secretary; and Doctor Styles would have crammed his prize essay into the fire.

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## THE RACING BOOK CALENDAR.

### ENTRIES, &c.

MESSRS. WEATHERBY, the hitherto unreforming editors of the Racing Calendars, are at length beginning to show signs of awakening from their long torpor. The work is more carefully printed, and some useful *indices* have been appended. The prospects of racing are extremely brilliant.

We think our readers will like to have a

#### LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB, NEWMARKET.

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Hon. Colonel Anson  
Sir D. Baird, Bart.,  
S. Batson, Esq.

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Duke of Bedford  
Lord G. Bentinck  
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 C. Wilson, Esq.  
 Earl of Wilton  
 Colonel G. Wyndham  
 General Yates.

## RACING ENTRIES.

## CROXTON PARK MEETING, 1840.

THE GRANBY HANDICAP of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared by the 20th of Feb., with 50 added, for horses of all denominations (two-year-olds excepted); three horses to start, or the 50 will not be given; the winner to subscribe to this Stakes and the Billesdon Coplow for 1841, to pay 10 sovs. towards the Farmers' Handicap, and 5 towards the expences of the course. Once round and a distance, about a mile and five eighths.

	Age	st.	lb.
Mr White ns. br. h. Caravan .....	6	13	12
Lord Waterford's Cardinal Puff .....	6	13	8
Mr. Rush's b. g. Pickwiok .....	6	12	2
Lord Granby ns. George, by Roller .....	5	12	2
Mr. E. B. Hartopp ns. gr. h. Arthur, by Sir Hercules .....	a	12	2
Lord Clanwilliam ns. Aretie .....	a	12	0
Mr. Maley's Bellissima (h. b.) .....	5	12	0
Lord Waterford's Bamfylde .....	a	12	0
Count Gneisenan ns. Ruby .....	6	11	12
Mr. Arkwright ns. Pyramid .....	6	11	12
Lord Maidstone ns. Malton .....	6	11	10
Lord Cranstoun ns. br. h. by Picton, out of Eel .....	6	11	10
Mr. Knox's gr. h. Barefoot, by Drone .....	a	11	10

	Age.	st.	lb
Sir T. Whitecote ns. br. h. Normanby .....	a	11	8
Mr. Fairlie's The Hydra .....	5	11	8
Mr. Goodman's Fame .....	4	11	8
Mr. Gray's br. h. Prince, by Figaro .....	a	11	6
Mr. Phillips's b. g. Taffy, by Young Magistrate, dam by Luck's-all (L. b.)	5	11	4
Lord A. Seymour ns. The Shadow .....	4	11	4
Lord Forester ns. Claret, by Alcaston .....	4	11	4
Mr. Power's br. c. Clone .....	4	11	4
Mr. Turner ns. br. h. Honesty, own brother to Policy .....	a	11	2
Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. g. Van Buren, by Velocipede .....	6	11	2
Lord Miltown's b. f. Medea .....	4	11	0
Lord Howth's b. c. Hazard, by Lapwing .....	4	11	0
Mr. W. H. Irby ns. The Count, by Figaro .....	a	11	0
Lord Verulam ns. Aggravator (h. b.) .....	a	11	0
Sir D. Baird's b. g. The Morning Star .....	a	11	0
Lord Chesterfield ns. br. h. Gardham .....	6	11	0
Prince Leichtenstein ns. Dacre .....	a	11	0
Lord Desart ns. b. h. Northenden .....	5	11	0
Mr. W. Lynn ns. b. h. Bolivar (h. b) .....	a	11	0
Lord Hastings ns. b. g. Zethus .....	a	11	0
Lord Macdonald ns. ch. h. Cruikshank (late Stranger) by Langar .....	a	10	12
Lord Wilton ns. ch. c. Accelerator, by Velocipede, out of Barbara .....	4	10	12
Sir F. Johnstown ns. b. c. The Blue Pill, by Physician .....	4	10	10
Mr. Milward's b. g. by Brutandorf, dam by Catton, grandam by Filbo da Pluta (h. b) .....	5	10	10
Colonel Peel's c. by Longwaist, out of Heron's dam .....	4	10	10
Mr. Wilson ns. b. g. Tumbler, by Walthamstow, out of Showlass, by Mountebank .....	6	10	8
Lord Howth's ch. h. The Clock, by Napoleon .....	6	10	8
Count Bathyanys ns. ch. g. Huckster .....	6	10	8
Sir J. D. Paul ns. ch. c. Farmington, by Cain .....	4	10	8
Mr. Owsley's br. c. Balugani, by Belzoni, out of Mandadine .....	4	10	8
Mr. Hobson ns. Appleton Lass .....	4	10	8
Mr. Bell's Fearnely (h. b) .....	4	10	8
Lord C. S. Manners ns. b. c. The Poet .....	4	10	4
Duke of Rutland ns. br. m. Brunette, by Napoleon-le-Grand, dam by Lottery, out of Cowboy's dam (h. b) .....	5	10	0
Prince Trauttmundsdorff ns. ch. g. Robin, by Master Richard (bought of Mr. Thomas) .....	a	10	0
Lord Willoughby ns. Tormentor (h. b) .....	5	10	0
Lord Alford ns. Cerberus .....	4	9	11
Mr. Matthews's b. g. Master Teddy .....	4	9	11

Lord Suffield and Sir R. Gordon are subscribers, but did not name.

A GOLD CUP, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; 10 ft., and 5 only if declared by the 20th of February; for horses of all denominations (two-year-olds excepted); the winner of the Granby to carry 10 pounds, and of the Coplow, 7 pounds extra; to start at the scurry post and go once round, nearly two miles.

Lord Waterford's Cardinal Puff .....	6	12	5
Lord Cranstoun ns. b. h. Caravan .....	6	13	5
Mr. Hobson ns. George, by Roller .....	5	11	12
Mr. Maley's Bellissima (h. b) .....	5	11	12
Mr. Rush's b. g. Pickwick .....	6	11	10
Mr. Herbert's Arctic .....	a	11	10
Lord Waterford's Bamfylde .....	a	11	10
Mr. Goodman's Fame .....	4	11	6
Mr. Blake's br. h. Normanby .....	a	11	5
Mr. Gray's br. h. Prince, by Figaro .....	a	11	2
Mr. Fairlie's ch. h. The Hydra .....	5	11	1
Lord Howth's Claret, by Alcaston .....	4	11	0
Mr. Phillips's b. g. Taffy, by Young Magistrate, dam by Luck's all (h. b)	5	10	13

	Age.	st.	lb.
Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. g. Van Buren, by Velocipede .....	6	10	12
Lord Howth's b. c. Hazard, by Lapwing .....	4	10	10
Lord Rosslyn's the Count, by Figaro .....	a	10	10
Lord Wilton ns. ch. c. Accelerator, by Velocipede out of Barbara .....	4	10	8
Sir F. Johnstone ns. b. c. The Blue Pill, by Physician .....	4	10	6
Lord Chesterfield ns. Balugani .....	4	10	3
Count Batlyany ns. ch. g. Huckster .....	6	10	2
Mr. Wilson ns. b. g. Tumbler, by Walthamstow, out of Showlass, by Mountebank .....	6	10	2
Mr. Milward's b. g. by Brutandorf, dam by Catton, grandam by Filho da Pluta (h. b.) .....	5	10	1
Lord Desart ns. ch. g. Robin, by Master Richard (bought of Mr. Thomas) .....	a	9	10
Mr. Westbrook's Cerberus (h. b.) .....	4	9	7

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1840.

WEDNESDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each; 30 ft.; for three years old.—T. Y. C.

Duke of Cleveland's c. by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam .....	7	11
General Grosvenor's Diploma .....	7	11
Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, sister to Montezuma .....	7	10

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1840.

General Grosvenor's Dædalus .....	5	8	2
Lord Normanby's Gipsy .....	a	7	10
Duke of Rutland's Revoke .....	4	6	2

BATH SPRING RACES, 1840.

The BATH STAKES (Handicap) of 20 sovs each; h. ft. and only 5 if declared on or before the 1st of March, with 20 sovs added.—One mile and a half and a distance.

	Age	st.	lb.		Age	st.	lb.
Artic (h. b.) .....	a.	9	3	Juvenile, by Jerry .....	4.	7	10
Bellissima (h. b.) .....	5.	9	2	Confederate .....	3.	7	10
Clarion .....	4.	8	12	Master Teddy (h. b.) .....	4.	7	10
Zethus .....	a.	8	10	Cerberus (h. b.) .....	4.	7	10
Fitzambo .....	4.	8	10	Brunette .....	3.	6	12
Melbourne .....	4.	8	9	Tabitha .....	3.	6	12
I-wish-you-may-get-it .....	5.	8	8	Blemish, by Emilius out of Clara .....	3.	6	12
Lady Geraldine .....	4.	8	8	Carlotta, by Frederick—Cestus .....	3.	6	8
The Dean .....	4.	8	7	b c by Jack Tar out of Master .....			
Dejanira .....	5.	8	6	Teddy's dam (h. b.) .....	3.	6	6
Springfield .....	4.	8	5				

MANCHESTER RACES, 1840.

THE FREE HANDICAP.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Charles XII. ....	9	6	Fitzambo .....	7	10
Hetman Platoff .....	9	3	Antigua .....	7	9
Deception .....	8	12	Dolphin .....	7	9
Commodore .....	8	10	Bolus .....	7	9
The Provost .....	8	8	The Dean .....	7	9
Kremlin .....	8	7	Shadow .....	7	9
The Lord Mayor .....	8	6	The Quack .....	7	8
The Dey of Algiers .....	8	3	Sampson .....	7	7
Sleight-of-Hand .....	8	3	Cripple .....	7	7
Epidaurus .....	8	3	Fame .....	7	7
Malvolio .....	8	2	Apothecary .....	7	6
Tubalcain .....	8	2	Imogene .....	7	6
Lightfoot .....	8	0	Velocity .....	7	6
Profligate .....	7	12	Margaret .....	7	5
Quid .....	7	12	The Recorder .....	7	4
Tamburini .....	7	10	Petty Larceny .....	7	4
Mickleton Maid .....	7	10	Springfield .....	7	4
La Sage Femme .....	7	10	Charley .....	7	3

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Darioletta Filly	7	3	Colt by Priam (h. b.)	6	12
Easingwold	7	3	Abraham Cowley	6	12
Fair Louisa	7	3	Orelia	6	12
Roscus	7	2	Wings	6	12
Muckle Fun	7	2	Alexandrina	6	10
Medea	7	2	Speed	6	10
Lady Abbess	7	2	Arrarat	6	10
Doctor Grainger	7	2	Fitzwilliam	6	10
Sir Mark	7	2	Eliza	6	10
Colt (Mr. Shaftoe's)	7	2	Ferneley	6	10
Memento	7	2	Floranthe Filly	6	9
Uriah	7	0	Elegance	6	9
Lille	7	0	Prescription	6	9
Leprechaun	7	0	Peter Parley	6	9
Zoroaster	7	0	Frantic	6	9
Blue Pill	7	0	Gambolet	6	9
Messmate	7	0	Anna Maria	6	8
Tivy	7	0	Bumblekite	6	8
Cleanthes	7	0	The Nile	6	8
Juvenile	7	0	Auckland	6	8
Fisher Lass Colt	7	0	Colchicum	6	8
Viola	7	0	Concordia	6	8
The Poet	7	0	Susan	6	7
Charlatan	7	0	Miss Foote	6	7
Clem-o'-th'-Cleugh	7	0	Tintoretta Filly	6	6
Neptune	7	0	Marmaduke	6	6
Lady Fractious Colt	6	12	Armelle	6	4
Priamides	6	12	Maid of Wigan	6	4
Chantilly	6	12			

### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

Business has gone not rapidly, but steadily on, since we last reported progress. The great change has been in Muley Ishmael, who is said to have broken down:—of course he is utterly gone in the odds. The Angelica Colt is a great favourite; and Newmarket is mad about him. Warden is continually backed,—but *backs* himself in proportion. For the Oaks, Crucifix keeps all in check; still Black Bess has her friends.

### LIVERPOOL STEEPLE CHASE.

5 to 4 agst. Lottery.

2000 GUINEAS STAKES.

3 to 4 agst. Angelica colt

6 to 1 agst. Ottoman

7 to 1 agst. Confederate

10 to 1 agst. Warden.

### DERBY.

11 to 1 agst. Angelica c.  
14 to 1 agst. Launcelot  
16 to 1 agst. Theon  
17 to 1 agst. Confederate  
26 to 1 agst. Ottoman  
22 to 1 agst. Monops  
25 to 1 agst. Bokhara  
30 to 1 agst. Warden

30 to 1 agst. Cameon  
40 to 1 agst. Fitz Rey  
50 to 1 agst. Maroon  
70 to 1 agst. Black Bess  
5 to 4 Glenorchy agst. Muley Ishmael  
5 to 4 Angelica c. agst. Lord Exeter's  
lot  
1000 Even between Monops and Bokhara.

### OAKS.

3½ to 1 agst. Crucifix  
8 to 1 agst. Black Bess  
10 to 1 agst. Lulla Rookh  
10 to 1 agst. Currency  
17 to 1 agst. Toleta

THE  
**New Sporting Magazine.**

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[No. 108.]

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentleman who requests *not* to be answered in our replies to Correspondents, shall hear from us by post. We are obliged by his offer, but cannot afford the space for a particular detail of such a meeting.

To our Correspondent who is gone on an angling excursion to the West of Ireland, we have but to say, we hope next month.

Wardan will see that we have paid attention to his request.

We thank "A Friend," but were aware of the extraordinary blunders in the hunting reports of the *Sporting Review*.

In the *Old Ladies' Magazine* an account is given of a steeple-chase between two officers of the Fifth Dragoons, which is elaborately wrong. The horses are called Bruce and Wallace, and one is described as having been ridden by a celebrated Yorkshire jockey. The race was between Captain King's Parvenu, and Captain Hovenden's Saltfish,—the latter ridden by Mr. Daniels, from Hertfordshire, one who disclaims the title of Gentleman Jock.

Several contributions, though accepted, are delayed for want of space.

## THE MILLS OF TREFRIEW, NEAR LLANRWST, N. W.

Engraved by H. GRIFFITHS, from a Painting by L. J. WOOD.

Our number, for the present month may be said to be one peculiarly devoted to the lovers of the angle ; for, in addition to the continuation of our friend, Theophilus South's Text Book, we have the suggestion of a new cast for the Fly-Fisher ; and some remarks on the par, accompanied by an interesting letter from Sir Anthony Carlisle. We do not, however, "quit the stream" here, for we present to our friends a view of "The Mills at Trefriew, near Llanrwst, N. W.," forming a delightful landscape. The readers of "The Text-Book" will well recognize the scene.

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## THE END OF THE COURSE.

The Songs of Captain Morris are on the eve of publication. We put aside "A Poem of the Season," to make room for the old Bard's beautiful song :—

Time bids me dismount from my hobby ;  
 Indeed, he has run a long race ;  
 And its own'd in the field and the lobby,  
 My pony was fleet in his pace.  
 Perhaps I have spurr'd him too freely,  
 And not used the curb as I should ;  
 But e'en when he swerved and was reely,  
 He still show'd a bit of good blood.

Now sunk, like the high-mettled racer,  
 The great public turf he forsakes ;  
 But in private is still a brisk racer,  
 And starts with good-will for the *stakes* ;  
 There no crossing we ever discover,  
 No black-legg'd treachery's play'd ;  
 There the course is still fairly run over,  
 The jockey still honestly weigh'd.

But now, to have done with allusions,  
And name my best joys and best ends,  
'Tis to find that my cheerful effusions  
Are stamp'd with the seal of my friends ;  
That my efforts for Mirth and for Pleasure  
Produce what they strive to maintain,  
That they listen with joy to my measure,  
And trust to my Fancy again.

This still prompts my Muse to her duty,  
This wakes the warm zeal of my heart ;  
Guides the Fancy in efforts for Beauty,  
And colours each sketch of her art.  
'Tis so sweet a reward to my spirit,  
So grateful a charm to my ear,  
That, eager the blessing to merit,  
I run with delight my career.

And while I hear praise that thus pleases,  
My Muse her gay toil will prolong ;  
When the day shall arrive that it ceases,  
That day is the last of my song !  
And fast the weak moment advances  
When Fate's measured justice shall say,  
" The night must now close on his fancies ;  
The merry old dog's had his day !"



OLD WINDSOR,  
 "ULTIMUS ROMANORUM."

"A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,  
 Never fawn on those they love not."

OTWAY.

"Sir, he is a good dog and a fair dog."

*Merris Wives of Windsor.*

"HARK forward to Windsor." How many a would-be premier's heart has beaten more quickly at the sound; what air-built fancies about stars and garters, ladies of the bedchamber, bon-mots, gallopades, iced pines, and George the Fourth's brown sherry, have thrown their fairy awning over him; but, high as his aspirations may have flooded the circulation, there never stirred, within man's bosom, a more joyous response than that which often answered within the sportsman's bosom the cry of "Windsor, Windsor, hark to Windsor."

Windsor, who indeed deserved the name of "Ultimus Romanorum," was the noblest buck-hound I ever saw (although I have been in their celebrated company almost from my infancy). His colour was white, with a small spot of yellow upon each ear, and a large mark, of the same colour, upon his right flank. He was about thirty inches high, and showed all the points of that lordly breed, having the full and kindly eye, heavy dew-lap, immense forepart, and the somewhat cat-ham which belonged to them in their pristine form. They were originally the property of Colonel Massy, of Dunryleague, county of Limerick; and as the Colonel's place of residence was close upon the Gualtee Mountains, their principal sport was in chasing the noble red deer of those mountains, a very few of which yet remain. At that time, within a space of thirty-four miles, about seventy years ago, not less than twenty packs of buck-hounds were to be found, each pack being kept by the owner of a deer-park. The Massy buck-hounds were the crack pack of that day: they were a cross of the Irish wolf-hound, the Irish blood-hound, and the Spanish dark-red blood-hound; and they were afterwards crossed upon the large English bull-dog, and partook of that animal's appearance, in their silky coats, and large and deep-set under jaw; but the buck-hounds' days have gone with the parks of their owners; and there is not a hound, of the old breed, to be had in the United Kingdom, save at the Rev. Mr. Longfield's, of Castlemany, County of Cork, who purchased the last of Windsor's progeny, and keeps them in a style worthy of their former glory. Of those hounds and their nose one anecdote, which many living can attest, may not be deemed out of

place. In running their game over the Tipperary mountains, night very often came on, and, when the darkness precluded hunting any longer, the hounds were stopped (by riding before them and cracking a whip); a stake was then placed in the ground, as a mark, and the hounds were brought to the spot the next morning, and, in most instances, succeeded in taking up the scent and recovering their game.

Old Windsor was most difficult to rear; from the constant breeding in and in (not being able to procure a cross from any other kennel), the pups were very delicate, and several of them had to be reared in flannel. I saw Windsor stretched out one day, to all appearance dead; and little did I imagine that the glory of the future pack was so near departing: a strong and constant fomenting saved him. The hounds were, at that time, in the possession of Mr. Tuthill, of Faha, whose property they became, through a sister of a Lord Massy, who was his maternal ancestor. Windsor recovered, and became a very promising hound, and he made his debut, with the pack, at Castleroberts-bridge, in April 1820. There was an immense field out, consisting of the gentry of the adjacent counties, and several English gentlemen, who had come to Limerick for a month's hunting with those hounds. The day was beautiful, and the view from Castleroberts-bridge formed as pretty a *coup-d'œil* as I ever witnessed. Nothing could be in better style than Mr. Tuthill's turn-out. His huntsman was riding a brown horse, with the Andrew and Ebony blood in him, for which Mr. T. has repeatedly refused £150. His whipper, John Walsh, was on a horse called after himself, and the hero of many a hard-fought field: the thirteen couple of monsters were in a large green field, close to the bridge, and ever and anon they sent forth a chorus which was re-echoed from the wooded glen. The pinks were in all directions—carriages were on the road, full to the dickey—female equestrians, with their liveried attendants, glancing, from under their hats, at their true knights, who wooed the deer and feared no horn—hunters being led up and down in their full clothes,—while here and there, upon the river, was to be seen an early brother of the angle, who, with enquiring eye and skilful hand, sought for the prized trout, in that justly celebrated stream (the Maigue): little cared the solitary Waltonian for bright eye or mettled hound; more bright to him the silvery scales of the spring fish—more loved by him the deep and dark retreat where the aristocratic ten-pounder dwelt. There was to be seen also in the Rath of Carass, the unwearied snipe-shooter, with the accumulated dirt of the winter on him, who still pursued the wavering bird although March had sealed a cordon between the pursued Norwegian and the "Thalaba" of Manton. The deer, whose large foot, thick heel, and

deep ponting with his cast head, showed his age and power, and also his fit condition, was uncarted, and as he looked around and found himself

“Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,”

he trotted gently forward, and as the sharp crack of a whip struck his ear, he tossed his unantlered head and went bounding over bank and brae for the home of the fairies, “Knockfierna.” Ten minutes elapsed; the antique watch leaves Mr. Tuthill’s hand; and with the words of “Gentlemen, for your own sakes, let the hounds settle,” away go the thunderers, and woman’s love and woman’s eye were alike forgotten; “the glories of nature were curtained,” the bonnie river and its brawling babble were hushed as with a cheer; the pink rushed up to the head to ensure a good place “up wind;” there is no dog that I know of, with the exception of a fox-hound, that will bear being ridden close up to; the buck-hound is particularly timorous, and with good reason, for very few of the pack had escaped being knocked down, such misfortunes almost occurring from the folly of Neophytes at the first set-to. It so happened in this instance, that the charge of horsemen (it deserved no other name) was really awful; and after leaping the first fence, which from their quick fencing gave them some advantage, the hounds all ran straight for the other and opposite side of the field; more anxious to get out of the horsemen’s track than from having a scent-carry at the time. All, did I say? No, the pup leaped the fence with them, charged at once, and ran hard down the side of the field; and in this position he was twice struck by horses in coming off their fences, and was not observed in the confusion. The consequence of this dread of self and horse, and jealousy of others, became soon apparent; the very next field the dogs threw up their heads, and a check ensued; “Very well, gentlemen,” said Mr. Tuthill (the best-tempered man with his hounds I ever met), “perhaps you are now aware of the good riding over hounds does.” “Aware,” said the Mirror of Sportsmen, Mr. Parsons,\* upon Lily of the Valley, for whom he got an immense price afterwards, although only up to eleven stone, “Aware they never will be, until we climb Knockfierna; then let them beware.” The conversation was stopped; for at the distance of two fields was heard the melodious cry. “The pup for a thousand,” says Hugh Massy,† upon his thorough-bred stallion, sitting down fourteen stone upon him with that nasty Irish seat, as you call it in England, but which I conceive to be as hard to be unseated as the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords,—“The pup. To Windsor, hark, to Windsor away.” The Massy blood cries his father,‡

\* Richard Parsons, Esq., of Cragbeg. † Hugh Massy, Esq., of Riversdale.

‡ The Honourable G. E. Massy, of Limerick.

upon Smellers. Away goes Michael;\* the pack join the pup; the veterans acknowledge his veracity; and away they go, racing through the bottoms of Kilfenney; and as they get well together, and the fields become more enclosed and more deep, and the fences stronger, their stride, and leaping begins to tell, and as they cross the road to Ballingarry and head up for the mountain, the fancy gentlemen commence O'Connelliting and vote with the tail, and as they attempt to ride the bucster in the deep fields at the ascent, "even in the fields the field grows smaller." Mr. Parsons and Lily begin to appear in the front rank, Black George Fosberry † shows Hawthorn's dark frame, Red George Fosberry ‡ takes a half hitch on his cap to bring his glass fair, and takes a slight pull at "Babe's best Son." Captain Hugh § (the darling of the county) commences the shout of the Wattle blood for ever, as Tip-top goes over the ground as if on a flat; long Jack Adamson riding his wee grey mare about sixteen stone, jumps off her back with "Bad luck to you, Knockfierna;" a few are pointing for the road to Siskennet, while many a good man, with a dead-heaten nag, learns the lesson that pipes are no good without wind to fill them; and as his beast toes it into croom, makes a mental vow against all racks full of hay, and all horses short of work; suddenly they disappear from the front rank, and Michael alone doth climb the hill, the pup leading, and the pack in a nut-shell. Johnny Welsh is close behind them, but a farthing's worth of whip-cord would be too much for his hounds; and with many a sob the huntsman and he at length gain the aerial abode of the "good people. ||" "They are all beaten," cries Michael, as he shouts, "the world, the world for the pup, Windsor, Windsor;" and he steers Oronooko down for the bottoms of Siskennet, having given him 'good puff' on the crown of the hill; but soon is he undeceived, or from out the valley, between him and Siskennet cover, shouts forth the wily Parsons, leading the Massys, and Fosberry's Lily going like a racer; and she was one all over, and no difficulties are yet appearing amongst the chosen few; and as Mr. P. emerges from his long-headed cast, he throws an enquiring glance to his right hand, and there, oh! "Arab to his sight," are still to be seen the same horsemen at the same apparent distance as before, and going along at their rate, without any appearance of distress. Why does the Veteran shake his head? And

\* Michael, the huntsman.

† George Fosberry, Esq., of Adare, commonly called Black George, to distinguish him from his fair-haired cousin.

‡ George Fosberry, Esq., of Curragh Bridge, Master of the County of Limerick Fox-Hounds.

§ Captain Hugh Massey, of Glenville, commonly called the Widow Hugh.

|| Good people, Hibernian Fairies.

why does he cast a warning glance at the Captain, who he thinks is making too free with Tip-top? His sage eye long ago discovered the workmen; one a tall and muscular man (heavy from bone and not from flesh), is riding a long, low, thorough-bred looking nag, with that absence of meat, and that out-break of muscle, which proves him up to the mark; aye, and he is riding him like a sportsman and a gentleman,—no hurry, no interference, no *visible enthusiasm*, save now and again a wave of the hand as the Pup, Volunteer, and Marmion, *strike the key-notes of the heart*. The other, scarcely nine stone, is on, as we would say in Ireland, “the morial of the other,” who is going along as if guided by a midge. The conqueror of a thousand well fought fields shakes his head, as he thinks that the big one is too cool by half, and that the wee chap is riding his second horse, and with a muttered wish that the best blood of the county *should hold their own*, he takes the opportunity of the slight check at Ballinvreena road to call to the Captain and the others to be wary, for that they had caught a tartar in yon dark man. Hugh Massy drops near to the strangers; the Honourable puts Smeller’s nose to the wind; Black George says nothing, but looks as close at the customer as “an apple woman does at a Caul Doyle;” \* Red George says, “Bother man, and I upon Babe;” and Captain Hugh, as he shouts “Windsor, the hit, you are only fit to be Chancellor of the Exchequer,” and crams Tip over the high bank off the road, wishes that fifty tons weight of Connemara marble may be over him if he does not show the silent gentleman the *temps de jour*. Away go the pack for Coolruss, and close to them, still riding his line, go the dark man and his imp; the heavy bottoms receive them, the fetlock drags at each uplift its heavy load, the up-fences are taken with severe exertion, and the stoutest of them pause as they drop off them; and ere Coolruss hill is gained, many a bungle and many a short leap tell the wearisomeness of that “clotted plain.” Just at the last fence but one to the hill Johnny Welsh is down, and is extricating himself from his namesake; the old horse’s head is on the bank, his struggles have nearly ceased, Johnny slips from under him, his face reeking with the yellow mud, the saddle is off, the old horse makes “one struggle more,” and gains half his body on the field, his old friend holds him hard by the snaffle, and at length he rolls out; but as he gets up, his quivering limbs forbid a renewal of the chase, and as he totters into the little village at the foot of Coolruss, it is too plain that “Repose, the foster nurse of Nature,” must do her work, and that many a day must elapse ere the gallant old horse shall “forward to hound once more;” but no whipper is wanted; two couple of the old dogs have given in, and are led home by the “Gossoons.” While eleven couple of the tops are

\* Caul Doyle, a bad penny.

carrying the scent right up Coolruss hill, the Pup still at the head, the huntsman rides Oronooko zig-zag up it; Mr. P. goes straight at it upon Lily; Hugh Massy here makes his first cast from sheer necessity, the stallion having been called upon so often, that he is quite ready to cry "not at home." The Widow clings to Tip-top's mane, whose mien is not so lofty as before; the Fosberrys (*par nobile*) are to the right with the dark gentleman and his imp; and while it is plain that the weight and the deep bottoms have somewhat told upon the big one's horse, the wee one is at his ease and hard held. "Smellers and myself first over the bound's wall," cries the Honourable George as he goes crashing into the paddock, over the break, the only pass for Garryfine; it is over five feet, and as Smellers lands, her gallant rider sings out, "Happy's the man at this side of the water." And now they all close up for the fence; the huntsman takes a "big-hold" of Oronooko's head, and lands him safe at the other side; but there, alas, he falls heavily, and while the hunt and earth have faded from the huntsman's eye, Lily is over, and Mr. Parsons dashes for the head, in order that Ireland's best hounds should never want a Son of Erin to command them. Tip's head is up, and the Captain is just in time for the fence, when he sees the dark man approaching, and with the wave of his hand he says, "At it, sir, at it, never trouble yourself about me; Tip-top can spare an open to a sportsman, if greyhounds were in the race." Over go the dark one and his groom, and bang almost into his pocket is Tip-top; Babe and Hawthorn show their Kerry breeding, and touch and go over; and with somewhat lessening pace the hounds are going away for Garryfine; the river is gained. "The deer is over about ten minutes, yer honours," cries a Patlander out of a cabin, with the boiled esculent of his country in his hand. "Did he stop long in the river, and was he fresh?" says Mr. Parsons. "By the Vargin," says the "octo-millionth fraction," myself thought; it was to be done, he was coming down; bit whinivir he got the wathir you'd imagine 'twas a sthrame of whiskey he was in, in the regard of the frishining it gav in." Mr. Parsons drops Lily in, and washes her mouth, and lets her have a swallow. They are all over, and the buck hounds, renovated by immersion in their favoured element, are again heading, with good scent, for the black top of Garryfine Hill. "Are you hurt, Hugh?" cries the Captain, as the stallion and Hugh Massy disappear into the trench, on the off side of a bank. "Not a bit, Captain; but get on with the hounds, for, depend upon it, there's *no peace in this pace*." "Are you done?" quoth the Captain. "Pumped out," says Hugh, from the left corner of his mouth, with a melancholy nod. Up they go from the bottom to the slant of the hill, and there lies the bog drain before them, with its high ditch. Bravo, Lily; and well leaped Tip-

top; ah, Smellers falls back; it has proved a Caucasus to her. Oh honorable! had Claret lived to see that day, the fifteen miles, fast as they have been, and the bog ditch of Garryfine, would never have obliged you to quit the chase, while the descendants of the pursuers of your mountain deer ever harked forward to their prey. Black George is over at a firmer spot. Red George gets on the fence with a struggle, and off with difficulty; and here comes the dark man at the boundary; well gets he into it; but, as the bold horse strains the utmost for the off fence, the clammy soil holds him, and, without the power to stop, he falls head-long into the trench, and his gallant rider under him, and there he lies with his neck twisted under him; and the heavy and laboured breathing, the swollen flank, and the blood-red eye, proclaim "nature's bankruptcy;" and humanity, with the voice of Dick Martin, cries "hold, enough." The attendant imp takes it in stroke, and is off, and engaged in liberating his master; he rises, gives one look at his over-marked horse, throws his flask to his servant, and with the words "don't spare the brandy on him," is on the fresh one, and racing for his place once more. And now Windsor, True Boy, and Caroline, are placing the wood at Miltown between them and their gallant followers. Tip Top is still in front; but the Captain's hat is over his brow, and he is not so free with his horse as before; he drops him off his fences, and chooses his ground more particularly; and as they pass the back of Miltown House, and the long fallows of Ballyhea, in the County of Cork, appear, and he sees the water plashing round the buck hounds, he wishes for a check, fearful, at the same time of check-mate, for he thinks, that if things last, the *Wattle* stoutness and the *Ebony* speed of Tip Top, will shortly become only a kippin\* in the hands of old Father Time. Black George has gotten close up to Lily; and Mr. Parsons, as he drops his hand to him, shouts to him "bravo George, the tale of this day will do for old age and crutches." Red George sees his own heights of Castle Olives, and wishes for the relay that is in its stables; for the sob and slack fencing of Baby's best son shows that he is almost in infancy once more; he rides him out of the fence of Aghlishdrinah, and as he gets off, his fore-legs extend, the head falls, the mouth is dead, and with a wave to Richard Parsons, and a shout to Black George to keep Hawthorn together, for the honor of the name, Red George leads his exhausted nag to the cross of Buttevant and "Rouge-perd;" and now Kilmacleanan is left to the left, and the glen of Ballybeg and the Widow's Earth appear (many a tale of tally and hark-away bear them, as the locale), and as the gallant Captain ascends the hill of Ballybeg, slowly wends the generous steed:—the struggle is all between pluck and nature. Long has the Captain known that nature's claims were becoming predomi-

\* Kippin, a small switch.

nant; but the blood of centuries, which makes the Babe resemble the by-gone sportsman, forbids a stop, and he takes him to the top of the fence, into the cover; but Tip surrenders; over they go, and the *Widow goes to ground in the Widow's Earth*. The Dark Man shakes his second horse, and goes clean over him, and as he lands, that son of sport cries out, "Go on, sir, with your *second horse*; bad luck to the one horse in Ireland, barring the lad lying here, could have brought 14 stone so far; however, I wish you luck, although you have come *Ducrow* over me." The grave man smiles, and, as he sees Black George stop up in the field, near Ballyclough cover, he thinks to himself that the play is nearly over, as "both Rouge and Noir had given up;" and he creeps up to the Lily, although it becomes a matter of consideration with him, how long he may stay with her. But, who appears galloping the road with a cravat round his head, and his face covered with blood? It is Michael the huntsman, upon Monarch (Mr. Harte's best horse): he shouts to Windsor; and as Mr. Parsons sees the huntsman once more in his place, he takes a pull at Lily, and says "Michael, you have eight couple of hounds, and an improving country; I would have gone as long as Lily lived, had you not got up; as it is, I shall *try* to keep place." Michael shouts "Faha for ever," and as the park walls of Castle Cor are seen, the pack are running nearly mute, and the pup is nearly half a field a-head; he leaps into the road, and the country people shout—Michael races at the wall—Lily is put to her best speed—the foreigner turns the whip upon his second horse, and as they leap into the road, the gallant stag and Windsor roll back from the park wall—Michael wipes the blood from his brow—Mr. Parsons jumps off Lily—the Dark Man gives his first cheer, which is heard o'er hill and dale, and pats the neck of his reeking horse. Mr. Parsons looks more closely at him, pulls out his watch, and taking off his cap, he says, "My Lord Charles Manners, you are welcome to the end of twenty-eight miles with the county of Limerick calves." Time has laid his hand upon the sportsmen connected with this run; but their hearts are as warm and as true to sport "as in their hot youths, when George the Third was King;" and the same kind feeling, so indigenous to Erin's sportsmen, has only been mellowed by the years gone by. The sobriquet attached to the Messrs. Fosberry, in order to designate them, has lost its distinguishing power; but although the colour is gone, and both alike are grey, yet, like good port, the body remains sound as ever, and long may it continue so with both.

Years passed away, and the pup became the veteran of the pack, and the sire of many a good hound; and although age acted like a shot belt on him, and he was no longer at the head, yet his sagacity and nose retained all their powers; and often, when the life-blood ran high in man and beast, and scent was overrun, and a long continued



check increased each moment the difficulty of reclaiming the slot, and the casts and ingenuity of the huntsman were closed, up came the old dog, and, like the Duke of Wellington, opened in time to save the credit of all; and when, like his Grace, he gave tongue, his known steadiness and abhorrence of a lie raised the heart of the sportsman, and hark to Windsor, the old dog *has bided it*, was once more heard on the field. About the year 1829 he got rheumatism so badly that he was unable to go any distance, but used to creep after the pack to have hunting excursions in the low corcasses of Tervoe, and he was always accompanied by a little basket beagle called Tiny, the smallest and handsomest of the kind I ever saw. The huntsman used to say that when she came on the trail she used to go up to old Windsor and *discourse him thus*, "Here she is, Windsor, here she is;" to which Windsor used to reply; "Oh! murder and Irish, where is she?" and he imitated their cries very naturally. In the latter part of the year the old dog had declined so much that he could only go with the pack to the end of the long avenue, where he used to be stopped at the lodge, and then he used to howl so deeply, that we could hear him for miles. The summer wore over, and the winter found Windsor ill prepared to meet its inclemency; but every fine day he contrived to crawl to the foot of a venerable oak in the avenue, and there he lay, with his head between his fore-legs, and always by his side was Tiny; they were subjects for a painter, and I often since regretted that I did not obtain a sketch of them. We opened the season that year very early, and our first day we had a good thing in the morning; but as the day was fine, and it was only two o'clock, Mr. Tuthill proposed our returning to the sporting paddock and taking a deer out (this paddock was kept for the deer about to be hunted, and they were fed upon sheaf oats and ivy, and were always in good condition for hunting); we all agreed with joy, and accordingly trotted back to the paddock, when very shortly a noble deer was forced out, and after running him for about two miles out, he windlassed and made straight back for home, leaped the avenue wall and ran for the fence to the right of the house, and close by the old oak; the fence consisted of a wall about four feet high, and a drain, about fourteen feet broad, at the other side. We stopped the hounds, and, accompanied by Mr. Tuthill, I galloped up to see that the deer did not herd with the cows, as a hunted deer almost always will do; and I beheld, with astonishment, a hound racing at the deer, at a full, in prime; they both faced the fence, leaped it, and disappeared from my view; I rode forward, chiding the hound, thinking it to be one of the pack, which had escaped, and when I got to the wall, I looked over, and then I saw the deer lying cast upon his back in the trench, and across his body, with his head inclining towards his throat, lay old Windsor——*dead*.

SHAMROCK.

## THOUGHTS UPON BREEDING AND REARING BLOOD STOCK.

A Brood Mare, in maternal pride,  
With a Colt trotting by her side,  
Is to my sight, more pleasing far  
Than Hero in triumphal car,  
Or lovely Venus, weeping o'er  
Adonis, wounded by a Boar.

(*Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*).

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IN presenting to the public the following memoranda, suggested by the experience of years, it is proper to inform my readers, before-hand, what are the objects and intentions of the papers, which I shall bring before them from time to time, as opportunity may occur to do so.

At the commencement of my career as a breeder, a small manual of easy reference, to have given me an insight of the first principles to be observed, would have been most acceptable. It shall be my aim, if possible, to obviate the future want of such a hand-book; and by giving plain and concise directions upon all branches connected with the subject, I will endeavour to remove difficulties similar to those I experienced and had to contend with, from the path of any one desirous of entering upon so interesting, so patriotic, and if properly managed, so lucrative a pursuit.

Being perfectly satisfied that England is in possession of a breed of horses unrivalled for speed, size, stoutness, and ability to carry weight, I will not touch upon a theme so often and so ably treated as the *origin* of the English Blood Horse; but, congratulating my countrymen and myself upon the existence of such an animal, confine my observations as to the methods most approved and best calculated to preserve the enviable celebrity so justly and universally acquired and conceded.

For a series of years "The Breeding and Rearing Blood Stock" engaged my particular attention; and to no other period of my life do I look back with such unmingled feelings of satisfaction.

Forsooth it was a pleasing occupation.

The little excitement caused by varying hopes and fears, was of itself delightful; especially as the former, thanks to the elasticity of the human mind, in general predominated.

Methinks I now hear the long and anxiously expected rat-tat-tat at my chamber door, in the middle of the night, and the ready answer (to my hurried and almost breathless enquiry), in Trusty Richard's harsh and dis-

cordant voice, which then sounded musical in my well pleased ears, "Sir! The old mare has dropped *another colt!!* and such a one!!!"—

Did my faithful messenger bring intelligence of the advent of a Filly Foal, the ill news was so *larded* and qualified by encomiums, that I was almost reconciled to the sex.

Oh, Richard! Those were happy, happy times; for both master and man were—enthusiasts.

I have already spoken of the delightful excitement of alternating hope and fear; yet how much more satisfactory are the pleasures of memory! Somehow or other, do what we may, the former feelings can never be thoroughly separated. Bright-eyed Hope invariably brings with her, "pale and distempered Fear," like a Princess, "beautiful exceedingly," who has her train supported by a hideous and misshapen dwarf. An ill-assorted couple are they, and remind me of quondam friends of my own,—a lady-like woman who was married to a lout of a husband. To obtain the desirable society of the one, you were obliged to pay the odious penalty of enduring the other.

Now, you can to a certain extent, banish *disagreeable* reminiscences *ad libitum*, and suffer your thoughts to dwell alone upon those which afford you pure and unalloyed delight.

I have myself found that, in adversity, "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," was never half so welcome to the fevered patient, or to the worn and anxious watcher through the night, as the bright and cheering remembrance of well employed days that are gone, never—never to return!

And, knowing this, ought we not to be careful that all our actions should "leave no sting behind?" We should—we should. And yet how seldom do we, in the season of youth, in the hey-day of enjoyment, think of these things! Alas! that we seem never to be aware of the full value, both of time and money, until we have nearly spent and wasted both.

Many of my gentle readers may here probably throw down this Magazine in disgust, crying out, "Good lack—good lack—we thought to have read a spirited essay upon 'Breeding in all its branches,' and lo! we have a homily." Should such be the case, I shall be sorely vexed that my digression has produced so painful a result; but in truth, I could not resist the impulse of paying a passing tribute to that all-powerful genius Memory.

Even as I write these lines, shut up as it were in the hard and stony heart of this great metropolis, and the future prospects of my life dark and uncertain, fond Memory waves her magic wand. Behold! my burthen is alleviated; my mind regains its elasticity and takes a livelier tone; and my gloomy prospects appear brighter under the temporary influence of the "light of other days!"

Busy Fancy carries me back to the verdant fields of my compact stud farm, in the centre of a midland county, well watered and fertile.

"Far removed from noise and smoke," I see, "in my mind's eye, Horatio," a group of brood mares—steady and matronly, both in appearance and behaviour. Picturesque objects they are, clustered beneath that "wide-spreading beech tree." Their manes and tails "unkempt," and their wild-looking forelocks hanging about their eyes, most useful in guarding them from the persevering attacks of the buzzing nuisances of a hot and sultry June. They have all evidently seen better days. Yet, despite their dishevelled and gipsy-like appearance, they are a "valuable lot." Indeed, each one would be so considered and described by that prince of good fellows at "*the corner*." Sedate as they now are, most of them have been rather wild in their youth. They have aristocratic blood in their veins! Nevertheless, taking all things into consideration, shades of Orville, and Walton! Whisker and Comus! Selim and Blacklock! Tramp, Partisan, Rubens, and Filho-da-Putá!!! ye have no need to be ashamed of your daughters. One figure stands out more prominent than the rest. Observe her well. She is a long, low, wiry-looking mare. Certainly her lips are pendulous, and she is somewhat sunk in her back. Yet those are imperfections which may be overlooked in "a dam of many winners."

She is one of the last of the Waxys!! But where are the foals? Most of them lie at full length, basking in the sunshine, and half hidden in the soft and luxuriant grass. So still are they, and so void of expression is the half-closed and dreamy eye, that you may well imagine them to be dead, were you not convinced otherwise by the occasional whisk of the tail and the tremulous movement of the ears. They are neither asleep nor awake, but enjoying a perfect state of animal indulgence, a drowsy consciousness of warmth and ease. Some of them are gambolling around their dams; and see! a Langar, a Camel, and a Velocipede, are racing round the field!

At present you may have what odds you like to name upon the *bit of Whalebone*.

Some future day, another course may see a different result; although I have heard men, who were acknowledged to be judges, assert, they were never deceived as to the ulterior capabilities of the race-horse, by seeing foals galloping in a paddock. And now, having awakened from my day dream, we will proceed onwards to

#### THE LOOSE BOXES AND HOVELS.

Reader, should you be one of a fortunate class whose wealth enables them to construct boxes, and lay out paddocks, regardless of expense,

you may, perhaps, be disposed to sneer at many of the economical make-shifts I shall recommend.

In such case I would advise an immediate excursion to the seat of some nobleman or gentleman, who has an extensive breeding establishment, and who conducts it upon a munificent scale. For instance; at Bretby, near Burton-upon-Trent, the seat of Lord Chesterfield, you will see the brood mare and foal housed, and attended to in a style worthy of that liberal-minded nobleman; and, if money is no object, you cannot do better than take pattern by his boxes, and all appertaining thereto.\* But as architects' designs are expensive luxuries, and eminent builders' "*little accounts*," sometimes turn out very serious affairs; and you, perchance, may be a man of moderate fortune and wishes, not above taking a leaf or two out of my book, I will describe various materials and modes of building, and leave the selection to yourself,—reminding you, by way of encouragement to economy, that many a winner, both of the Derby and St. Leger, have been reared in a hovel of very humble and unpretending construction.

In the first place you should take into consideration the situation of your proposed building. If possible, it should have an opening to the south, for, in the early days of spring, when the weather is not trustworthy enough to warrant the dam and tender offspring being turned into the paddock, they will both derive great benefit from the admission of the genial sunbeams.

With regard to the size of your box or hovel, I should say that 12 feet square is the *minimum* space in which a brood mare and foal may be shut up, either as regards comfort or safety. The walls and partitions may be either of gorse or whin, boards, brick, or stone. Of these materials, certainly, the first-named is the cheapest, whether you take into consideration the original cost of the articles, or that of the labour employed in construction. Supposing it to grow in the immediate vicinity it is desirable, for besides the economy of its use, it, without doubt, makes the most comfortable building of any material employed, although, perhaps, not the most durable. The objections against its use are these: it takes up more room than boards or bricks; and where space is an object, this alone is a serious drawback. It is liable to be injured by the rubbing and gnawing of cattle. It harbours mice and vermin; and it is somewhat difficult to find men who thoroughly understand the work.

Buildings of this description are much in vogue in Warwickshire, and are to be seen in perfection near Coleshill and Castle Bromwich.

\* Since writing the above I have seen some boxes and hovels, &c., erecting for Messrs. Tattersall, at Willedden Paddocks, near London, which, in my opinion, are the very "*beau ideal*." They certainly leave nothing to be wished for, and reflect the highest credit upon the talented architect.

At the Dingle Stud Farm, near Birmingham, I was shown a range of six boxes, each 15 by 12 and 8 ft. high. I was told by the proprietor that the cost of the whole, including materials and workmanship, was somewhere about £40. More comfortable places I never beheld.

The door-posts and uprights were of sawn oak, 6 in. by 4; the latter being placed 6 ft. apart; the former 4 ft. 6 in. Both are sunk 3 ft. into the ground, and the uprights are connected together by strips of wood, or small poles split down the centre, and nailed longitudinally upon the inside of the uprights, nearly close together; thus forming a strong and compact frame-work.

The manner of building is as follows:—

The gorse, being cut into small bunches, leaving a branch or foot-stalk 12 in. long remaining upon each, is placed carefully upon the ground, in layers, between two of the uprights; the prickly part being kept outside, as level as possible, and the foot-stalk a trifle elevated.

When, by successive layers, you have obtained a height of 15 or 18 in., a tough pole, about the thickness of an ordinary broom handle, and which fits exactly between the uprights, is placed upon the stalks, close to the prickly part of the gorse; and being drawn down very tight, by great pressure, is firmly secured to the inner framing, by ligatures of copper wire, say five or six in every length.

If this be properly done, it will be found impossible to withdraw a single bunch of gorse; and it is upon this particular part of the process that the appearance and solidity of the work entirely depends. Another layer is then placed,—another pole fastened,—until the desired height is obtained.

The stalks projecting through the interstices of the frame-work, are then taken smoothly off; and the ends of the prickly part of the gorse, outside, being cut down, *secundum artem*, with a hay-trusser's knife, the outer wall is left as compact and solid as a rick. A roof either of tiles or thatch completes the building; and, if your workmen have been expert and skilful, it will be one that will please you greatly, and answer every purpose of an erection upon which you might have expended more than treble the amount.

Should you, however, think such boxes or hovels too fragile, or otherwise objectionable, and, bearing in mind the benefit of your posterity, determine upon having them constructed more permanently of brick or stone, I would, by all means, recommend a thatched roof. Or, supposing you prefer one of tiles or slate, a straw lining to it; for either of these last-named materials is liable to be affected by heat or cold.

An artificial ceiling, if I may so term it, can be made by resting a few wattled hurdles upon a beam, carried from wall-plate to wall-plate. Upon the hurdles loose straw, brushwood, fern, or faggots, may be placed, and the building thus kept at a more equal temperature.

In my opinion the rack should be placed upon the same level with the manger, and the whole width of the box equally divided between them. If the rack is placed above the manger, as is the case generally, the seeds, stalks, and small foliage of the hay are liable to drop into the foal's eyes, create great present suffering, and, perhaps, ultimate loss of sight.

The front, both of rack and manger, should be boarded *flush*. This will prevent accidents, similar to one by which I once lost a foal of very considerable promise.—It was lying down, with its head under the manger: upon my entrance, suddenly, it started up alarmed, and struck the nape of its neck against the sharp bottom edge. The blow brought on locked jaw, and it died in less than twenty-four hours.

Particular care should be taken that the buildings be efficiently drained.

I am fully persuaded that neglect in this particular is the fruitful source of *many* diseases to which the horse is liable. That it aggravates *all*, is, I believe, now generally allowed; and it therefore becomes a primary object to be attended to. I know of no better mode of paving than using hard bricks, and having them laid down shelving, very gradually, to a narrow grating in the centre, from whence there should be sufficient fall to carry all fluid quickly away.

Mares and foals are naturally fond of society; and it is singular to observe the ardent and lasting friendships that are occasionally formed between animals sharing the same paddocks, together with the poignant distress and anxiety manifested when the parties are separated. For this reason I have always had the partitions, between boxes, partly open, and built upon the following plan:—

The permanent wall is not carried higher than about 5 ft. and three strong uprights are placed upon it. The centre one runs up to the ridge of the roof, which it contributes mainly to support. The two other are fixed firmly, one to each wall, and rise no higher than the wall-plate. Iron rods, 1½ in. diameter, pass through the centre upright, six inches apart, and are supported further by their ends entering holes in the two posts attached to the walls, which posts are bored exactly to the gauge of the rods. This forms a strong and safe partition, the same height as the walls; and, being partly open, a free circulation of air is obtained, and the *neighbours* may become *friends* before they are turned out into the same paddock.

It is very desirable that each box should contain a reservoir for water. A nine-gallon kilderkin, with the head taken out, and the sharp

edge at the top rounded off, makes an admirable one. It should stand upon a platform of bricks, raised about a foot high, and can be easily secured in one corner by belts of iron hoops passing round it, and nailed to the wall. This reservoir can very readily be cleaned out, and will hold a sufficient supply of water, which will be kept always at the mean temperature of the building, and, being constantly within reach of the inmates, there is no inducement for the mare, when turned out in the morning, to gallop headlong to the pond, and fill herself with cold water, nearly to bursting.

Above all things take most especial care to have the entrances to your buildings both high and wide enough, for you will generally find that a foal rushes in, or out, close alongside the dam, and many are the distressing accidents that have occurred from low and narrow doorways. If you have the edges of the door posts rounded, so much the better.

Avoid every angle and projection possible, and do not suffer nail heads, nuts, screws, door handles, or latches to stand out *rank*.

Let your fastenings be secure, yet as simple and as much guarded as you can possibly have them made.

Every particle of wood or iron work should be either painted with oil colour, dressed over with boiled gas-tar, or thoroughly saturated with the lees of the most offensive train oil; not only with a view to their preservation, but to prevent all that mouthing, licking, and nibbling, which young stock, but more particularly weanlings, are prone to indulge in, and which so oftentimes ends either in confirmed crib-biting, or in one of the many-varied, and equally inveterate, forms of that most disgusting and injurious of habits, *wind-sucking*.

Bear in mind the old adage, "Prevention is better than cure;" and use every means to guard against the chance of accident; for, although it is provoking enough to have a valuable animal killed or maimed, yet the vexation is greatly increased by the knowledge that the occurrence might have been prevented by the exercise of forethought and precaution.

SAGITTARIUS.

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## THE OLD HORSE.

### A REMONSTRANCE.

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"— And you deny me raiment, bed, and food!"

King Lear.

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Generous huntsman, turn your head,  
 And look upon your friend of old;  
 In pity spread him out a bed,  
 And give him shelter from the cold:



The hanging lip—the hollow eye,—  
 The drooping ears and shrunken form,  
 Too plainly tell that he must die,  
 If left out to the pelting storm.

He stands beneath a withered tree,—  
 It is a chill and cheerless place;  
 Turn, honest huntsman, turn and see  
 How fast the snow falls on his face.  
 O, take your faithful servant's life;  
 The friendly gun he does not fear;  
 Nay, spare not e'en the instant knife,  
 But leave him not to perish here!

Do not forget the gallant steed,  
 Up hill the first, o'er lea alone!  
 The hero of the course, whose speed  
 Has made the hunters' cup your own:  
 The joyous shouts that rent the air—  
 Upon the turf—of eager men,  
 Awoke the sleeping echoes there,  
 And told you he was foremost then!

Remember when the merry horn  
 Sent forth its notes o'er hill and lea,  
 Filling with joy the breath of morn,  
 And making woodside minstrelsy!  
 How blithe he bore you to the field,  
 Through all the dangers of the day;  
 And when the fox at last must yield,  
 Who—who could bear his brush away?

Then leave him not, now he is old,  
 To die unnoticed and alone;  
 See him, ah! shivering in the cold,  
 Oh! you might almost see him moan!  
 His life's fast failing to its end;  
 For you—with you—he passed his prime;  
 Then, for his early truth as friend,  
 Be *you* a friend in wintry time!

## THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK.

OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR  
SALMON, TROUT, &c.

"Many (*salmon*) rivers, heretofore highly productive, are stated to have become incapable of repaying the outlay of the fishermen, and generally a diminution of fish to a greater or less extent is referred to causes within the reach of legislative controul."

*Second Report on the Irish Fisheries, A.D. 1836.*

## CHAP. XIII.

(SCENE—*The Rector's Pool*, continued.)

*Theoph.* Well, keeper, and what other news?

*Keeper.* I got that letter from Antiquarius last night, Sir; and he bad me also say he would, if possible, come over to breakfast with you this morning.

*Theoph.* We'll gladly entertain so worthy a guest—we shall learn something from him about fishing in the olden times.

*Herb.* Do you ever fish below Trefriew? I was wondering, as I walked by the river side yester even', whether salmon ever took the fly in the tide-ways, in the sea, or brackish water.

*Theoph.* I believe they never do in such sluggish tide ways as this; for one very good reason—that we seldom try. There is but one likely place: that is at Tal-y-cafn, about half way down towards Conway. A few isolated attempts have been made there by us upper anglers, but without success—it is too far to go often upon a chance. Fish are occasionally seen to rise there, it being a shallowish, rocky, rapid, bit of stream. In some situations, however, they will take the fly in the sea, in brackish water, and in tide-ways. I once submitted a question on this point to some friends: from Sir Hyde Parker I learnt that "there are two rocks in the sea, not far from Dunrobin Castle, Sutherlandshire, where salmon take the fly in the strongest salt water. A strong race runs by these rocks, and the salmon take here two hours before low water. A friend of Sir Hyde has been very successful." My friend Medicus, living here, tells me that he knows that at the head of Loch Swin, in Argyleshire (close by the Sound of Jura), which is a pure salt-water loch or bay, salmon will take the fly in a breeze during the last half-hour of ebb and the first half-hour of flood tide. He has seen them rise there in very great abundance—thirty or forty in five minutes, for one or two hours together. To use his own expression "a highlander used to hit them off in fine style," who once, while Medicus was there, took fourteen small salmon in an hour. He says the fish come to this station every season and there remain for four or six weeks, finally going elsewhere: there is only a small fresh-water stream running into this loch, too pre-

cupitous to allow salmon to get up it. But then again, from the Hon. Richard Hely Hutchinson I receive the following opinion :—

“ I am persuaded salmon never take the fly in salt water ; I have heard of men who had heard from others that they did, but I never could yet find any one who had either killed salmon themselves or known any man who, to his certain knowledge, had killed them in salt water. I have fished a great deal in tide-ways with the fly, and had admirable sport : mackarel, whiting, pollock, and sand-eels may be taken in great quantities. The fly is a white feather, projecting considerably over the hook, and it resembles the herring fry, of which both mackarel and pollock are very fond.”

As to salmon fishing in brackish water, he says—

“ Salmon take the fly in brackish water. I was quite ignorant of this fact until last year (1838). The Costello river in Connemara, twenty-one miles west of Galway town, belongs to a club, of which I am a member : perhaps there is no river in Ireland, or any other country, in which there are more salmon. The tide runs up about half-a-mile, for the most part over a bed of rocks and turf soil. The oldest fishermen on the river never had known any man to kill a salmon below the bridge until last season, when one of our members, Mr. Martin of Ross, hooked what he conceived to be a white trout, just as the tide was running up ; the keeper, in attendance on him, swore it could not be a salmon, as they never took in brackish water, but salmon he proved to be ; and I having joined my brother angler, killed my share of eight fine fresh fish ; they had all the sea louse on them, and were enormously strong. There are two of these streams below the bridge—the tide must rise seven or eight feet before the salt water can enter them. The salmon will take the fly, provided there be not much sun, until half flood.”

Another friend of mine ; an old fisher, once indeed hooked a salmon, in the sea itself, outside the river gates, at Tremadoc, while many were rising about the spot, waiting no doubt for the flood tide to open them and give entrance to the river ; but having only held it for a minute or so, he was unable to determine whether he had not (as was probable) merely hooked it foul ; on two or three occasions, I have known fine base or base mullet (a fish somewhat like the chub, with the brilliancy of a salmon), varying from 2 to 10 lbs. caught with a huge red salmon fly, in the sea off the foot of Great Orme's Head, just after the tide had begun to ebb.\* I tried *once* for them, but failed : though while thus occupied, I saw 3 or 4 fine salmon leaping high out of the water about 200 yards off. I am told also, these base have been taken half way between this place and the sea, but I will not

\* If I ever tried this place again it would be during the *last* hour of ebb tide.

vouch for that fact. Perhaps, however, more might be done with perseverance both in tide-ways and in the sea. Some of the best salmon fishing is in the tide-ways ; but that is in rivers where it only reaches a distance of two or three miles from the estuary, having a rapid descent, and passing over a clear and rocky bed. In muddy tide-ways I should say, salmon, except at certain spots and then only when the stream has clarified the river, would never take the fly, for one especial reason, namely, that they would not rest in the turbid parts, which must of course abound in a 12 miles course like this, and as we imagine, they never take the fly, when on the move. Mind you, the flowing-tide may dam up the current a long way up a river, as it does here ; without, except for the time, hindering fishing ; and I consider it only in those parts rendered *foul* by the flowing tide, where fishing would be useless.

*Herb.* Then if a tide river, from any cause constantly ebbs and flows clear, as for instance over a rocky bed, I suppose angling may be successfully carried on after the salt water is expelled by the current of fresh.

*Theoph.* 1st. We practical anglers say, fish never rise at a fly while on the move. Then, 2ndly. There is plenty of evidence showing that salmon move up with a flowing tide, and either get at once fairly into fresh water, or return towards sea with the ebb, and therefore do not rest in the tide-way. These two data would be at variance with the notion of taking salmon in the tide-way ; because if they are never stationary there, according to the 2nd, being on the move, they will not take a fly according to the 1st. But then comes a third *data*, for instance, that in the "Angler in Ireland," and there can be no doubt, that in rivers of similar character to that of which he writes, fish will rise in the tide-way. Speaking of the Moy at Ballina, he, at vol. i. p. 151, describes it thus, "about 100 yards above the old bridge, is a ledge of rock, where are situated the weirs or salmon boxes ; they entirely occupy the whole breadth of the stream with the exception of a narrow gap, to let the spent fish go down. Few salmon can pass above them, except in very high floods, until their removal in close time. Rod fishing extends from these weirs for about a mile down the river, but as the tide reaches quite up to them, there are three hours every day when all chance of sport is suspended by the entrance of salt water," &c.

*Herb.* I see what you mean. In such a river, the fish waiting in hopes of being able to ascend higher, are per force stationary, and may therefore take the fly.

*Theoph.* Just so : except, however, in such a river where the ebb and flow of the tide is so short, we may consider it as a general rule that

when not actually at sea, salmon are either in brackish water close to the river's mouth, or running up and down with the flow and ebb, or else pushing up above the influence of the tide:—and, therefore, never stationed in the mid space, between the stream and the mouth of the river; their object being to ascend above the tide, if the water be adapted to their taste, else to retire seaward till it suits them.

*Herb.* Is it an ascertained fact that salmon really float backwards and forwards with the tide, as it ebbs and flows? I had always thought that they came right on straight up the river, as soon as they once left the “deep, deep sea.”

*Theop.* By no means so, as a general rule, except it be such fish as, with spawn in an advanced state, come to the mouth of the river, late in the season. These, indeed, if a river be at all adapted to their taste, push up it at once without the hesitation which the clear bright fish exhibit; but these latter hover to and fro, very considerably, for days\*—often for weeks, almost months,† before they finally ascend for the purpose of spawning. Some persons conceive that many fish, if the river continue low, or is not otherwise suited to them, will leave its mouth altogether and return to the sea, and there fruitlessly (for it is said it will not vivify in the sea) deposit their spawn, or at all events, proceed to some other river. Be that as it may, that they swim, as it were up and down with the tide, as far as it reaches upwards, long before they proceed towards spawning ground, is sufficiently proved by the circumstance, that in the great fisheries, hundreds are caught by the ebb stake net in the estuary of a river, when the tide is ebbing, that is, while swimming, with their heads seaward.

*Herb.* These nets are, I believe, that engine which has been so much quarrelled with by the river proprietors; but I never exactly understood them.

*Theoph.* *Bright clean* salmon, at all events (for it is asserted, by the advocates for stake nets, that salmon advanced in spawn, proceed in deeper water returning to fresh water), grope their way along the sea shore in order to find it; vacillating for the most part with the tide between high and low water mark. And these nets are either made to take fish when swimming *towards* the river, which are called *flux* or *flow* stake nets, or when going away from it, called *ebb* nets, from the difference in the manner of placing them.‡ They are regular mouse-

\* See appendix to second report on Salmon Fisheries of the United Kingdom, 3d June, 1825, pp. 13, 58, 71, 104, 109, 116, &c. Id. June, 1824, pp. 35, 74, &c.

† Id. June, 1825, p. 116.

‡ In Yarrell's *British Fishes*, vol. 2, p. 23, there is a drawing of one of these nets, and to which I must refer you. Looking at it, down the left side of the page is the high water-mark, and on the right the low water, and the fish are taken swimming as it were from the top of the page downwards, so that the top may either represent the river or the open sea.

traps, most destructive, and with great reason complained of by the river, or upper proprietors. Some doubts certainly exist whether all the fish which they take would ever reach the upper properties, because it is contended that not one-half which come to the mouth of a river ever go up it. One of their chief reasons for this opinion being the admitted fact that in thus swimming to and fro at the mouth, they continually become prey for the hungry shoals of porpesse, grampus, and seals, which more or less always hang about the estuary. But it is also undeniable that hundreds and hundreds of salmon, which these estuary stake nets catch, would sooner or later venture up the river, and there spawn or be captured by the upper proprietors. My belief is, that these stake nets are one principal cause of the great falling off of all the salmon rivers in the united kingdom. They in fact destroy the seed of futurity to too great an extent. Too many salmon are taken.

*Herb.* But I understood you to say that the spawning fish, from swimming upwards in deep water, did not fall into these traps.

*Theoph.* That may be very true; but you forget, and so do the advocates for stake nets, that every fish would spawn some time or other. Denying that *they* cause this injury, these gentlemen throw the blame on coble net fishing, asserting that the heavy bottom line, which is often necessarily drawn over the shallows at the head and tail of a pool in a river, tear up the gravel, and so destroy the spawn. They may be so far right; but instead of throwing off the blame on to others' shoulders, they only prove the coble net to be an additional injury.

Of a truth salmon are most cruelly persecuted individuals, the friend of none,—the prey of all. All, except a few gentlemen anglers, cry “havock and let slip the dogs of war” on them, and it is only the wonderful and prolific care of nature, which spares us the few fish that are left. Their known natural enemies are the porpesse, grampus, and seals, and each of which it is supposed will, if they can get a “*battue*” among them, destroy six or eight per diem. Then they are food for otters, cormorants, and sea eagles, when large;—herons, bitterns, eels, trout of all kinds, and the elder salmon\* themselves, while young; and trout, eels, and various birds, in addition to that little devil, the water-ousel devour the ova. Then come the artificial injuries inanimate, such as mill races heads and leads, and eel baskets, in all which the fry is destroyed by *sackfuls* on their journey to sea! and the foulness of water caused by manufactories, drives them from a river if it do not destroy them: their great human enemies are poachers; who make profit of the roe for bait; and the hundreds of spring anglers

\* Evidence before House of Commons, June, 1825, pp. 20, 39.

who may each take perhaps twenty or thirty dozen per day, during April and May; thus we see how different a thing it is to estimate 48,012,200 fish on paper and in fact!\*—alas! where shall we catch a salmon twenty years hence if things go on as at present?

*Herb.* Why, in America:—near Quebec (as I understood) I heard of a gentleman† taking forty-three salmon in two days from 12 to 15lbs each! In this country it is impossible to conceive a worse state of affairs, important as salmon fisheries undoubtedly are to the well being of the country, both as regards the supply of food they yield, and the employment they give the poor.

*Theoph.* Yet the fearful list is not yet complete; there is also one natural cause over which we have no controul. Salmon sometimes run up the smallest rivulets to spawn in the winter; so much so, that a friend of mine, only last year, detected a little boy with three salmon of 8, 5 and 4 lbs. which he had<sup>d</sup> taken in one spot, with his hands out of a little running ditch, not two feet wide, and in summer time not three inches deep. If then, the winter be very wet, the quantity of water invites the fish into places, left perhaps quite dry in the early spring: and should a dry spring ensue, not only is the mother fish killed by inability to get back to the main river, but the spawn is never vivified, being rendered totally abortive from the want of aerated water to nourish it. A dry spawning season is much more propitious than a very wet one, because the parent fish do not ascend too high, but if the winter *and* spring be wet, so much the better for them—the poachers are “at fault.”

This reminds me, there is one evil equal to, if not greater than all others, to which the diminution of salmon must be attributed, and which, if not taken up by the legislature, must lead to the total extermination of the race: and that is, the want of preservation and protection in the sources of rivers, where fish almost universally spawn. It is impossible to remedy this evil unless you do one of two things, either give each upper proprietor a sufficient interest from the quantity of fish you enable him to take during the fishing season (which at present very, very few have), to induce him to watch and keep off poachers, and preserve the spawners, personally or at his *own* expense, or else provide a fund for that purpose, to be raised by a proportional assessment, according to annual local value of each fishery on the river, or at its mouth, from among all the proprietors collectively. It is proved by the evidence to which I have so often alluded, that the larger and finer fish are more shy of entering a river early, but that more of this quality are taken at such time at its mouth only. I would

\* See last number, p. 175.

† J. Strang, Esq., in the summer of 1839.

therefore make a law, that the meshes and opening of the nets and engines should be proportionately wider, as they approach towards the sea; and also not only would I provide fence months,—not only enforce the law against fishing in any way on a Sunday, and the observance of what is termed the Saturday *slap*, viz. an opening of all nets, so as to allow fish free access upwards, from Saturday evening till Monday morning—but I would also enact that a *Wednesday slap* should be strictly observed. I would try this as an experiment; for it would at all events give the upper proprietors a better chance, and if it failed or succeeded would be alike injurious or beneficial to all. If it were tried for a year or two, all the harm it could do would be to lessen the supply coming to market during that period, while it must increase the quantity in after years. Angling out of season has been spoken of as injurious; especially because it affords the lower class (poachers to wit) a pretence for hovering about the rivers by day, thereby to detect where they can find the fish and bag them by night. This is moonshine with a vengeance! If a river be properly watched by day, as it should be, such characters,—always well known in a neighbourhood,—are easily sent to the “right-about.” But as to angling by the better class, (mere angling for sport) what is the extent of its mischief? Not one out of 20 fish, over which our flies pass, is inclined to rise to them. And suppose there are six miles of river, and you give to each angler half a mile, and he takes 6 fish per week, which is a large average of sport for any river in the United Kingdom, here are 72 fish taken altogether by 12 men in the week. Now, in the same quality of river, compare this with netting. Take the Foyle, we will say, in Ireland: we find that is fished for six months, or 156 days, Sundays excluded, and according to their returns, the proprietors took 55,906 salmon during A.D. 1835, averaging 358 per day, or 2,148 per week! What is 72 compared to 2,148? Anglers, perhaps, are the only body of men who are interested now-a-days in protecting the upper parts of rivers! This river, in particular, I know to be solely protected by them; this upper part of which is open to anglers subscribing for their amusement, and a keeper provided, solely to preserve for their sport. Each real angler in the neighbourhood feels a zealous regard to protect every fish he or his friends cannot take by fair means, and is willing, personally, and with his own hands, to enforce preservation strictly. I remember on one occasion, (A.D. 1838,) hearing late in the evening, permission was (as we argued contrary to the understanding with subscribers) given to certain parties to draw or net a great extent of this river during that night. What was the result? I and one or two more anglers sallied forth in the dark at once (for there was no time to remonstrate) and with our own hands pelted every pool, as far as we could, so as to



drive the fish to the banks and to those streams where the nets dared not venture in the dark, for fear of entanglement. We succeeded; for in none of those places did the netters take a single fish. And next morning, to the great satisfaction of all parties, except the netters, we found that the permission had been wholly misunderstood:—for every “inch” given them, the netters had intended to take “two ells!” and a stop was put to any further proceedings. If, on that occasion, blows had been requisite, we would have preserved the river, as the lawyers say, *vi et armis*—notwithstanding what may be said to the contrary.\* I know, perhaps, a dozen other instances, in which gentlemen anglers have *personally* interfered to preserve the same river *by night*, as well as by day. None who know the angler’s disposition can doubt it.

But even anglers, if better chances were afforded to the river proprietors who use the net (those above the tide-way), would have so much better sport from the same cause, that they would feel less desirous of trespassing into the fence months. As it now is, in many rivers, they have little or no chance till netting ceases; because, no fish *can* come up to be caught. Some provision might be made to limit the number that anglers should appropriate to themselves: they might fish and return all above a certain number in the day to the river. But I say, PRESERVE THE SPAWNING FISH AND FRY; for, without it, everything else is useless. And let me suggest, that not only should the lower as well as the upper proprietors contribute to the expence of preserving, but the whole neighbourhood of a salmon river, or the county, or counties through which it flows, or which it divides, ought likewise to do so; in as much as these feel the benefit in having fish more plentiful and cheaper, in their moral improvement (which should never be lost sight of in legislation); and, by the *prevention* of crime, ultimately lessening the expences of punishment. I entirely agree as to the destruction of fry by angling. There the fish is born, and every one of the 20 dozen which a little boy may take in a day with a bent pin and thread, might, in all probability, in three or four months, be a sufficient meal for a dozen people. This I would stop, by prohibiting angling for small fish, or with small hooks, during April and part of May; as one witness said before the Committee of the House of Commons, “it is purchasing a very little personal amusement at an enormous cost to the community.”

\* See Evidence before House of Commons, 1836. Question 1564, and Index tit. “Angling.”

## MISADVENTURES OF A CLASSICAL EQUESTRIAN.

No. III.

FROM THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF SYLVESTER STEEPLE-CHASE,  
LATE OF — COLLEGE.

“ My fee of admission to the Porcian Club.—*Pugna Porcorum.* ”

*Dimidium facti qui cœpit habet.* Having broken the ice of bashfulness, I need not fear to take the full plunge. Though a diffident, I have always been a good-humoured kind of fellow; and if I see my friends laugh and enjoy themselves around me, I am happy, even though the merriment be at my own expense. Moreover, my “ misadventures,” as I could not resist the temptation of proclaiming, have had a successful termination. The scion of a sporting race—

Cui genus a proavis ingens, CLARUMQUE PATERNÆ  
NOMEN inest virtutis.

I am no longer ashamed of my hereditary patronymic; and while, as I walk my old hall, mine eye falls upon the gay and hearty faces of my ancestors looking down upon me from amid the trophies of sylvan triumph, by which they are surrounded, I do not fear to return their gaze, in conscious independence, and to cherish the hope that I too may, one day, be not unworthy to take my place in the time-honoured and illustrious range!

At the close of the last chapter I was tempted to anticipate the course of events; and, as a set off to the humiliating confession of my early discomfiture, to recount my subsequent and hard-won success. In the hurry to relate the end of the race we forget the ground over which we had to pass—the stiff fences which met us at every turn—the ludicrous blunders and mistakes which marked our chequered progress, and the awkward purls which, ever and anon, befel us. A few of these it is my purpose now to detail. My ultimate success once established, I can look back on them with complacency from the secure eminence which I have attained; and the reader will not refuse to smile at what, in later times, has often been a source of merriment to myself.

When we parted, I was recovering slowly, from the result of my first experiment in equestrianism—a severe dislocation of the shoulder. My sick quarters, at Sir William Allen’s, were all, that affectionate concern on the part of my host, and delicate solicitude on that of his fair daughter, who regarded herself as the source of my misfortune, could possibly render them. I soon recovered sufficiently to drive over to the hall, where, on the occasion already detailed, I discovered the woful con-

dition of my classic steed. Sir William, however, would not hear of my remaining; but insisted that I should return to my old quarters, declaring that his conscience, and Emily's, would not permit their "turning me out in worse condition than they had taken me in." Affairs at home were not very flattering to my vanity. My confidential trainer, for whom it will be remembered, I translated Xenophon's Golden Treatise, had verified all that the wily Greek tells of the trickiness of grooms and jockeys\* in his own day; having managed, in a couple of months, to squander in my classic stable, or transfer to his own unclasic pouch, a greater sum than my steward's account exhibited as having supported, for a whole season, my poor cousin George's magnificent establishment! Every person too, and every thing, seemed to be laughing at me. There was a leer in old Belton's eye which I did not feel comfortable in meeting; and I overheard a conversation at the stable door, in which the "Squire's new-feangled notions" formed the burden of the merriment. The rugged floor too, which, in pursuance of Xenophon's plan,† had supplanted the smooth and tasteful pavement of cousin George's stable, threw out in unpleasant relief; the groggy, gouty, legs and pumiced hoofs of the miserable occupants; and, above all, the ghost of the unfortunate animal which had fallen a victim to my Xenophontic halter, never ceased to haunt my imagination! Not to speak of inducements from within, therefore, I had no difficulty, after a few days rest, in leaving this not over-comfortable prospect, and returning to the kind and happy home of my hospitable friend.

On my return I was rejoiced to find the hall, from the drawing-room to the dog-kennel, one scene of confusion, in consequence of the long expected arrival of Frank Allen, Sir William's only son.

Frank Allen was the prince of good fellows, and the idol of his family and acquaintances. At school, at the university, in his club, but above all, in his own home, he was the life and soul of frolic and merriment—the leader and originator of every scheme of mischief and of fun—and, I may add, with equal truth, of every project of charity and benevolence. Accomplished in every department of sporting—a fearless horseman, a killing shot, an enthusiastic "brother of the angle;" he was looked up to by all the peasantry around, and especially by the retainers of his own family with a sort of veneration—if any one could connect that idea with the name of Frank Allen; and on a day when it was known that "Master Frank" had "business on his hand," the plough lay idle in the furrow—the cart-horse dozed lazily in his stall, dreaming of the cuffs, and lashes, and "gee-ups," and "gee-hoes," which *should have been* urging him onward—the whole

\* De re Equeat, III., 1. see also IV. 1, 2. † See *Februury*; number, p. 122.

farm-yard, barn, dairy, stable—turned out its motly occupants in pre-determined idleness!—it was folly to think of business on such a day.—

“ Was that a time to talk of work ? ”—

I have no doubt that a certain Irish nobleman has taken him as his model. Kind and generous, even to profusion, he delighted notwithstanding in practising all sorts of mischievous tricks upon every one who came within his reach ; and I do believe, if he had no other subject, he could hardly refrain from playing off his practical jokes, if it were possible, upon himself ! At school, he had been perpetually planning to get his companions a duck in a horse-pond, or a roll in a miry pool ; and that his taste had not altered with his years, may be collected from a scene of which the very morning after his arrival, and the commencement of our acquaintance, I myself “ *pars magna fui.* ”

I lay, half sleeping, half waking, in that dreamy state which I love to indulge for an hour or so before I definitively make up my mind to describe that most difficult of all figures—a right angle with the plane of my bed,—when I was startled by finding the bed suddenly open beneath me, as if by magic. The first idea which occurred was that of an earthquake or volcano ; but before I had time to speculate, I was sprawling on my back in a bath of ice-cold water ! I strove to shriek ; but was almost choked in the effort by the water which rushed down my throat. I endeavoured to rise, but the bed-clothes, which I had dragged with me in my fall, held me fast in helpless durance. What was I to do ? I dashed the water from my eyes, still half closed in sleep, and strove to collect my thoughts, wholly upset by the catastrophe ; when, as if to release me from the difficulty, the bell-pull—grateful sight!—swung itself almost into my hand, I collected all my breath into one despairing scream, at the same time pulling with might and main at the bell-rope. But, horror of horrors !—the treacherous bell-pull was—*the string of a forty gallon shower bath !* Never shall I forget that awful moment ! It seemed as if the torrent—dash—dash—dash—should never cease ! I could not but think—if such a state of mind could be called thought—that the end of time had come—that, perhaps, I had fallen back again on the days of Pyrrha and Deucalion—

Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos  
Visere montes—

or that I was at once, without the preparatory passage of Styx, transferred to the realm of Hades, where my station for ever was beneath that mystic vessel, through whose perforated base flows, and for ever shall flow, the water which is vainly poured in by the doomed, but fruitless, labours of the hapless daughters of Danaus ! From these horrid forebodings I was recalled, when consciousness was restored, by

shrieks of laughter (too merry to be mistaken for that of the Sister Fairies), in the midst of which, scarcely able to stand, "Master Frank" presented himself at —, I was going to say, my *bed*—, my *bath* side. I must confess, I did not understand this; nor was my good-humour increased by the appearance of Sir William in his night-cap and dressing-gown; who, though seriously displeased, could not repress a smile at the woful plight in which he found me. "Ah, Frank, Frank," said he, endeavouring to be severe, "at your old tricks again. I believe you will never learn what is due to me and to my guests.—What will Sir Sylvester —" Unhappily for his assumed severity, he turned to me as he spoke. I had succeeded at length in extricating myself from the entanglement, and, bursting with rage, struggled out upon the floor. Meanwhile the noise, and, probably, the expectation of some such fun, had collected the whole family to the door; and, as soon as I emerged from my concealment, I was greeted with one simultaneous, and most irreverent roar! Even Sir William himself could not resist. Amid all my rage, I could see the smile, even through his spectacles, stealing into his eye; he struggled for a moment, but it was in vain—he fell back in a fit of convulsive laughter! I was turning away in high dudgeon, when, as if to save my character for good-humour, my eye chanced to fall upon the large dressing-glass which stood upon my table. To say the truth, I could not myself withstand the sight. There I was—a perfect river god in a draggled night-dress!—my hair flattened along my cheeks, and dripping at every point; my shirt literally stuck to my person,—teeming like a water-spout! But the air—the manner!—this it was that completely unhinged me. There was a tragic majesty in the look of indignation which I wore, that contrasted so ludicrously with my woe-begone figure, as to be utterly irresistible! The iron firmness of my features relaxed—I looked again—a suppressed titter behind me completed the work—I myself gave the key, and we all joined again in a general chorus of hearty laughter, in which my voice echoed louder and longer than any of the rest! Frank came up to me, and took my hand.—"Forgive me," said he "I cannot resist these temptations; but you are now free of our club, *having paid your entrance fee honestly!* Ha! well—I see you do. That laugh of yours, at your own expense, makes me your friend for life; and it will be of use to your shoulder after all:—you are too fond of Pindar not to know that the best thing in the world is cold water—

"Αριστον μιν ὕδωρ."

This was a startling specimen of my new friend's humour. I soon found that it extended through all the details of his establishment. His dogs were trained to worry the housekeeper by perpetual and systematic inroads on the larder; a pet hawk and raven lay in wait for the heels of

every unwary visitor in the porch; and his horses, though perfectly docile in his own hands, were fire and tow to every stranger unacquainted with their peculiarities. One was as gentle as a lamb till the rider attempted to blow his nose: after that, not Bellerophon himself could retain his seat! Another would not suffer even "horse-taming Tydius" to mount him, unless he were equipped in tops and white inexpressibles; while a third might be "engaged to carry a lady," provided she did not attempt to dismount; but the moment you drew your foot out of the stirrup—whisk!—it was war to the knife thenceforth. This last-named accomplishment had almost cost him dearly. There was a secret in the affair: if you attempted to dismount, as usual, by the *near side*, the animal was on his mettle in a moment. Change the foot, and all was peace; a child might alight on the *off-side*. It chanced, that, as he was going to start, on a dark winter morning, for a distant cover, the groom, by mistake, saddled *Acatabatus* (*undismountable*—for so Frank, who prided himself on his classic puns, had called the last-named) instead of *Aprositus* (*unapproachable*—No. 2.). Frank imagined he had the latter, and, being equipped with boots and white shorts, and therefore prepared for an easy mount, got upon his back without discovering his mistake. But having occasion before long to tighten a girth (for *Acatabatus* was low-shouldered, and it was not his own saddle), he had scarce attempted to throw his leg over, when, without the least concern, he was pitched head-foremost into a deep pool! At first he could not help wondering what change had come upon *Aprositus*; but, the increasing light enabling him to see his mistake; he got up, shook himself, delighted at this new proof of the animal's training: and when, at the hunting breakfast, in explanation of his begrimed and bespattered guise, he related the adventure, there was not one who enjoyed as much as he did himself, the payment in kind which he had thus received for all the pranks he had played off upon his friends.

He delighted, I need scarcely say, in all parts of peculiar difficulty or danger. I have reason for believing him to have been the inventor of that since fashionable amusement—taking a flying-leap over a cab-horse fully accoutred for the road. He had a favourite pony, as great a mischief-maker as himself, which he would gallop round the dining-room, with four rows of chairs placed at regular intervals by way of hurdles! and he once frightened the wits out of his sister and myself, by flying over our heads, as we sat *tête-a-tête* on a rustic seat, which stretched across a grassy walk in the pleasure grounds.

But his oddest whim was one which brings me back from this digression to the regular order of my narrative. He had met in the course of his reading, which, notwithstanding his wild thoughtlessness

and folly, was varied and extensive, a Latin poem, entitled "*Pugna Porcorum per P. Porcium Poetam*;" it is one of those curious trifles with which the uselessly-learned beguile their leisure, or fritter away their serious hours. It consists of three hundred hexameters, the peculiarity of which consists in the fact that, in the entire poem, there is not a single word—noun, pronoun, verb, adjective, proposition, conjunction, or interjection—which does not, like the title, begin with the letter P. And yet, the selection of words is classical almost to a nicety; and the versification is not unworthy the golden days of Leo. I am half tempted, for the very curiosity, to give a few of the opening lines as a specimen; should any of my readers feel indisposed to take it "at a fair fly," he may "turn over," and yet not lose a single "turn" in "the course" of my history.

Plaudite porculli ! Porcorum pigra propago  
 Progreditur-Plures porci pinguedine pleni  
 Pugnantes pergunt; pecudum pars prodigiosa  
 Perturbat pede petrosas plerumque paties !  
 Pars portentose populorum prata profanat ;  
 Pars pungit populando potens ; pars plurima plagis  
 Pretendit punire pares, prasternere parvos !

This was just the thing for Frank. But what was the idea which it suggested to his mind, "fertile in schemes of frolic and of fun?" Start not, reader,—a pig-race!—for which he chose to understand the *PUGNA PORCORUM* as furnishing a classic precedent! This was sufficiently ridiculous; yet such was his popularity, and so successful his exertions in the cause of amusements, that he had no difficulty in finding a party to join him; and he himself was unanimously named president of the new society, which he called by the imposing title—"The Porcian Club." His inaugural speech was regarded as a paragon of learning and research. He traced the origin of the institution as far back as the days of Cato the Elder, whose well-known surname, "*Porcius*," was clearly derivable from this source. Pursuing the history through the classic times, he showed that in the age of Horace it had been a fashionable amusement in Italy; that in fact it was as ordinary a recreation as horse exercise in our time; the youth of Rome, as ours do on horseback, spending entire days *on the backs of their Swine*, in the enjoyment of this too long forgotten amusement. What says Horace?

"Condit quisque diem collibus in suis!"

But when, turning from private individuals, he proved that the whole city—imperial Rome herself—had been devoted to this truly classic sport—that, with one will, patrician and plebeian—Rome, all Rome—

*Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit—*

his triumph was complete—the quotation was drowned in the applause

which it called forth, and the President of the Porcian Club withdrew, covered with glory!

All the arrangements were rigidly in keeping. The day of meeting was fixed strictly in accordance with Ovid's *Fasti*. Each of the members had his training establishment, where the animals were sweated and physicked into racing condition; and, upon the side-board, among the silver urns, cups, whips, arrows, flasks, &c.—trophies of Frank's sporting prowess, stood the prize of the approaching race; which, till I learned the circumstance, had completely puzzled me. It was a massive silver *trough*, richly embossed, and inscribed with the appropriate motto, "*Accendant præmia pig-ras!*" (*race*).

Large bets were pending, which had all been made according to the strictly classic form prescribed by Ulpian (for on this I particularly insisted); and confirmed by the interchange of rings between the parties. The greatest interest was excited; and one of the club had gone to the trouble of importing from the North of Spain a few of the famous Biscayan breed—fed all their lives on acorns, and accustomed to the wild rugged passes of their native mountains. Frank's pride was touched. He was determined not to be out-done.

There is a certain extensive district of the Sister Kingdom, in which a large organized force of able-bodied men is maintained at the public expence, for the laudable purpose of "keeping the swinish multitude in order:" in other words, whose only ostensible employment is to keep the pigs off the road, and commit the offending and refractory among them, to the safe custody of the village pound. Nature, wise in all her works, never fails to provide even the meanest of her children with an instinct, which points out their constitutional enemies. The pigs in Connaught will discern a policeman far beyond the reach of human gaze; and it has been mooted more than once, at the "Ballinasloe Debating Society," whether they are not able to distinguish even by the nose, a "peeler" from an ordinary man. Be this as it may, certain it is that every pig "man, woman, and child," as Frank's Irish informant assured him, "will run for the base life, the minut they get win' of a peeler:" and on a fine summer's day, before the *petit sessions* begin—for they know then, that the peelers are especially active—they may be met scampering into cover in all directions, at a pace with which, from long practice, not even the "mounted police" can compete! Nothing could be better. Frank determined that this should be his market: and partly with this view, partly to try the "walls of Roscommon," of which he had heard so much, he had set out from home a few days before my arrival on the occasion of the "mis-adventure" already related. "The wild sports of the west" had induced him to prolong his stay, but he had not forgotten his mission: nor had he failed.



One day, as he was riding leisurely to meet the Roscommon Hunt, at —— cover, he saw something at a distance, careering like the wind, which, at first sight, he took to be one of the rough Irish greyhounds, but on a nearer view, he found it to be a tall gaunt pig—"high in bone, low in flesh"—a true specimen of the race he had come to seek. Conceiving that there would be no difficulty in securing him, the more as he could descry a rope trailing from his leg, he drew across the road, which in that particular place was narrow. But "porcus" thought otherwise. Not a whit daunted by this hostile demonstration, he pursued his career; and, with one desperate charge, sweeping the legs from under Frank's quadruped, he left both rider and horse sprawling in the (fortunately soft) mud of a Roscommon bog-road! Before Frank could gather himself up,—and he was pretty active—the fugitive had disappeared like a flash over the next hill!

He had scarcely recovered from this ludicrous capsize, when a low waggish-looking fellow, doffing his *caubeen*, accosted him with a mixture of anxiety and humour. "May be your honour 'ud see a slip of a pig wit a rope out of his fut? If I catch him, the thief of the world, I'll break every bone in his thieving skin; and the devil a much else there's in it to be bruk, your honour!"

Frank could not help enquiring the circumstances. The poor fellow, it appeared, whose name was Jim Rooney, in order "to make up the thrifle of rint," had been obliged to bring this "thriven slip" to the market; although partly from Jim's poverty, partly from the fact that, presuming on his good humour, the boys of the village *were perpetually riding the animal*—there was not a morsel on his bones. They had proceeded quietly enough till they reached the town, when, unluckily, as there chanced to be a "distress for rint" that day, a considerable constabulary force was assembled. The moment the animal became aware of the fact, all Jim's efforts were insufficient to drive him forward; and, at last, becoming utterly ungovernable, he had upset the driver, and burst away out of his hands! The poor fellow had followed, more with the hope of ascertaining the direction of his flight, than with any immediate prospect of securing him. What could be more fortunate? Frank gave him all the necessary information; and to poor Jim's grateful and almost incredulous astonishment, promised him ten guineas if he brought the animal to him. I need hardly say that the poor fellow started off in high spirits, sure of soon overtaking him, he said; for a few hundred yards farther on in the direction of his flight, there was a *shebeen*, after passing which, "the 'cute thief 'ud go asy enough, for he know'd the peelers 'ud niver pass widout stoppin' to wet their whistle."

Such was the history of the champion; which (along with his

humorous owner, whom he had no difficulty in inducing to accompany him), Frank had secured for the eventful *pugna porcorum*.

The day arrived. I shall not dwell upon the details here: suffice it to say, that Jim Rooney was Frank's chief trainer and confidential adviser on the occasion. Every thing was duly prepared. The course was walled in with turf, to guard against bolting; and the winning, distance, and starting posts, arranged at the legitimate intervals. To insure that the coursers should give their race fairly, and "no mistake," I proposed that they should employ the pendent sharp-pointed balls which are used in the horse races of the Corso, and which, striking against the animals' sides, act as constantly applied spurs of the severest description. This, however, did not seem sufficient for Jim Rooney. He had secured his courser's tail by a stout cord, which passed through a strap over his back, and was attached between his ears to a sort of headstall. The use of this contrivance soon became apparent.

They came to the post—the favourites being the Biscayan, and Frank's Irish "Slip," which, in honour of the great founder of the *Porcian* family, he had named Cato. And, certainly, never was contrast more striking than between the stout and hardy foreigner and the gaunt grisly Cato—his bones starting through his wrinkled skin, and his back bowed like the hump of a sick greyhound! Even Frank seemed struck by the contrast.

"Niver fear, your honour," whispered Jim, who had observed the doubting glance, "if I don't *do them in the dodge*, may I never leap the pound-wall of Ballinasloe agin, more glory to her!"

Away they go; and unquestionably at a slapping pace, the Biscayan and Cato, at once singling out from the herd, and obviously with a dead set on one another. My contrivance told admirably. The spurs, ginging against their sides, kept up a perpetual "irritation," and prevented their sleeping on their post. In truth, for a time, nothing could be better. The very fastness of the pace, by rattling the balls more violently, laid in the spur with severity, and, of course, with better effect. But, by degrees, after the first burst was over, the triumph of Jim's science became gradually evident. Every one knows the disposition in the genus *porcus* to take the course precisely opposite to that which *they think* you wish them to follow. Pull a pig by the tail, and he is sure to run his very best in the contrary direction. Hence, when towards the middle of the race, the speed began to slacken, and the pendent spurs to lose their effect, there was an obvious drooping of the head on the part of Cato's antagonist, till, eventually, it became a series of stops, and swerves, and bolts: on the contrary, the self-acting apparatus which Jim had constructed, by keeping up a suc-

cession of plucks and pulls upon the tail, and, in fact, acting on the principle of the "self-adjusting pedometer," maintained uniform undiminished speed! Nothing could be more exciting. On they came; and in my anxiety to see, I jumped into the course just as they were coming opposite the place where I stood. But, alas! scarce had I landed, when, as if of set purpose, the wrong-headed brute charged right against me, and before I knew what I was about, by a sudden dart between my legs, he had lifted me upon his back, *with my face to the tail*; and, a second time a racer *malgrè moi*, I was careering away amid the cheers of the spectators, clinging like a leech to the original bridle which Jim had constructed, and endeavouring, as best I might, to gather up my legs, which were dangling and trailing along the ground.

Immortal Momus! what a ridiculous plight! A grave fellow of ——— College converted into the jockey of an absurd *pugna porcorum*! A son of the noble house of Steeplechase degenerated into the unclassic champion of a pig-race, and like another Parthian, mounted with his face to the tail! I forbear to speak of the comforts of my position, seated as I was upon the ingenious, *spurring apparatus*, which I had myself suggested, and the delightful uncertainty in which (for of course I could not see before me) I was placed, as to its probable duration!

Amid all my confusion, however, I could perceive that the weight had begun to tell. The Biscayan shot ahead like an arrow; and I began to fear that I was doomed to frustrate Jim's confident promise that he would "do them in the dodge." I was too hasty in my conclusion. With his characteristic foresight he had provided a "*projet de reserve*" for any emergency which might arise. Well knowing Cato's weak point, and remembering that there was but one way of making him develop all his energies, he had stationed at the distance post a party of friends, accoutered in the hideous green jerkins of his hereditary enemies, "the peelers," with orders to show themselves, *a tergo*, just as Cato was passing. The plan was well acted, and perfectly successful. No sooner did Cato, with the tail of his eye, distinguish the supposed costume of his hereditary foe, than, uttering a squeal of terror, he started off with a spring which had well nigh left me sprawling on my face! The race was now decided. It was a hollow thing henceforward! We came in winning by fully ten lengths; and I had scarcely extricated myself from the apparatus to which I was literally *anchored*, when Jim was at my side, appealing in a tone of triumph, "Well, your honour, *didn't I do them in the dodge?*"

Frank was in ecstasy at his success, and still more at the share I had taken in the race; and though the reader knows I had *personal reasons*.

for not feeling very comfortable, I tried to make it a point to enjoy it as well as the rest of them. "Why, my dear fellow," said he, as he clapped me on the back, "you are concealing your accomplishments. Had not Cato been fortunate enough to bring this one to light, we never should have dreamed you were a jockey."

*'Consentire suis studiis qui crediderit te?'*

Such, gentle reader, was my second *ride*, and so ended the *PUGNA PORCORUM*.

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### A WORD OR TWO EXPLANATORY,—ON THE CONDITION OF HUNTERS.

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DEAR HARRY,

FEARING I may not have been explicit enough, on one or two points, in my letter to you on the "Condition and Stable Treatment of Hunters," I take this opportunity of touching very briefly again on the same subject.

In advising you strongly always to have water at one side of your manger, I should, at the same time, have said that the slate trough should contain at least two bucketsfull; for if it merely held little more than the quantity a thirsty horse could drink at a draught, each time it was filled, he would (if unaccustomed to the luxury) immediately try and drain it, whilst otherwise he will only drink what he really wants.

I should also have stated to you, that on my horses returning from hunting, after they have had their gruel, water is not kept from them, in any quantity they may like (from the feverish state they may be in), but that it is put into the water-trough unpalatably warm, which, therefore, induces them to take no more than they absolutely require.

In having so strongly recommended the use of parsnips, I should have said, that, as it is not a vegetable which keeps well out of the ground, they should be dug as they are wanted; for the parsnip (unlike the carrot and other vegetables) is improved by frost, and even if they remain in the ground long enough in the spring to shoot, the roots and shoots together make excellent and nutritious food for mares with early colts, when it is frequently difficult to get proper food for them: it makes, likewise, a cooling diet for hunters at the close of the season.

To preserve carrots, the best plan is, as soon as there is an appearance of their shooting, to cut off the tops square, and then fill them up again as before; for if the carrot has been allowed to get corey, it is totally unfit for use.

Once more, Dear Harry, I say adieu, and subscribe myself, as before,

Yours, &c. &c.,

PINK.

## FISHING IN GERMANY.

By THOMAS HOOD ESQ.

[Scene, the Brake, near Bromberg—VON PISCATOR in the uniform of a Lieutenant of Prussian Infantry, is spinning a live minnow. FRITZ, his regimental servant, also in blue, faced with red, is in waiting in the attitude of "Attention."]

*Von P.* Fritz!

*Fritz.* Here, Mr. Lieutenant, Sir, what's your pleasure?

*Von P.* Have you polished my best epaulettes, and put those large worms, as I told you, in the box of mould?

*Fritz.* Yes, Mr. Lieutenant.

*Von P.* Did you take the reel to the armourers to be mended, and have you brushed my clothes, and laid out my cocked hat and gloves—and did you bespeak another liver at the butcher's?

*Fritz.* Yes, Mr. Lieutenant—and, Sir, the white maggots that were in the brown dish with the sand, are all gone of a sudden, and the old woman grumbles, and says her whole house is of a buzz with blue bottles.

*Von P.* Ah! I thought the old lady would rise at them. Have you cleaned your musket?

*Fritz.* Yes, Mr. Lieutenant; the inspection is at twelve o'clock, and I have gathered plenty of Moss. The hooks you told me to look for were sticking round your cap; and I took your note to Miss Von Koser; and I have filled the tin box with May chafers for the afternoon; and I have cleaned out all your pipes.

*Von P.* Good—you may stay here—and be ready with the landing-net. Who is that gentleman coming yonder?

*Fritz.* Mr. Lieutenant, I do not know.

*Enter AMICUS.*

*Ami.* Here he is! At the old sport—though not at the old place!

*Von P.* Eh! what! Himmel! It cannot be! Yes it is—what, Amicus!

*Ami.* Exactly so—But stop—avast there! Fain kissing!

*Von P.* True, I forgot! Your hand then, old fellow, and a thousand times welcome to Bromberg! You must excuse my not knowing you at sight—but I should as soon have looked for the man in the moon!

*Ami.* Phoo! phoo! We are not all such slow tops, as in your Prussian parish here, where your best pace is a quick march of so many steps to the minute. To us of the great Movement Party, thanks to railroads and steamers, such a visit as this is only a drop in.

*Von P.* I am as happy as if I had been made a Captain! Well, and how——

*Ami.* She is very well, and sends her kind regards.

*Von P.* And little——

*Ami.* Is now a big one—and goes to boarding-school. But if you please, we will postpone all questions of domestic interest, and speak, as the Quakers say, to the matter in hand.

*Von P.* Confound the fishing and the fishes too! They shall have a whole holiday, as the boys do when a visitor comes to the school.

*Ami.* Nonsense, man, take up your rod. I hate to spoil sport—so just fancy that we are at our old haunt on the Lahn, and go on with your fishing.

*Von P.* So be it. But remember, I must and will talk, in spite of all the rules of the Silent Art. To think of seeing *you* here! Phew! how warm it has made me! Fritz, do you see any of our officers about?

*Fritz.* No, Mr. Lieutenant, not one.

*Von P.* Then I may relax a little. One of our superiors here, is a bit of a martinet, and expects us to eat, drink, sing, dance, and fish, buttoned up to the chin.

*Ami.* But you used to dress more in character. Where is the old sporting-jacket, as full of pockets as an old country-house is of cupboards?

*Von P.* At home on its own peg. I have a turn of duty at twelve, and must be in uniform.

*Ami.* True; as an officer of the 19th, and a fisherman, you belong in a double sense to the *line*; and I wish you many a *rise* with them both. But zounds! look to your craft! Steady, steady—why Fritz does credit to your drilling, and handles the landing net like an adept! Aye, there you have him—a handsome fish enough—but what has he got on his nose, a pistol bullet or a force-meat ball?

*Von P.* Neither. That blue knob is as much his own, as the nubble you see at the end of some human noses—like a work with a supplement. Barring that awkward excrescence, it is, as you see, a handsome fish, with red fins, and fine silvery and golden scales. The German name for it is *Zerte*. They come from the sea up this river to spawn—grow to about a pound and a-half in weight, and from twelve to fourteen inches long. In flavour they resemble the trout, and are probably of the same family.

*Ami.* Herr *Zerte*, I shall be happy to be more intimately acquainted with you! Have you any other strange fish in this water?

*Von P.* Yes—several. The Zander, which you saw and tasted at Berlin; and then there is the Geuse, which grows to a large size, and much resembles Carp. The natives bait for it with boiled peas, but

it will rise freely at a fly, like the chub. Moreover, we have, I think, every sort of fish enumerated in Walton or Salter.

*Ami.* Egad! you are well supplied, then!

*Von P.* As any Cheapside Cockney, with Hungerford on his right hand, and Billingsgate on his left. Now, the Brake is but a detachment from the Netze, a river which communicates at one end with the Vistula, at the other with the Oder, and through both with the Baltic. Thus the finny tribes, as you say of water, are abundantly laid on. The Vistula, nearest Bromberg, is more than two miles broad, and when the frost breaks up—which, by the way, is an awful sight, for the ice rushes down the river in 'mountains—the fish then swarm into the Brake to spawn, and are taken with German tackle of all descriptions.

*Ami.* Is it a free fishery?

*Von P.* Nearly so—a permission for rod and line costing only a dollar and a half, or four and sixpence per annum. Grayling are plentiful, and I have killed a great many trout, of from four to seven pounds. Ho! Now then, Fritz. Another bullet-nose!—No—it's a perch.

*Ami.* And a fine hog-backed fellow he is! He must weigh at least three pounds.

*Von P.* The Brake is renowned for the size of its fish: so much so, that I have been puzzled by some of the common sorts, which had literally grown out of knowledge. For instance, immense bream and gudgeon, so unusually large, that they really seemed trying to be barbel.

*Ami.* You make me long to be among 'em! It was always a fancy of mine in reading Gulliver, that I should have liked a day's fishing in Brobdingnag.

*Von P.* Yes—but not with Lilliputian tackle. You remember the tool bequeathed to me by an English Colonel when he left the Rhine to become a Consul in the East—a rod originally of a delicate constitution, and which did not get stouter or stronger as it grew older. Add to this the internal consciousness of sundry weak lengths in my gut—a short assortment of tackle in general—above all, the knowledge that a thousand miles, wet and dry, lay between myself and Bond and Son, of Crooked-lane, and you may form some idea of my nervousness, on finding myself in presence of monsters of twenty or thirty pounds' weight. I never looked so foolish in my life!

*Ami.* Except once,—at Antonin,—when a certain Lieutenant, having only snipe-shot in his single-barrel, a certain English spaniel, named Dash, put up a certain Wild Boar!

*Von P.* Yes—that caused something of the same feeling. You may judge how very scarce was my tackle, when I tell you that one day I

walked back to the Netze, a distance of five English miles, after a gorge-hook I thought I had left behind.

*Ami.* And did you recover it ?

*Von P.* Yes—but not till after I returned dog-tired and had thrown myself into a chair.

*Ami.* O, I understand—where Gaffer Gurton found his needle.

*Von P.* However, I got over my fears in course of time; and especially when a good friend in London sent me over a stout rod-of-all-work, and a reinforcement of tackle. To these premises he considerably added, what he called the inferences—namely a family bottle of Burgess's anchovy sauce, another of real East Indian soy, and a ditto of cayenne.

*Ami.* A very logical deduction—and as a corollary I conclude that you have salmon.

*Von P.* Yes—of two sorts; one of which I suspect is also strange to you. It is called here the Hook salmon's; not as I at first supposed from the mode of taking it, but because the under jaw hooks up at the end, from one to two and a half inches, and fits into a deep groove in the upper one, so as not to be seen when the mouth is shut.

*Ami.* Well, I have heard before that all fishes were dumb; but your Hook Salmon seems to have a peculiar mode of holding his jaw!

*Von P.* The safest plan, sometimes, with other creatures than salmon.

*Ami.* Now I think of it, there are the talkative fishes of four colours in the Arabian Nights; and the only end of their loquacity was to get themselves tilted out of the frying-pan into the fire. But, *revenons à nos moutons*—how are the salmon caught by the natives ?

*Von P.* A great many are taken as in our own country. There is a water-fall near the mill, which the fish strive to ascend, and those which miss their leap fall back and are caught in the lachs fang, or salmon-trap, at the bottom. The natives have also another mode of their own, which they practise near the fall.

*Ami.* By spearing or leistering, perhaps, in the Scotch fashion ?

*Von P.* Not exactly. The weapon is a long pole, with a huge hook, as big as a wine bottle, fitting into a groove at one end. To this hook is also attached a line half-an-inch thick, which, passing loosely along the pole, is held securely in the hand. When the Bromberger spies a fish, he slowly thrusts the pole into the water, and, striking strongly, hooks the prey in the thick part of the body. The hook is soon disengaged from the pole by the struggles of the fish—the slack rope becomes a tight one—and the salmon, vaulting and tumbling, is hauled by main force into the boat.

*Ami.* It is a curious coincidence—but, in lieu of the great hook, suppose a moveable spear-head, made of elk horn, and you have pre-



cisely the *modus operandi* of the Shoshonie Indians, in their salmon fishing, as described by Washington Irving. And what sport have you had, yourself, with royal fish?

*Von P.* Very fair. The first one I captured rather unexpectedly, for I was fishing for chub, with a common gut line, a small hook, and our favourite evening bait on the Moselle—a natural white moth. He was very violent: however, in about thirty minutes I contrived to land him—and he weighed eleven pounds, without the sauce.

*Ami.* I am getting envious, and unless by this time to-morrow—snap!—there you are in him again!—a salmon by Jove!

*Von P.* No—it is only a big chub: they take a 'live minnow here like the rest.

*Ami.* A chub!—zounds; what a plunge! When did you ever see a chub so game? It's a salmon, by all that's boilable!—I'll lay you the fishmonger's odds—lobsters to shrimps!

*Von P.* Done!—and here he is. We are both wrong—it's a Bass—a May fish, as it's called on the Rhine, from the season of its annual visits. They are very plentiful here, but extremely cunning and shy, for which reason I am the only person who ever pulls one out, to the great wonder of the Bromberg fishermen.

*Ami.* Let me reckon—Perch, Bream, Chub, Bullet-noses, Zander, Zœrte, Geuse, Trout, Grayling, Salmon, Bass—really for a Piscator you are in most clover-like quarters! and then—whatever other smoking nuisances you may have here, you are not threatened with steam-boats, which have scared the best fish out of our rivers—for instance, the Upper Rhine. As for the salmon, they are evidently on the look-out for quieter neighbourhoods—and as I was informed by a gentleman from Spain, a great number, unexpectedly, made their appearance, last year, in the river at Bayonne.

*Von P.* It seems to be naturally a capricious fish. An old chronicle of Bromberg lately fell into my hands, from which it appeared that in the 17th century the Bernardine Monks here took from 100 to 170 salmon, in twenty-four hours, whereas it is now reckoned good sport if as many are caught in the whole season.

*Fritz.* Mr. Lieutenant, Sir,—it is half-past eleven o'clock.

*Von P.* The devil it is! Then I must give over at once. Amicus, I must crave an hour's leave of absence. Fritz will show you to my quarters.

*Ami.* I must first go to my own, at the Hotel de Berlin.

*Von P.* Adieu, then, for the present—I will call for you at one, and we will dine together *tête-à-tête*, as in the days of lang syne. I cannot answer for "humble Port," but you shall have "imperial Tokay."

*Ami.* I am not particular, and would as soon have that as gooseberry or cape. So good bye till one.

ON THE PAR—WITH A LETTER FROM SIR  
ANTHONY CARLISLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

No lover of the angle looks with greater delight to the forthcoming numbers of the New Sporting Magazine, for the valuable and interesting instruction conveyed through its pages to fly-fishers, under the articles headed "The Fly-fisher's Text Book," &c., than I do. In whatsoever degree I may allow my admiration to range, still, I must confess, I think the talented author of those papers allows himself to lean a little too much to the notions of friends whose feelings run with his own. Many men of practical experience and experimental investigation are capable of throwing a kind of Bude-light upon the matter of the "Natural History of the Par," under which title Mr. Theophilus South founds the principal part of his last Fasciculus, and to a few cursory remarks on which, I shall content myself.

That the "Par" is a hybrid fish I think will not only be shown from reasoning, but demonstrated to a certainty by one of the most interesting facts I ever read, made by that indefatigable and able investigator, Sir Anthony Carlisle, whose name I am happy to see mentioned by Mr. South, in connection with the scientific parts of that gentleman's contribution, and who, I am sure, might have had the same information on the par from Sir A. Carlisle had he but asked it; and if that fact be not "*sufficiently strong to support*" my theory, so much the worse for the poor fact, as a French gentleman of my acquaintance used with a shrug of the shoulders to exclaim, when facts were at issue with his pleading.

"Antiquarius" himself, in reasoning against the possibility of the par and salmon being one and the same fish—and in this I agree with him—almost proves that it is a mule; for, says he, "the par has no greater resemblance to any one of the salmon tribe *than* the common trout." This is true; for, as is found in all crosses, whether of accident, or necessity, or design, the offspring bear a similitude to both parents, and, consequently, the par, in not being *more* like one *than* the other, has a resemblance to both; and, as is ever the case, something peculiar to itself, which, in the par, consists in the bars around its sides, in speaking of which, by the way, Antiquarius has an obvious error in stating that these bars "are from six to ten, according to the length of the fish;" for surely he could not, on one moment's reflection, mean to assert that these finger-marks or bars are not coeval with the birth of the fish! Do the marks on the perch increase in number as the fish increases in

size? Do the stripes on the jack increase in number in proportion as it approaches maturity? As well might it be said that man had an increase of fingers on his hands as he grew in size; and the very fact of such variation in the number of finger-marks is in favour of its being a mule, as we have no instance of any fish not having transmitted its distinctive characteristics immutably upon its offspring. But to return—“It (the par) will be found in the river,” continues Antiquarius, “in the cold months of December and January, long prior to the appearance of the salmon fry—will remain in the river after the fry have gone down to the sea—continue in abundance the whole summer, and be found when the cold weather returns”—and yet it migrates! Is this assertion supportable? I could wish Antiquarius had shown us that they have been taken going down to the sea! I wish he had given us some example to show that it has been taken, by chance or otherwise, in the tide-ways, or in the ocean itself. Surely at one time or another, some one fish, more unlucky than another, might have been taken (especially as it is so greedy a feeder) had such been the case; but I apprehend they do not migrate. First, because there is no necessity for them to do so—and, secondly, because we have no “well-known fact sufficiently strong to support such a theory.” I must, therefore, be content with the knowledge I have, although I may yield to none in a laudable desire to know more about these fish. As to the fact of the greater number of the par being males, it is to be accounted for on the principle, that in crossing, the offspring is in much greater proportion connected with the male parent than with the female, which may probably be more frequently the case in the cross of which I am speaking, and as illustrated by the hereinafter letter of Sir A. Carlisle. Again, Antiquarius tells us, “that whilst the milt (which probably is *never* adapted for fecundation) is full in the male, the roe of the female is so backward as to be discovered only on microscopic examination. The view of Antiquarius, therefore, is, that being a hybrid it is imperfect, and never would be fit for re-production; or assuredly, at the time when the milter is ready for shedding, the female would also be in a fit state to deposit her eggs to receive the vivifying influence of the male. In another place it is written that “no instance of the production of hybrids can be shown amongst carp, tench, roach, dace, and other fresh water fish.” This is, I apprehend, against all received and established notions:—for instance, the “rudd” is as undoubtedly the offspring of the bream and roach, as the pope or ruff is of the perch and gudgeon; for so as the former has the length, vermilion fins and tail and the head of the roach, with the depth and yellow eye of the bream, so does the latter (the pope) with the waved body and shape of the gudgeon, unite the head and dorsal fin of the perch; and it is

worthy of notice that the mule offspring of both the above, like the *par*, are more diminutive than their parents.

Before giving you a verbatim copy of Sir Anthony Carlisle's letter, I shall merely remark upon one of the facts Antiquarius recognises—viz., that “*par* are never found in a river which salmon and trout do not inhabit and frequent together, and never so high up that salmon *cannot ascend* ;” which I would humbly, and with all respect for Antiquarius, submit, is a strong ground for the position that *par* is a *hybrid* fish.

I beg to inclose you the letter of Sir Anthony Carlisle,—which you are at liberty to append to these remarks.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

London, March 11, 1840.

PORCUS PRISCUS.

MY DEAR SIR,

IN answer to your question respecting the fish called the *par*, pray accept the following experiment : It happens that I made some experiments in order to determine the parentage of that fish about thirty years ago, and the results were, to myself and many others, conclusive. In the beginning of January, I went early in the morning to Billingsgate, and obtained from a fish dealer some of the ripe female roe, or ova, from several salmon just then arrived from Scotland : I put the ova into a jar, and directly proceeded to Carshalton, where I procured a bleacher to wade into the river Wandle, in the mill-stream of Mr. Shipley, just above the iron bridge which carries the road across that river. The man (under my inspection) took the jar of roe, and by handful deposited the ova in three different hollows above the trout spawning mills, at which time the breeding trouts were busily engaged. The interstices between the rounded pieces of gravel allowed free admission for the salmon roe. At the end of the following March, and during the months of the next April, May, and June, a *new kind of small fish* appeared, which, from former experience, when fishing in the rivers Tyne, Wear, and Tees, I recognized as the identical rack-riders of Durham anglers. These *barred troutlets*, perhaps, by changing the *B* to *P*, are the so-called *par*. Every accustomed angler in that part of the Wandle remarked upon the new sort of “*young*” trout, and on the facility of catching these ; even the boys on Mr. Reynolds' bleach ground became aware of the extraordinary abundance of these *new fish*, and they often called out to anglers in derision, “*catch away ; for if they won't lie on the gridiron they will in the frying pan.*” None of these mule-bred fish were to be found above the falls of Mr. Shipley's mills, nor below the lower mills on Mr. Reynolds' estate.

No such, or such like, fishes have been since taken in the Wandle ;

and they all disappeared during the autumn of the year in which they were thus artificially bred.

The undeviating occurrence of breeding salmon with breeding trout, where these mule fishes are to be found, and the production of a still more remarkable mule between the perch and the gudgeon called the pope, might satisfy all persons who are disposed to adopt the evidences which account for all the phenomena in preference to those of *loose* analogies; but until some logician or metaphysician reduces human reason to a scale like that of the sliding rule, the opinions of men will vary as much as their faces.

Yours, most truly,

March 10, 1840.

ANTHONY CARLISLE.

### THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

It is not our custom to notice works which are not immediately dedicated to the subjects dear to the readers of our Magazine of Sporting; but productions, in which wit and humour flourish, assert an indisputable claim to be read by all classes, and we have no doubt but that *the Ingoldsby Legends* will be found in the linen draper's assistant's box (amidst remnants of lace, bits of ribands, and ends of book muslin, set apart for Miss Emily Beaumont), and in the hunter's dressing table; in the well-ordered library of house and hall, and on the mock rosewood cheffonier in the back room behind the glover's shop: in the ladies' boudoir,—as well as lying amid whips, thin stirrups, and light saddles in the gentleman-jockey's "tiring room." The book is a rare book; it brings the costume—the tracery—the gloomy splendours—the mysteries—the pompous jollities of monkish times, and cowed and shaven men right into our immediate days and habits, and parades them, as it were, through New Burlington Street, up Regent Street; while it takes our common customs and all our familiar phrases, and serves them out (as a purser distributes his ship stores) amongst a strange unruly crew of friars, devils, witches, tom-cats, ghosts, little pious jack daws, and sinnerable saints. Modern follies and the fleeting sayings of the day are shuffled together with cardinals' hats, croziers, antique popery-curses, and jibbering devilries; and when so shuffled the jokes are neatly *cut*, and the reading goes nimbly on, like a trick of legerdemain! We have our surmises that this "singularly wild and original" work is the production of "The Wizard of the North," in his hours of poetical relaxation from the magic rifle, of the Strand Theatre, and the charmed cards. Let him deny it publicly,—if we have wrongfully accused him.

Having pretty well mystified our readers as to the nature of the Ingoldsby Legends, we will by aid of the usual *dark lanthorn* used by the modern critic, conduct our friends into a few of the cells and cellars and odd nooks of Thomas Ingoldsby.

The Witches' Frolic is a rare Legend of the cellar. Roving Bob passes a night of revelry with Goody Price, Goody Jones, and pretty Madge Gray; and the broomsticks being *littered-up* for the night, a brave tossing goes on. The house is alarmed through a broken spell,—and,—but tell them, Tom, yourself!—

The cups pass quick,  
The toasts fly thick,  
Rob tries in vain out their meaning to pick  
But hears the words "Scratch," and "Old Bogey," and "Nick."  
More familiar grown,  
Now he stands up alone,  
Volunteering to give them a toast of his own.  
"A bumper of wine!  
Fill thine! Fill mine!  
Here's a health to old Noah who planted the Vine!"  
Oh then what sneezing,  
What coughing and wheezing,  
Ensued in a way that was not over-pleasing!  
Goody Price, Goody Jones, and the pretty Madge Gray,  
All seem'd as their liquor had gone the wrong way.

But the best of the joke was, the moment he spoke  
Those words which the party seem'd almost to choke,  
As by mentioning Noah some spell had been broke,  
Every soul in the house at that instant awoke!  
And, hearing the din from barrel and bin,  
Drew at once the conclusion that thieves had got in.  
Up jump'd the Cook, and caught hold of her spit;  
Up jump'd the Groom and took bridle and bit;  
Up jump'd the Gardner and shoulder'd his spade;  
Up jump'd the Scullion,—the Footman—the Maid;  
(The two last, by the way, occasioned some scandal,  
By appearing together with only one candle,  
Which gave for unpleasant surmises some handle;)  
Up jump'd the Swineherd,—and up jump'd the big boy,  
A nondescript under him, acting as pig boy;  
Butler, Housekeeper, Coachman—from bottom to top  
Every body jump'd up without parley or stop,  
With the weapon which first in their way chanced to drop,—  
Whip, warming pan, wig-block, mug, musket and mop.

Last of all doth appear,  
 With some symptoms of fear,  
 Sir Thopas in person to bring up the rear,  
 In a mix'd kind of costume, half *Pontificalibus*,  
 Half what scholars denominate Pure *Naturalibus*;  
 Nay the truth to express,  
 As you'll easily guess,  
 They have none of them time to attend much to dress  
 But He or She,  
 As the case may be,  
 He or She seizes what he or She pleases,  
 Trunk-hosen or kirtles, and shirts or chemises.  
 And thus one and all, great and small, short and tall,  
 Muster at once in the Vicarage-hall,  
 With upstanding locks, starting eyes, shortened breath,  
 Like the folks in the Gallery-Scene in Macbeth,  
 When Macduff is announcing their Sovereign's death.  
 And hark! what accents clear and strong,  
 To the listening throng come floating along!  
 'Tis Robin encoring himself in a song—  
 "Very good song! very well sung!  
 Jolly companions every one!"

On, on to the cellar! away! away!  
 On, on to the cellar without more delay!  
 The whole *posse* rush onwards in battle array.  
 Conceive the dismay of the party so gay,  
 Old Goody Jones, Goody Price, and Madge Gray,  
 When the door bursting wide, they descried the allied  
 Troops, prepared for the onslaught, roll in like a tide,  
 And the spits, and the tongs, and the pokers beside!—  
 'Boot and saddle's the word! mount, Cummers, and ride!' —  
 Alarm was ne'er caused more strong and indigenuous  
 By cats among rats, or a hawk in a pigeon-house;  
 Quick from the view  
 Away they all flew,  
 With a yell, and a screech, and a halliballoo;  
 "Hey up the chimney! Hey after you!"  
 The Volscians themselves made an exit less speedy  
 From Corioli, "flutter'd like doves" by Macready.

They are gone, save one,  
 Robin alone!  
 Robin, whose high state of civilization  
 Precludes all idea of aërostation,

And who now has no notion  
 Of more locomotion  
 Than surrices to kick, with much zeal and devotion,  
 Right and left at the party, who pounced on their victim,  
 And mau'd him, and kick'd him, and lick'd him, and prick'd him  
 As they bore him away scarce aware what was done,  
 And believing it all but a part of the fun,  
 Hic—hiccoughing out the same strain he'd begun,  
 "Jol—jolly companions every one!"

"The Jack Daw of Rheims," who steals (a trick peculiar to the bird) the Cardinal's ring, whilst his holiness is purifying his pious hands, forms the hero of an inimitable Legend. The washing,—the theft,—the searching,—and the anathematizing, are admirable. The curse on the daw, beats Kehama's to fits, and reads like an *essential-oil* of Obadiah!

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,  
 The flaws and the custards had all disappear'd,  
 And six little singing-boys,—dear little sculs!  
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,  
 Came in order due,  
 Two by two,  
 Marching that grand refectory troug h!  
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
 Emboss'd, and filled with water as pure  
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,  
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to ca'ch  
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.  
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,  
 Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne;  
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,  
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.  
 One little boy more  
 A napkin bore,  
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,  
 And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in permanent ink.

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight  
 Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:  
 From his finger he draws  
 His costly turquoise;  
 And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,  
 Deposits it straight  
 By the side of his plate,  
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;



Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,  
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

\* \* \* \* \*

There's a cry and a shout,  
And a deuce of a rout,  
And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out ;  
The friars are kneeling,  
And hunting, and feeling  
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.  
The Cardinal drew  
(Off each plum-colour'd shoe,  
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;  
He peeps, and he feels  
In the toes and the heels.  
They turn up the dishes, they turn up the plates,  
They take up the poker, and poke out the grates,  
They turn up the rugs,  
They examine the mugs :—  
But, no !—no such thing ;  
They can't find the ring ;  
And the Abbot declared that “ when nobody twigg'd it,  
Some rascal or other had popped in, and prigg'd it !”

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his hook !  
In holy anger, and pious grief,  
He solemnly curs'd that rascally thief !  
He curs'd him at board, he curs'd him in bed ;  
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;  
He curs'd him in sleeping, that every night  
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;  
He curs'd him in eating, he curs'd him in drinking,  
He curs'd him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;  
He curs'd him in sitting, in standing, in lying,  
He curs'd him in walking, in riding, in flying,  
He curs'd him living, he curs'd him dying !  
Never was heard such a terrible curse ;  
But what gave rise  
To no little surprise,  
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone,  
The night came on,  
The monks and the friars they search'd till dawn ;  
When the Sacristan saw  
On crumpled claw,  
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !

No longer gay,  
 As on yesterday ;  
 His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way ;  
 His pinions droop'd, he could hardly stand,  
 His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;  
     His eye so dim,  
     So wasted each limb,  
 That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, " That's him !—  
 That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing !  
 That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring !"  
     The poor little Jackdaw,  
     When the monks he saw,  
 Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;  
 And turn'd his bald head as much as to say,  
 " Pray, be so good as to walk this way !"  
     Slower and slower  
     He limped on befor e,  
 Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,  
     Where the first thing they saw,  
     Midst the sticks and the straw,  
 Was the ring, in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

The Lay of St. Odille is very good. A young lady runs away from her father,—that's all !—but how it is told ! And here we have a little writing *done*, of course, on purpose for *us* !

When he found she'd levanted, the Count of Alsace  
 At first turn'd remarkably red in the face ;  
 He anathematized, with much unction and grace,  
 Every soul who came near, and consign'd the whole race  
 Of runaway girls to a very warm place.

    With a frightful grimace  
     He gave orders for chase.

His vassals set off at a deuce of a pace,  
 And of all whom they met, high, or low, Jack or Jill,  
 Ask'd, " Pray, have you seen anything of Odille ?"—

Now I think I've been told,—for I'm no sporting man,—  
 That the " knowing ones" call this by far the best plan,  
 " Take the lead and then keep it !"—that is if you can.—  
 Odille thought so too, so she set off and ran ;

    Put her best leg before,  
     Starting at score,

As I said some lines since, from that little back door,  
 And not being missed until half after four,  
 Had what hunters call " law" for a good hour and more ;  
     Doing her best,  
     Without stopping to rest,  
 Like " young Lochinvar who came out of the West,"

"'Tis done! I am gone!—over briar, brook, and rill!  
They'll be sharp lads who catch me!" said young Miss Odille.

But you've all read in *Æsop*, or *Phœdrus*, or *Gay*,  
How a tortoise and hare ran together one day,  
How the hare, "making play,  
Progress'd right slick away,"

As "them tarnation chaps" the Americans say;  
While the tortoise, whose figure is rather *outré*  
For racing called straight on, without let or stay,  
Having no post-horse duty or turnpikes to pay,  
Till ere noon's ruddy ray  
Changed to eve's sober grey,

Though her form and obesity caused some delay,  
Perseverance and patience brought up her lee-way,  
And she chased her fleet-footed "praycursor," until  
She o'ertook her at last;—so it fared with Odille.

All have heard of the Drum, that was *not* heard! Can any thing be better than the following *original*.

In the autumn of 1824, Captain Medwin having hinted that certain beautiful lines on the burial of this gallant officer might have been the production of Lord Byron's Muse, Mr. Sydney Taylor, somewhat indignantly, claimed them for their rightful owner, the late Rev. Charles Wolfe. During the controversy a third claimant started up in the person of a *soi-disant* "Dr. Marshall," who turned out to be a Durham blacksmith, and his pretensions a hoax. It was then that a certain "Doctor Peppercorn" put forth his pretensions, to what he averred was the only "true and original" version, viz:—

Not a sous had he got,—not a guinea—or note,  
And he look'd confoundedly flurry'd  
As he bolted away without paying his shot, }  
And the Landlady after him hurry'd.

We saw him again at dead of night,  
When home from the club returning:  
We twigg'd the Doctor beneath the light  
Of the gas-lamps brilliantly burning.

All bare and exposed to the midnight dews,  
Reclined in the gutter we found him;  
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze,  
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the d——," we said,  
And we managed a shutter to borrow;  
We raised him and sigh'd at the thought that his head  
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,  
 And we told his wife and his daughter  
 To give him next morning a couple of red  
 Herrings with soda-water.

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,  
 And his Lady began to upbraid him ;  
 But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on  
 'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done  
 When beneath the window calling,  
 We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun  
 Of a watchman "one o'clock!" bawling.  
 Slowly and sadly we all walk'd down  
 From his room in the uppermost story ;  
 A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,  
 And we left him alone in his glory.

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.—VIRGIL.  
 I wrote the lines—\*\* owned them—he told stories.

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

One more passage, and we close the volume. An *ennuied* young nobleman makes up a party to see Greenacre hung. The whole front room of the Magpie and Stump is taken. Cigars and brandy and water, are the order of the night ; and sleep is the disorder of the morning. The *growing* of the *Matin* to the hour of 8, is thus beautifully described. The poet cares not where he turns to feed his larking fancy ;—He goes from beer-cellar to buttress, from grey ruin to garret, from Abbots and Pilgrims to Boots and Chambermaids ; nay, he passes from "the Lady Robesia's death-bed,"—and heh presto !

———"Turns down the Old Bailey,  
 Where, in front of the gaol, he  
 Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop,"—

—And he rests not,—

"Till ev'n the Scaffold echoes with the jest !"

Here is the description.

The clock strikes Twelve—it is dark midnight—  
 Yet the Magpie and Stump is onc blaze of light.  
 The parties are met ;  
 The tables are set ;

There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," "heavy  
 wet,"

Ale-glasses and jugs,  
 And rummers and mugs,  
 And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,  
 Cold fowl and cigars,  
 Pickled onions in jars,  
 Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws!—  
 And very large lobsters, with very large claws;  
 And there is M'Fuze,  
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,  
 And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,  
 All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes One!  
 Supper is done,  
 And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,  
 Singing "Jolly companions every one!"  
 My Lord Tomnoddy  
 Is drinking gin-toddy,  
 And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.  
 The clock strikes Two!—and the clock strikes Three!  
 —"Who so merry, so merry as we?"  
 Save Captain M'Fuze,  
 Who is taking a snooze,  
 While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,  
 Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!  
 Round the debtors' door  
 Are gathered a couple of thousand or more;  
 As many await  
 At the press-yard gate,  
 Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight  
 The mob divides, and between their ranks  
 A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five!  
 The sheriffs arrive,  
 And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive?  
 But Sir Carnaby Jenks  
 Blinks, and winks,  
 A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.  
 Lieutenant Tregooze  
 Is dreaming of Jews,  
 And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;  
 My Lord Tomnoddy  
 Has drunk all his toddy,  
 And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,  
 The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh ! sweetly, the morning breaks  
 With roseate streaks,  
 Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks ;  
 Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky  
 Smiled upon all things far and nigh,  
 On all—save the wretch condemned to die !  
 Alack ! that ever so fair a Sun  
 As that which its course has now begun,  
 Should rise on such scene of misery !  
 Should gild with rays so light and free  
 That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree !

And hark !—a sound comes, big with fate ;  
 The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight !—  
 List to that low funereal bell :  
 It is tolling, alas ! a living man's knell !  
 And see !—from forth that opening door  
 They come—He steps that threshold o'er  
 Who never shall tread upon threshold more.  
 —God ! 'tis a fearsome thing to see  
 That pale wan man's mute agony,  
 The glare of that wild despairing eye,  
 Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,  
 As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,  
 The path of the Spirit's unknown career ;  
 Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er  
 Shall be lifted again,—not ev'n in prayer ;  
 That heaving chest !—Enough—'tis done !  
 The bolt has fallen !—the Spirit is gone—  
 For weal or for woe is known but to One !—

Whoever the writer may be—whether the wizard or not—he has contrived to carry on a very successful flirtation with the muse of the late Sir Walter Scott, and the muse of George Colman the younger, at the same time.

### THE RUFF SHOT.

Engraved by J. W. ARCHER, from a Painting by G. Lance.

It is hardly possible for the Engraver to give, in black and white, the rich brown colours of the Ruff's plumage; and those who know the power of Mr. Lance's pencil can alone conceive the masterly execution and rich effect which distinguish the painting. Mr. Archer, however, can best do that which *can* be done; and we can but direct attention to the feathers of the wings, which are truth itself. We have already treated of the Ruff in the pages of the *New Sporting Magazine*, and shall therefore, not indulge in "a twice told tale."





*John G. Thompson*

THE RIFF SHOT.



ON THE APPROACHING NEWMARKET CRAVEN AND  
FIRST SPRING MEETINGS, AND ON THE CHESTER CUP.

MR. EDITOR—

There never (to use a set racing phrase) was a more “open Derby” than the one which now immediately “stands on the forehead of the age to come;” and, therefore it is that the leading stakes, in which the horses for Epsom are engaged, have a more than common interest encircling them. Having long observed the “uprisings and downfallings” (to adopt a Nickleby sentence) of untried and tried favourites, I fancy that I can generally detect a false, or *Market-horse*, as quickly as Bland, of the Hawk’s Eye, or the ever acute Crockford. It is not at all impossible that in the Craven Meeting, “Or ere one moon has wasted,” one or two outsiders,—nameless and unknown now,—may be at 8 or 9 to 1; and some of the Winter’s foremost plants be cut up by the frost of a severe defeat. Well do I remember Priam’s year! *He*, to be sure, took a gallant stand, and kept it; and but for a slight ailment quickly seen and effectually stopped,—and the unknown fact (except to the trainer-owner and his party) of his being capable of being made 7 or 8 lbs. better for the Derby, than he was for the Riddlesworth and Column Stakes,—he would have been an awful favourite! In Priam’s year however, what changes took place after the Craven Meeting!—Augustus, in Lord Exeter’s stable, jumped up from 100 to 1 to 6 to 1; Little Red Rover sprang to 8 to 1 from the outside; and Orion, in the King’s Stable, rose to 5 to 1, from a distance scarcely perceptible. None of them had been really noticed all the winter; and I know that William Chifney (an excellent judge of horses, though a careless one of men) had great apprehensions about Augustus, and wished to buy him. Public running ever has been, ever ought to be, and ever will be, the true test of an honest favourite; and I am quite sure that *this* criterion, and the observance of the form, power, speed and bottom of the previous produce of the Dam of an animal, are the best stars to steer by. If a mare has thrown a winner, she will do so again; and when the real “nick” comes, the real trick will be done.

The Riddlesworth, what with ailments and deaths, appears still to nod familiarly at the pocket of Lord Jersey; notwithstanding it is a certainty that Glenorehy has been taking little or no exercise. Lately he has had a smart gallop or two, and open pipes will carry a son of Cobweb in first, even if his legs do take after his mother’s. Theon is engaged in a stake on the same day, and one of too much value in these *win*-ward times, to make his stay at John Smith’s likely. He is cried up as improved, but I think him a mean horse in his form, and shall be surprised to find him a winner of the Derby. Lancelot is a charm-

ing animal, capable of great improvement, but camel-marked in the leg. Ottoman figures in a stake and a match, and if he were all over sound, he would be a card; but I fear he is like one of the *De-Ross pack*, and is *marked somewhere!* He sometimes gallops like a racer, and at other times goes like a child with the rickets. Cæsar and Euclid, meet in the Craven: Cæsar will be Cæsar aut nullus," Euclid is as sound as a bell; backbone, leg and heart! but Cæsar *has* beaten him.

The Column Stakes will bring out the Angelica colt (why is he not named?)—a long, steady favourite—a powerful animal—healthy, sound, and a good goer. Be it remembered that he is out of *Ascot's dam*, therefore there *must*, or ought to be, running and honesty about him. He is, however, a *Grey*—which his speedy short coursed father was—and speed, and not distance, *may* be his forte. If he comes well out of his Newmarket engagements he is the Derby horse for my money.

The Port Stakes will, to all appearances, go to Cara or Æther;—I should say the latter.

The great *Black Bess*, out of Scott's stable, will probably carry off the Berkeley Square Stakes. Every one knows her goodness to be sure—which is not much in her favour—and Cloudesley (she is described as out of Cloudesley's dam) was a wretched thing! Still I think money from the right quarter is on Black Bess.

Muley Ishmael is *hoarded* for the Derby. A Queen Anne's farthing put by!

The 2000 gs. stakes will be reduced to a small field, after the prunings of the Craven meeting. Ottoman, Glenorchy, Muley Ishmael, the Angelica colt, and some others, will (as say the American) have "been boiled down into one pint;" and Confederate, Crucifix, and Wardan will be the dreaded ones. If Crucifix is right, and starts, it is a horse to a hen on the result, and a good second will have a chance for the Derby. The 1000 gs. stakes will probably go into the same purse. This wonderful filly requires little training, but is pestered with a speedy cut. If she has a cut, it must be a *speedy* one! Black Bess will possibly be *kept* if Crucifix starts.

The Grey (Angelica c.) and Ottoman are in the Newmarket Stakes, but will have settled their differences before the day.

With a word or two on the Chester Cup, and I close these brief observations. Cowboy is the favourite—only on account of his weight surely? for his performances are inconstant. Lanercost is weighted to the earth, and yet he is second favourite: Melbourne (himself *stoned* to death, like St. Stephen) will trouble him at 5 lbs. Tubalcain has shewn poor running in a race made for him at Birmingham, and does not fulfil the

promise of last year. Much is said about Col. Peel's feather weight; but a bad three year old cannot carry a *feather* up to the winning chair first! In fine, to my mind, the best horses in, and out of which I *fancy* the winner, are King Cole, Bellona, Captain Pops, Gilbert Gurney (*first* favourite in my heart!) Cruiskeen, and Opera—the Dey of Algiers should run well. Adieu!

Yours, faithfully,

A LORD GEORGIAN.

## ON A THROW OF THE FLY.

Amongst practical fly fishers, there can be but one opinion on the conversations of Theophilus South, in the *New Sporting Magazine*—they are good and practical! his description of making casts in difficult places, is as admirable as any other of his methods, but he has omitted to state a very effectual and easy mode of throwing the fly, when standing under a rock or tree;—and as I cannot suppose so experienced and so finished an amateur to be unacquainted with the method I allude to, I suppose he has some well founded objection to its use, it is however in common use amongst the professional fishers on the Rhone,—and also in our own “land of anglers” on the Wye; and I have myself practised it successfully. I, as well as others to whom I allude, have used it where the banks have been open and un-encumbered, and I prefer it to the other mode of throwing, being a means of making a longer cast.

I allude to the method of drawing the line home, on the surface of the water, and bringing the point of the rod back over the right or left shoulder, a little only out of the perpendicular,—and then throwing the line forward upon the water, in a sort of running circle.

I can manage by these means thirteen fathom from the point of the rod, the rod being only sixteen feet, but then it is a stiffer rod than is made at the ships, unless by order. Mr. Bowness, jun., of 33 Bell-yard, Temple-bar, made me a rod for this style of fishing, which has been much admired and which is certainly a very capital “twig.”

Old Owen, of Hay, Breconshire, makes very fine casts this way, and so do the fishers higher up the Wye; indeed at Builth and Rhayader, the method is universal, whether the river be encumbered or not.

I have found, however, to my surprise, that ever the professional fishers on the Teivy, are unacquainted with this method; and whilst fishing in this river last year, (1839) near Llampeter, the wind being strong and favourable, I cast my fly with this 16 foot rod 28 yards, nearly reaching the opposite bank; but not being able quite to reach the spot I wanted to make, I said to my attendant, “Come, Williams,

take the rod and drop the fly *there*." The answer surprised me. "No, Sir; I can't throw my fly so far as you; I never saw a line cast that way. The fly falls remarkably well too."

The throw is easily acquired, and I have found it very efficient. I hope the hint will not be thrown away.

COCH-Y-BONDY.

### AGES OF ACTORS.

The following Table, the materials for which were patiently collected by an old gentleman who had an ardent turn for research, is curious and interesting in itself; but as we know that much speculation goes upon the ages of our late and present Histrionic Favourites, we have thought it will be useful as well as agreeable, to many of our readers. Several performers of eminence now, were not "half way up the hill," when the following list was made out.

Names of the Performers at the several Theatres in London, with the year in which they were born.

	<i>Year of Birth.</i>	<i>Age.</i>
Mr. Abbott .....	1789	51
Mrs. Baker .....	7 October, 1800	40
Mrs. Bartley .....	23 October, 1783	57
Mr. Blanchard .....	1769	
Miss S. Booth .....	1794	46
Mrs. Bunn .....	26 October, 1799	41
Miss Chester .....	1799	41
Mr. T. Cooke .....	1783	57
Mr. T. P. Cooke .....	23 April, 1786	54
Mr. Dowton .....	1766	74
Mr. Durusset .....	1796	44
Miss Edmiston .....	1801	39
Mr. Egerton .....	1772	
M. Elliston .....	1774	
Mrs. Faucit .....	July, 1789	51
Mr. Faucitt .....	1769	
Miss Clara Fisher .....	14 July, 1811	29
Miss Foote .....	1798	42
Mrs. Gibbs .....	March, 1772	
Mrs. Glover .....	8 January, 1783	57
Mr. Harley .....	February, 1790	50
Mr. Huntley .....	1787	
Mr. Hughes .....	1789	
Mr. Isaacs .....	1791	
Mr. Kean .....	4 November, 1787	
Mr. C. Kemble .....	25 November, 1775	65
Mr. H. Kemble .....	1789	
Miss F. M. Kelly .....	15 October, 1790	50
Miss L. Kelly .....	2 June, 1795	45
Miss F. H. Kelly .....	30 June, 1805	35
Mrs. Liston .....	1780	60
Miss Love .....	1801	39
Mr. Macready .....	3 March, 1793	47
Mr. Matthews .....	28 June, 1776	
Mr. Munden .....	1758	

Mrs. Orger .....	25 February, 1788	52
Miss Paton .....	October, 1802	38
Mr. Rayner .....	10 October, 1787	53
Mr. John Reeve .....	1799	
Mr. Sherwin .....	April, 1799	41
Mr. Sinclair .....	1790	50
Mr. G. Smith .....	December, 1777	63
Mr. Stanley .....	1786	54
Miss Stephens .....	18 September, 1794	46
Madame Vestris .....	1797	43
Mr. Vining .....	1790	50
Mr. Wallack .....	20 August, 1794	46
Mrs. Waylett .....	1800	40
Mr. W. West .....	1796	44
Mr. Wilkinson .....	1787	53
Mr. Young .....	10 January, 1777	63

### NOTES OF THE MONTH.

An obliging correspondent writes us on the 15th of March, and says, "Mr. T. Smith is on his way to Sir Richard Sutton's to finish the season there, hunting his own pack twice a week. Mr. Hodgson offered his country to him, as he was passing through, with which offer he was much gratified, and, of course, accepted it. Lord Waterford hunted stag for the first time, at Melton, on Friday."

Steeple chasing, the worst description of sporting—having all the false excitement of gambling, without its fair chances; and all the show of hunting, without its healthful spirit—has been raging through this our land. At the close of the fever we shall give a brief summary of the results.

We have just been favoured with a sight of a New Patent Safety Guard for a Gun, which we can strongly recommend to our sporting friends as the very best thing of the kind ever yet made: it bolts the lock down on the cap, as well as at half and full cock. It is simple, and not expensive; and can be applied to any gun. It is invented and made by Mr. Lang, gun maker, in the Haymarket.

#### RACES TO COME.

APRIL.			
Bibury (old course) .....	1	Hampshire Hunt .....	22
Newton .....	1	Bath Spring .....	29
Delvin .....	2	Hambleton Hunt .....	29
Huntingdon Spring .....	3		
Stourbridge (hurdle) .....	7	MAY.	
Hampton Spring .....	7	Newmarket First Spring .....	4
Croxton Park .....	8	Chester .....	4
Epsom Spring .....	9	Durham .....	7
Bedford Spring .....	9	Cheltenham Hippodrome .....	4 & 5
East Sussex Hunt .....	20	Eglinton Park .....	12
Newmarket Craven .....	20	Newmarket Second Spring .....	19
Catterick Bridge .....	22	Winslow (pony) .....	20
		Gorbamby .....	26

#### BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

There has been a good shew of speculators during the month, at "the corner;" and business has, like the Hamlet appetite, "grown by what it has fed on." The approach of the Craven meeting has made it necessary for the trainers to put their horses into strong work; and the accidents consequent upon extreme exertion have fallen upon some of the favourites. The Angelica colt keeps his ground; and, notwithstanding Fitzroy's defeat, recently, his stable companion

Confederate, advances rather than recedes. Theon has a strong party; as is invariably the case with any "crack" in John Smith's stable, whilst Launcelot (who is by far the finer animal of the two) hangs upon the outskirts of favouritism. Bokhara is whispered with lameness, and, notwithstanding a strong Stock Exchange bolstering, has retreated to 35 and 40 to 1. Sir Gilbert was a lucky man with Amato, and must not expect to "have a run upon his colour." Warden is rising, and ought to rise. He is backed by the "right party" at last. Ottoman and Monops are occasionally clung to; but they are not the surest "planks." In the number of outside ones Janus, Assassin, (both under the same roof) Muley Ishmael, (the undying one!) and Diplomatist are most in repute. Grey Milton has retired, in proportion to the advance of Warden. These are not the days when betting men will stand "Two Kings of Brentford!" In the following list the utter outside ones, at all touched upon, will be found. Chameau, afflicted with the common "Camel-ian" lameness, has been compelled "to quit the gay throng for the shade!" There is little betting on the Oaks, and less on the races at Newmarket.

## RIDDLESWORTH.

3 to 1 against Lord Jersey's Glenorchy (taken), 30 to 10 for this, and 1,000 to 10 for the Derby, were laid against him in one bet.

## COLUMN STAKES.

6 to 5 agst. Lord Orford's Angelica colt

## TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

5 to 3 agst. Lord Orford's Angelica colt (take 3 to 1)  
 6 to 1 agst Mr. Wreford's Warden (taken)  
 45 to 10 agst Angelica colt winning this and the Column Stakes (taken)

## DERBY.

12 to 1 agst Mr. Houldsworth's Confederate  
 13 to 1 agst Duke of Cleveland's Theon  
 14 to 1 agst Lord Orford's Angelica colt  
 18 to 1 agst Lord Westminster's Launcelot  
 20 to 1 agst Lord Chesterfield's Gambia  
 23 to 1 agst Mr. Wreford's Warden  
 25 to 1 agst Captain Gardnor's Monops  
 28 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's Ottoman (taken)  
 35 to 1 agst Sir G. Heathcote's Bokhara  
 40 to 1 agst Lord Albemarle's Janus (taken)  
 50 to 1 agst Lord Albemarle's Assassin (taken)  
 50 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's Muley Ishmael (taken)  
 50 to 1 agst Mr. Ford's Diplomatist (taken)  
 1000 to 15 agst Lord George Bentinck's Grey Milton  
 1000 to 15 agst Mr. Trenn's Fitzroy  
 1000 to 10 agst Lord Kelburn's Path-finder (Retainer colt) (taken)  
 1000 to 10 agst Mr. Etwall's Melody colt  
 1000 to 10 agst Lord Eglinton's two (Banquo and Greysteel)  
 2000 to 15 agst Mr. Prince's Merle (taken)  
 1000 to 10 agst Cob, brother to Cobham and Merle (taken)  
 4 to 1 agst Angelica colt, Warden, and Confederate (taken)  
 1000 to 60 agst Lord Exeter's lot (taken)  
 1000 and 500 even between Janus and Assassin (taken)  
 1000 even between Grey Milton and the Melody colt (taken)  
 1000 even between Diplomatist and Velvet colt (taken)  
 1200 to 800 Theon against Launcelot (taken)  
 500 to 400 Warden against Janus and Assassin (taken)  
 200 to 100 Warden against Janus (taken)

## OAKS.

4 to 1 agst Lord G. Bentinck's Crucifix  
 8 to 1 agst Colonel Anson's Black Bess  
 9 to 1 agst Mr. Fowler's Lalla Rookh  
 20 to 1 agst Colonel Westensra's Welfare  
 20 to 1 agst Mr. Wigram's Teleta.

THE  
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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of the Fly Fisher's Text Book, in reply to "Coch y Bondy," on "A throw of the Fly," (see number for March, p. 273,) which the latter says is in use on the Wye and the Rhone, observes, that he conceives it to be *that* which he and many of his friends, especially on the Conway, use, not as a throw, but as a mode of clearing the line from the water, when too much is out, preparatory to a proper cast, in a clear space. He does not consider it an *advisable* mode of *throwing*, because the line must necessarily drop heavy, while the fly is the last, instead of being (as it ought to be) the first part of the tackle to alight on the water. In situations, however, where the backgrounds oppose legitimate casts, the action of the rod, which carries a serpentine of the line, so as to raise the fly out of the water, and cause it to fall *somewhere* afresh, may have an occasional good result.

A. C. B. is received, and the contents of his letter are pleasant to the Editor.

The Misadventures of a Classical Equestrian in our next number.

Several papers are under consideration.



## COLONEL,

## ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S STATE CREAM COLOURED HORSES.

Painted by S. PEARCE. Engraved by J. W. ARCHER.

This horse belongs to the set used on the meeting, prorogation, dissolution of parliament, and other state occasions, when eight of these horses, caparisoned with superb and elegant red morocco harness, covered with ornaments of exquisite workmanship, and adorned with blue ribbon, are yoked to the splendid state carriage, and form a more gorgeous sight than an eastern monarch's glittering equipage.

This horse is a fine specimen of the thorough Hanoverian breed. He is about sixteen hands two inches in height, and aged about ten years. Some months back, thirteen cream and black horses, mares, &c., were brought from Germany, where they had been selected, and are now at Hampton Court, and will be kept for the purpose of breeding from. We add a short account of the state carriage, as it will no doubt be interesting to our readers. It was designed by Sir William Chambers, and finished under his directions, in the year 1762. The paintings were executed by Cypriani. Its weight is four tons.

The carriage has received during the reigns of George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and the present Queen, various additions, and has thus become more splendid each successive reign.

We are sorry to hear of the death of one of these splendid horses, about the beginning of the month, from the bursting of a blood vessel.

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 THE CHARMER.
 

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Come down with me now, for the air is awake;  
 Awake just from sleep. Oh come down to the river,  
 All bright; yet as small as the thrills on a lake,  
 In the setting sun's light—how the many waves shiver!  
 Bring down ('tis no brook)  
 Your best Limerick hook,  
 Dress'd richly to meet the sun's evening look;  
 And your basket will be, for the *Charmer's* sweet sake!  
 As full, on my life, as the happy man's quiver!

The water runs whimpering around by a rock,  
 To the right of the alders, yet free from the branches,  
 And there, where the *red-speckled* fight the bright shock,  
 Just over the pebbles its shuddering light launches;  
 Stand apart—throw out well—  
 You're a wizard—your spell  
 Calls out the rich creature from each lurking cell;  
 And no sound is around for poor echo to mock,  
 And dull cowering silence sits back on its haunches.

Ah? what is the *Charmer*? some Bolingbroke \* lad,  
 Will ask again, over, and over, and over;  
 'Tis the fairy that makes the true fly-fisher glad,  
 And fills every trout with the soul of a Lover!  
 It was ne'er known of old;—  
 Yet with spirit of gold,—  
 (For in the rich feather, the spirit is told)  
 It charms the dull fish into all that is mad,  
 And around it all fin-wings in ecstasy hover!

What—what is the feather—the exquisite thing?  
 The gold down of sunlight?—the rich dazzling hackle?  
 Is it something filch'd out of a real fairy wing?  
 What a goose am I, over such mystery to cackle!  
 'Tis a ray that is book'd,—  
 'Tis a secret un-nook'd  
 'Tis a small darting sunshine most luckily hook'd!  
 And I deem it to me, that no fortune could bring  
 Any charm, like the *Charmer*, to me and my tackle!

G. G.

\* "I remember too his dining at my father's table; and when I came down after dinner, I fixed my eyes upon him, scarce daring to ask the question I longed to know; and when at last I did falter forth the 'What fly did you use last evening, Sir?' He said, in his kindest tone, 'It was the charmer, my boy?' But he said it so that I knew I was at my tether's length. I dared no more. From that moment I dreamt of nothing but the 'charmer.'"

## HUNTING MISERIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISERIMUS."

MISERY I.—Getting up on a hunting morning and finding a frost ; but of such doubtful intensity that you don't know whether to go or stay at home. Going at last, and getting laughed at for your pains.

II.—Frosty morning as above :—having ordered your horse to be *hay'd*, and yourself settled down to the last Quarterly, the glimmer of red coats passing by your window, and the cries of " Yoicks ! "

III.—Having thoughtlessly invited an *Irresistible* to breakfast on a foxing day, and having waited in vain till the last moment, when you have been obliged to dispatch your meal in all haste, and have only just five minutes left to go to cover in, the appearance of said *Irresistible* at (literally) " the eleventh hour," showing not the slightest disposition to forego his breakfast, and reducing you to the pleasant alternative of staying to carve cold ham while the hounds are drawing a sure find, or leaving the *Irresistible* behind—alone with your wife.

IV.—The announcement of your groom that the new hunter you have bought at Leamington, is the old horse you sold last spring, as past all further work.

V.—Looking round, at the moment of a find, to enjoy a laugh at the poor devil to whom half a dozen bumpkins on a gate are crying out, " Surry, thee'st lost a shu ! "—and finding that the poor devil is no other than your noble self.

VI.—Having refused a rather awkward fence in your line, finding that by going about you have, in lieu of one *rather* bad one, to face two *dev'lish* bad ones :—One *wren*,—for two *bullfinches*.

VII.—Your *début* in Gloucestershire, when looking with sovereign contempt on a knot of slow ones following the leader over a gap in the stone wall, you gallantly charge the fence on a line of your own, and come like the laying of a first stone into a stone-quarry.

VIII.—The state of your feelings at that moment when, having brought all the hounds and their attendants to your elbow by holloaing away a fox, your mind misgives you as to whether it was *really* a fox, or only an old jack hare.

IX.—Riding, up-wind, in spectacles during the rain. N.B. Nothing to wipe them with, but a glove as wet as they—with the additional recommendation of an ample provision of pipeclay, which smears 'em over at every wipe, and leaves you in the condition of the poor kitchen-maids who have nothing but ground glass to look thro' at their lovers !

X.—Galloping,—the *last* of a large field,—by a Ladies' Boarding School !

XI.—Having got an awkward purl at a fence, seeing the little boy on the pony clear it in excellent style.

XII. Riding full swing at a gate, which is in “full swing” too, and finding that with all your generalship you cannot get through before it closes, and no time to pull up; your horse, of course, as much puzzled as you, not knowing whether you mean him to jump it or not. The *flounder* cheap!

XIII.—Your *forbearance* on finding your new stable-lad making fly-lines out of your favourite’s bang tail.

XIV.—Having the lead with a fine dog-fox over a beautiful turf country, being obliged to whip off in favour of the other *ten couple* of hounds which have gone away with another fox at the other end of the wood.

XV.—Being called upon to return thanks, at a Hunt Dinner, when your voice is breaking, and your eloquence has never been *broken-in*.

XVI.—Being obliged to act as steward at a Hunt Ball *the same evening*.

XVII.—Your doubts as to whether the hat upon which your horse lighted in his last jump, had a head in it or not.

XVIII.—Asking who the “old codger on the dog horse” is, and learning that he is your informant’s father.

XIX.—Waiting, ready booted and spurred, at a rural railway-station for your horse, which at length arrives—but in a train which only stops at first class ones. (Consoled, that he has never been *properly trained*.)

XX.—Your feelings as master of a pack, on seeing your hounds make a cast on the neighbouring railway,—just as the mail train is coming in.

XXI.—Or (to make shorter work of it) seeing the fox go to ground in the tunnel, with the whole pack at his brush; while you

“Know by the smoke that so gracefully curls”

at the other end of it that a train has *just entered*.

XXII.—The “mixed train” of your thoughts for the next  $\frac{999}{1000}$ th part of a minute.

XXIII.—Having inadvertently boasted of your knowledge of a country, finding yourself selected on that account (and on that account *only*) to escort the young lady who is going to “follow the hounds” to-morrow morning. No Map!

XXIV.—Having just succeeded in wrenching open a gate, during which you have displayed a most magnanimous contempt for broken hinges and dislocated locks, seeing the farmer himself coming up the hedgerow in savage “Agricultural Distress.”

XXV.—Being asked (and unable to reply in a *positive negative*)

whether that is the horse that reared up the other day and fell backwards, and killed poor Spurrier, the rough-rider.

XXVI.—(Being a clergyman) having waited till half-past eleven, for a couple who were to have been married at nine, going at last to the hunting meet, and finding the hounds gone away (with their fox) an hour ago.

XXVII.—Reading the county paper next Saturday, where you find the event duly chronicled—with editorial strictures on the impropriety of *refusing to bury a corpse* on a hunting morning.

XXVIII.—Being called upon for “A southerly wind and a cloudy sky,” when you have been all the morning getting up “Old Towler.”

XXIX.—Hearing your friend a good *Christian* offered 50 guineas for a horse of *yours*, which he is riding on liking at 25.

XXX.—Inveighing in your choicest Billingsgate against the cruelty and foolery of steeple-chasing to a stranger who turns out to be Captain Beecher.

XXXI.—Your indecision as to whether you shall wait till all the field have gone through the park gate (hounds running like the devil all the while), or plunge at once into the *wedge* of horses, two out of every three of which are known kickers.

XXXII.—Having cleared a stiff bullfinch to the admiration of the whole field, discovering in the midst of your triumph that you have left one of your stirrups behind you.

XXXIII.—In the middle of a large cover listening to the jokes of some devilish merry fellow (who doesn't hunt himself), and learning from the old woodman that the hounds have been gone away this half an hour—in what direction deponent sayeth not. The joker merely come to see the throw off.

XXXIV.—Having to run three miles in top-boots to a farmhouse, for a rope and six or eight able-bodied men to drag your horse out of a bog in the middle of the neighbouring common. No ropes!

XXXV.—Finding that the poachers have been at work in your covers by a favourite hound getting trapped in one of them—for which *you* have all the credit.

XXXVI.—In stag-hunting (for the first or second time) not knowing whether you ought to cry “tally-ho” or “tantivy.”

XXXVII.—And, in your love for classicality, fixing on the latter.

XXXVIII.—Riding a horse that *is* to go—when he gets warm.

XXXIX.—Riding a horse that has an odd leg, without having had any previous practice on camels or dromedaries.

XL.—Riding to a holloa at the *top* of the wood, which you find proceeds from a boy frightening crows; who however gives you a most animated description of the brilliant burst they have had from the *bottom*,

XLI.—Being rather absent, finding on your arrival at the meet that, instead of your Malacca cane, you have brought out your German flute.

XLII.—Riding a strange man's horse in a strange country, where you are expected to keep up the dignity of your own Hunt.

XLIII.—Strange man riding *your* horse.

XLIV.—Being first up at a check, finding yourself called upon to state how far the hounds brought the scent, when it is just as much as you can do to account for your being there yourself!

XLV.—Being the only surgeon out, and called upon to pull up in the middle of a good run, to bleed the little boy who has tumbled off his pony.

XLVI.—Finding on the morning of a most glorious day and a very crack fixture, that your horse has been loose all night and ate up all the oats and beans, together with the *bonne bouche* of a quarter of a pound of tobacco, that was in your groom's jacket pocket.

XLVII.—Being Number Three at a rasper where Nos. One and Two have got most awful *purls*!

XLVIII.—Riding in front of a man on a bolting, hardmouthed horse, by which you expect to be *suggested* down at every jump.

XLIX.—In fording a river, with your legs raised over the horse's shoulders to "keep 'em out of the wet," said horse giving a lurch, and the effects thereof.

L.—Opening your cigar case on a cold morning at a long draw, and finding you have brought your mathematical instruments instead. A case of peculiar *shagreen*!

LI.—Hunting till so late that you are not sure whether the bright line on the other side of the hedge (your next jump), is the turnpike road or a navigable canal.

LII.—Ascertaining beyond dispute that it is a canal—and that portion of one usually dignified by the name of a lock. Water out.

LIII.—The state of your throat for three days after holloaing the (wrong) fox *up-wind* in the middle of March.

LIV.—Ditto of your arms after having made yourself generally useful in a day's thistle-whipping with a friend's harriers.

LV.—Finding yourself, after a tremendous day with the Shropshire Hounds, in the middle of a Welch village, where not a soul speaks English, except the innkeeper, and he dead drunk (the only symptom of English)!

LVI.—Having, with infinite pain and peril, forded the river, finding yourself at last safely landed—on *the island*!

LVII.—Dropping your whip in a gateway and picking it up again *after all the field have been through*!

LVIII.—Having kindly offered to blow the huntsman's horn, he

having just had half-a-dozen teeth knocked down, his throat—the music thereof!

LIX.—Being called upon to “show your ticket” at a toll gate in the middle of a sharp run.

LX.—Or (worse) the pike-man refusing to let your *hired horse* pass without seeing the ticket from the hirer—which of course you haven’t got.

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### THE TRUE BON-VIVANT.

I.—

“Ah! happy years! once more, who would not be a boy!”—BYRON.

“Oh! many a lad I liked is dead,  
And many a lass grown old;  
And as the lesson strikes my head,  
My weary heart grows cold!”—MORRIS.

[—♦—]

I.

They often tell me I am dull  
Amid our festive scenes on earth;  
When the gloss’d cup is red and full,  
And flutter loud the wings of mirth:—  
I own a sadness glides adown  
From spirits at their utmost height:—  
Smiles seem to mask the shadowy frown,—  
And darkness lurks behind the light!

II.

I would I were the careless lad,  
Which once I was, when all was young;  
When life was gay, and I was glad,—  
And songs were ever on my tongue;  
But now, the present, like a shade,  
Steals on my sight, and makes me start:—  
Why should my hope be thus waylaid!  
Why should I own a haunted heart!

## III.

Bring me my horse,—my gallant grey !  
 I'll ride these dreary spirits down ;—  
 Alas,—my saddle's had its day ;—  
 The slow cob claims me as its own !  
 The dappled-brown can't crawl too slow,—  
 With me, upon him like a sack !  
 Oh for the long-lost, eager glow,  
 That flushed me on to the blood hack !

## IV.

I knew the park's fair side of old,—  
 The belted groom behind at need,—  
 With coat all right for rain or cold,—  
 And mounted on the better steed :—  
 I've seen the kid gloves kiss'd and kiss'd,  
 Over the low and level rail ;  
 Why am I sad ?—why are they miss'd ?  
 Age—Parthian age too,—tells the tale !

## V.

May I not see the greyhound hurl  
 Its adder'd length against the hare ;  
 May I not linger where a cast  
 Is made, the lost scent to repair ;  
 May I not see a Keeper shoot—  
 A Watcher track,—a Stopper spud ?  
 Oh ! if I cannot eat the fruit,—  
 May I not watch the growing bud !

## VI.

The table chains me with a chill,  
 Colder than Russia holds its stream !  
 I slumber back o'er every hill,  
 Which rose upon my childhood's dream :—  
 The circling glass the aged may cheer,—  
 At least all other aged,—save me !  
 I must try back the boyish year—  
 Or never taste again of glee !

G. G.



## ON THE ARTIFICIAL FLY,—IN ANGLING FOR TROUT.

THE name of Walton has, among anglers, been held for more than a century in a kind of reverence. To attempt approaching with rude hands any system established by him, would, even at the present time, be regarded by some as profane;—but he was a mere bottom-fisher,—and the *rod* has marched as well as the mind. Walton lived at a period when the highest Judge of the land condemned a poor wretch to the stake, for the imputed crime of witchcraft, and it cannot be thought improbable that the clouds of ignorance might hang over other ranks of society, when thus so darkly lowering on the most exalted of minds. To enquire therefore into the soundness of the opinions of by-gone days, and even closely to scrutinize the boasted “wisdom of our ancestors,” comes daily to be regarded less in the light of presumptuous impertinence than of honest duty; and although I am no admirer of the extreme rage for reform, in this our day, in every department as well of knowledge as of power,—still I think it right to take nothing wholly for granted upon the credulous assertions of former times, but to use our own understandings, and take the liberty to judge for ourselves.

Walton was, it is well known, nothing as a fly-fisher,—and his book (save *per Cotton*) is *worsted* as to a reference to that art. The observations I have to make have less to do with him than with succeeding authors, who, taking him to be a fly-fisher as a matter of course, and falling therefore into the trammels already falsely fixed by his great name, have done little else than countenance, without examination, the intricacy and mysticism of old authorities.

I do not claim the merit of any originality in the opinions I am about to offer. The subject has been introduced some years ago, by a most masterly hand into the pages of Blackwood's Magazine; and his views, besides being in accordance with my own, are given in a far superior manner to any thing I can pretend to accomplish. But with the exception of these few scattered, but precious letters in Blackwood, I know of hardly any system upon fly-fishing ever presented to the public in a printed form, that is not liable to some of the objections I am going to submit to your readers for consideration.

It is far from my wish to fix offence upon the numerous authors that have thus treated this subject, by applying any direct and ungracious force of contradiction upon them; especially as I think they have advanced nothing they did not themselves believe. Nor do I intend

to imitate those persons who, having thought fit to oppose certain asserted principles,—go so far as to deny even the partial truths which they must be admitted to contain. But the time is now fully come, when something ought to be done in the way of examining into the value of the ancient *dogmas*,—to brush away the rubbish of former systems,—and bring out the truth in its native simplicity.

Numerous are the books on angling, and they have increased of late on our hands without, I fear, a corresponding addition of useful practical information. Some indeed have gone far into the depths of science, and others have been enlivened by wit, incident, and dialogue; but on the proper use of the artificial fly,—the subject to which I intend exclusively to confine myself,—little progress has been made; and nearly the same antiquated mysteries have been inculcated as of yore. Long are the dissertations upon the variety of the aquatic insects,—of the season of their several appearances,—and even of the time of the day the appropriateness of many of them. You are enjoined to commence operations early in the morning with some particular fly; and then, as the day advances, to take care to change it for some other that comes out in due succession. You are informed that each insect has its appointed season, and cannot be used successfully at any other;—and daring would be thought the innovation, as well as useless the attempt at so doing. The exact method of manufacturing these various flies is strictly pointed out, accompanied with an intimation that, by failing to adopt it, you will inevitably lose your labour; as also a rigid injunction with respect to the precise materials of which it is absolutely necessary such flies should be composed.

Now although it is far from my intention to set out in my remarks upon these statements, by asserting that it is wrong to imitate nature in the manufacture of artificial flies; still I am bound to say that the best imitations ever yet made, will be often of very small advantage; that when the fish are out of humour, no delicacy of manufacture will ensure success or be of much if any avail; that when they are feeding, it is of little importance what fly is made use of provided attention be paid to the size of it, and that there be no glaring inconsistency of colour. I am prepared broadly to declare, that the anxiety which the great majority of anglers manifest to obtain possession of the particular insect on the water—ransacking their books for the nearest resemblance to it, under a notion that nothing but a near resemblance will take fish, is in general unnecessary and vain, any other fly in their book being at the moment probably as good, although having little similarity with the particular natural insect that is then out. I contend, that if a party of anglers go out together, being equally skilful and persevering, and no one in any way possessing advantages

over the rest, they shall all take fish, nor shall any one of them in a marked manner exceed the others, although each may have been making use of flies unlike those of his companions. I believe that to adopt any specific fly at one season of the year, and to reject it at another, because in the first case it may be in season, and in the last out of season (except perhaps in the case of that peculiar insect the green drake, or yellow caddow), is to shew much more nicety and discrimination than the fish ordinarily do themselves :—the whole of their object being to obtain food. Neither are they by any means so particular as to the nature of this food as is imagined ; attacking almost everything that has life, or that they think has life, coming in their way,—a proof of this being readily obtained by cutting open the swollen stomach of a trout taken on feed, which will be found to contain every variety of plunder that the water affords him.

I urge moreover that the rules laid down by various authors for manufacturing the same flies, are very unlike each other ; that the flies when made, are consequently dissimilar ; nor is it possible to imagine that the quick-sighted trout can take them all for the same insect ; and yet they shall all succeed in capturing fish, nor shall any one of them be found very greatly to have the advantage, unless indeed the others be, in some way or other, preposterously constructed. I argue again that the artificial fern fly alias coch à bondy, as it is called in Wales, and in Derbyshire the furnace-fly, but generally throughout England the Marlow buz,—will be found a successful one from January to December, although there is no insect on the water during the greater part of the year at least that is at all resembling it : and that the natural insect it is intended to imitate is but little like that which is usually manufactured for it,—the flat, close, hard wings of which, in its state of nature, having no similarity to the long open fibres of the black and red feather adopted in its imitation. I assert, that in a general way any well executed fly, having the modest garb of the water insects, but which would not be pronounced by an experienced artist to be either one or the other of them,—resembling none closely, but yet not very unlike to many, will fill the panier as rapidly as the very choicest imitation of any individual insect. I contend that a common dun hen or a brown one, such as may be found in nearly every farm yard, will furnish feathers with which as good diversion may usually be had, as all the plumage of the world can yield to the angler. And I shall conclude this part of the subject by declaring my full concurrence in an opinion delivered by the accomplished author in Blackwood,—to whom I have already adverted,—who, in one of his invaluable letters says, that it will be found sometimes a successful method to make use of a fly that is quite different from any natural

insect that is then out; and that the fish would appear to prefer such on the same principle that we ourselves desire a change of diet.

I can truly declare that I have repeatedly been induced to make changes in my flies, imagining that the bad success attending my exertions, arose from my having improper ones in use, but that I never recollect, in any one instance, such changes to have succeeded. But as there are few general rules that have not their exceptions, truth and candour demand that I should here introduce two such, that have come within my knowledge: although the first of them may perhaps more properly be considered no exception at all, and be accounted for on the principle of the last reasoning just alluded to from the eminent author in Blackwood. The first instance is as follows. I once witnessed the trout refusing the large May-fly, or yellow Caddow, when the angler changed it for the Marlow-buz, which they eagerly took, and with which the trout soon filled the panier. It was late in the season for the May-fly, and great numbers were on the water apparently in almost a lifeless state: the fish, although so passionately fond of this insect in general, rejected it wholly: they seemed glutted by its abundance, and the new dainty in the Marlow-buz was taken in preference.

The other instance was furnished me by the landlord of the Bull Inn at Fairford, and it is on his assertion, which I have not the least reason to doubt, that its credibility must depend. Mr. A——, an angler well known throughout the greatest part of the British Isles, fished the beautiful water below Fairford one morning without effect: the trout were rising at some small insect, but entirely refused *his* flies, which he repeatedly changed to no purpose. At last, by placing the brim of his hat in the water to meet the stream, he detected on it a very diminutive insect, gaudy in colour, but without wings. At the shop of a ladies's dress-maker in the town, he was fortunate enough to obtain some feather, the fibres of which, appeared in colour to resemble the gay clothing of the insect; and imitating it as well as he could, giving to it a body only without any wings, he proceeded again to the river side. He was accompanied by the landlord, desirous perhaps to see the effect of so unusual a trial: and by him I was assured that he was the astonished witness to Mr. A——'s eminent success—that gentleman taking thirty pounds weight of fine trout in a few hours. These are the only two exceptions that I know of, after an experience of forty years, that are worthy to be placed against the general rule that, in this essay, I have endeavoured to establish.

Nevertheless I cannot dismiss this subject, without alluding to the very general opinion, and which opinion I am disposed myself to entertain, but admitting it only as an exception to my rule, that the May fly is so great a favourite with the trout, that whilst it lasts, they will

seldom notice any other insect. But this fly may be well considered as an exception, since it is of itself so peculiar in colour, and size, as to stand out, as it were, quite alone and distinct from all the rest; its very size giving it a preference that would seem irresistible, and it is singular that it is in reference to this identical fly, usually so great a favourite, that I have been able to adduce a strong instance of rejection on the part of the fish.

It is no common occurrence,—so I am bound to confess,—to meet with an old angler, that has his favourite fly. He will tell you he has found it to give him greater diversion than any other, that after failing with others, he has had recourse to it and succeeded. Now the misfortune for this argument is, that there are hardly any two sportsmen who agree in the choice of their favourites, and that there are nearly as many of these adoptions as there are anglers: the flies thus honoured being as unlike each other as are the advocates for them. The truth appears to be, that the despised flies have been in use at times when the fish were not moving, and the one happening to be on the line at the moment they began to sport, has, in consequence, obtained a greater degree of favour than it deserved. Had the angler kept on with the fly that in a different period of the day was unsuccessful, he would probably, and, in my opinion, almost certainly, have found it to answer as well as the other; and if his favourite had been in use on the former occasion, it would have bid fair to lose all its credit. It is a great but very common error to be thus led into a preference for particular flies to which they are by no means entitled. It is not enough for an angler to say that he found he could take fish with one fly and not with another; the trial, in order to be fairly made, should be made at one and the same point of time, and under circumstances entirely parallel. “But who,” here replies the objector, “would think of taking off a fly with which he was rapidly loading his creel, for the purpose of instituting a trial whether some other might not succeed as well?” True, but on such an occasion it might happen that another angler was making the experiment for him, and had discovered that the favourite had not any claim to the exclusive preference bestowed upon it. The moral of Meyrick’s fable of theameleon and three dogmatic travellers, obtrudes itself here, and teaches a useful lesson to anglers, as well as travellers, not to be too positive in their own opinions, and to bear in mind, that others have had experience as well as themselves.

Let it not be concluded, however, from what I have said with the view of weakening the attachment which some fishermen bear to particular flies, that I am myself without any choice at all, and indifferent to everything that regards their size, colour, and beauty of workmanship. Far from it. It is true I care not whether I ordinarily fish with

a dun fly or a brown one, believing that either one or the other will be equally successful, whether any insect be on the water similar to them or not; but I do not go so far as to contend that flies of any colour or size whatever, may be used, with the same indifference. Whoever may infer, from what I have advanced, that I should not object to the use of a fly white or scarlet, or of other unnatural colour, has entirely misunderstood my meaning; but that an article composed of materials according to an artist's own judgment, having due regard to the size, and general staid, humble dress of the favourite trout flies, though but little to the written authorities either in respect to the materials, or the manner of working them up; or that a cob, alias March brown, or many of the duns, should not take fish, except at the time of the year they are out, these are positions to which I cannot assent; nay, which I am enabled, after repeated experience, to disprove.

In the observations I have made I have not had the most distant intention of undervaluing the knowledge of the works of nature; and the study of the water insects is not less curious and interesting than many other departments of natural history; my object will be answered if I should succeed in rendering the delightful pursuit of fly-fishing somewhat more attractive to my countrymen, by exposing the needless intricacies in which it has been involved.

CARDIG.

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## THOUGHTS UPON BREEDING AND REARING BLOOD STOCK.

(Continued from No. CVIII. for February last, page 232.)

### THE SIRE AND DAM.

HAVING arranged the dwellings, it becomes necessary to devote a few pages to the inhabitants. This opens a wide field for observation and remarks. The choice of a brood mare is a matter of the highest importance, and should therefore receive mature and deliberate consideration, inasmuch as it is now a fact universally acknowledged amongst breeding men, that the perfection and consequent value of the offspring depends much more upon the choice of the dam, than it does upon the sire.

The points chiefly to be attended to are age, shape, constitution, and blood. I think the best method of treating upon them, will be to take each subject seriatim.

A review of that valuable and well conducted work the "Stud

Book," will convince any person that the majority of the best horses which have ever appeared upon the turf, have been the produce either of *young and vigorous* stallions with *aged* mares, or of *young* mares and *old* horses. Seldom has it occurred that the offspring of youthful parents has ever obtained a station beyond mediocrity, whilst many are the instances in which the produce has been very superior where both sire and dam have been fast sinking into the vale of years.

I knew a gentleman who commenced breeding upon a very large scale, and whose theory was, that the race horse was only to be bred in perfection from young animals which had never been in an artificial state. He bought a stud of fillies two and three years old, and bred from a young and untried stallion: Although the foals were kept as well as they possibly could be, and attended to with the greatest care, they never came to any size, and the owner never produced an animal worth £20, although he continued his system for years, and expended a fortune in the pursuit. Now this proves to me, either that the horse does not attain his full vigour until later in life than we generally imagine, or that it requires years to recover from the unnatural state of excitement in which the animal is kept, whilst doomed to undergo the severe treatment imposed by the unrelenting system of the modern school of training. May we not suppose, and with great degree of probability, certain constitutions to have been so battered that they never could recover from it? It would be thus easy to account why so many names noted and illustrious in the "Racing Calendar," have not shone with equal brilliancy in the "Stud Book." I should therefore prefer a mare of mature years, and one which had never been subjected to severe or long continued training.

It has often been said, and to a certain extent truly, "that horses can go in all shapes," and surely we do frequently observe very extraordinary formed animals; but take it for granted, that whenever you do see a "clipper," odd-shaped as he or she may be, there is always some redeeming point to which you can attribute the capabilities displayed. Length of quarter, capaciousness of chest, or muscular power developed in some peculiar form, and which becoming apparent upon a close investigation, accounts most satisfactorily for that, which at first sight astonished and perplexed. How desirable would it be, were we able to discover the secret springs and concealed mechanism of the wonderful and complicated frame! Oftentimes we are grossly deceived by aseeming perfect conformation, and find most sorry jades in those (judging from external appearances) we were led to suppose "regular flyers." The brood mare should have length (above all things I hate a short blood horse), she should have width too, especially in the pelvis. These two qualifications will give you the "roomy mare."

She should have good loins, wide spreading and muscular thighs, short flat bony legs, and undeniable hocks and feet. In short, she should have every point good, if you can meet with a mare that has so many desirable qualities—but as they are scarce and valuable articles, you must use your judgment, and pick out one possessing as many good points as you can. At all events avoid faults, and have no natural blemishes; no spavins, ring or side bones, curbs or contracted feet. Be particular as to eyes. Do not accept as a gift a broken-winded mare, a crib-biter, a wind-sucker, or one addicted to any ill habit.

Broken winded mares are most uncertain breeders, and ill habits are easily communicated by example. If you will breed from crippled and diseased parents, you must naturally expect to perpetuate the race. I have known persons say that certain defects were not hereditary, roaring for instance; and the case has been argued thus:—  
*“roaring is an acquired disease, probably brought on by inflammation, distemper, sore throat, or what not; is only a small projection in the windpipe, not larger than a grain of mustard-seed, and you might as well expect a man with a wooden leg, to beget wooden-legged children, as a roarer to beget roarers, &c.”*

Now this as theory sounds mighty fine, but “facts are stubborn things.” I happen to know an instance, doubtless familiar to many of my readers, in which one of the very best bred and finest horses in the world, himself a roarer, gets few foals but what inherit the sire’s infirmity. I may be answered that this is probably a solitary instance, and that there are many first rate stud horses at the present day known to be roarers, the produce of which, are not more liable to that particular complaint than other foals. I contend that such is not the case; that they are more liable, and consequently more affected.

I have no doubt but it will be allowed that *peculiar* conformation, may be not only more easily, but likewise more permanently affected by *peculiar* disease, than others; and the same conformation which rendered the progenitor liable, would, in all probability, be transmitted to the offspring; and it is not unnatural therefore to suppose, that a man, who had lost his leg by a white swelling in the knee or by any other affection, might have children who would inherit the same constitutional defect, and become eventually-wooden legged like their father. Therefore I again repeat, avoid everything approaching to natural blemish, disease, or defect, and always bear in remembrance this maxim, invaluable to a breeder, “like begets like.” Constitution and temper should not be overlooked, for both are of the greatest importance to the offspring; besides, an ill-tempered mare is one of the greatest nuisances you can be cursed with.

I once possessed a mare so savage, that it was dangerous to put her



into a field with another without hobbling her, and even then she would watch for an opportunity to do mischief. So incorrigible was she, that I was obliged to get rid of her, although a most valuable brood mare.

With regard to blood. Fashion is so capricious—so continually changing, it is somewhat difficult to recommend any particular strain of blood in preference to another. In point of fact they are all good enough, and what is considered low caste this year, may by a few lucky nicks, become the very pink of fashion in the next; and the favourite of this season may find but few admirers in the one to come.

So variable is public taste in this particular, that I could name, were it not invidious to do so, several stallions that, to my knowledge, after having enjoyed many years of the highest success, have suddenly been reduced to covering, say half a dozen mares in a season; and this lamentable falling off, has been for no other cause than, that the great prizes of the year preceding had been carried away by horses of another strain of blood. And during the time the stallions in question were thus under a cloud, the fortunate circumstance of an influential race having been won by a colt or filly of their get, has at once recalled them to the notice, and reinstated them in the estimation, of a fickle public, and they have had, the year following their temporary eclipse, more mares sent to them than they were able to serve with advantage.

The most fashionable blood at present, I should say, is the Selim. Of this family you have Langar and Elis (Sultan alas is no more), and Bay Middleton. The Waxy strain is also in high estimation, from Waxy are descended Whalebone and Whisker, and although the Whalebone mares have hitherto somewhat disappointed their owners, *still the blood will tell*, and probably at no very distant period. Of this line there are many first rate stallions. Defence, Sir Hercules, and Camel still continue to uphold the fame of their sire, although Waverley and Chateau Margaux are lost to us. The Orville and Walton mares are in great esteem. Both were successful stallions. Blacklock too was eminent, and his sons Velocipede and Voltaire bid fair to maintain his reputation.

Doubtless many good horses have been sold to foreigners, but we have no reason to fear they will ever supersede England as a breeding country, so long as we retain such horses as Emilius, Reveller, Velocipede, Voltaire, Defence, Langar, Sir Hercules, Rockingham, Liverpool, Bay Middleton, Elis, Glaucus, Recovery, Touchstone, Muley Moloch, Cain, Pantaloon, Physician, Slane, Ratcatcher, Heron, Camel, St. Patrick, Tomboy, Don John, and last though not least, the famous or rather *in-famous* Harkaway! Who will say that breeding is at a low ebb? when we see an untried stallion advertized at 100 sovs. a mare, and a sovereign the groom!!!

In conclusion of this part, I would advise the young breeder to study well the pedigree of his mare. If she is of a strain more remarkable for speed than stoutness, employ a stallion of an opposite description and character. The same remark holds good as to any little falling off as to form. Try to counter-balance any weakness, either in her blood or appearance, by putting her to a horse that possesses *in perfection*, that of which she shews a deficiency. There are certain crosses of blood, technically called "nicks," which should be *observed* and *acted upon*. This knowledge will be easily obtained by looking at the pedigree of some of our most celebrated racehorses. It is by a judicious cross you must look to obtain perfection in

#### THE PRODUCE.

Mares go with young eleven calendar months, and should therefore never be with the horse until the second week of February. The foal takes its age from the first of January. For instance, a foal dropped the 31st of December, would be called a year old the following day, and weighted in all its races accordingly.

Should such unfortunately be the case, it is politic to have it destroyed immediately, as for all racing purposes it would be entirely valueless.

I recommend mares to be suffered to roam at large in the day time up to the very hour of their foaling. The walking exercise will prove highly beneficial. Of course she should be housed at night, and a moderate allowance of corn given to her, as, if she is kept badly, the offspring will be either weakly in frame or constitution.

During pregnancy mares should be kept as free from excitement as possible: by no means subjected to fright or ill-smells. Either of which might cause them to slip their foals.

The smell or sight of blood of any kind is highly objectionable; and the emptying of drains, cesspools, or pigsties, should be avoided carefully where brood mares are about.

It frequently occurs through sympathy, or the same exciting cause acting upon all alike, that if one mare slips her foal, all the others do the same thing\*. This is observed with cows, if one miscarriage happens, it oftentimes runs through the whole dairy.

When the mare is near her time she should be carefully watched, and the falling in of the flesh on each side the croup (which is called

\* I am much grieved to learn that a certain nobleman, well known and highly appreciated in the sporting world, has this present season been a sufferer to an extent perfectly unprecedented, excepting in the case of "The bad year at Petworth;" when and where, from some particular exciting cause, which was I believe never discovered, nearly the whole of the brood mares produced dead foals. So general was the calamitous visitation, that even the cart mares and she asses upon the estate, suffered to an equal extent with the thorough-breds. The noble lord referred to must however bear in mind that "Better times will come."

“sinking of the bones” by the grooms), and the “waxing of the teats” give timely warning. After the latter circumstance has occurred, the mare should never be left for ten minutes together, as then it may happen any moment, and seldom is delayed more than a few hours.

The foal is generally brought forth by the mare lying down, and if it is a right presentation (that is, the fore legs come first and *together*, and you shortly afterwards observe the nose), you may conclude all is going on as rightly as possible, and little remains to be done but to assist the throes of nature as tenderly yet firmly as possible. The umbilical cord or navel string should then be tied close to the body and cut off, leaving about two inches and a half. If you prefer tearing or breaking it to tying and cutting, be *very particular in preventing the least strain upon the body of the foal*, which invariably produces, in a greater or less degree, *umbilical rupture*, which *often* proves dangerous, *always* troublesome and unsightly. Should it be a cross presentation, lose not a second in obtaining prompt and efficient assistance, as it will in nine cases out of ten, have to be turned in the womb, an operation which requires great skill and manual dexterity.

As soon as the foal is dropped, smooth its mane carefully upon the proper side, and from this moment should its education commence. Every opportunity should be taken to render it quiet and familiar; let it nibble your fingers and play with your hands, so as to enable you to rub its head, scratch its neck, handle its legs, and pick up its feet. All these little endearments will be of infinite value, for supposing it to be sick or lame when a month or two old, you will have no trouble in administering medicine, or applying bandages. I have witnessed frightful scenes, where the patient has been an uneducated colt of three months old, as wild and as strong as a stag.

The Estrum of the mare frequently comes on the 5th. or 6th. day, but I have invariably found the 9th. day after foaling, to be the most proper time to introduce the mare again to the horse.

In my whole experience I never knew a mare to refuse the stallion upon that day; and in my stud I have had at different periods, *two* mares that never shewed any symptoms of being in season, until the horse was offered; yet they invariably received him upon that day, and were always stinted.

About the time the Estrum commences upon the mare, the foal generally begins to scour. I suppose the cause to be the milk becoming heated by the excited state of the dam.

This scouring is not usually productive of any harm to the foal, unless it continues four or five days without diminution, when the foal becomes weakened and emaciated. As it however disfigures the foal, by the excoriating nature of the discharge removing the hair from the vicinity

of the fundament and thighs, I usually give, upon its first appearance, two table-spoonful of common salt dissolved in half a pint of cold water. Should this not stop it, which does not frequently occur, the next morning try two tea-spoonful of laudanum in a quarter of a pint of mulled port wine, and repeat every six hours if necessary.

Should the diarrhoea be inconsiderable, or if there exists any disinclination to give *medicine* to the foal. A handful or two of malt, barley, or beans, may be allowed the mare in addition to her customary measure of corn; and this mild remedy will oftentimes prove efficacious.

With respect to the treatment of the mare after foaling, I would advise you to let no opportunity pass, whenever there is a little warmth or sunshine, without giving both mare and foal the advantage of it. Even if you dare not let them into the paddock, throw open the upper half of the door of the box, and let them both imbibe as much pure oxygen as possible. Thick gruel, malt and bran mash, with plenty of ribbled oats stirred in them, should be given freely. Carrots, or Swede turnips, steamed potatoes, bruised whin or gorse, lucern, vetches, or any other green food, may be administered with advantage, until the spring grass is plentiful.

A ribbling mill and chaff cutting machine are indispensable. The best I have ever seen are made at Doncaster, by a person of the name of Farr. The best gorse bruiser that has fallen under my observation, is the one at Tickhill castle, made I believe some where in the neighbourhood of Mansfield.

It is surprising how soon the foal, taught by the example of the dam, will begin to eat bruised or ribbled corn. I have known them to do so when only a few days old. Need I say *how* this must be encouraged? In my humble opinion, this is the grand secret of Breeding; and so firmly am I convinced of it, that my foals should eat sovereigns, had they strong nutriment in them.

I firmly believe that it is the nature of our climate, which allows us to force foals with impunity, that has raised England to the eminence which she now enjoys, as a horse breeding country.

Some mares are so greedy they will not allow their foals to feed with them. Such unnatural mothers require to be tied apart to a ring in the wall *high above the manger*.

Whilst I am upon this subject, I will relate a circumstance which happened nearly under my own observation. A friend of mine had sold a foal at a very high figure, and as it had never been handled, and had not been weaned, he had lent the dam to the purchaser, in order to ensure its safe delivery. The mare was tied to the manger, whilst the groom retired into the house to take some refreshment, and receive his little douceur. When he returned, *the foal was dead*. Having endeav-

voured to pass round the mare, it had been caught in the rein of the head-stall and strangled.

Supposing your mare to have foaled in the early part of January, it is not proper to introduce her to the stud before about the 8th or 10th of February, as before mentioned; although I have found that missing the first return of nature, increases the risk of your mare not being stinted. The Œstrum returns periodically about every nine days, until nature is satisfied. She is then said to be stinted. In order to be certain this is the case, she should be tried every nine days until the end of March, or beginning of April, after which period I should throw the mare up for the season, and let her lie fallow rather than have her bring forth the next year later than March.

Observe, that in these periodical returns of nature, the mare is more likely to be stinted, when they are rather upon the decline, indeed the later, the more certain of success; also that more than one satisfactory leap during each return is worse than useless.

By the word satisfactory, I mean fully consummated. The groom sent with the mare should be convinced she has been properly served; a point not always attended to.

The mare refusing, is not always a sure criterion of her being stinted, for I have known instances of a mare having been to the stud house once only, and shewing no symptoms of breaking or turning again, still proving barren. Neither is it an infallible sign a mare is not in foal when she breaks, as it is technically called. Leila, by Waterloo, had her periodical returns of œstrum during the time she was heavy in foal with Lalla Rookh, and she was in season three weeks before she foaled.

With respect to the management of the stallion. Of late years a very beneficial change has taken place, and you now seldom or ever see a stud horse kept in the condition of a prize ox. Time was, when a stallion was not considered fit for stud purposes until he was so overloaded with fat, that his points could scarcely be observed, and every mare he served was at the hazard of his life. That nine tenths of the horses so kept did not die from apoplexy, is surprising. However the matter seems better understood now, and stallions are kept in very much better condition than they used to be.

I think green food essential to the horse during the season, it keeps him cool, and I have observed often, that in cold and changeable springs, barren or maiden mares very frequently turn again, and are seldom stinted until the stallion has green food given to him, and that frequently appears to have an effect almost magical.

After the brood mare has been either stinted or thrown up for the year, little remains to be done, unless to house her, and the sucking foal, during wet, and to pay strict attention to the breaking in of the

foal. When housed for the night, its feet should always be carefully picked out and washed, and you should have a blacksmith to examine them every fourteen or twenty-one days. Occasional rasping or paring down the feet is absolutely necessary, and many an ill-formed and diseased foot is caused entirely by neglect in early life. After the feet have undergone supervision, the mane and tail should be smoothed with a water brush, and the body gently rubbed over with a horse brush or wisp of straw. At first these exercises should be confined to touching its body merely with the wisp or brush. After a while they may be laid gently upon the quarters, until grown familiar it will enjoy the operation. When you have arrived at this point, a light head collar should be put on, and the very best pattern of these that I ever met with, were at the shop of Durwen and Son, saddlers of Birmingham, who have had a great demand for them for some years, on account of the excellence both of the pattern and workmanship. They are very simple, light, strong, and convenient, and possess the recommendations of never shifting from their position, and of never chafing the skin. They are also easily put on and off, and I think any person who has tried them, will never use any other description.

About the first week in September the foals should be weaned, and if their education has not been neglected, the weaning will be a matter of but trifling importance, and will soon be got over.

The mares should be taken away entirely out of sight and hearing, they should be kept up a day or two, live entirely upon dry food, and have very little water. Their teats should be particularly attended to, and be drawn once or twice a day whilst necessary, to prevent any inflammation, induration, or gathering.

The foals should ever after weaning be led to and from the paddock, for this purpose use a rein of soft dark-coloured web, about five yards long, having a buckle at one end to attach to a ring in the head collar, at the other end there should be a loop.

Be very quiet and careful with them; never even speak to them roughly, give them plenty of kibbled oats, and if the autumn and winter are wet, chilly, and severe, give them a few good old beans kibbled with the oats. Let them have a mild dose of physic every five or six weeks to carry off all humours, and prevent the accumulation of internal fat. Never mind what some timid persons may say about heating the blood, and so forth. An occasional dose of medicine, and the grass they eat, will counteract all ill effects—thus you will go on, making them hardy and tractable—strengthening their constitution and stamina, increasing their size with useful *materiel*, until full of condition they are fit to go into the trainer's hands, when I pledge myself that every feed of oats will tell, and they will turn out somewhat different to those feather bed things which (fed principally

upon steamed swedeturnips, and skimmed milk, until they are fleshy as bullocks, and soft as the food upon which they have fattened) melt away like butter in the sun when put into training and are never bigger than when they were sold by auction as yearlings.

Upon no account suffer extraneous matters to lie about either in box, yard, or paddock. Brooms, shovels, buckets, old stumps of trees, posts and rails, hurdles, lime or building materials, agricultural tools, and implements of husbandry, are too often the cause of ghastly accidents. Bear in mind that if there is a dangerous place to be found, there will you see the foals. They are like children, always seeking for amusement, and sooner than not be employed they will be in mischief, and will oftentimes choose most dangerous playthings.

Wishing you all the success you may deserve in your breeding establishment, I bid you farewell, gentle reader, with this strict injunction, *do not lock up the corn bin.* SAGITTARIUS.

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### TO NELL.

A FAVOURITE GREYHOUND,—ON ITS BEING SUGGESTED THAT SHE SHOULD BE DESTROYED, AS HAVING BECOME OLD AND USELESS.

*Nell:* And *not* be hanged to her.

THE following stanzas are from the pen of a Yorkshire gentleman, and evidently a reader of Burns,—which account for his *crossing his Northern English* with the *Scottish* words. In speaking of the sagacious qualities of NELL (the favourite of the writer) he illustrates them by the following anecdote.

“Incredible as it may seem, it may be mentioned that the writer was informed by a person who was then gardener on the premises, and who still lives, namely, William Lightfoot, parish clerk of Ryther, Yorkshire, that on an occasion he saw “Nell” take, one by one, her puppies from the pond in which they had a day or two previously been drowned, and bury them at the foot of a willow tree hard by.”

Oh! Come to me my good greyhound!  
 Come with thy gentle spring and bound,  
 I love that form, so agile,—light,—  
 That deep, broad chest,  
 That fine turned head and eye so bright,  
 And high rear'd crest.

To paint thy symmetry of frame,  
 The limner's noblest art were tame.

Thou, too, wert fleetest in the race,  
 When given "the law;"  
 I've seen thee arrowing in the chace,  
 Afore them a'!

Start but the game, away, away,—  
 Nor hedge nor dyke could mak' thee stay,  
 Nor thicket fence with briars strang,  
 Nor gate,—nor stoup;—  
 But some thou'dst rattle thruff, clean,—bang!  
 And others loup.

Poor pussy's speed was all in vain,—  
 Her weel-kenned meuse she ne'er could gain,  
 And baffled, if to turn she tried,—  
 Thou turn'dst as fast;—  
 She'd better ligged her down, and died,  
 At first, as last!

Yet thou wer't of the gentlest mood,  
 In spirit mild, though high of blood.  
 Ne'er didst thou, at my harsh command,  
 Rebel or rail,—  
 But humbly kneel and lick my hand,  
 And cower thy tail!

But thou art now grown grey and old,  
 Thy teeth have lost their deadly hold,  
 And a' thy joints, chill'd stiff and numb;  
 Thou'st amaist blin'!  
 What then! age and its ills must come:—  
 The fault'sno thine!

Wad they a cursed rape entwine,  
 About that neck so slim and fine?  
 Aye! when its season's past away,—  
 Here,—on this earth,—  
 Just sic' reward they ever pay  
 To honest worth!

No!—by each day we've toiled together  
 O'er field and muir, 'gainst wind and weather;  
 No!—while I've left a bite of bread,—  
 Half shall be thine,—  
 And softest straw to rest thy head,  
 For "auld Lang Syne."



THE PAR,—A DISTINCT SPECIES OF SALMONIDÆ.  
BEING OBSERVATIONS, IN REPLY, TO THE LETTER OF "PORCUS  
PISCIS" ON THE PAR.

DEAR EDITOR,

You were well assured that the several communications of Antiquarius and myself on the Natural History of the Par, to your March number, were offered as *argumentative* proofs, only to be considered conclusive in the event of no actual experiment being adduced, capable of establishing, as a fact, that Par were *not* a distinct species of fish; and if, *by facts*, that could have been proved, we should have rejoiced, even though found to have taken the wrong side. The fish in question is little indeed in size, but it must not be lost sight of, that its true nature may be a subject of even national importance; for if, instead of being a distinct species of Salmonidæ, as we at present consider it, it should eventually be *proved* to be no more or less than the young of the salmon, it would become the immediate duty of the legislature to stop its destruction during its tender years, and to throw protection over it, till, instead of affording one mouthful, it grew to a size sufficient for the meal of half a dozen persons.

We courted inquiry, and invited attention to the subject; *and we do so still*. But in your April number, there appeared a communication from a correspondent under the title of *Porcus Piscis*,—written rather in the spirit of a disputant than a fair inquirer, and manifesting in itself so great a want of knowledge of the subject, that I must beg you to allow me to offer a few observations in reply; and if I add any scrap to the piscatory or ichthyological knowledge of your readers, so much the better.

I will not be seduced into a flippancy style of reply, by the example set me by *Porcus*. He certainly appears to have "caught the idea" from the experiment detailed in Sir Anthony Carlisle's letter,—an experiment of which I have long been in the knowledge,—but which does not warrant, as I think, the deductions sought to be drawn from it. And I own I am surprised to find any one so readily trusting to what, with all my respect for Sir Anthony Carlisle, I must deem a loose and unsatisfactory experiment. The many grave doubts and difficulties surrounding this matter in the minds of enlightened men, who have studied the subject, do not warrant any one in assuming a tone of confidence, without a sound stock of knowledge and experience to back it.

Now let me ask, "Has your Correspondent ever seen a Par?" His very criticism leads me to say that he has not. He says, "Antiquarius himself in reasoning against the possibility of the par and salmon being

one and the same fish, almost proves that it is a mule; for, says he (Antiquarius), the par has no greater resemblance to any one of the salmon tribe, *than* the common trout.' This is true, for, as is found in all crosses, whether of accident, or necessity, or design, *the offspring bears a similitude to both parents*, and consequently *the par in not being more like one than the other, has a resemblance to both*; and, as is ever the case, *something peculiar to itself*, which, in the par, consists in the bars around its sides." What Antiquarius says is, that "the par has no greater resemblance to the salmon than the trout," that is "*than the trout has to the salmon*;" not as Porcus reads it, "than it (the par) has to the trout." He goes on to argue that because it has as much resemblance to the salmon as to the trout, *ergo* it is a hybrid of the two. "The offspring in hybrids," says he, "bears a similitude to both parents." If Porcus *had* ever seen a par, or, I should say, had even read about it in Yarrell's work, he would at once have known that the Par is so like the barred trout (which only materially differs from the common trout of the Wandle, Colne, or Thames, in its having the addition of bars similar to a perch down its sides; and, by the way, which robs the par of that "*peculiarity to itself*," which is ascribed to it), that the greatest confusion has existed up to the present moment among those who have studied its history, from the positive difficulty—amounting almost to an impossibility—of distinguishing one from the other; while on the other hand the par and the trout, to which Antiquarius likened it, have no more resemblance to the salmon, than spotted gold has to burnished silver. The par and trout (of rivers where par are found) are generally brown on the back, yellow and pink on the sides, and white and yellow on the belly, and abound with black and brilliant red spots in addition to the bars; while the salmon is slate-coloured on the back, and elsewhere silvered throughout with a few small black spots: and the shape, even, is totally different. The doubts that exist as to the nature of the par have not arisen, as your correspondent seems to imagine, from any resemblance it has to the salmon; but from the circumstance that it is supposed never to be found except in salmon rivers, and because the females have never been met with in an advanced state of parturition; and so totally dissimilar is the par from the salmon, that if it had been found in rivers which salmon never frequent, no one would for a moment have conjectured there could have been any connexion between them. Founding his argument, therefore, only (as he appears to do) upon an assumption, that the par is "as like a salmon as it is like a trout," I cannot divest my mind of the impression, that he has never seen a par!

Again, a supposed error on the part of Antiquarius, about the bars of the par increasing in number as it increases in size, is argued upon. Even assuming Antiquarius had said so, and that he were wrong, still

it would not shake his theory. But I should like to know how it is established that these bars must necessarily be coeval with its birth? Even Sir H. Davy can teach otherwise; and if Porcus refers to *Salmonia* p. 40, and 76, he will learn that the trout may be entirely changed in colour and marking, by a change of situation and diet. This was known and observed even in old Izaak's time, he says thus quaintly: "If I catch a trout in one meadow, he shall be white and faint, and very like to be louzy; and as certainly, if I catch a trout in the next meadow, he shall be strong and red and lusty." At p. 76, *Salmonia* says, "Fish in a clear cool river that feed much on larvæ, and that swallow their hard cases, become yellower, and the red spots increase so as to outnumber the black ones." Then how can these spots be coeval with their birth? And again it is asserted, that because the number of bars on different par do not correspond, ergo they are hybrids. As well might the conclusion be come to, that *Perch* are hybrids! for it will be found that even on the perch, to which so triumphant a reference is made, the bars are not uniformly the same, but vary in different fish, from five to seven in number.\*

Again, about the migration of par, *Antiquarius* does not assert that *all* the par are in the river throughout the year, and yet they migrate; he merely implies that *some* are always to be met with: and so *some* salmon are always in the river, yet no one ever doubted that they migrated. Your correspondent misrepresents what *Antiquarius* says and means with reference to the male par in the river, exceeding the number of the female, and that the milt,—probably never adapted for fecundation, being full in the male, and small in the female: and *Antiquarius* is

\* There is so interesting a fact mentioned among Mr. Shaw's accounts of his most beautiful and laborious experiments on the salmon fry, relative to the colours of fish, that I am tempted to subjoin it for Porcus's instruction. Mr. Shaw says, "I had often observed that while the little fish (salmon fry) remained stationary in any particular part of the pond, they were always to be found of a colour corresponding to the colour of the bottom, and when they removed to any other part of a different colour, that, after resting on it for a few minutes, they gradually assumed a corresponding hue. I procured two large earthenware basins, one nearly white inside, and the other nearly black. I then placed a living fish in each. The fishes were of their natural colour when first placed in the basin; but they had not remained there more than four minutes, till each had gradually assumed a colour nearly approaching to that of the respective basins in which they were placed. I next took the fish out of the white basin and placed it in the black one, and the fish which was in the black basin, I placed in the white, and the results were uniformly the same, the fishes changing according to the colour of the surface over which they were placed. I next placed both fish in one basin, when the contrast for a short time was exceedingly striking. This singular phenomenon with which I have only now become acquainted, adds another to the many beautiful provisions nature has made for the safety and protection of her creatures. The cause, however, is a problem I make no pretensions to solve."

made to say that "therefore it is, that being a hybrid, the fish is imperfect, and never would be fit for re-production!" On the contrary he says that there *are* females whose ova are ripe, and he brings forward a parallel case in proof that females of another fish—the grayling—in that state, will not take a bait. Many of your readers, when chub-fishing in May, or perch-fishing in March, must often have had their "best blacks" spoilt by the milt of a male of one of these fish, flowing out on to them, as they were disengaging the hook; and I have seldom, if ever, met with a female in like forward condition? These are notorious facts; and the whole weight of that part of our argument is brought to bear upon the proof that the *par do* breed, and that they are a perfect and distinct species. I am surprised to find a man of Sir A. Carlisle's mind, laying it down as a mathematical certainty, that the pope or ruffe is a hybrid;—Porcus adds the rudd. Allow me to say that no ichthyologist of modern times so classes them. Even Izaak Walton speaking of the latter, only goes the length of saying "there is a kind of bastard small roach, which *some say* is bred by the bream, and right roach;" and Sir H. Davy, with all his speculative notions upon the power of crossing the breeds of fish, goes no further than to mention it is an *on dit*. Both the pope and rudd re-produce in a *most prolific* manner, your correspondent says, "the rudd is as undoubtedly the offspring of the bream and roach, as the pope or ruffe is of the perch and gudgeon,—for so as the rudd has the length, vermilion fins, and tail and head of the roach, with the depth and *yellow* eye of the bream,—so does the latter, (the pope) with the waved body and shape of the gudgeon, unite the head and dorsal fin of the perch; and it is worthy of notice that the mule of both the above, like the *par*, are more diminutive than their parents: the bream certainly has a *yellow* eye; but it does singularly happen that the rudd is as often called "red eye" as rudd, and still more, that it *has a red eye!* and as to the "more diminutive than their parents," it is by no means uncommon to take the rudd of two pounds weight, which is a tolerable weight for a roach; and the pope I may say always runs as heavy as the gudgeon. If, from a similitude in colours, sizes, or marks, any rule as to hybrids could be laid down,—it might as well be contended that the dace is the mule of the chub and roach, because to ordinary observers it bears a very strong resemblance to either.

Yours, &c.,

THEOPH. SOUTH.

AN APPEAL TO THE GENTRY AND YEOMANRY, ON  
THE PRESERVATION OF FOXES.

BY THE SALOPIAN.

THE resignation of Sir Thomas Boughey, and also of Mr. Stubbs, at the close of the present season, from hunting that part of Shropshire and Staffordshire, hitherto hunted by those gentlemen, as well as the inability of Mr. Smyth Owen last year finding a sufficient number of foxes in the South Shropshire Country to encourage him any longer keeping hounds with any prospect of sport, induces me once more to endeavour to impress upon gentlemen and farmers generally, and of those counties in particular, the serious injury they are inflicting upon themselves and their property, by neglecting to assist in the support of fox-hunting, and thereby affording an inducement for landed proprietors to remain on their estates, and expend a portion of the income derived from them, for the benefit of their tenantry and poorer neighbours; instead of going abroad, or flying to the Metropolis, to seek other sources of amusement and occupation. It is singular that in counties, so celebrated and conspicuous as Shropshire and Staffordshire have hitherto ever been for the numbers of packs of fox-hounds kept in them; three packs of fox-hounds, (two of them exclusively supported at the expence of their respective masters,) should be given up within little more than one year, and principally from the same cause,—the want of energy on the part of the gentlemen and tenantry in taking a little trouble for the preservation of foxes. No deficiency of country, no dislike to the sport itself, no want of funds, nor any political quarrels (so often the destruction of all harmony and good feeling) have been the cause of this abandonment of one of the oldest and most English of all her pastimes; but apparently sheer apathy and indifference, and leaving that to be done by others, which every well-wisher to country amusements should aid in doing himself. If even other packs should be established to hunt the vacant countries by subscription, what chance of success have they, unless foxes are preserved, and that zeal is shown which so many profess, without acting up to. Let us look for a moment to the gain of the farmers and landowners in the neighbourhood where fox-hounds are kept, and which from a careful calculation will appear as follows. In the second class countries it is usually estimated that the keep of a pack of fox-hounds, with the hunters belonging to the establishment, a huntsman and two whippers-in, feeder, helpers, and other contingent expences, is generally equal to about 2000*l.* per annum (although a pack of hounds on a limited scale may be and often is kept for a less sum); then considering the number of

gentlemen attending a pack, hunting frequently over an extent of country, from point to point of thirty or forty miles, less than one hundred and sixty horses cannot be reasonably supposed to be kept by them, the cost of the keep of which at the very lowest average will amount to rather more than 6200l. per annum, and which is less than 39l. per horse. Other contingent expences, and they are very many, I do not include. To this, add the above sum allowed for the keep of the hounds; and the expenditure will be upwards of 8200l. per annum, and for seven years, during which a farmer will have had time to breed and rear horses, and to have fairly participated in the benefit derived from this expenditure. The total amount, during that period expended, will be 57,400l., distributed almost exclusively in the country where the pack is kept. Nor would it require a very long calculation to bring this outlay of capital home to every farmer's door, and to point out exactly how much, taking one farm with another, every individual gained as his proportion of the whole, as well as the benefit his landlord also derived from it. Does not every farmer or other person resident in a hunting country, and possessing a fine horse, or colt, likely to turn out a hunter, perfectly well know he can command a good price for it, far more than he can get elsewhere, and without the risk and expence of sending to fairs, or travelling to distant places, the London horse dealers ever being ready to become the purchasers, and periodically sending through these countries in particular, their agents, to buy up every promising horse at the farmer's own door, and almost at his own price;—besides the competition which exists amongst the resident gentry and yeomen. And does not every farmer also feel certain of a highly remunerating price for every stack of old hay or oats he may have been fortunate enough to have harvested safely? The price of sound old upland hay in hunting countries is well known to be from one to two pounds a ton more than in other places, and the price of oats to be from one to two shillings a bushel extra. Thus we see some of the advantages derived from such an expenditure. But let us consider also the benefit derived from the kindly feeling occasioned by the intermixture of different classes of the gentry, yeomen, and farmers, by being brought together at the cover side and elsewhere, through hounds being kept. Is there any person who does not at once perceive, if his farm buildings want repairs doing to them, or the land is overlet, through the medium perhaps of some land agent, residing probably at a distance and unconnected by any sympathy of feeling with the tenantry, that by being enabled personally to speak to and address his landlord, who is living upon the spot, his application is almost certain to meet with a proper and prompt attention. And how is it possible a tenant can have so good an opportunity, or with anything

like the chance of having his request considered, as when he knows his landlord, either on his own behalf or on that of his family and friends, feels a degree of kindness and obligation to his tenant for joining in and taking an interest in the promotion of his sports and amusements. In that baneful cause of party spirit and bitter strife, arising out of politics, does not every yeoman well know that more is done in securing votes, and seating a favourite member, by means of his or his friend's influence amongst the tenantry of the county? because by this frequent intercourse at hunt meetings and other country amusements, the yeomen and tenantry can speak to and express their feelings freely to their landlords, and from thence arises the sympathy of feeling for their situation in bad times and failing harvests, which a personal knowledge derived from a local residence amongst them can alone afford. But if country sports be put a stop to, and every one seems anxious rather to injure and decrease his neighbour's amusements than promote them, how is it possible to prevent ill will and dislike being engendered amongst those classes whose mutual interest it is to remain upon a friendly and kindly footing? and what inducement can there be to retain the gentry and their expenditure on their estates, and prevent them going to foreign countries and distant places, where pleasure can be bought with those very rents which, but for this most short-sighted and wilful indifference to their own and their landlords' interests and amusements, the tenantry too frequently unfortunately blindly omit to look to? What then, it may be asked, is the real cause why such advantages are lost sight of; and what equivalent does a tenant obtain in lieu of what he foregoes?

The actual damage done to fences, crops, and poultry, it is well known are always, in a properly hunted country, immediately compensated for, or at least would be if application was made to those persons who are named on purpose to make a liberal allowance for all damage done, and who are ever ready to do so.

The profit derived from rabbits caught by trapping, I am reluctantly forced to admit, is now in many places a considerable and much sought for source of gain, and hence principally arises the great destruction of foxes. If, however, snares or ferrets were only permitted to be used, or even where traps must be resorted to, if such is of necessity the case, still the rabbits might be effectually destroyed without injury to foxes, by not allowing the management of trapping to be left to ignorant persons, or to those keepers who, not feeling that spring to almost every exertion, namely, self-interest, have no wish to protect the foxes. A master may, it is true, tell his keeper or bailiff that he does not wish the foxes to be destroyed; but that is only as much as to say,—*“Don't tell me when you kill one.”* But unless he orders his keepers

and others decidedly *to preserve foxes*, and that it is *under pain of his severe displeasure if they do not do so*, is it to be wondered at if such persons rather accelerate than do any thing to prevent such destruction? Yet how popular and beloved would such directions to his keeper make every country gentleman: for see the contrary of this in those instances where gentlemen thwart the wishes and feelings of their neighbours and friends by a lukewarmness in what is their amusements. And let me add, too, that the injury done by a fox in a game preserve, is scarcely worth a moment's thought, as to the amount destroyed; and how few, how very few gentlemen's covers can boast of more than one or two foxes at the most; for a litter is become a rare thing—except in particular covers, generally too large in extent for a game preserve. Much also of the damage imputed to foxes, is imaginary; for in a gorse cover of little more than four acres, the first time it was drawn I was proud of seeing five foxes turned out of it, and yet with a greater quantity of pheasants in it than any cover of an equal extent, and containing many hundred brace, besides hares. I firmly believe not three brace were destroyed by the foxes the whole season through, for they generally go away from home for their food, and take mostly to rabbits as their chief support. But if, for the sake of killing rabbits, traps are set by accident, or design, in all directions, and in the worst possible manner, in meuses and open places, instead of down the rabbit holes, and by improper persons, careless of the consequences, how is it possible foxes can escape, if even preserved by some individuals anxious for a continuance of fox-hunting? But where such great advantages are apparent from the expenditure of keeping hounds, as I have endeavoured to demonstrate, and I trust successfully, why will not every farmer take some little trouble to prevent the destruction of foxes; and, as he passes over his farm from time to time, look to the hedges, and meuses and other places, and himself see that no foul play is taking place by any of his own workmen, or by keepers or others? and by so doing not only would he be promoting his own individual gain and the amusement of his neighbours, without any expense, and with but little trouble to himself, but he would also be forcing upon the attention of the landlords and the gentry of the country generally, the strongest possible appeal to their kindness and consideration when times might render such an appeal necessary. For a man's amusements and personal comforts are generally the first thing he thinks of, and the person whom he is the most likely to serve and oblige, is the one who takes some little trouble in administering and promoting them. So likewise will the landowner feel himself elevated in the opinion of all his neighbours, and to none should he look with more desire to please than the tenantry of his own county, if he will use that influence







**BULL TROUT.**

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and give that aid which his station in life has enabled him to do, by promoting at least, if he does not personally partake of, the enjoyment of country sports, and more especially of that truly national sport, fox-hunting. Let the landowner but speak *decidedly* on the subject, and say he *insists* that no fox shall be destroyed by his keepers and others under his controul, and that, in certain covers at least, the foxes shall be permitted in quiet and safety to raise their progeny, and he may rest assured that the tenantry, throughout the county, will all be but too glad at all times to greet his kindness, for contributing to their sport; and they will be the very first to prove their gratitude by rallying round and protecting his life and property against all the vain attempts of Chartists, Owenites, and other visionary destroyers of social order.

The country gentleman who thus shows he feels an interest for the sports of the yeomanry, and kindly accedes to the wishes expressed by his neighbours, will be ever looked up to with esteem and respect, and as he lived, so will he be remembered in their hearts when the last tear of humble affection falls upon his grave, as

“The Fine Old English Gentleman.”

April 16.

A SALOPIAN.

[We are glad to hear that a subscription pack is about to be established, and a sufficient subscription already promised, to hunt the old Albrighton country, including part of Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire — the landowners having generally promised their assistance, and the preservation of their covers, amongst whom we are happy to name that fine old peer Lord Stamford, who subscribes 100l. per annum, and has promised his covers shall be strictly preserved for the future.] Ed.

## BULL TROUT.

Engraved by J. OUTHAM; painted by A. COOPER. R. A.

These are fish in season, seasonably presented, on a *plate*. We have before remarked that the engraver can sometimes convey the effects of colour by the magical art of the hand and graver. Do we not on the present occasion give a *proof* of this?

“The accompanying brace of fish were, with some others, taken out of Loch Ness, near Urquhart Castle, two years ago, the brace weighing four pounds and a half. These fish take very large flies, such as would alarm a south-country angler. They are very game when hooked, and afford excellent sport, as, indeed, do all the Loch trout; but as large flies are used, so in proportion is the tackle strong; therefore you have little to fear, when once your fish is fairly hooked. Dark weather and a breeze are necessary to insure success.”

A. C.

THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK,  
OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR  
SALMON, TROUT, &c.

“ De omnibus rebus, et quibusdem aliis.”

CHAP. XIV.

(SCENE, *The “ Rector’s” Pool continued.*)

*Herb.* Talking of the preservation of fish, I have heard persons contend, that domestic waterfowl are harmless.

*Theoph.* I tell you what—there are too many persons who will argue merely for argument sake, and in my time I have seen men, not a few, who will moreover do so without the smallest tittle of knowledge of the subject discussed. It requires the exercise of no other sense except that of sight to settle the point; and let the sceptic watch the movements of a “covey” of ducks upon a trout stream in the months of January and February, and he *must* be convinced. He will see them devoted to a shallow, their tails ever uppermost, and their heads downwards, towards the zenith of their enjoyment—the trout spawn;—drive them away, and let him watch how speedily they return to their “clover-like” quarters:—see how they grub! and for what? weeds? no, there are none;—insects, no, they are dormant in deep water;—gravel? no, else they would become petrefactions from the quantity they must take in. It is the trout spawn, and nothing else they are after. Swans and geese are as bad, and depend on it, the destruction they are guilty of,—aye and even of small fry, is incalculable. One duck will “make no bones” of the entire ova of a pair of trout in a day. It is the same with all spawn they can get at; and they will do equal injury in a salmon river, at such time as it is sufficiently low to allow of their reaching these delicious *morceaux*. Waterfowl are certainly very ornamental; but he who wishes to have a tolerable fishery, will dowsily to destroy or remove every kind of “webbed-foot” from his waters.

*Herb.* You do not mention steam vessels, against which such an outcry has been raised.

*Theoph.* No, because I think the effect very trivial, if any; fish are frightened for the moment, but are not deterred from frequenting a river by them. As to the noise, they make no greater than the roar of a waterfall; and the effect of so large an object passing over them, cannot be worse than that of any other vessel propelled by sails. And as to the turbidness arising from the wash of the banks and shores, provided it is mere mud, and not the impurities of a manufacturing town, a salmon can,

and will, very easily plough its way through it to the river's source. It has been asserted both by anglers and by netters, that a very muddy or dirty flood will often drive all the fish before it, out of the river. This is only probable when by a long drought the small streams and ditches, and the land itself, have become foul, as it were, by stagnation; or where the flood carries down a harvest of hay or corn on its surface. I am altogether loath to subscribe to this notion, because it must be an extraordinary state of foulness to affect their senses on the one hand, and the quantity of food (if food they take while in a river), is much increased, on the other, which would induce them to stay. Besides this, their natural propensity is always to advance higher up the river, instead of lower down, when a fresh occurs. The netter may have formed his notion, from mistaking fish going down, for fish coming up, while the angler bases his supposition on not catching a fish, or not seeing one rise; which may as often happen while the river is full of fish. We generally find that the moment when the water begins to clear, after a flood, is our best chance, and most fish are taken; so again, as anglers, we see with what apparent delight the fish come to the shallows at the top of deep pools, and make their way upwards, the moment the water begins to rise.

*Herb.* Look yonder! was not that a salmon leaping?

*Theoph.* So it was, and a fine fish. How his silvery sides glittered in the sunshine, as he emerged from the freshening stream, like another Venus from the ocean. There he leaps again! but more up stream. He is running up, and is fresh from the sea. We may reckon that fish as the property of some of us anglers, I hope.

*Herb.* Suppose he turns back to the sea, what then will you say?

*Theoph.* "Suppose" indeed! But let me tell you that that fish is now fairly in fresh water.

*Herb.* But why not? Do you suppose they always remain in a river, having once entered it? Take for instance a fish coming up in the spring;—as I gather from you, it would not spawn till the autumn: would it never re visit the sea in the meantime?

*Theoph.* That is a question that has been much discussed, and there are eminent professional salmon fishers who hold the opinion you seem to incline to, namely, that they would. But I take the contrary to be the more general and correct one. A fish that has lain long in the water, is easily known from one fresh run from the sea; all its lustre is gone, and instead of a blueish-grey back, silver sides, and white belly, the male assumes a general dirty reddish brown, and the female a smoky-blackness throughout. Now in all the evidence collected on the subject, we meet with no proof of *such* a fish being taken in the tideway or estuary, in any net or engine, until late in the year, and then there is sufficient reason

to assume they are ascending to, rather than descending from, the river. Whereas if it were otherwise, since many bright fish, with only incipient spawn, ascend rivers in January, and would assume the unsightly appearance I mention, after an abode in the river of three or four weeks, some of these with this appearance must be taken at the mouth of the river in June or July going down. One fact mentioned to establish the position of an intermediate visit to the sea, is that during a fresh or flood, *old river tenants* have been caught in a pool where none were before, which were supposed to be descending towards the sea. But this is met by another witness, who states, that not having been there previously, salmon were taken, during similar times, immediately *below* cruive boxes, through which they could not have passed from above; and that none could be met with immediately *above* them, except a few that had evidently injured themselves by "battling" through from below—thus clearly showing that they are all the while on the *ascent*.

*Herb.* But why is it that one salmon should ascend the river in the spring and remain till after spawning, while another will only do so late in the autumn, just in time for that operation?

*Theoph.* It is impossible to conjecture even. It has been said that they do so thus early, in order to rid themselves of the sea louse (the *monoculus Piscinus* of Linnæus) and of intestinal worms, by which they are so generally infested while at sea. This is very doubtful; because they are known to hover to and fro in the tide way for a long while, the louse still adhering to them: but if this were such a torment to them, they would immediately have recourse to a fresh water dwelling. And as to the intestinal worms, I think I shall be able to convince you hereafter. Again, it has been said that a search for food induces an early ascent. But it is certain no food is ever found within them when taken in the river; while it is still more palpable that they have a far greater supply at sea, where they are so wonderfully fattened and increased in growth, and improved in quality. As to the fresh water maggot (the *Lernæa salmonea*), which destroys their gills to such extent after long residence in the river, driving them to sea before they have spawned, no black or red fish in spawn are ever found thus infested; while, it seems, only the spent fish or kilts (fish that have spawned), are ever thus tormented to any great extent. It is, indeed, a sign of their having spawned. It must also be remembered that the *Monoculus Piscinus*, the sea louse, is only on the fish when in the most healthy, and consequently most happy, or I might say, least tormented state, and it falls off as the fish declines in condition in fresh water; and it is well known that many sea fish, which never seek fresh-water, have similar adherents; as is likewise the case with many fresh water fish which evince no disposition for a sea voyage. After all I can only come to

the conclusion, that though the fact is indisputable, we know nothing why some salmon ascend early and others only late. It is at present a mystery.

*Herb.* Sir H. Davy attributes the diminution of salmon, in some measure, to the improved draining of marsh lands. What say you to it?

*Theoph.* Its effect is very trivial, and is rather, I should say, an inducement to salmon to run up rivers frequently. Its effect on a river is to render its rise more rapid; and the body of water being greater for a time, fish will more readily ascend than if the same quantity of water drained off into a river by slower degrees, rising all the while to a temperature above their liking. \* \* \* Now, if the excitement of seeing that fish caught, is over, and you can be calm and steady,—which after so much talk on other subjects, I hope you may be, you shall make your débüt. Put on this broken fly, and practise after the directions and example I have given you, while I take a throw lower down. (*He goes*)

*Herb.* Holloa! Theophilus! here!

*Theoph.* What's the matter?

*Herb.* A very large fish just rose at me, I am sure I *felt* him.

*Theoph.* So much the better, and so much the worse! you must have made a rapid progress, to have raised him. What was it, keeper?

*Keeper.* It was a goodish fish, sir, certainly, and Mr. Herbert might have *hooked* him with a perfect hook.

*Herb.* Pray give me one, and let me try again.

*Theoph.* It is useless, you may flog over him for the whole day,—nay some would venture that you might follow him to the river's head, day after day, throughout the season, and never would tempt him to make a fool of himself a second time.—Fish for a while do profit by experience; would that humanity would be as wise. If I gave you an angel in the shape of a fly “de'il a fin,” would he wag after it. Go on awhile with your practice.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Herb.* Eh me, I've lost my fly!

*Theoph.* “Whipped off, gone to his ancestors,” or rather “to grass.”—I'll unriddle you the riddle; you were too impatient after your “glorious rise,” and forgot the “graceful” circle of your rod: you must go back to your first lessons again, till you are more cool, and your hand better accustomed to the motion. You must learn not to be too much excited!

*Herb.* I have profited so much already by your tuition, that I'll stay by you, and watch, if I may; for my arms begin to ache. It is hard labour.

*Theoph.* Expect that at first: aye too, and for a week to come. It is a motion the arms are not accustomed to; yet by constant daily practice, the muscles will be in tune, and you will cease to feel it.

Rest yourself and come down to the wall with me. In this part of the pool I generally throw in the old slanting direction. Tut! tut, how provoking! there's my fly gone to perch on this big maple tree behind us. That comes of carelessness. Had I sent you to try this spot, I should have warned you of the danger, and told you to get down in the corner there to the water's level. But my "hot desires" made me forget it in action. Put Coleman's Angler's Friend on the point of your rod and try to cut it down.

*Herb.* It is out of my reach.

*Theoph.* That's not usual; let me try:—but wait a-while; I'll see what gentle shaking will do; "agitate, agitate." Just you hold the rod; lower it, so that I can get hold of the line, (*shake! shake! tug! tug!*) Success attends it, and the good fly, is saved—MARK THAT! You perceive that gentle and persuasive measures are effective in fishing, as in other matters, and it well deserves the title of the "gentle art." Now let us pay our respects to a fish I rose above; for the breeze and cloud are up. As the morning is so bright, and water so low, I'll try a darker and yet smaller fly.

*Herb.* There he is, I declare.

*Theoph.* Yes, and see! here I am standing on the identical spot I rose him in before. Observe my mark. Whenever you raise a fish, mark the *exact* spot you stand on; but do it privately, or some one else will take the benefit of it in the course of the day.

*Herb.* Do you then think that a salmon lies so long in the same spot?

*Theoph.* In general they do, and often, by a mark you make in the morning, you will take what we believe to be, and which doubtless is, the same fish, in the evening. They are generally stationary during the day, especially when the water is low, and the weather bright, and take advantage of the night to move up the stream, if they move at all in the twenty-four hours; but most probably, as we have not had rain for several days, this fish has been within 200 yards of this spot during all that time. Now for another throw. \* \* \*

*Herb.* There he is again, and hooked fast.

*Theoph.* Stand out of my way, for I shall have to run for it here. How slowly he moves! but most determinedly up stream. I must rather follow him than let him have line; for if he makes suddenly into the bank, I am "done for" to a certainty. Will my rod pass the line over the alders?

*Keeper.* Yes, sir, you are quite clear.

*Theoph.* That's all right, now he comes in.

*Herb.* Wind away.

*Theoph.* Yes, a line as short over him as possible to keep him off the roots. He can't stand that strain; you see the advantage of a rod



with plenty of strength in its centre joints. He can't come in, but will not move hence. Tear up a clod or two, and drop them on this side of him. Thanks—enough. He crosses stream again, and I shall endeavour to run him down meanwhile to a place for gaffing him. Now for a leap. \* \* Ah! he is gone, and broken my line.

*Herb.* Hang it—you don't say so. How unlucky! What caused that misfortune?

*Theoph.* No matter. We always find some excuse for our blunders. My hasty steps down stream brought my rod against the alder bushes, and when he took his leap, I could not sufficiently ease my line, so that his whole weight fell upon it. I ought to have kept my rod clear of the bushes. But never mind; we must expect to meet with numerous misfortunes at this game, and were our endeavours always successful, the sport would soon grow insipid from satiety.

*Herb.* How very provoking, nevertheless. What do you imagine he weighed?

*Theoph.* Oh! never mind, for, as Hood says, "All we hit is history, and all we miss is mystery."

*Herb.* Supposing this misfortune had not happened, where could you have landed him?

*Theoph.* Independent of hidden roots, except the gaff-stick be very long, there is no convenient place, except at either end, or about the middle of the pool; and as I was playing near the head, I should have tried to carry him up to the sand-bank; otherwise I must have led him down to the wall. We have one nice fish at all events, and may yet "bag" another before night-fall.

*Herb.* Yes, I intend, "Oh! my prophetic soul," to catch one some time to-day.

*Theoph.* You shall try; but many a good intention of that nature lies at the bottom of this river, if not in a much lower and warmer situation!

*Herb.* Come, don't you dishearten me.

*Theoph.* Not I, i'faith. Nor do I intend to flatter you in declaring my deliberate opinion to be, that after raising and touching the one fish just now, you may raise and hook another. There's great promise about you; but be not vain or impatient. Now let us adjourn to breakfast, or Antiquarius will faint from hunger. The keeper will carry the fish to be kippered. Shoulder rods. Quick march.

(*Exeunt.*)

## NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1840.

THIS is the *ante-chamber*,—into which the first-comers at the great racing routs are ushered; and, naturally great is the curiosity of the *attendants* to observe the symmetry of the visitors, as well as their apparel, when the outside cloak is dismissed. At Newmarket we have a sort of dress-rehearsal of the Derby performance; although the effect and finish, at the hour at which they “play out the play,” can never be securely divined. This meeting has left the knowing, and would-be knowing, in all the gloom of mysticism, and we will defy the acutest hero of the vellum page and metallic pencil to “smooth the raven down of darkness, *till it smiles!*”

Never was there a greener turf—a lovelier sky—a more brilliant assemblage—a gathering of more sanguine spectators—a rarer show of sheening skins—than Newmarket could boast of at its last Craven Meeting. The spring seemed to awaken, with a start, on the heath; and life sprang up in all directions on an instant. James Robinson, John Day, and Conolly, appeared to come out in full *yellow* blossom co-instantaneously; and the *stable-flowers* were bared to the sun, like rare and forced exotics unglassed to the inspiring air. All was, at a breath, eagerness, beauty, and life!

Now, for the heath! To the race! To the race!

The Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each; three year olds 6st.; four 8st. 4lb.; five 8st. 13lb.; six and aged 9st. 5lb.; A. F.—Nine subs.

Mr. Boyce's Scroggins, by Tramp, aged.—Conolly .....	1
Duke of Grafton's Montreal, by Langar, 4 yrs. ....	2
Mr. Bowes's Epirus, by Langar, 6 yrs. ....	3
Mr. Osbaldeston's Auburn, by Zealot, 4 yrs. ....	0
Lord Exeter's Brother to Romania, by Sultan, 3 yrs. ....	0
Duke of Portland's c. by Glencoe, out of Ruth, 3 yrs. ....	0
Mr. Howe's ch. c. by Belahazzar, out of Jenny Sutton, 3 yrs. ....	0
Mr. Goddard's c. Columella, by Emilius, out of Ophelia, 3 yrs. ....	0

Mr. Morgan's Quo Minus—paid.

Betting: 7 to 4 on Montreal; 3 to 1 agst. Epirus; and 6 to 1 agst. Scroggins; little betting. Scroggins, having been on the Continent, is returned much improved in his education. He won *by a head*, in every sense of the phrase.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; 5 ft., if declared by ten o'clock the night before the race, to go to the second horse; for three and four year olds; D. M.—Ten subs.

Lord Orford's c. by Clearwell, out of Petulance, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb.—R. Pettit	1
Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Velvet, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. ....	2
Mr. Key's Marialva, by Gambol, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. ....	3

Lord Miltown's Medea, by Drone, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb. ....	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Capote, by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb.....	0
Mr. Worrall's Reindeer, by Vanish, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb.....	0
Lord Albemarle's Exit, by Vanish, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb. ....	0
Flambeau, 4 yrs. 9st. 3lb.; Domino, 4 yrs. 8st. 13lb.; and The Ant, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.;	
paid 5 sovs. each.	

Betting : 3 to 1 agst. Exit ; 7 to 2 agst. the Velvet colt ; 4 to 1 agst. Capote, 5 to 1 agst. Medea ; 5 to 1 agst. Marialva ; and 6 to 1 agst. Reindeer.—The Petulance colt made all the running, the Velvet colt lying at his side from beginning to end, and making so good a fight that the judge gave it against him by a head only ; Marialva was a length behind them, Capote a bad fourth, Exit fifth, Reindeer, sixth, and Medea last. Weight will be served.

Match, 100; D. M.

Lord Albemarle's f. Olive-branch, by Plenipotentiary, out of Ally, 8st.—Cotton .....	1
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Ottoman, by Plenipotentiary, out of Whizgig 8st. 7lb. ....	2

Betting : 4, 3, and, at the finish, 2 to 1 on Ottoman,—an infirmity confirmed. The Plenipos showed wretchedly this meeting.

The Twenty-sixth Riddlesworth Stakes, of 200 sovs. each ; h. ft., for three yr. olds ; colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb. ; Ab. M. ; untried mares or stallions allowed 3lb. ; if both, 5lb.—Nine subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. The Ant, sister to Industry, by Priam, out of Arachne, 8st. 4lb.—Scott .....	1
Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Emetic, sister to Preserve, by Emilius, out of Mus- tard, 8st. 4lb. ....	2
Lord Exeter's c. Raymond, by Mulatto, out of Agnes, 8st. 4lb. ....	3
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glenorchy, by Glencoe, out of Cobweb, 8st. 4lb. ..	4

The betting commenced at 6 to 4 on Glenorchy, and when the ring had partially dispersed was even and 6 to 5 on the field, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst. The Ant, and 7 to 2 agst. Emetic. Glenorchy was brought out at the eleventh hour, lame and wretched ; and James Robinson has immortalized himself by his heroism in getting up into so perilous a saddle ! He ought to have been scratched long before the Riddlesworth day. Lord Chesterfield was lucky in having two strings to his bow ; for when the Rowton filly failed, the *unthought-of* proved sufficient !

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for three yr. olds ; colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb. ; D.M. ; the produce of mares which, at the time of naming, have bred a winner of the 2000gs. Stakes, Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger, to carry 7lb. extra.—Eight subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Theon, by Emilius, out of Maria.—Lye ....	1
Lord Albemarle's b. c. Janus, by Jerry, out of Destiny.....	2

General Grosvenor's ch. f. Diploma, by Plenipotentiary, out of Icaria..	3
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Half-caste, by Mulatto .....	4
Mr. Prince's gr. c. Merle, by Clearwell, out of Mischance .....	5

Betting: 5 to 2 on Theon; 5 to 1 agst. Janus (taken); and 5 to 1 agst. Diploma. Theon, without having been headed, won easy by a length, Diploma two or three lengths astern of Janus, and Merle several behind Half-caste; the pace poor. This is not the running to make the winner one atom better for the Derby; and if he *be* very good, he does not look so.

Tuesday, 21.—Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three yr. olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.; not engaged in either Riddlesworth; 3lb. allowed to those by untried stallions, or out of untried mares; D. M.—Three subs.

Lord Albemarle's b. c. Cambyses, by Camel, out of Antelope.—Cotton	1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Sultan, out of Datura.....	2
Mr. Osbaldeston's c. by The Saddler, dam (foaled in 1832) by Granby, out of Matilda's dam (both untried).....	3

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. The Saddler colt, and 2 to 1 agst. Cambyses; the winner caught him, but merely *whispered in his ear* at the last. The favourite never interfered.

Match, 200, h. ft.—Ab. M

Mr. W. S. Stanley's Flambeau, by Taurus, 8st. 3lb.—Robinson .....	1
Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, by Merchant, 8st. 7lb.....	2

Even, and 6 to 5 on Flambeau. Won in a canter. The *Taurus* get are showing a good front.

Seventh year of the Tuesday's Riddlesworth Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three yr. olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; 3lb. and 5lb. allowed, as for the Riddlesworth; Ab. M.—Four subs.

Duke of Bedford's f. Billow, by Taurus, out of Leeway (horse untried), carried 8st. 4lb.—Robinson .....	1
Lord Exeter's f. by Reveller, out of Green Mantle, 8st. 1lb.....	2

Betting: 4 to 1 on Billow, who made play, and won as far as from "half-past twelve to Seringapatam."

Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft.; A. F.—Three subs.

Mr. Thornhill's Euclid, by Emilius, 8st.—Conolly.....	1
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, by Reveller, 7st. 7lb.....	2
Lord Jersey's Cæsar, by Sultan, 8st. 7lb.....	3

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on Euclid, 5 to 2 agst. Cæsar (taken), and 4 to 1 agst. Bosphorus.—Euclid made running at a good pace, with Bosphorus in attendance, and Cæsar at the latter's girths; they maintained these positions about a hundred yards beyond the new ground, when Cæsar broke down in the fetlock joint of the off fore leg (a compound fracture of the large pastern bone). Euclid continued his lead to the end, and won by half a length, hard held. Immediately after

the race a van was sent for, and Cæsar conveyed to Mr. Barrow's veterinary stables.

The Coffee-Room Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for fillies; three yr. olds, 8st. 4lb. each; R. M.; out of mares which never produced a winner of more than 300 sovs. at one time before the day of nomination; those by untried stallions allowed 3lb.; this stake is confined to members of the Coffee-room.—Five subs.

Lord Albemarle's b. f. Spangle, by Cæsus, out of Variella (b. untried), carried 8st. 4lb.—Cotton .....	1
Mr. Thornhill's Elphine, by Emilius, out of Variation .....	2
Lord Exeter's f. Silistria, by Revellex, out of Varna .....	3
Mr. Batson's f. by Plenipotentiary, out of Acacia, (b. untried).....	4

Betting: even on Acacia; 2 to 1 agst. Silistria (taken); and 3 to 1 agst. Elphine. Lord Albemarle is indeed "Master of the Horse!" The winner was not mentioned, although little Cotton rode her. The start was excellent—the pace good—and the finish clever. The Acacia filly was a long way in the rear.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1837, out of mares that never bred a winner of the 2,000gs., Derby, or St. Leger Stakes; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb. D. M.—Seven subs.

Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce.—J. Day .....	1
Lord Albemarle's c. The Orphan, by Actæon, out of Clansman's dam..	2
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Amurath, by Sultan, out of Marinella .....	3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Amurath; 7 to 4 agst. Farce (taken); and 7 to 2 agst. The Orphan. The Farce colt won by a neck only. Amurath would not run kindly.

Match, 200, h. ft.; 8st. 5lb. each; D. M.

Lord Exeter's Stamboul, by Reveller (received); Mr. Greville's Proteus, by Cetus (paid).

Match, 200, h. ft.; D. I.

Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick, 9st. (received); Lord Lichfield's Feather, by Actæon, 6st. 12lb. (paid).

Wednesday, 22d.—The High Ash Stakes of 150 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; R. M.—Five subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's Dreadnought, brother to Defender.—J. Day.....	1
Lord Exeter's c. Hellespont, by Reveller, out of Marmora .....	0
Mr. Greville's c. Perseus, by Emilius, out of Victoire .....	0

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. Perseus, and 7 to 4 agst. Dreadnought. The *Dreadnought* was no *hospital ship* on this day. Well steered—it went well into action, and soon made wrecks of its competitors.

The Column Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1836; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; those got by untried

stallions, or out of untried mares allowed 3lb.; if both 5lb., R. M.  
—Thirty subs.

Lord Albemarle's c. Assassin, by Taurus, out of Sneaker (both untried). —E. Edwards.....	1
Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Velvet .....	2
Lord Orford's gr. c. by Clearwell, out of Angelica (h. untried) .....	3
Lord Albemarle's c. Janus, by Jerry, out of Destiny .....	0
Mr. Batson's br. f. Plenary, by Emilius, out of Harriet .....	0
Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Molineux, by Mulatto, out of Arcot Lass ..	0
Duke of Portland's c. by Glencoe, out of Tragedy (h. untried).....	0

Up to the last moment, the delusion as to the *Grey* was well maintained; but the instant he was seen stripped, no one liked him, or *could* like him. He was fat, and yet light, and if in condition, would make an admirable piece of furniture to hang a towel upon, but would be *delicate* for the wear and tear of the Derby. He may be mended in *form*, but cannot be in *shape*. He has bad forelegs—no muscle, for the sort of animal he has been boasted to be, and cannot (unless miracle days come) have a chance at Epsom. He *may* win the 2,000gs., but not if Crucifix goes, or if Confederate be any thing like what report gives him out to be. Assassin won easy by a length. Molineux was fifth, Janus sixth, and Plenary seventh—the last two beaten off a long way.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft.; for three year olds; T.Y.C.  
—Three subs.

Gen. Grovenor's Diploma, by Plenipotentiary, 7st. 11lb.—Wakefield ....	1
Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, sister to Montezuma, 7st. 10lb. ....	2
Duke of Cleveland's c. by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam, 7st. 11lb....	3

The odds 11 to 8 agst. the Langar colt., 7 to 4 agst. Menalippe.—Diploma made play, was never headed, and won easy by a length.

Subscription Plate of 50 sovs. for three year olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.: T.Y.C.

Mr. Boyce's Scroggins, by Tramp, aged.—Conolly .....	1
Mr. Bowes's Epirus, by Langar, 6 yrs.....	2
Lord Verulam's ch. c. Carlos, by Ishmael, out of Brocard, 3 yrs.....	3

The betting began at even on Epirus, and 5 to 4 agst. Scroggins, and finished *vice versa*.—Scroggins made all the running to the cords, where Epirus challenged, and one of the finest races ever seen took place, Scroggins winning in the last stride by a head only.

Match, 50, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Hon. G. S. Byng's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, 8st. 2lb.—Nat .....	1
Mr. Ford's Ten Pound Note, by Augustus or Taurus, 8st. 7lb.....	2

5 and 6 to 4 on Garryowen, who took the lead, kept it, and won easy by a length and a half.

Match, 500, h. ft.; 8st. 7lb. each; A.F.

Lord Lichfield's f. Firefly, by Lamplighter (received); Mr. Thornhill's f. Lantern, by Lamplighter (paid).

These fillies were purchased at the sale of the late Lord Berners's stud; the price of each, we believe, was 500 guineas.

Match 200, h. ft.; 8st. 7lb. each; D.M.

Lord Exeter's f. Silistria, by Reveller (received); Mr. Greville's Trojana, by Priam (paid).

Thursday, 23d.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft., if declared by ten o'clock the night of entering; the forfeits to go to the second horse; A. F.—Five subs.

Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, by Taurus, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.—

Robinson ..... 1

Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabel, by Merlin or Merchant, aged, 9st. .... 2

Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus, by Buzzard, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. .... 3

Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, by Merchant, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 1lb. .... 4

Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver, 6 yrs old, was handicapped, at 7st. 13lb., but declared.

Robinson passed the post a winner by half a length; the General's horse was a length behind the second.

The Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; for four year olds; colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.; D. I.—Four subs.

Mr. Thornhill's Euclid, by Emilius.—Conolly. .... 1

Lord Lichfield's The Corsair, by Sir Hercules. .... 2

Betting: 10 to 6 on Euclid.—The Corsair made running at a good pace, and had so much the best of it at the Duke's stand, that 4 to 1 was laid on him by one of Euclid's backers; Euclid, however, caught him at the cords, ran the longest, and won cleverly at last by a length.

Match, 1,000 sovs. each, h. ft.; R.M.; 8st. 7lb. each.

Lord Chesterfield's f. by Priam, out of Rowton's dam (received 400 sovs.);

Mr. Thornhill's f. Empress, sister to Egeria (paid).

Friday, 24th.—Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., 8st. 7lb.; R. M.—Three subs.

Col. Anson's Nicholas, by Jerry.—Scott. .... 1

Duke of Portland's c. by Beiram, dam by Reveller. .... 2

Betting: 5 to 4 on the Duke's colt; Nicholas won by a neck.

Subscription Plate of 50 sovs.; three year olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.; D.M.: the winner to be sold for 300 sovs., &c.

Duke of Portland's c. by Glencoe, out of Ruth, 3 yrs old.—Howlett. .... 1

Lord Exeter's Hellespont, by Reveller, 3 yrs. old. .... 2

Mr. Goddard's Reindeer, by Vanish, 3 yrs. old. .... 3

Duke of Bedford's f. by Augustus, out of Courtesan, 3 yrs. old. .... 4

6 to 4 on the Ruth colt, and 5 to 2 agst. Reindeer, who made play at as good a pace as he could make it for half a mile, when Hellespont got his neck in front, and with the Ruth colt at his side went to the

cords, where the latter took the lead from him, and went by the post a clever winner by a length; Reindeer was about two lengths behind Hellespont; the Augustus filly was tailed off shortly after starting.

The Berkeley-square Stakes of 150 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three year olds; colts, 8st. 9lb., and fillies, 8st. 5lb.; R. M.—Eleven subs.

Col. Anson's f. Black Bess, by Camel, out of Cloudeasley's dam.—Scott	1
Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Milton, brother to Grey Momus.....	2
Duke of Bedford's f. Billow, by Taurus.....	3

The betting, which was heavy, commenced at 5 and 6 to 4 on Black Bess, and 5 to 4 on the Grey, and finished at evens on the latter, and 5 to 4 agst the mare. Grey Milton made running at his best pace, Black Bess lying up with him to the bottom, where she went up, entered the cords with the lead, and won easy by a length. Billow was ten or twelve lengths behind.—The winner is a remarkably fine mare; and surely the Oaks lies between her, Crucifix, and Lalla Rookh.

Match, 50.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Byng's Garry Owen, by St. Patrick, 8st. 7lb.—Nat.....	1
Mr. Goddard's Columella, by Emilius, 7st. 12lb.....	2

5 to 2 on Garry Owen. Columella made the running to the cords, where Garry Owen collared, and beat him without a struggle by a length.

The Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for four year olds; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb.; not named in the Claret; the owner of the second horse to save his stake.

Lord Albemarle's Domino, by Mameluke.—Cotton.....	1
Duke of Grafton's Æther, by St. Patrick.....	2
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, by Reveller.....	3

Betting: 5 to 2, 2 to 1, and at the finish 7 to 4 on Æther, 3 to 1 agst. Domino, and 5 to 1 agst. Bosphorus (tk). Domino took the lead, was never headed, and won in a common canter by six lengths. Meunier was mounted, but was found to be lame, and did not go to the post.—Was he ever found to be anything but lame?

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for fillies; D.M.

Duke of Grafton's Currency, by St. Patrick, 8st. 7lb.—J. Day.....	1
Lord Albemarle's Olive Branch, by Plenipotentiary, 8st. 4lb.....	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Currency, who took the lead, and won cleverly by half a length.

Match, 100, h. ft.; T.Y.C.

Lord Albemarle's Clove, by Cain, 8st.—Cotton.....	1
General Grosvenor's Diploma, by Plenipotentiary, 8st. 7lb.....	2

Betting: 3 and 4 to 1 on Diploma. The winner was ridden by the *Sucking-Chifney*—Cotton.

Match, 200, h. ft.; 8st. 5lb. each; D.M.

Mr. Greville's Perseus, by Emilius (received); Lord Exeter's Raymond, by Mulatto (paid).	
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The Tedworth Stakes, of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb., not in the Riddlesworth, and by untried stallions; if out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.; D.M.—Four subs.

Mr. T. A. Smith's Glimpse, by Glenco (mare untried), out of Emilian (walked over).

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, D.M., reduced to a match.

Lord Exeter's Hellespont, by Reveller, 8st. 4lb. (walked over) Lord Jersey's Glenorchy, by Glencoe, 8st. 7lb. (paid).

Match, 200, h. ft.; 8st. 7lb. each; R.M.

Lord Lichfield's Firefly, sister to Phosphorus (received); Duke of Portland's f. by Plenipotentiary, out of Thebes (paid).

This ended one of, perhaps, the very best Craven Meetings at Newmarket. that was ever seen!—It will be seen that the produce of Taurus shone conspicuously;—but we do not think the Winner of the Derby appeared in public on the present occasion.

## HUNTING INVITE.

ARR.—“Come dwell with me!”

COME hunt with me,—come hunt with me,—  
 And our sport shall be,—our sport shall be,—  
 A pleasant ride,—to the covert's side,—  
 With hearts of hope for the breathing glee!—  
 My kennel's in a shady green;  
 Hounds, huntsman, best that may be seen;  
 Their gay notes as we “*go along*”  
 O'er hill and dale wake gladsome song.  
 Their gay notes, &c.

Bright eyes, and juice of purple vine,  
 At eve around our board shall shine;—  
 The *Woodville* and wild tales of chase,  
 Will make the moments “*go the pace* ;”  
 We'll hark back o'er each spot of ground,  
 We'll toast the horn,—we'll toast the hound;—  
 If these delights be dear to thee—  
 Come hunt with me,—come hunt with me!  
 If these delights, &c.

Square, Birr.

J. R. B.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

## YACHTING.

THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON AND THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.—The season of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, Isle of Wight, promises to be a great one. Buildings, sales, and exchanges, have been going on actively, and the secretary is all on the alert. The general meetings of the Royal Squadron are held as follows:—One at the Thatched House Tavern, the second Saturday in May; two at the R. Y. S. House, Cowes, the second Friday in July and second Friday in August; and one for ballot only at the Cowes, in September. Gentlemen being bona fide owners of yachts of thirty tons and upwards, are eligible; they must be proposed by a member and seconded by another member, at least twenty-eight days before a general meeting.

## THE VESSELS AT PRESENT ARE AS FOLLOWS:—

VESSEL.	OWNER'S NAME.	CLASS.	TONS.	PORT.
Adelaide	Hon. H. F. Walker	cutter	120.	Cowes
Admiralty Yacht	First Lord of the Admiralty	cutter	..	London
Alarm	Joseph Weld, Esq.	cutter	193.	Southton
Albatross	John L. Gower, Esq.	cutter	75.	Cowes
Amazon	Sir J. B. Walsh, Bart., M.P.	cutter	75.	Cowes
Ann	Hon. Wm. H. Hare	cutter	42.	Southton
Ann Eliza	George G. Morgan, Esq.	brig	254.	..
Anonyma	Lt. Col. Hon. R. F. Greville	brig	451.	Portsmouth
Ariel	Earl of Coventry	cutter	71.	Cowes
Ariel	Almon Hill, Esq.	sch.	118.	Cowes
Arrow	Lord Godolphin	cutter	84.	Southampton
Arundel	William Hanham, Esq.	yawl	210.	Cowes
Aurora	William Beach, Esq.	cutter	40.	Cowes
Breeze	James Lyon, Esq.	cutter	55.	Portsmouth
Brilliant	G. H. Ackers, Esq.	sch.	393.	Southampton
Clown	Duke of Portland	ketch	156.	Troon
Columbine	J. H. Smith Barry, Esq.	cutter	90.	Cork
Crusader	Robert Meiklam, Esq.	sch.	126.	Cowes
Cynthia	Richard Frankland, Esq.	cutter	40.	Cowes
Dolphin	G. H. Ackers, Esq.	sch.	217.	Southampton
Dream	George Bentinck, Esq.	cutter	105.	Cowes
Earl St. Vincent	Sir Henry Rivers, Bart.	cutter	41.	Southton
Edith	Joseph C. Ewart, Esq., M.P.	cutter	70.	Liverpool
Elizabeth	The Hon. Augustus Moreton	cutter	65.	Cowes
Emerald	J. L. Symonds, Esq.	cutter	58.	Cowes
Erin	Thomas Allen, Esq.	sch.	94.	Lynn
Eudora	Richard W. Cooper, Esq.	cutter	59.	Cowes
Falcon	Rev. George Denis	yawl	60.	Southton
Fanny	F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.	cutter	75.	Cowes
Flower of Yarrow	Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.	cutter	145.	Leith
Flower of Yarrow	Viscount Exmouth	sch.	141.	Portsmouth
Forest Fly	William Hornby, Esq.	cutter	36.	Southton
Galatea	C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P.	sch.	190.	Southton
Ganymede	Thomas Halifax, jun., Esq.	cutter	69.	Cowes
Gazelle	Thos. P. Williams, Esq., M.P.	cutter	87.	Beaumaris
Gem	George Tomline, Esq.	sch.	125.	Cowes
Giaour	Marmaduke Hart, Esq.	cutter	137.	..
Gitana	E. N. Harvey, Esq.	sch.	168.	Cowes
Gondola	Viscount Canning	sch.	141.	Cowes
Gullia	John Anderson, Esq.	cutter	42.	Southampton
Harriet	G. W. Heneage, Esq., M.P.	cutter	67.	Southton
Harriet	John Beardmore, Esq.	sch.	102.	Cowes
Hebe	Andrew W. Corbet, Esq.	cutter	68.	Cowes

Hind .....	George C. Call, Esq. ....	yawl ..	21..	Plymouth
Hussar .....	Thos. P. Williams, Esq., M.P. sch. ....	120..	Beaumaris	
Iris .....	Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, Bart. cutter. ....	75 ..	Cowes	
Jack O'Lantern .....	Earl of Orkney .....	sch. ....	401.. London	
Janette .....	Earl of Egremont .....	sch. ....	141.. Shoreham	
Julia .....	Simon Yorke, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	42.. Southampton	
Kate .....	Sir Simon Clarke, Bart. ....	sch. ....	94.. Southampton	
Kestrel .....	Earl of Yarborough .....	yawl ..	202.. Cowes	
Lady of St. Kilda .....	Sir T. D. Acland, Bart, M.P. sch. ....	136..	Dartmouth	
Lord of the Isles .....	James Weld, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	45.. Southton	
Louisa .....	Sir Hyde Parker, Bart. ....	sch. ....	123.. Cowes	
Louisa .....	Joseph Jekyll, Esq. ....	yawl ..	162.. London	
Lufra .....	Lord John Scott, M. P. ....	cutter ..	81.. Cowes	
Mary .....	Lieut Gen. Sir W. Johnstone. ....	cutter. ....	62.. Southton	
Matilda .....	Henry Oglander, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	44.. Cowes	
Medora .....	Edward H. Byrne, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	47.. Cowes	
Menai .....	Lord Francis Egerton, M.P. briga. ....	175..	London	
Merlin .....	William Lyon, Esq. ....	sch. ....	104 .. Portsmouth	
Midge .....	Colonel John Petre .....	cutter. ....	35.. Cowes	
Miranda .....	Alexander Murray, Esq. M.P. sch. ....	161..	London	
Mischief .....	Sir Joseph H. Hawley, Bart. sch. ....	221..	London	
Naiad .....	William Delafield, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	70.. Cowes	
Nancy .....	John H. Leche, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	59.. Chester	
Nautilus .....	Earl de Grey .....	cutter. ....	103.. Cowes	
Nelson .....	Joseph Gulston, Esq. ....	cutter ..	93.. London	
Norna .....	Stephen Challen, Esq. ....	sch. ....	46.. Dartmo uth	
Nymph .....	John Bayley, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	31.. Dover	
Osprey .....	Captain George Keane ....	yawl ..	45.. Cowes	
Owen Glendower .....	Earl of Desart .....	cutter. ....	113.. Cowes	
Pearl .....	Marquis of Anglesey, K. G. ....	cutter. ....	130.. Southton	
Petrel .....	Earl of Ilchester .....	cutter. ....	98.. Southton	
Phantom .....	Sir William Curtis, Bart. ....	cutter. ....	56.. Ramsgate	
Phebe .....	Captain A. L. Corry, R.N. ....	cutter. ....	33.. Cowes	
Psyche .....	Charles Pratt, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	60.. Southton	
Rein Deer .....	John Moore, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	107.. Cowes	
Rostellan .....	Thos. George French, Esq. ....	sch. ....	70.. Cork	
Rowena .....	George Simpson, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	33.. Southampton	
Royalist .....	James Brooke, Esq. ....	sch. ....	142.. London	
Ruby .....	Rowland Mitchell, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	53.. London	
Sapphire .....	John Tollemache, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	70.. Cowes	
Sparrowhawk .....	Edward Heneage, Esq. M.P. ....	cutter. ....	84.. Cowes	
Spider .....	Algernon Greville, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	33.. London	
Syren .....	Sir Thomas M. Wilson, Bart. ....	cutter. ....	45.. London	
Syren .....	D. Macdonald, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	39..	
Therese .....	J. Reynolds, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	121.. Cowes	
Turk .....	Captain James Kean, R.N. ....	cutter. ....	44.. Southampton	
Wave .....	Captain James Kean, R.N. ....	cutter. ....	54.. Southampton	
Will o the Wisp .....	Sir Robert Harland, Bart. ....	cutter. ....	45.. Ipswich	
Witch .....	John Hambrough, Esq. ....	cutter. ....	70.. Cowes	
Xarifa .....	Earl of Wilton .....	sch. ....	175.. Cowes	
Young Queen .....	William Sprot Boyd, Esq. ....	sch. ....	90.. Bombay	
Zephyr .....	Lord Henry Cholmondeley .....	cutter. ....	55.. Southampton	

## ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

This Club has had a taste of water. The rendezvous of the yachts was off the Royal Hospital, Greenwich, and the muster was very good. The Commodore hoisted his flag on board W. Pegg, Esq.'s Fortuna. The Widgeon joined company, and the Victorine, the Messrs. T. and C. Stokes; the Ada Jane, J. C. Reynell, Esq.; the Yda, Arthur Craven, Esq.; the Caroline, D. Ramsay, Esq.; the Fortitude, Messrs. Everett and White; the Duvernay, Mr. W. Harvey; the Bermudian Maid, Mr. H. Bailes; the Spray, and others, each having on

board members of the Club and parties of friends. A galley was present, manned by gentlemen of the University of Cambridge in their club dress, in which were some of the crew and the coxswain that distinguished themselves in their match with Oxford. The weather was delightful, and all "goes merry as the marriage bell!" We append a list of the fleet:—

NAME OF YACHT.	TONS.	OWNER'S NAME.	DISTINGUISHING FLAG.
Ada Jane	17	John G. Reynall, Esq.	8 red stars on white
Adelaide	6	Robt. Williams, Esq.	White, with red border
Alarm	18	Thos. Wanhill, Esq.	
Andromeda	6	Henry Williams, Esq.	Black castle on yellow ground
Apollo	8	George Bainbridge, Esq.	
Arrow	80	Richard Else, Esq.	White, with two red arrow
Arrow	7	Richard Frankham, Esq.	Blue, with white arrows
Bermudian Maid	7	Henry Bailes, Esq.	Red over white
Black Eagle	30	Lewis Agassiz, Esq.	Black eagle, on white ground
Brilliant	8	H. Fowler, Esq.	Blue, with white vertical stripe
Caroline	36	Capt. Sir J. Marshall, R.N.	White, with St. George's cross
Caroline	10	D. Ramsay, Esq.	Blue, with white ball
Duvernay	10	W. Harvey, Esq.	White, with blue cross
Edith	15	Lewis Agassiz, Esq.	
Elizabeth	48	Richard Else, Esq.	Red and white
Eliza	31	Henry Davey, Esq.	Red, with white half moon
Fortitude	10	G. Everitt and J. W. White.	White, with red star
Fortuna	22	W. Pegg, Esq.	Red over white
Gaselle	25	Henry Gunston, Esq.	White, with red arrow
Girl	8	Fred. Robinson, Esq.	
Gulnare	30	John Chandless, Esq.	
Haidee	6	Nathaniel Pegg, Esq.	Blue and white
Happy go Lucky	7	Thomas Hall, Esq.	
Lady Louisa	13	Thomas Smith, Esq.	Blue
La Naiside	40	Thos. S. Barwell, Esq.	
Mar	4	Lord de Ros.	Green
Nereid	19	Thomas Robson, Esq.	Red, with St. Andrew's cross
Oberon	44	Robert Bell, Esq.	White, and red stripes
Oberon	6	D. W. Davidson, Esq.	Red, with white cross
Peggy	4	H. Elmore, Esq.	Red and white, chequered
Petrel	15	William Egan, Esq.	Red, white, and blue
Queen Victoria	22	Thomas Smith, Esq.	Red
Queen Mab	16	A. Leyces, Barwell, Esq.	
Ripple	9	Barnard W. Holt, Esq.	Blue, with white diamond
Romulus	29	Rt. Hon. Ld. Wharnclyffe	White
Rosabelle	24	John Head, Esq.	
Sabrina	21	Lord Alfred Paget.	White before red
Secret	7	William Harvey, Esq.	Blue, with post letter
Ses Mew	31	Ld. de Ros & Hon. H. Upton.	
Success	20	Robert Hope, Esq.	
Sun	39	Richard Green, Esq.	St. George's jack
Sylphide	8	H. Fowler, Esq.	
Thetis	16	Wm. Ord Marshall, Esq.	Red; white crescent & star
Teal	5	J. G. Bergman, Esq.	
Victorine	18	T. & C. Stokes, Esqrs.	Blue, with white cross
Wasp	19	Rt. Hon. Ld. Cholmondeley.	
Wave	10	John S. Christian, Esq.	White, with red cross
Wanderer	141	Benjamin Boyd, Esq.	White, with red cross
Wanderer	21	Ditto	Ditto ditto
Widgeon	20	T. Snook & J. Cassell, Esqs.	Red, with white star
William Hughes	219	Sir Francis Sykes, Bart.	
Woman	31	Capt. W. H. Armstrong.	Green and white stripes
Yda	25	Arthur Craven, Esq.	Maltese cross
Zephyr	37	Edward Hodges, Esq.	Blue, yellow, and red

## SAILING REGULATIONS.

ARTICLE 1. That all club matches and all yachts sailing therein be under the directions of the commodore and captain, such directions to be given in strict conformity with the club regulations.

2. That all yachts sailing in a match have a proper distinguishing colour of the following dimensions, viz :—For the first class yachts, 3ft. 6in. in the hoist, by 5ft. 6in. in the fly; the second class yachts, 3ft. in the hoist, by 4ft. 6in. in the fly; and for the third class yachts, 2ft. in the hoist, by 3ft. in the fly, to be carried at the topmast-head in matches below bridge, unless it shall be necessary to strike the topmast, when it may be hoisted on a staff at the mast-head, or at the peak. In a match above-bridge the colour to be carried at the peak, such colour to be the distinguishing flag of the yacht during the time she may belong to the club.

3. That the owners of yachts, entered to sail a club match, draw lots for stations, and that No. 1 at all times take the southward station, the other yachts following in numerical numbers.

4. That the yachts start from buoys laid down for that purpose under the direction of the captain of the club, and that all yachts be at their stations within one quarter of an hour after the signal given by the commodore, or not be allowed to sail in the match.

5. That the yachts in the below-bridge match start from off Greenwich, sail down to a flag buoy to be placed off Coal-house-point, passing down to the southward, and coming up to the northward of the flag buoy, sail up to Greenwich, and pass to the southward of the flag buoy placed for that purpose.

6. That yachts in a match above-bridge start from off the Temple-gardens, sail up to a flag buoy, to be placed off Wandsworth meadows, passing up to the northward and down to the southward of the flag buoy, and sail back to the northward of a flag buoy, laid down off the Temple-gardens.

7. That the yachts in a match above bridge sail with not more than three sails, viz:—mainsail, foresail, and jib, which foresail or jib shall not be boomed out, nor shall the jib exceed two feet in the head, nor be hoisted above the mainmast head. The yachts in a match below-bridge to sail in a similar manner, and shall be allowed to carry gaff topsails. That all yachts (fore and aft rigged) not carrying more than four sails, be eligible to sail.

8. That a yacht sailing in a match be steered by a member or members only.

9. That no ballast be started during a match, and no oars or skulls used except in case of necessity, to shove clear of a barge, road, or vessel, or to shove off if aground, to skeet to windward only, and that no other means of sounding be used, than the lead line.

10. That in sailing to windward, the yacht on the larboard tack must give way to the yacht on the starboard tack, and that any yacht disobeying this regulation, be considered altogether out of the match, and forfeiting all claim to the prize.

11. That if two yachts be standing for the shore, or towards any vessel, and the yacht to leeward be likely to run aground or foul of the vessel, and not able to stay without coming in contact with the windward yacht, the windward yacht must be put about on being hailed by any member of the club who may be on board the leeward yacht.

12. That during a match, should any yacht engaged therein run aground, or foul of any vessel, she shall be allowed to shove or wrap off; but any person leaving a yacht except for this purpose, or being accidentally knocked overboard, forfeits that yacht's claim to the prize.

13. That if a yacht, before the termination of a match, decline the contest, she shall signify the same to the commodore by hauling down her distinguishing flag.

14. That any yacht having been disabled by foul sailing on the part of an

other yacht, or having valid cause of complaint, may hoist the club ensign in lieu of her distinguishing flag, as a signal of protest.

15. That in all matches below-bridge, should the leading yacht not be enabled to round the flag buoy at Coal-house-point by five o'clock, P.M. the match be resailed the following day, or should the leading yacht not be enabled to pass to the southward of the flag buoy at Greenwich by ten o'clock, P.M. (by Greenwich Hospital clock), the match be resailed the following day.

16. That in the event of the yachts in a match above bridge not being able to sail their distance, the match be resailed the following day.

17. That in the event of a match being resailed, the owners may alter the trim of their yachts, and take in or put out ballast previous to starting.

### THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

In detailing the particulars of this event, we have to place on record one of the most brilliant affairs ever known in the annals of aquatic sports. Cambridge having proved victorious in the two former matches with the sister university over the same course, and one of their college boats (the Trinity) having carried off the Grand Challenge Cup last summer at Henley-on-Thames, they were the favourites in the sporting circles; but these triumphs on their part only incited the Oxonians to renewed exertions, and they spared no trouble to send to town a crew capable of wresting the palm from the Cantabs. It will be recollected that the contest last season was a run-away affair, and though this was no just criterion, we have no doubt it materially influenced the betting. The crews, who came to the starting place were as follows:—

OXFORD.	CAMBRIDGE.
1. Mountain, Merton College	1. Shadwell, St. John's College
2. Pocock, Merton College	2. Massey, Trinity College
3. Maberly, Christchurch College	3. Taylor, Trinity College
4. Rogers, Balliol College	4. Ridley, Jesus College
5. Walls, Brasenose College	5. Uppleby, Magdalene College.
6. Royds, Brasenose College	6. Penrose, Magdalene College
7. Meynell, Brasenose College	7. Jones, Magdalene College
8. Cocks (stroke), Brasenose Coll, Garnett (steerer) Brasenose Col.	8. Vials (stroke), Trinity College Egan (steerer), Caius College

Of these Mr. Shadwell in the Cambridge boat only pulled, and Mr. Egan steered, last year in the contest from Westminster to Putney; and in the race for the Challenge Cup, at Henley, Mr. Massey pulled stroke, and Mr. Taylor No. 3 in the Trinity boat, which, it will be recollected, after a severe contest won the Grand Challenge Cup. Of the Oxford crew Mr. Maberly and Mr. Walls also rowed in the match last year. Mr. Maberly likewise pulled in the Etonian Club boat of the Oxford University in the Henley race, which had to contest the grand heat with the Trinity College, Cambridge, boat, and on which occasion he rowed stroke. Mr. Rogers, of Balliol, also pulled in the samboat, and Mr. Walls was one of the crew in the Brasenose College boat, which was steered by Mr. Garnett, so that it will be seen some of each crew were no novices in a hard struggle. The Oxonians had Coombes down to Oxford to train them. Both crews appeared in high spirits and confident of success, and we were glad to see the same friendly feeling as last year prevailing between them. The morning rose brilliantly. Amongst the boats on the river we observed two eights manned by the Guards Club, the Leander with a crack crew of that club, the Dolphin manned by watermen, and steered by Coombes; the Magdalene College, Cambridge; the Caius College, Cambridge; the First Trinity and the Second Trinity College, Cambridge; the Queen's College, Oxford; the St. John's College, Oxford; and several from the two Universities; the Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club pulled by eight watermen, the umpires boat

manned by eight watermen, the King's College, London, in their beautiful new eight, built by Lyon, Mr. Thynne in his elegant new gig pulled by a crew of watermen, Mr. Layton's four, that gentleman pulling stoke, &c. &c. At the time mentioned for starting, the Oxford boat made its appearance, and the crew pulled leisurely down to the bridge, preceded by the Dolphin cutter, and was shortly followed by that of Cambridge. The Oxford wore blue-striped guernseys without sleeves, and black straw hats with purple ribbons, the coxswain having a rosette of the same colour on his breast. Their boat was light blue inside, with oar blades of the like colour; outside she was rosin with black topsides, and a gold moulding. She was built by Hall, of Oxford, and has been much admired for her construction, though, as we have before said, we think she was a little too heavy. Her crew, however, expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with her, and their waterman was heard to say that, in his opinion, she was equal to any ever built. The Cantabs wore white guernseys with short sleeves, white straw hats with light blue ribbons, the steerer having also a rosette of the same colour on his left arm. The boat, built by Searle, is perhaps the happiest of that firm's productions; she appeared to us faultless. She was painted lilac inside, and precisely the same at the Oxford boat on the outside. The start, after a delay owing to an ill-natured barge *prosing* through the middle arch at the moment, was effected; but the Cambridge crew were all abroad. Up to Vauxhall the Oxford cutter was well a-head—after that spot the struggle was gallant, energetic, and good, but between Battersea and Putney, the Cambridge crew drew a-head and got in first by a *neck*—and a *neck* only. The match was a beautiful one; and if the parties choose,—they have a fair right to

“ Fight all their battles o'er again,  
And twice to slay the slain!”

The steam boats were active. The Aurora ran down one woman, two men, and a boat; and the Starlight tried the strength of the two wooden bridges of Battersea and Putney, and took away nothing by its motion but one paddle box, one wheel, three main timbers, and two “young gentlemen of Cambridge.” All did well!

Both boats were well steered, and Mr. Garnett had not thrown away the lessons of Coombes in the intricacies of the river, though once or twice, and once particularly, he was a little out of his course. The Cantabs being steered by Mr. Egan, it is almost superfluous to say their cutter was well guided. It is a singular fact, that in all three matches with Oxford he has steered the winning boat, and they certainly owe not a little to his handling the lines and his judgment in regulating the exertions of the crew. Putney-bridge was crowded with fashionables, in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, and the assemblage exceeded anything we ever witnessed.

The following letters ought to appear, and, as is generally the case, the open signing correspondent beats the anonymous gentleman:—

#### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MATCH.

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

“ SIR,—Now that the match is over, I wish, as an old member of both universities, to offer a little advice against another occasion. To us it is known, but not to strangers, that one boat is always composed wholly of undergraduates, and that the other is not so confined, but that old victors in former races, who have graduated and left college, come up for the purpose of pulling or steering in the race. If I have a predilection for either university, it is that at which I originally graduated; and I suggest to them that it will do them honour if they were hereafter to place themselves on a level with their competitors in this respect. I doubt not that this hint will be taken. I shall admire the generosity that shall adopt it, as I admire the generosity that has always kept silent on the subject.—Yours,&c.,  
O. H.”

“ TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

“SIR,—The above letter was inserted in ‘The Morning Chronicle’ on Friday, the 17th; it was not, however thought necessary to contradict the mis-statements contained in it in any other paper than ‘Bell’s Life.’ That ‘one crew has always been composed wholly of undergraduates, and the other not so confined,’ is totally without foundation, for the object of both Universities has always been, as it should be, to bring as good a crew as possible to represent the rowing on the respecting rivers. It is well understood by both parties that they are at liberty to select any of their rowers, without reference to their standing, and this has been done on both sides without the slightest interruption of the good feeling which has prevailed between the contending crews since I can remember them. The assertion that ‘old victors in former races, &c. &c. is sufficiently contradicted by the fact, that only two of the Oxford, and two of the Cambridge crew were ever before engaged in a public match.’ I would, therefore, advise Mr. O. H., whatever may be the state of his predilections, to make himself in future better acquainted with facts before publishing his opinions.

“ I remain, your obedient servant,  
 “ Caius College, Cambridge.” “ T. SELBY EGAN.”

## COURSING.

### MATCH BETWEEN WATERLOO AND CARRON.—APRIL 4.

Best of three runs for 200 sovs.

Lord Eglinton's d. and w. d. Waterloo . . . . .	1 2 1
Mr. Bruce Jardine's f. and w. d. Carron . . . . .	2 1 2

Such is the result of this much talked of match, which came off at Eaglesham on Saturday, April 4, in presence of an immense assemblage of amateurs collected from all parts of the country. Everything was gone about as if the race betwixt Waterloo and Carron was indeed to decide the championship of Scotland. No pains were spared in trying to find the best hares on the best ground, and to have the crowd so placed as to witness each course from the “Let them go!” to the “Who-woop!” And never were exertions better rewarded. The first hare, the instant she was a-foot, displayed to the connoisseur's eye all the indications of one possessed of spirit and speed—beautiful fur—red neck—broad back—and a bounding, kicking gait, and a twist of the scut, as if she defied the utmost pace of the deadliest foes. At 120 yards, off the greyhounds flew—firm and steady and close together for the first sixty yards as if still in couples, when off burst Waterloo, and, after a good straight stretch, cleared a couple of lengths, and wrenched, and wrenched again, and, bearing on, wrenched a third time, and drove the hare into and across a lane, rattling along, making various points, over a couple of wide fields, till he made a splendid rush and fell with the hare in his mouth; but she struggled from his fangs, and in went Carron for the first time, and ran single-handed almost over a field, doing some clever work, when Waterloo caught him and challenged; but the hare turned through a fence, and a beautiful race it was up the slope towards High Craig, in which Waterloo again caught him, but could not pass before the hare turned; and in went Waterloo, and, after wrenching twice, threw in Carron, who made a masterly run home, and closed the course. Great were the shouts when the red flag proclaimed Waterloo the winner of the course. Betting, 4 to 1 in favour of Waterloo; the betting before starting having been 3 to 2 in favour of Carron.—After half an hour the dogs were again put in. The hare ran straight for the crowd. After a struggle, Waterloo, as before, showed ahead, but on getting to a thin fence of old thorns



he seemed to hesitate whether to vault or meuse; and when he resolved to leap, through rushed Carron, and, planting himself behind the game, which was a mere field-dodger and had not heart for the open country, he turned many a time and oft, so closely as to prove himself in this course a thorough-bred *non-intrusionist*. The white flag proclaimed Carron the winner, gaining a comparatively feeble cheer for him, and completely turning the tide of speculation. Even betting—everything thought to depend on the hare.—Half an hour passed away, and the dogs were in slips once more, and for the deciding course. Soho! and the hare was sprung; but umpire, tyrer, and slipper, proclaimed her unfit, and she was allowed to go away. Soho! again. Away she tripped—a racing hare, which knew her place of strength to be the distant ruin of the Castle of Polnoon, for which, so soon as she heard the dogs approaching, she turned sharply off. The first fly was over a flat, and there was little difference in the speed; they wheeled towards a hedge, and over it both gallantly flew, Waterloo in front, and over some newly harrowed land he galloped with great strength, easily beating his opponent, and at length getting upon a grassy slope, made a still greater display of his superior racing and lasting qualities. On descending the other slope, sweeping towards the castle, Carron got in, and with deadly aim prevented the hare from reaching those rocks and scattered stones, amidst which she had hoped to foil her pursuers. The red flag telegraphed Waterloo as at once the winner of this course and of the match, and such a cheer for Waterloo arose as might have charmed the guardian spirit of the Montgomeries, if, haply, such happened at the time to float over the site of their ancient keep, and witness the thus strongly evidenced popularity of their present noble representative.

Thus triumphantly has Waterloo finished his first season, having had only three courses given against him—the first, his last for the Douglas Stakes with Carron; the second, his third for the Caledonian Cup, with Mr. A. Graham's O Yes O Yes, O Yes; and the third his second in this match.

#### AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANZAS.

YANKEE EDITORS IN GOTHAM.—“Almost every press in this city has in it some very clever gentleman from down East, which fact, while it gives so much superiority and interest to the New York press, would admonish us not to draw down a hornets' nest about our ears, by supposing that Boston folks are not always to have the preference.”—*Star*.

The above set us to thinking; and counting upon our fingers, we find the *Star* is more than half right about the number of onion eaters that have wormed themselves in here, despite the ghosts of the old Dutch Governors, and their descendants. Beginning at the post office with the *Express*, we find them all Yankee “downeast as darnation,” as Jonathan Slick might say. Pass on to the *Tattler*, and the editors are from Boston and Portland; the *Whig* editor is from New Hampshire; the *Sun* folks, with one exception, are down east; the *Dispatch*, with no exception, do. do.; the *Signal*, Yankee entire; the *Herald* money articles and ship news are done by two Yankees, and the rest of its people are from places unknown; the senior editor of the *Commercial* is Yankee; the editors of the *Evening Post* do.; the *Gazette* senior is Connecticut; the *Journal of Commerce* is thoroughly Yankee; the assistant editor of the *Courier and Enquirer* is a Yankee; and thus we can count twelve among the dailies, and dare say there are more. The *Star*, *American*, and *Times*, and the two *Eras*, are the only uninfected papers—but of the *Times* we are not sure.

Pass to the weeklies. General Morris's right hand man and active editor in the *Mirror* is a Yankee. The *Spirit of the Times* is Yankee. The *Corsair*, ditto. *New Yorker*, do.; *N. Y. Observer*, do.; and most of the religious papers. The *Ladies' Companion*, is in Yankee hands—all except the proprietor. The

editor of the *Knickerbocker* is a Yankee. The *New York Review* is in New England hands. Hunt, of the *Merchant's Magazine* is Yankee, and no mistake. But we have not time to go farther, though we might; and as to reprinting all the Yankee names of literary loafers, and businessmen, who are of Yankee extraction, resident in this city, we cannot do it, without invading old father Longworth's Directory copyright.

New England is the Scotland of the United States. The jealous might say that as dog won't eat dog, the Jonathans are driven away from home to forage. Happen that how it may, we find York pretty considerable of a darned nice place; and, if agreeable to the Star, we reckon upon stopping awhile, and making ourselves "to home." "Nothing like leather," as they say, "in the town where we come from." It is sleek and soft, and pliable, and will sit snug any where, like cod fish vertebræ in the eyelet holes of a Cape Cod mermaid's corsets. With marline or codline for lacings, they get a mighty strong purchase on Sunday their lace-ups, and brace-up perpendicular till they bend backwards.

To go back to leather. Nobody is so like leather as the Yankees. They carry the injunction to do in Rome as Romans do, wherever they land. They learn to make themselves useful, from the time that they drive the cows home, while they are yet but knee high to that quadruped, until the hour when they are called to give up their "reckonings," "calculations," and surmises, for the right down sure certainty of death.

That is the secret of the Yankee's success. "D—n the fellow," a Southerner may say—"but he's useful, and I can't do without him." "Any work for a fellow?" said a fresh imported specimen across our counter the other day. "No," was the answer. "You don't know of any body round here that wouldn't like to hire nobody, do you?" "No." Still the chap hung about the counter. The clerk's attention was called away, and upon returning he found the chap as busy folding penny papers as if hired by the job. "Only thought I might be dewing a little something while I waited." "But who told you to wait?" "Oh, nobody said I shouldn't, and I didn't know but something might turn up if I did—but if you're so almighty stuck up, I won't charge any thing for what I have done. Good morning—and I hope you'll be here when I come back." So he walked, and we'll bet he has wormed himself into a situation before this time. If he has not, it is no fault of his own, at any rate; and, if he has, his employer finds no fault with him, we'll be bound.

*A Bankrupt Merchant* at the West says that his business has been so bad that he could not pay his debts even if he had the money.

A worthy knight and citizen was asked, a few days ago, to explain the term *statu quo*, which he did in the following manner:—Why, *statu quo*—*statu quo* belongs to the fine arts—you all know what *co* is—*co* is Latin for *company*, as we see marked, you know, Barclay & Co., Meux & Co.—whenever it is more than one, it's always *co*. But I'll describe it to you. You know what a statue is; well, as a statue by itself is nothing more than a *statu*, but when there is more than one statue, as for instance, in the case of Gog and Magog, at Guildhall, or the men at St. Dunstan's, why then, that is statue and *co*—that is, in Latin, *statu quo*.

*Phrenology*. Combativeness: Coming the "science" over the lamp-post of a dark night.

*Philoprogenitiveness*. Whipping every body's child but your own.

*Calculating*: Prognosticating the result of the next election.

*Tune*: Grinding an organ with two pipes and a half.

*Inquisitiveness*: Looking over an editor's shoulder while he is writing.

*Benevolence*: Paying six cents for to-day's paper and begging three or four back numbers.

An Irishman, who some time ago was committed to Knutsford House of Correction for a misdemeanor, and sentenced to work on the tread-wheel for a month, observed, at the expiration of his task, "what a great dale of fatigue and botheration it would have saved us poor craters if they had but invented it to go by stame, like all other water-mills; for d—I burn me if I have not been going up stairs this four weeks, but never could reach the chamber door at all, at all."

"Well, stranger, where are you out'n?" said a landlady of Arkansas to her guest. "Why, madam, I am now from Baltimore, Maryland, but I was born and brought up in Massachusetts, near Boston," said the gentleman. "Aint that whar the Yankees live," said the lady. "Yes, ma'am," replied the gentleman. "Law, me! you are the very man I have been looking arter this long time,—*my clock is out of fix*," ejaculated the lady in ecstasies of joy.—*Arkansas Paper*.

*A Game Transaction.*—A Frenchman in New York recently purchased four fat, fine, plump looking squirrels in the market, for which he gave an exorbitant price. He handed them over to his cook, anticipating a delicious repast. Upon stripping them they were found to be mere effigies—nothing more than skin stuffed with tow, straw, and other rubbish, but so skilfully manufactured that they had deceived all who had seen them. This beats us. We have heard of a roasted hyena stuffed with lucifer matches and lightning rods, and aquafortis gravy seasoned with iron filings, but a squirrel pie made of tow and chopped straw!—never!—*Picayune*.

*A Good One.*—A little girl who had been in the habit of begging for cold victuals, called, as she had been accustomed, at a certain house in a village, and on being given the usual portion, entered her protest against it, and said there was not enough. "Why," said the lady, "is this not as much as we have been in the habit of giving you." The girl very innocently replied, "Oh, yes; but we are *taking boarders* now."

*Ahead of the Yankees.*—In Paris there is a class of men who make a business to get run over by carriages for the purpose of recovering damages. A Yankee would hardly have thought of this system of making a raise.

"Mr. Jones, you must take the *responsibility*," as the Illinois editor's wife said, ven she gave her husband the young 'un to nurse,



### THE VETERINARY EXAMINERS.

THE following letter is sensibly and temperately written, and ought to have its effect with the *body*, whose construction it so properly questions:—

"TO BRANSBY COOPER, ESQ. F.R.S.

"Hyde Park Barracks, January, 1840.

"My dear Sir,—The commencement of your having become a veterinary examiner recalls to my mind so many singular coincidences in your professional life and my own, that I cannot refrain from giving them to my veterinary brethren; not, I beg to observe, out of any disrespect, or disparagement of a name which the medical world, both human and veterinary, have reason enough to hold in pride and veneration; but for the purpose of showing, in a yet stronger light, perhaps, than has hitherto been exhibited, the absurd lengths to which our Royal Veterinary College seems disposed to drive veterinary affairs. In your own case, fond as you have always been of horses, and really conversant as you are in horse-knowledge, compared with the medical profession generally,

your appointment as one of our examiners ought to be, and most assured would be, matter of congratulation to us, did not the same insurmountable objection apply as, *olim*, operated in the case of your highly distinguished uncle, Sir Astley. Unfortunately for us, you are, both of you, *surgeons*; while we are, all of us, *veterinary surgeons*; and between our two sciences, in matters of practice, there is, as everybody now-a-days knows, far too wide a difference ever to admit of any person professing but one to pretend to examine another individual in regard to his qualifications to practise the other. Plain and full of truth, as this axiom is, yet are there those who think otherwise; and to such I would put your case and mine, as being, perhaps, about one of the most unanswerable that the two professions have ever been able to furnish. Having myself been educated at an early age as a veterinary surgeon, soon after I had obtained my diploma, I entered the army; being, however, at the time of the great reduction, placed upon half-pay, I, a few years afterwards, became a pupil at St. Thomas's Hospital, where I dressed for Mr. Travers, and, finally, obtained a new diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons; and subsequently to this I passed Apothecaries' Hall. So, in fact, it most singularly turns out, that you and myself have been both pupils of the same hospital; have both become members of the Royal College of Surgeons; have both served in the same regiment—the royal artillery—you as assistant surgeon, I as a veterinary surgeon; have both of us since that period been engaged in the practice of our respective professions, you as surgeon, I as veterinary surgeon; both written works on our distinctive arts, which are in either case cast aside or deemed unworthy; and yet, now—after a servitude on my part of twenty-eight years in the practice of my profession—you are elected on the board of veterinary examiners, while I am deemed unfit to hold any such appointment! Do not, I pray you, my dear sir, for a moment conceive that I envy you this veterinary appointment; there can be nothing in it worth your acceptance; and, I can assure you, but little to render it worth mine. No! *that* is not the motive that stirs my pen in this already much mooted question at the present time; for, being myself in the army, and moved about from quarter to quarter, the appointment is not one I could, on all occasions fulfil. My present object is to show, yet more forcibly if possible than has been hitherto done, the continued stigma cast upon all well-informed and respectable members of the veterinary profession, by the obstinate and undeserved exclusion of them, by the Royal Veterinary College, from situations which it is perfectly impossible can be adequately filled by gentlemen who are by profession surgeons and physicians, and not veterinary surgeons. In times past, there might have existed reasons why students in the art of curing horses should be examined by gentlemen eminent for curing the disorders of men; but surely now that the Veterinary College has stood nearly half a century, we must have members among us who are competent to this duty; and that being the case, I should, for one, vote that some very handsome and acceptable return be made to the present Board of Examiners for their long and faithful services, with a conjoint request that they cede their places to a board of veterinary surgeons. If Mr. Sewell be deemed informed enough to sit as Professor at the Royal Veterinary College, doubtless such men as Goodwin, Cherry, King, Field, Turner, and Youatt, are sufficiently endowed to examine into the qualifications of the students! And, therefore, it would be just as reasonable to appoint a surgeon to the professorship, as to continue to elect surgeons to become our examiners. At the Scotch veterinary school this incongruity has never had existence. *Ab incipio*, there, veterinary surgeons have constituted the examining board; and the fruits of this wholesome arrangement, if I mistake not, have already shewn themselves on more occasions than one. The profession wants men, “qualified to practise”—not men schooled like parrots to answer questions. The army in particular requires the qualified practitioner; and, if I am not deceived, under its present veterinary director-

ship, will take care to have that kind of qualification. Indeed, for my own part, were I in the place of the principal veterinary surgeon, I should certainly consider it my duty to look lightly upon any veterinary diploma signed by surgeons and physicians, however celebrated in their own profession. But the present diploma is also subscribed by the professor of the Veterinary College. So much the worse; because he is, or is naturally regarded to be, interested in passing his own pupils. I cannot refrain, in this place, from relating what some years ago passed on this very question between myself and the late much respected and talented Dr. George Pearson, whose acquaintance I had the honour familiarly to enjoy. The doctor one day called at my barrack-room, in Hyde-park, and in the course of conversation the subject now before us happened to come upon the *tapis*; when I urged what I have in this letter been contending for. "No," replied the doctor, "I cannot agree with you, Mr. Percival; the veterinary board would become poor and inconsequential without us. Without our (celebrated) names, your diploma would be worth very little." "True, Doctor! I admit the force of your reasoning; but how do you reconcile the fact of one person pretending to examine another on subjects concerning which he himself must be in a state of comparative ignorance?" "In a state of ignorance! no, no! we profess ourselves to be quite competent in all *general* matters." "Will you do me the favour to step into my infirmary stable, Doctor? there stands a sick horse; now, my dear Doctor, can you in any manner, or measure, divine what that animal's disorder may happen to be?" The Doctor turned round, and, chuckling, rejoined, "egad! I believe you have me now; this appeal *ad equum* is more than I bargained for." Of the value of the appeal *ad equum*, there is no one on the examining board who can have so just and proper a sense as yourself. Fond as you have always been of riding and driving—ay! and I have known the day when no hounds could have got away from you—you must, and acknowledgedly are, the surgeon, of all others, who is most competent to arbitrate the questions—by whom ought veterinary students to be examined? By members of their own profession, or by surgeons and physicians? And should you view the subject in the light we do, I trust I know you well enough, to assure my veterinary brethren, that you, at least, will espouse their cause—that you will throw off an appointment which can add nothing to your purse or your fame—and that you will recommend our college to do what it ought to have done long ago, viz. elect a board of examiners out of the veterinary profession.

With every desire for your health and happiness,  
Believe me, my dear sir, to remain, most faithfully and devotedly yours,  
WILLIAM PERCIVAL, M.R.C.S.

Member of the Apothecaries Company, and V.S. in the first Life Guards.  
To Bransby Cooper, Esq. F.R.S., surgeon to Guy's Hospital, &c.

[The Veterinary College has existed fifty years in this country, and it must have ill-performed its duties if, at the present period, the members of the profession are not better qualified to be the examiners of veterinary acquirements than the medical men who continue obstinately to usurp the places that long since should have been vacated by them. Except to Messrs. Sewell and Spooner, the observations in Mr. Percival's letter are equally applicable to the other medical men as to Dr. Pearson, and however unbiassed may be the judgment of the two veterinary professors, it is unfair and against all usage for men to preside at the ordeal of their own pupils. The committee consists of Sir Ashley Cooper, Sir B. Brodie, Dr. Bright, W. Sewell, Dr. Paris, E. Stanley, Bransby Cooper, and C. Spooner. EDITOR.]

## VARIETIES.

THE BOOK OF ARCHERY. By GEORGE AGAR HANSARD, Esq.,  
Gwent Bowman. Longman and Co.

WE have received this elegant and admirably got up volume too late in the month to notice it fully (which, however, we purport doing next month)—but we can only say, that if charming illustrations—romantic records, and beautiful printing, can be of avail in this “working day world,” this book must be on the table of every Lady-lover of the greenwood, and every mental and poetical sportsman. At present we can only find room for a specimen taken at random.

## THE ARCHER'S MARCH.

Sound the music, sound it,  
Let hills and dales rebound it,  
Let hills and dales rebound it,  
In praise of archery.

The origin divine is,  
The practice brave and fine is,  
Which generously inclines us  
To guard our liberty.

The deity of Parnassus,  
The god of soft caresses,  
Diana and her lasses,  
Delight in archery.

See! See! yon bow extended,  
'Tis Jove himself that bends it;  
O'er clouds on high it glows.

All nations, Turks, and Parthian  
The Tartars and the Scythians,  
The Arabs, Moors, and Indians,  
With bravery draw their bow.

Our own true records tell us,  
That none could e'er excel us,  
That none could e'er excel us,  
In martial archery.

With shafts our sires engaging,  
Opposed the Romans raging,  
Defeat the fierce Norwegian,  
And spar'd few Danes to flee.

Witness the Largs and Loucartre,  
Dunkeld and Aberlemno,  
Dunkeld and Aberlemno,  
Rosline and Bannockburn.

The Cheviots, all the borders,  
Were bowmen in brave order;  
Told enemies, if further  
They moved, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, sound! the music! sound it;  
Let hills and dales rebound it,  
Let hills and dales rebound it,  
In praise of archery.

Used as a game, it pleases;  
The mind to joy it raises,  
And throws off all diseases  
Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,  
When all the year looks smiling,  
When all the year looks smiling,  
With healthful harmony.

The sun in glory glowing,  
With morning dew bestowing  
Sweet fragrance, life in growing,  
To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the Archers Royal,  
A hearty band and loyal,  
A hearty band and loyal,  
That in just thoughts agree.

Appear in ancient bravery,  
Despising all base knavery,  
Which tends to bring in slavery  
Souls worthy to be free.

Sound the music! sound it,  
Fill up the glass, and round w'it,  
Fill up the glass, and round w'it,  
Health and prosperity.

*Death.*—On the 2d of March last, at Doncaster, Mr. John Boulton, of that town. During a long course of years, Mr. Boulton carried on the business of auctioneer; and the correct judgment, sound discrimination, and long experience, in the sale of blood stock, &c., entitle him to be considered as the Tattersall of the North. He was in his 59th year, and his loss is deeply and sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances; for his many superior qualities as an affectionate husband, a kind father, and faithful friend, and for his gentlemanly deportment and suavity of manners, during along career of public usefulness.

RACES TO COME.

MAY.		AUGUST.	
Newmarket First Spring .....	4	Goodwood .....	28
Chester .....	4	Newport (Salop) .....	28
Cheltenham Hippodrome .....	4		
Durham .....	7		
Eglinton Park .....	12		
Beverley .....	13		
Plymouth and Devonport Spring .....	13		
Shiffnal .....	14		
Newmarket Second Spring .....	19		
Winslow (pony) .....	20		
Hungerford .....	22		
Gorhambury .....	26		
York .....	26		
JUNE.		SEPTEMBER.	
Stafford .....	1	Warwick .....	2
Epsom .....	2	Cheadle (Staff) .....	7
Curragh (Ireland) .....	9	Lichfield .....	8
Epping .....	9	Curragh (Ireland) .....	8
Hippodrome .....	10	Leicester .....	9
Manchester .....	10	Abingdon .....	9
Tenbury .....	11	Doncaster .....	14
Selbourn Hill .....	12	Cheadle (Cheshire) .....	21
Ascot Heath .....	16	Redditch .....	21
Buxton .....	17	Liverpool .....	23
Knighton .....	18	Walsall .....	23
Roscommon (Ireland) .....	22	Newmarket First October .....	29
Newton .....	24	York Union Hunt .....	30
Bibury Club .....	24		
Hampton .....	24		
Stockbridge .....	25		
Limerick (Ireland) .....	26		
Newcastle-on-Tyne .....	29		
JULY.		OCTOBER.	
Bath .....	1	York October .....	2
Ludlow .....	1	Knutsford .....	7
Newmarket .....	7	Chesterfield .....	7
Carlisle .....	7	Newmarket Second October .....	12
Liverpool .....	14	Caledonian Hunt .....	13
Bishop's Waltham .....	14	Kelso .....	13
Stamford .....	15	Newmarket Houghton .....	26
Southampton .....	16		
Dudley, Tipton, &c. ....	20		
Down (Ireland) .....	20		
County of Gloucester (Cheltenham) ..	21		
Winchester .....	21		
Lancaster .....	22		
Hartford .....	22		

## TATTERSALL'S.

The Newmarket meeting has made considerable alterations in the betting on the Derby. Scott's stable is in great force, there were plenty of backers at 3 to 1. Lord Westminster's Launcelot is now first favourite at 5 to 1, having advanced from 18 to 1 since our last. Theon and Confederate have likewise risen in the betting. Melody colt and Path-finder who were severally at 1000 to 10 are now the former at 20 to 1 and the latter 28 to 1. Wardan was in demand at 40 to 1 and Maroon and Gambia had some few friends at 50 to 1 each. On the Oaks, Black Bess has been advancing rapidly, and is now almost as good a favourite as Crucifix: Teleta had likewise some backers at 10 to 1. We subjoin the betting on Monday the 27th.

## LANSDOWNE STAKES AT BATH.

2 to 1 on Confederate agst. Grey Milton (taken not p. p.)

## 2000 GUINEAS STAKES.

5 to 2 agst. Lord G. Bentinck's Crucifix (taken)

3 to 1 agst. Mr. Houldsworth's Confederate (taken)

9 to 2 agst. Lord Orford's Angelica colt

100 even between the Angelica and Lucetta colts (not p. p.)

## The DERBY.

5 to 2 agst. Scott's lot (take 3 to 1)

5 to 1 agst. Lord Westminster's Launcelot

8 to 1 agst. Duke of Cleveland's Theon

10 to 1 agst. Mr. Houldsworth's Confederate

11 to 1 agst. Lord Albemarle's Assassin (taken)

18 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's Lucetta colt (taken)

20 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's Muley Ishmael

20 to 1 agst. Mr. Etwall's Melody colt

20 to 1 agst. Lord Orford's Angelica colt

22 to 1 agst. Captain Gardnor's Monops (taken)

28 to 1 agst. Lord Kelburne's Pathfinder (taken)

30 to 1 agst. Duke of Rutland's Crazy Boy

33 to 1 agst. Col. Anson's Black Bess (taken)

40 to 1 agst. Mr. Wreford's Wardan (taken)

50 to 1 agst. Lord Chesterfield's Gambia (taken)

50 to 1 agst. Lord Westminster's Maroon (taken)

1000 to 15 agst. Mr. J. Gill's Prince Albert (taken)

1000 to 15 agst. Lord Eglinton's Graysteel (taken)

1000 to 15 agst. Mr. Fowler's Cormorant (taken)

1000 to 15 agst. Mr. Clark's Benjamin (taken)

1000 to 15 agst. Mr. Robertson's Little Wonder (taken)

1000 to 10 agst. Mr. Forth's Solace colt (taken)

200 even between Confederate and Assassin (taken)

500 to 400 on Theon agst. Confederate

1000 to 500 on Assassin agst. Pathfinder (taken).

## OAKS.

3 to 1 agst. Lord G. Bentinck's Crucifix (taken)

7 to 2 agst. Colonel Anson's Black Bess (taken)

10 to 1 agst. Mr. Wigan's Teleta (taken).



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## ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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We have not had room to notice the Sporting Subjects at the Exhibition. LANDSEER and COOPER are eminently great.

The account of the Paris Races, is also compelled to be omitted.

Juvenis must send us the M.S.—The same reply to Roadster.

The Gentleman who complains of our alterations of his verses is peevish and particular. We regret having touched them.

Several papers are under consideration.

## ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF THE NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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Our next Number will commence a new Volume,—and we are happy to announce to our Readers, that owing to the encouragement we have received at the hands of the Public, and the literary assistance promised and pledged to us from the pens of writers of acknowledged talent,—our future career will be marked by additional life and energy. The little old tea green coloured work from Warwick Square is sinking rapidly into dotage,—and is now respected, merely on account of its age.—The Sporting Review will not, we apprehend, very long intrude upon the patronage of Prince Albert, or the patience of the Public. We may, therefore, calculate upon not only taking a distinguished lead, but keeping it. The last-mentioned dying periodical announced Shamrock (a spirited and original writer) as secured to its pages alone;—but that agreeable contributor appears in our work this month,—and will continue with us. Thomas Hood,—a host in himself,—will also occasionally enliven our Readers with his pleasant contributions,—and we are in possession already of an article from his lively pen for the next number. We shall also present to our Readers an original paper from that vivid writer in the New York Spirit of the Times, *Pete Whetstone*, sent to us in the generous spirit of a far-away Brother Sportsman. *Cacus*, too, who wrote so well on the “Sports of other Climes,” is gone to Norway for very fishing-sake, with *the Baronet of Angling Fame*;—and he will *pen* a line in that country as well as *cast* one. The Editor will be at Epsom, and give “a right, true, and correct account of all the running horses,” in his best manner; and “*Turfiana*” will be continued in the next number, with a paper on “the Jockies.” Several improvements in the arrangements of the Magazine will be introduced; and our Readers shall find us more than usually—

“Awake, and faithful to our wonted fires.

In addition to what we have already intimated, we are promised an

original notice of the movements of the Yacht Club, by one of its members.

A Portrait of that wonder of wonders, Crucifix, from the accomplished hand of Abraham Cooper, will, we trust, appear in our next Number.

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### THE WALL STREAM ON THE CONWAY, NEAR LLANWRST.

Engraved by J. W. ARCHER ; from a Painting by L. J. WOOD.

ANGLING for salmon is the *foxhunting* of fishing. The readers of the Fly-Fisher's Text Book will know the Wall Stream of the Conway, near Llanwrst, as the water where Theophilus South keeps his *school* and uses his *rod*. We should like, at this auspicious season; to try "the Charmer," on *that* river at *the* hour!

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### THE SMUGGLER'S GLEE,

Run the keg when the Moon is bright,—  
 Run it straight through the path of light ;  
     For the boat may steal,  
     With its silent keel,  
 Through the silver dazzle all safe the night—  
 Nor be seen by the Watchers from beach and height.  
     And well, oh ! well, by the wood-fire blaze,  
     The wave-borne Spirit on Land repays  
     For the bark of peril—the dangerous Sea,  
     And we drink and carol it merrily.

G. G.

## SPORTING SKETCHES OF IRISH SPORTSMEN:

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Sunt quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra  
 Legem tendere opus, sine nervis altera, quicquid  
 Composui, pars esse putat. Quid faciam præscribe,  
 Quiescas, aio. Peream male si non optimum erat,  
 Verum nequeo dormire.—HORACE.

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## THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

THE fable of the frogs and their situation, upon the exchange from King Log to King Stork, would, in my opinion, describe most aptly the condition of the Irish sporting affairs at the time of the accession of the Marquis of Normanby to that patent jolter, called the vice-regal throne, an attempt at royalty bearing as much resemblance to it as the theatrical throne and court of King John, I once saw represented in the village of Tubberah, the throne being a straw-bottomed chair without a *firm seat*, and the court having been composed of the fiddler, who came up for the nonce, and who gave us, after the king's speech to the ambassador (represented by an individual who appeared with a black eye and a dudheen in his mouth), the ancient and dolorous air called "de deat of de Ryale Queen Jane."

In the early days of Irish sports, the wandering nuisance, that barnacle upon the goodly hull of fair and honest competition, retarding its course, disfiguring its symmetry, and undermining the firm and unshaken keel upon the existence of which depends the true and upright character which should connect private honour with public sports, in a word, the *Leg*, was totally unknown in Ireland; there were some persons in those times, of whom I have heard anecdotes, but they were not extensive in their operations, and were easily cured as mere local diseases; they were not so connected and worked up with the circulation of sporting life as to render recovery hopeless, nor were they so sharpened by necessity as to be obliged to cut away if they could not cut through; nor so undismayed by public opinion as to dare the South when acknowledged defaulters in the North, and vice versâ; and if time lowered upon their speculations, and the Levant wind rent their flimsy sky scrapers, their place of refuge was not either the prison of the insolvent, nor the cabin of the American liner; and when they retired after a smash, the check was of so slight a nature, that re-action set in quickly without excitement, and was not again disturbed for a long time; they did not, like the coronetted Leg of your

Isle, come swooping over, each prolific sport diminishing its fecundity, and removing its firm and healthy powers by quack dissolvents; race horses were then not the slaves of men with the appetites of princes and the pockets of beggars, but were the established adjuncts of the aristocracy (all not the aristocratic *du cabaret*, but the veritable aristocracy), and the race horse and his attendants were as closely allied to the family expenses, as the park and the deer, or the kennel and the hounds. An odd £50 Plate in a very few places was the only public money added, as a consideration for the expenses of the keep of the race horse; and Sweepstakes, of merely sufficient value to interest the clanship of each horse's party and to create a sort of tight rope vitality in the shilelaghs which they bore, were the general fillings up of the amusements; and when sometimes a match for £500 shone as a galaxy for the credit of the meeting, it afforded matter for debate for months, and *physical tests* upon the part of the clans for years, and indeed in general a horse's triumphs in those days were so allied to the family pride, that the superiority of the animal was never thrown into the scale at all. As there is more than matter for a May morning in the difference between the early trainers, and those of the present time, and in like manner jockies, grooms, &c., it will only be necessary now to mention that the number of persons in former days appointed to the care of the race horse, were five; the horse master to survey the horse, and to feel his ears, flanks, and nose, so that if ailment did show itself upon the surface of the body, he should arrest the same by well ordered medicines; the horse's own man to rub him gently, and to clothe and feed him, so that he should not suffer uneasiness at the sight of a stranger; the horse's boy to rub his limbs and comb his hair, mane, and tail; the horse's home jockey to ride him into and out of his stable with all gentleness and peace; and the horse's race jockey to ride him his long gallops, and his bloody courses; and in an old manuscript of 1734, which belonged to an ancestor of mine, I find the following rule of his trainer and surgeon, with respect to the treatment of Viper, then so good a horse as to be called the terror of the West, "Lead Viper to the course with all gentleness, and give him leave to smell to other horses' dung, that thereby he may be enticed to stale and empty his body as he goes, and ever as you go unto the course, so order it that the smell of mares come not on him;" and to the jockey he says, "the word given, start him with all gentleness and quietness that may be, lest, *doing any thing rashly, you happen to choke him in his own wind.*" *What would I not give to hear Osbaldeston give Harry Edwards such a lecture, and to see him wink an approval!* Now, although the officers of the race horse were attached to the office, and were conducted under the eye of the owner (public training stables being unknown), yet as the

grooms and jockies of those days appear not to have been a whit less exacting or consequential than in the present times, the bringing out a race horse must have been, as Uncle Sam has it, "a considerable tarnation dissolving of coin;" betting was of small account; and book making was as much known as book keeping, or that mobber of common sense called "political economy." P. P. meant specie, and the kites, unfledged, grovelled on the ground; and until they attained age and a schoolmaster, from England, kite-flying and artificial credit remained unknown, and this, I take it, was in the reign of King Log, over the anti-unionist Patlanders.

The Irish have to blame themselves for the entrance of King Stork; not satisfied with their own boundaries, they became strayers, and actually leaped over the *English pale*, and although treated kindly at first, yet it would have been better if they had been pounded at once, upon the principle of the early whip to the boy; but by a cohabitation with *the foreigners* they got a distaste for their own amusements; the Irish gentleman could not ride save upon an English saddle; the Irish horse could only be restrained by the English curb; a taste as unnatural as it was useless crept in for English finery, without English comfort; English grooms were imported for Irish beasts; the broad A was minced into E; the levying fines seldom suffered a recovery; the tempter was abroad; Irish Lord Lieutenants took to drinking whiskey-punch from choice, and gambling from necessity. The nurses, called secretaries, first planted the apple of discord amongst us, and then charged a hot-house price for its consumption; English honourables and lordships whose woods consisted in *boot trees*, and whose actual property was to be found in their English built clothes and their English assumption, men who were expatriated either for misdemeanours, or shoved out of the parent nest to prey upon society at large; miners for Irish *tin* in the form of led captains (ever when you fish for gudgeon, quoth an old writer, *use a red bait*) appeared, and settled down upon the Irish "jontleman," whose sons they ruined, and whose daughters they attempted to ensnare, Irish honour, however, was too strong in her female offspring for even the wily subtlety of the English *Roué*; and, even while they extended to the squire the hand of friendship, and received his warm-hearted grasp in return, they planned with the son the fall of the lofty oak, and the ruin of an ancient and honourable name. Anon the villanous decoction of necessity, avarice, speculation, usury, and insolvency, called artificial credit, crept in on our verdant Isle; old King Log died in the red room, of gout, claret, and credit; and King Stork, with his honourable friends, his toad eater, his English groom, and his Irish borough, stepped upon the sporting plain, a woful declination from the old gentleman, which declination

was more apparent from the attempt at English manner,—for, often the slave of those speculators, he sought for fame upon the sporting theatre of England, where he remained until he lost his property and his followers; and the brazen associates having finished him, departed to look for other game; the stewards of the properties so dissolved, in general became purchasers from the *absentee*, having fed his indolence and his necessities with his own money, through the medium of his brother an hedge attorney; but the union was *paid for*; those who could fly left our verdant sod: the dishonourable honourables and the roud lordlings, true to their trade, followed the prey back to their own country, in the hopes of making them pay cent. per cent. for their initiation; the remnant of the ancient families locked their hospitable mansions, and lived upon the acres of the demesne; the elder sons of the worthy stewards, and their fraternal the hedge attorneys, became the buckeens of the race course; they were sufficiently inoculated with the English mania, to be enabled to communicate the disease; and their early life and education had fitted them more for the tricks of the process court, than the honourable arena of sport, between their pride, their ostentation, and their vulgar attempts at robbery, they brought the Irish turf to its lowest state of degradation, until, having devoured all that was nutritious in the racing stakes, they were obliged to prey upon one another; and, with the exceptions whom I shall mention in their turn, they were very nearly reduced to the situation of the Kilkenny cats when the ascendant star of the Earl of Mulgrave appeared upon the sporting horizon of ould Ireland.

The Earl of Mulgrave first stepped upon the Curragh in 1835, with Conjuror by Camel,—exactly the kind of horse fit for a Lord Lieutenant; *he was said to have a turn of speed, that required proof*, and of course he went into Handicaps, in which he was defeated as a matter of certainty,—a man who, betting upon £20,000 a year, should throw an occasional nibble to the minnows; there was one thing, however, about Conjuror, which required no conjuror to tell the tale of; he had (his trainer said) a chronic inflammation of the wind pipe, which never affected him until he was stripped for a race, and not even then, until they came to run a bit; *then indeed* it used to stop him, but whether it was the pace which did so, and not the windpipe, I leave to the practical part of the racing world; at all events, it first matched the books of the Curragh men, and accordingly, they asked the noble Earl to dine at the Turf Club, who came attended by his Aides-de-Camp, and they gave him “the best in the land,” and showed his aides *grate civility*, for which they only paid £50 in the shape of a lost match; and the Earl made them a speech which did honour to the author of “Yes and No,” and of such a touching nature that “holy Tom swore that



he was only fit for the pulpit, and Billy Battersby dropped a tear, which, as it fell about half past one in the morning, after the fifteenth cooper of claret, may have been considered as a casting of a pearl before swine; and having subscribed to three handicaps, all of which he afterwards lost, the Earl departed with all solemnity, although somewhat shorn of his train,—Brian Clanchy, the keeper of the club, holding the light; while the president, held up by a waiter, made his parting salaam, the aides, seduced by Morpheus and *a trifle of drink*, having been sent off like refractory freeholders in batches, as they fell, to different dormitories in Kildare. In return the Earl invited the club to the lodge, where they had a sederunt which stopped all public business for a week, broke three jaunting cars to pieces, and gave food and entertainment to the sub-sheriff for the long vacation; and having thereupon found out that the Earl of Mulgrave was a *good fellow*, and that his aides-de-camps were larking boys that had the change, and also good fellows, *barring their politics*, and having moreover allowed the excellent Earl to win a Corinthian, in order to show him all proper support, the exhausted sun of 1835 set for the last time upon the tumultuous and joint reign of King Dan and his satellites.

1836 opened with splendour for the Irish turf; the club house at Kildare was newly gravelled, and the ancient mahogany cleaned; the claret bin was filled almost to repletion; the clock was set going, and its *ticking* gave vitality to the scene; John Hunter, keeper of the match book, mended three pens as he opened the sporting ledger, and actually held in hand cash over twenty pounds, to the credit of the members; the letting of beds increased from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. per night, and a baker established himself for the meeting; the sexton of the old cathedral made 3s. 6d. of the round tower and the tomb where Lord Edward Fitzgerald *is not buried*; the joint acceptances of four of the principal trainers, for the sum of £15, was cashed by the suspicious and prying provincial bank; hay, oats, and straw, *came into the money market*, and all was gay and on the tiptoe of expectation; the noble earl commenced by giving the turf club a dinner, and as they were numerous, he asked but few to meet them, and left out all the law officers, they and the greater number of the turf club *not being upon speaking terms*; flanked by an honourable, and *wheeled* into line by an earl, they looked respectable in the newspapers, and having flooded the hermitaged claret of Sneyd, they got up the Mulgrave Cup; and the noble earl imported a Gipsy to his Conjuror and Barbara Bell, and having done the harmonious once more in a speech, like Paddy Morney's jig fitted for all parties, the April Meeting opened, as Tom the devil said in the stand house, "in the hoight of splendure and good humour." Gipsy behaved rather worse than the Conjuror, and won in 1836, just

nothing at all; and Barbara Bell followed the example, much to the diminution of the coin in the pockets of the aide-de-camps, who found their addenda of pay *run away with*, and had to write to gouty governors at the other side of the water, inventing statements connecting Ireland with the habits of drunkenness and folly, which brought the circulating libraries, "like angel visits few and far between," from the governors' sheets, while the old whig, though lauding Erin in public, inwardly cursed her prodigality and allurements; yet in this round of misfortune, the Earl of Mulgrave smiled and met the advances of all upon the Curragh with such kindly feeling and gentlemanlike manner, that a few of the tory gentry attended the race meeting, where having ventured to stare at the radical Lord Lieutenant, and having found that instead of a cap of liberty, he wore an incomparably correct castor, they approached still nearer, until his having clean hands and well washed face became apparent; and the trainer's daughter, the veterinary's cook, and the struggling placeman, were ejected from the inner circle, for "metal more attractive." Quicksilver, by Memnon, was added this year to the earl's stud, and as a Cork man *showed a book* where he had backed him heavily, the poor aides put the pot on him, and what little Quicksilver was left them, showed its mercurial disposition and vanished from their pockets; Exchange also came out of the earl's stables, and won three races for the exhausted exchequer, which Little Mary lost again; the aides were this year at a discount; some grumbings from Dan created a cry of "ware hawk," in the Vice-regal department; the tory lords were engaged in making up a promising list of grievances; the *têtes exaltées* of the nation were proving Ireland almost a submarine Conk; the balls at the castle were full, 'tis true, but our peeress in her own right got fever and ague *from the dampness of the red bench; the northern lights showed fiery red.* 1836 ended, and still the Earl of Mulgrave *smiled on.*

In 1837 the earl's stables showed Quicksilver, Little Mary, Exchange, Gipsy, Barbara Bell, and Lutzoor, and if he had been the favourite of the turf in 1836, in this year he was the "real darling intirely." "What would you have," said an old turfite (who had the moment before declared that he could not sleep easy, if there was not an execution against him). "of a Lord Lieutenant, if this one does not match you? he is a most perfect gentleman in the first place, and although I have dined with him, and drank up to four o'clock, I never knew him change the wine, or object to the hot tumbler as a wind up; he goes into every Handicap, and accepts in all; makes matches by proxy, and always pays *the dower*; has submitted with the patience of a Connemara oyster ass, to the loads we have put on his nags; is the first to sign articles which are sure, like the pedlar's apprentice, to gain him more kicks than halfpence, and asks our wives and daughters to the castle in

shoals; now what the devil more could you ask of any Lord Lieutenant? And what do you all for him in return for the quarter of his revenue which you get amongst ye? Dine with him over night, and *paragraph him* in the morning; toady him in the castle, and do up *private tales of the castle* for the Dublin Evening Mail; and yet here, at the end of 1837, the noble earl is minus some scores of pounds, some hogsheds of claret, some wear and tear of constitution, has lost twenty-six races, paid sixteen forfeits, and gained in return only three paltry things; and yet with Dan and the national debt on his shoulder, the titular Archbishop of Tuam, the Education System, and the monetary disease in the stable department upon the other, the noble Earl, Atlas-like, uprears his head and still *smiles on.*"

1838 brought matters somewhat into train. Lutzoor, conqueror like, walked a victor into the Madrids, and got another race out of the fire; this set the bush fighters all in a fury; the excellent nobleman, the worthy sportsman, the kind and affectionate friend, of 1837, became the *knowing fellow* of 1838. What! walk off with the Madrids, which one Hon. Colonel intended to build a garden wall with, and a nobleman wanted particularly to make up the rhino for the Liverpool Cup and Harkaway, which was to have brought back the mortgage of our decent boy's lands, and to have feathered the destitute nest of the father of two aspiring youths; and for him, the Earl of Mulgrave, now Marquis of Normanby, to dare to take their rights from them, was unpardonable; the colonelcy, the autocracy, and the nitocracy, were enraged; it was not to be borne; dark brows were bent upon the smiling Chef; sharp words clouded his sunny repartee; Tories, private friends, became public opponents; the solitary appearance of the Curragh gave the noble marquis a fit of blue devils; and accordingly, having sworn in an imbecile general, and family ratcatcher, the marquis set out on a tour through Ireland, when, to use the language of the parish schoolmaster of Garryfine, he kicked up the devil's own hullyballoo; and here for *once* I must adopt the language of solemn seriousness, and although differing *toto cælo* from the politics of the noble earl, do him (as far as my opinion goes) the justice which I think he never refused, and which I firmly believe was never extended to himself by the opposing political party.

The marquis appeared in the South of Ireland, as the Queen's representative, and her ruler for Irish affairs; the natural hospitality of the country should have unlocked its doors, and opened the halls of each gentleman to the noble marquis; he came for information and was willing to hear all parties; he was met by the Roman catholic gentlemen with enthusiasm; the catholic clergymen presented addresses; the catholic peasant petitions;—no person can imagine, who has not heard, the power of oratory and the enthusiastic address of the Irish peasant;

the mother on her knees held up a petition for the jail delivery of her son; the wife with outstretched arms, surrounded by her weeping children, prayed fervently for pity; the manly peasant, with his country's vividness of description, and a pathos which found its way to the heart, vindicated "the poor boy that was destroyed by perjury;" the sly attorney, the popular member, and the people's magistrate, gave power to the scene; and it is undeniable that under those circumstances many escaped from prison undeserving of clemency; but, where were the persons who were to hinder such an injury being committed upon society by their local knowledge? They were shut up in their houses, with the blinds drawn close and in some instances the gates locked, in order to show the contempt they felt for the Queen's representative; and what was that Queen's representative to do? Was he to force the gates, and go up to the hall door with his hat off, and say, "May I throw myself upon your lordship's hospitality for the night; or will you deign to give me shelter for an hour? Or perhaps you would tell me out of the window what you think of the state of the country?" And in order to hear both sides, I profess I think the noble marquis would have been driven to those straits; the noble marquis could not, even with all his natural sociality, demean his queen by any advances, save such as were in perfect accordance with the station which he held; and accordingly he went through the land. While the tory summed up a catalogue of offences, and concocted revenge to be taken "at his seat in the house," the marquis returned once more to the short grass and renewed his sports, an innocent though perhaps not altogether a blameless victim to Irish *Glougher*.

The death of the Earl of Norbury, instead of being a subject for universal sorrow, was merely moaned over in order to raise a howl at the marquis; men with God in their mouths, and hatred in their hearts, mingled the noble marquis's name with the murderers. The Marquis of Normanby quitted the Curragh and Ireland, and the envenomed and pusillanimous volcano, which dared not show its head in Ireland, threw its ashes of discord upon the parliament, where it blazed only as an *ignis fatuus*; and the strayers having discovered its danger and folly, returned to the limits of reason. Ireland has lost a good sportsman and an excellent paymaster in the marquis; no worse judge, either of condition or pace, ever threw an optic over the short grass; no more enthusiastic castle builder ever erected a chimera on a race course; having] had a taste, like the prices in war times, we shall not enjoy the low limits of peace. The Angleseys, Kirmans, and Madrids may struggle on; the Queen's supporters, in the shapes of "hundreds," may just keep the wolf from the door; but a handier flat, or a more innocent horse racer, than the ex-Lord Lieutenant, will not, I think, appear until the turf is laid upon

SHAMROCK.

LETTER THE SECOND,  
ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE ARTIFICIAL FLY FOR TROUT.

---

MY former letter was written with the view of clearing away some unnecessary difficulties thrown in the path of the fly-angler for trout, in respect to the choice of his flies; and I now resume the subject by endeavouring to do the same with regard to their manufacture.

The methods laid down by authors, for the manufacturing the artificial fly, are as different as the materials with which they are to be composed; each author thinking, without doubt, that his own instructions are the best, and some being of opinion that no other can be attended with success. I am compelled to say, however, that it would be vain to look for much information, from such directions, that is intelligible, or if intelligible, that will hardly compensate for the trouble of acquiring. The precise manner of holding the hook between the fingers, of applying one finger to this object, another to that—of whipping, separating, ending, tying, fastening, are given in such perplexing confusion and obscurity, and often with an air of infallibility, intimating that nothing but failure can result from the least departure from the rules prescribed. Then, according to some of these masters in the art, you must take care to use a hackle of a certain shade for the legs of the fly,—perhaps a little grizzled, perhaps dogmatically interdicting the grizzle,—the body must be of a colour that cannot be imitated by any production in nature, save and except a small portion of the fur of the marten cat, from the neck, or just below the ear: or perhaps, in other cases, if the more common peacock's harle be recommended, it is accompanied by an especial warning that the green or brown portion, as may be, of the harle, be rigorously excluded. The wings, also, must of necessity be made from some particular feather, or particular portion of some feather, that may be next to unattainable, sending you to the farthest extremity of the earth to procure it. All this is too much like humbug. The fact is, that every practical angler has his own way of making up his flies—all perhaps varying, as well in regard to method as to materials, which, although exhibiting little or no resemblance, will nevertheless all of them take fish, when fish are disposed to be taken. Some begin their operations at one part of the process, and some at another—this artist will make his final fastening at the head, and this at the tail—this fixes first the but end of his hackle at the head of the fly, and then works the hackle downwards; that does the contrary—one will put on his wings before the body and legs, another after that operation,—one is very attentive to the colour of the body, and to this end provides himself with dubbing of various

hues; another, equally successful, will treat such niceties with indifference, and trust merely to the colour of the silk which he makes use of—some are careful to separate the wings and throw them far asunder, whilst others prefer no separation whatever—some are very fond of tinsel; others as rigorously exclude it—some are immoveable advocates for the winged fly, whilst others as strongly maintain the superiority of the hackle manner of dressing only; and as this is a subject really of some importance, I shall enter here more largely into it. Very opposite are the opinions entertained by the most skilful and experienced trout anglers, many of whom, on each side the question, I have been intimately acquainted with; but as the value of any system will ultimately rest on the effects it produces, I must acknowledge that the enquiry may not be quite decisive to all, but may end somewhat in the way of a drawn battle, since there appears no very evident superiority to boast of on either side.

That an artificial fly, made upon the winged plan, appears a nearer resemblance to the insect it is intended to represent, especially to those insects that carry their wings upright and at a distance from the body, cannot be doubted; and that such articles, when manufactured in the beautiful manner they are to be met with in the London shops, are more captivating to the eye of a purchaser, and more likely to extract his money from his pocket, is exceedingly probable. They bear a nearer resemblance to the insect's wing, inasmuch as the fibres of the feather of which they are formed, are still adhering and undivided; which cannot be the case with the hackle fly, whose fibres must necessarily be disunited by the wrapping of the feather round the shank of the hook. But this superiority in the winged fly is in appearance only; it looks better in a shop window, and until it comes into use, but no longer; since the casting of the fly through the air, the operation of the water upon it, the teeth of the fish, and the fingers of the angler in extracting the hook from its mouth, all tend to disarrange and separate those fibres. There is a way which appears intermediate between the regular winged and hackle methods, adopted very successfully by some, and which certainly makes a good resemblance to those insects—such as the orle or alder fly, the grannam or green tail, and others whose wings lie close to the body,—it is by forming the wings of separated, disunited fibres, closed together of course at the head, but spreading open, like a fan, over the back. And this plan has an advantage over the former one, by the greater effect it has of keeping the fly, when in the water, always in its proper position—that is, neither lying sideways, nor on its back—a fly made according to the first rule, being found frequently to fall on its side, and so to remain; thus exposing the hook more to view, and also exhibiting the fly to the fish in an unna-

tural manner, or as though the insect were dead, both of which are manifestly bad. The hackle used for legs in the ordinary mode of dressing, is often too large and too full; it being usually wrapped too many times round the body, and left in a bunch underneath, by which it acts as an injurious counterpoise to the wings, causing the fly, as above alluded to, to lie on its side on the water; the legs therefore ought to be scanty and short.

The advocates for the hackle manner of dressing, and I confess myself to be one of them, argue in its favour thus:—"It is of no importance on which ever side the fly falls on the water, since all sides are in appearance alike, and all conceal the hook in a manner equally effectual. To this end the fibres of the hackle ought always to extend as far as the bend of the hook, and the shank should be short. It must be sufficiently evident that I am here alluding solely to the flies having wings in their natural state, and not to the palmers, which, being without wings, come not within this description. Many of the hackle flies, being manufactured by persons that have no practical knowledge of their use, and working only according to a pattern put before them, are often very objectionable, by being made with small, short-fibred feathers, upon long-shanked hooks, by which error, the advantage of the hackle fly is lost—an advantage greater, in my opinion, than any the winged fly has pretension to. This consists in the more effectual concealment of the hook, which not only in itself gives to this plan a manifest superiority, but it also permits, and renders unobjectionable, the use of a larger and more powerful hook, the utility of which, in the smaller flies at least, it must be perfectly needless here to enlarge upon.

This method has also a preference to the other—inferior in degree, it is true, but still a preference—to the young beginner who is attempting to make his own flies, and to the old practitioner whose time may be valuable, or whose eye-sight begins to fail him—in that the fly is more easily as well as quickly made. It is also more likely to be durable than the other, the materials being fewer in number, and of simpler construction. I am upon the whole disposed to think that all small flies, and such as are intended to be used in clear transparent waters, in which the accomplished angler always takes greatest delight, are best made upon the hackle system; the larger insects, destined rather for coarse, muddy, turbid streams, on which the bungler approaches nearer to the consummate artist, and science is less required than perseverance, may as well perhaps be initiated in the winged as in the hackle manner.

I shall make no attempt at giving directions upon the mere mechanical department of this subject: there is no difficulty not easily sur-

mounted by any one that will undertake it in earnest ; one lesson of actual observation is worth a hundred written rules, which cannot, after all, escape the censure of obscurity and ambiguity I have already cast upon them. Let no one despair of becoming a good fly-dresser, although his first essays be somewhat clumsy, and unworthy to be compared with the elegant patterns he buys in the shops. Among beginners the fastening is frequently defective, and will give way before the fly be worn out, either by the slipping of the gut from the hook, or by the final knot being improperly secured ; let them always take care that their gut be firmly fixed to the hook, before the operation of forming the fly commences ; this should be strictly attended to at first, and subsequent practice will teach them to do away with any unnecessary or objectionable bulk which it may produce, by enabling them to attach the gut at the same time that the working up of the fly is in progress.

Some attention should be paid to the strength of the gut, which ought never, for trout flies, to be very thick—the finer in reason the better—the larger flies requiring more strength than smaller ones. Proper regard is not always paid to the size of the hooks, a large fly being sometimes found attached to a small weak hook, and the contrary ; it may be laid down as a general rule that a large hook has, other circumstances being the same, a preference over a small one ; small hooks ought therefore never to be chosen when larger ones can be introduced without objections greater than their advantages. The length of the shank is also a subject worth attending to ; this should never be more than is necessary for the body of the fly ; and the nearer the extremity of the wings approaches the bend of the hook—nay, if the wings extend beyond the bend—the better, the hook being thereby rendered less visible. A short shank has yet another advantage ; it is more likely to be received into the mouth of the fish ; the longer shank, when taken across the mouth, which it frequently must be, sometimes striking against the side of it, and preventing the admission of the hook. I cannot dismiss these minute instructions without adverting to a subject which has not been overlooked by many respectable authors and excellent anglers. In his eagerness to return his fly upon the water, the tyro is apt to give the forward impulse to his line too soon, and before it has reached its full extent behind him, by which the fly is often snapped off, especially if it be a new one, having the gut hard and dry ; and even if the fly escape being shorn off, the gut will infallibly, ere long, become worn and weak by use, at the point of junction with the hook. This ought to be frequently examined, and the fly changed in time, more good fish being lost by this neglect, than the careless, indolent angler may be willing to admit. It may not be an unrequited precaution to place the new fly in the mouth, for a quarter of an hour



before casting off the old one. Of many other such small but useful particulars, there is yet an abundant gleaning to be made, but to which I cannot now allude; desirable they are to know, and proper to introduce into a general work on fly angling, but I have already been too digressive and forgetful of my avowed purpose of treating only of the use and construction of the artificial fly.

In regard to the materials requisite to be provided, I have but very little to say. I should be disposed to strike off one half, at the least, of that formidable catalogue so appalling to the young beginner, that has been pronounced, by some authors, as essential. A few birds' wings, as the woodcock, starling, land-rail; feathers from the dottrell and golden plover. The brown-winged insects may be imitated, with feathers from the back and tail of the domestic hen, or the back of a young pea-hen, as well as with all the plumage from the antipodes. The dun-shaded hackles may be obtained in sufficient variety from the hen's neck; and the feathers on the pinion of the wild duck or widgeon, cannot be exceeded for small dun flies, used as hackles, that will kill fish at every season in which they are to be taken. Hackles from the pinion of the woodcock's wing, will answer as well for most small brown flies, as the wren's tail, or any other article that is procured with greater difficulty. I consider a hen's feather, contrary to the general opinion, preferable to that of the cock—except perhaps for making the Marlow-buz, there being no hen's hackles (at least I never saw any), of a colour suitable for that fly—the fibres of the hen's hackle having more down upon them, which the better conceals the hook; and they are also of a more pliant and less obstinate nature, which renders them not only easier in wrapping round the hook, but the fibres, after the feather is wrapped, lie closer together, and have not that staring unbending appearance observable in the cock's hackle, however well it may be executed.

In respect to the choice of hooks, I prefer the Kendal sneck-bend for small hackled flies, but think the Kirby or Limerick shape better for winged ones, and for those of a larger size. It is desirable to try their temper with a pretty strong hand, before using them, as they are frequently either soft and bend too easily, or brittle and give way by breaking short. The hooks now sold in the shops are certainly of worse quality than formerly; it is well if one in three or four of them will bear this trial; their deterioration, consequent upon their excessive cheapness, is become a positive nuisance. As the list of materials I have above given may be thought incomplete, unless some mention is made of dubbing for the bodies of flies, which is held to be of high importance by many artists, I know of nothing better to recommend for that purpose, than the fringe of an old carpet, from which a good

article may be obtained, at the same time supplying every variety of colour.

No one can be a more strenuous advocate than myself for neatness in the manufacture of artificial flies; and although it may be safely granted that a clumsy article will, in some states of the water, prove as successful as the most perfect pattern the shops can produce, still, in no case, can good workmanship be a disadvantage, and in clear water—the water which a clever angler and real amateur will always prefer—it must be of service; and this quality of neatness and beauty of execution, is nowhere to be found in higher perfection than in the shops of London.

I have thus brought to a conclusion the observations I had to make on the present state of the art of fly angling. If I have dealt hardly with some of the earlier authors, it is because I think they are not entitled to the regard that is paid to them, and because they are still injudiciously resorted to as the standard authorities. There are books of more recent date, which, if they do not enter so deeply into the subject, or confine themselves to it so closely as could be wished, are yet exempt from the quackery of remoter times; and I am proud to find the views of the author of a late splendid and interesting publication to be, in many instances, so nearly in unison with those which I entertain myself.

CARDIG.

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MISADVENTURES OF A CLASSICAL EQUESTRIAN;  
*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SYLVESTER STEEPLE-CHASE, LATE  
 OF ——— COLLEGE.*

No. IV.

PREPARATORY LESSONS.—A “BLOW-UP.”

“Next, to complete his education,  
 In fashionable equitation,  
 He bled him to the riding-school,  
 To ride by art and classic rule.”—*Uncle Joe (unpublished).*

“I NEED not remind you,” said Sir William to me, a few days after the memorable *pugna porcorum*, “of the anecdote which Quintilian relates of Demosthenes. When asked what was the first requisite for an orator, he replied, ‘action.’ The second? ‘Action!’ Well, at least the third? Still, ‘action;’ My answer with regard to horsemanship is the same. The first requisite is courage—the second, courage—the third, still courage; and, if there were a hundred more, all might be included in the single word, courage.”

Such was Sir William’s reply to my anxious enquiry how I should

best re-establish—or, more properly, establish—the character as an equestrian, which I now made it a point of honour to acquire.

The answer was kindly meant, and no doubt intended to be very encouraging, and to impress me with the idea that it was the easiest thing in the world. I could not help thinking of the Dutch master's reply to the coxcomb amateur :

“ Well now,” said the youth, “ how shall I become a painter ? I should like it of all things.”

“ Oh, nothing easier,” calmly replied the indignant artist, “ You have only *to learn how to paint !*”

I was now pretty much in the same predicament. Had it been any thing else in the world ! If it were activity, I might have had some hope. In power of muscle I was far from contemptible. Perseverance I could readily have promised myself. But courage!! I was nearly recovered, it is true, from my first discomfiture ; but its memory was still alive and active within me ; and, to say truth, I scarcely *sate comfortably* as yet under the effects of my second. Courage ! and, above all, courage on horseback ! One glance out of the window where we sat, upon the scene of my first expedition on horseback, would have sufficed to cool me down, had the soul of Diomedé himself been transmigrated into my frame !

It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that under pretence of allowing my dislocated shoulder time to recover sufficient strength, I was fain to defer the renewal of my equestrian exercises. Meanwhile, under the tuition of my friend Frank, I was being initiated in the other varied sports “ by flood and field.” My right arm was uninjured, and my left was strong enough to assist it as far as was necessary in the management of the rod. Many an awkward blunder, many a ducking—pre-arranged, I shrewdly suspect, by the grand manager of the theatre of fun—accompanied my introductory practice. One day I had spent hours in Frank's company, lashing the water in vain, while he was filling his basket with a rapidity absolutely maddening to me ! At last, having fixed my rod in the ground, to prepare a new cast of flies, I was surprized, on turning round, to find it bent within an inch of breaking, the dangling fly having been greedily seized in the meantime. I was delighted ; and proceeded with great deliberation to land “ my take,” which I concluded was a heavy one. I was not mistaken. I could see him as I reeled him slowly and cautiously up—after a preparatory play—a perfect monster, fully eight pounds weight ! Glorious ! and now I have my landing net under him. Stay, aye, there he is, safe upon the bank. But, in the name of the ridiculous, what is this ? He had actually ripped himself open upon the hook, and torn out his own entrails ! Ah, Frank, Frank ! I began, even in the pride of victory,

to suspect; and I remembered a very striking resemblance in him to a trout, which Frank had taken the day before. But I left it so, that was not my affair; and afterwards, when the laugh was turned upon me, I could only be induced to admit, *I had never before caught a trout under similar circumstances.*

The gun was another and a more difficult affair. I have already avowed, that I was far from comfortable even in the neighbourhood of fire-arms; and when I was brought perforce to accompany Frank in his partridge shooting, it was with anything but an easy conscience I mustered courage to stand in the field where the game was expected. To make my case worse, I was ashamed to avow my cowardice; and never shall I forget the first awful occasion on which I ventured to draw a trigger. We had trailed ourselves along under cover, for nearly a quarter of a mile, to get, as Frank said, "a quiet (!) shot," at some wild-duck, on a pond in Sir William's splendid preserve. I said trailed ourselves; but the truth was, I was literally trailed along; and never was culprit dragged with heavier heart

"To the dismal Tyburn tree."

I was fairly in for it; Frank had given up the shot to me, notwithstanding my *generous* protestations, that "I could not think of depriving him of the pleasure." How fervently, when this *ruse* proved fruitless, did I pray that the birds might discover our approach, and deliver me from the fatal necessity. But no; every open in the screen showed them sleeping on in lazy security, as if danger were a thousand miles distant. Danger! well did I feel, even as the thought flitted across my mind, that the danger was mine, not theirs! I coughed as naturally as I could: In vain—they were immovable. I was seized with a most ominous fit of sneezing. But I might as well have hoped to move old Rome from her seat upon the seven hills by a sneeze! In my hurry I stumbled—accidentally of course—against the loose stone wall, which came down with a crash that might have startled Pluto on his throne. Confound the stupid brutes! They sat on still—as if to laugh at my distress—and I could see the big glassy eye of one impudent mallard, ogling me, as though in scorn, through the breach which I had thus made in the fence. No, not a single pinion was ruffled! Alas, even the very birds had conspired against me; there was no door through which I might escape. Oh, Schwartz! Schwartz! how heartily I cursed your diabolical invention. Would that the "infernal machine," in which you turned your hellish drugs into the hateful compound which fools call gunpowder, had been swept to the lowest depths of Erebus! But,

"Vain my wish, my weeping vain."

Frank led me to the most advantageous opening in the screen, through

which, miserable man that I was, I was to fire. Ye Gods! what a moment. I could hear my heart beat, more rapidly than the ticking of my repeater, which in the solemn stillness was distinctly audible. Perhaps it was tittling out the last moments of my existence, numbering the fast-failing drops in the fated clipsydra of my wretched life! No later than yesterday, I had read, under the head of "Death by fire-arms," the names of three amiable young men, two children, a wooden-legged pensioner, and the mother of five small children; and "The Times," of that very morning, reported the case of a gentleman—(to make it more ominous—a distinguished classical scholar), who had lost a nose, a portion of either ear, two eyes, and seven fingers, by the bursting of his double *Manton*—the very name which glistened in awful distinctness upon the barrel under my eye! How I wished for a fowling-piece on the principle of the patent duelling pistols, which were "*warranted to satisfy the honour of both parties, without doing injury to either!*" But these reflections were now too late; there was no escape, and I presented, in downright despair! With a trembling hand I pulled the trigger. But it yielded not to the timorous touch. I tried again more stiffly. Still in vain! Could it be—joyful thought!—that anything was wrong?

"It won't go," said I, beginning to revive.

Frank was at my side in a moment.

"Why, don't you see you're not cocked, my dear fellow?" said he, setting all right again, with an expedition which in my heart I regarded as truly diabolical.

"Did any one ever know such a blunder?" said I, preparing again to present with affected alacrity, while my heart was heavier than ever. I gave one long look towards the pond, in the dim hope that perhaps our voices had startled the birds. Vain thought! there they sat as immovable—as silent as the grave; and at last I summoned courage to pull again. Click—I shut my eyes—opened—shut them again. It was no go, once more.

"Why, confound it, you have forgotten the cap!" said my tormentor, producing one in a moment.

These respites gave me a little spirit; my good genius seemed to be in the ascendant; I took my position once more.

"Now you go, and no mistake," said Frank, cocking the piece, after having adjusted the cap with all precision. Alas! my heart sank again below zero under this assurance; but it was useless. I shut my eyes and pulled once more. Click—bang.

"You have pinned the whole flock, by Jove, shouted Frank, who was on his legs before I had recovered from my terror.

The whole flock! I did not at that moment care a farthing if I had

pinned all the flocks of Muscovy, as I found with astonishment and delight that *I had not pinned myself!* and yet success was something; and in good truth, when I looked up, there they were floating motionless on the pond. I darted down with assumed exultation; and I did not hesitate to run up to my knees to secure them. But oh, absurdity of absurdities! I had shot the whole collection of *stuffed eider-ducks which I had so often admired in Emily's cabinet.* It was no wonder they sat so quietly through all the noise.

This was too absurd. But, like my former discomfiture, it produced one good effect; it touched my pride, and through my pride, overcame my cowardice. I have never since been afraid to draw a trigger. Within a few days, I had sacrificed a whole host of sparrows, &c.—the favourite game of infant sportsmen—to my wounded dignity; and I made widows and orphans beyond number in the rookery. Nay, with such zeal did I follow up a pursuit for which I soon acquired a passion, that before long, I had hung at my girdle a whole line of the honourable scalps of pheasant, woodcock, and even snipe! Never did I feel more the truth of my prosody rule: *Usus te plura docebit.*

These, however, are but episodes in my equestrian history, to which I now return. Distrusting, as I have already admitted, my own proficiency in Sir William's "first, second, and third requisite for a horse-man," I determined to place myself under the tuition of an experienced riding master; and, without acquainting any one with my intention, I rode up to town for the purpose. For those equestrians whose school-memories reach back to the period in question, it can scarcely be necessary that I describe Monsieur Hyacinthe Jean Pierre de Turgot, professor of equestrianism in all its branches; nor in truth is it an easy task.

Cicero's son-in-law, the famous Dolabella, was a man of remarkably small stature. During his consulship, he once came to visit Cicero, arrayed in his robes of office, and girt with a sword which for him was ridiculously large. The contrast was so absurd, and the costume so incongruous, that Cicero could not help asking, *Quis gladio huic generum meum alligavit?* "Who tied my son-in-law to this sword?" Pache Feyjoo, the D'Israeli (but infinitely more learned) of Spanish literature, in relating the story, traces it to Quevedo's well-known joke on a man with a huge nose—" *Era un hombre a un nariz pegado,*" "he was a man tied to a nose." Perhaps I could not find a better suggestion; and I am sure, of those who once saw little Monsieur Hyacinthe Jean Pierre de Turgot, there is not one who will not recognise him under the character of "a man tied to a whip." It was literally the fact; go into the riding-school, you could see nothing, hear nothing—it might be that you would feel also—of Monsieur

Hyacinthe, save his monstrous eternal whip ! in truth you could see but little else. The nether man was hidden in a pair of those enormous churn-boots—to which the hunting thigh boots of the present day are as if they were manufactured in Lilliput—reaching up so high upon his person, as almost to reach the huge whiskers and moustache, which literally covered his features ! Beyond the boots, whiskers, and moustache, you saw nothing of Monsieur Hyacinthe. And such whiskers !—of that undecided hue, between a fiery red and a foxy brown. The moustache was even more peculiar ; the hairs all stood out separately, each appearing to

Stare its wondering neighbour in the face.

For a certain distance each separate bristle came out straight from the plane of the lip, and then suddenly turned off at a sharp angle, as stiff and rigid as copper wire—reminding one forcibly of the hooked teeth in the instrument which women use for carding wool. I was wrong in saying that the features were all concealed. The eyes, small and fiery, looked out, like the blazing charcoal points of a galvanic battery, from the mass of hair ! Such was the figure of Monsieur Hyacinthe, when you could see it for his whip, which was long and massive, and which flourished in never-ceasing activity. It was his proudest boast that he had been *professeur de manege* in the Imperial court of Napoleon ; and that this whip was the gift of *L'Empereur* in person. Poor fellow ! never was anything more ridiculous than the air of ludicrous dignity with which he repeated the fact ; meet him where you would, it was his—or rather, to keep up Quevedo's idea, *he was its* companion ; its massive thong could reach the remotest corners of his establishment. Woe to the misdoer who came under the lash ! it was, as if by some magic power, the secret of his strength and energy ; his conversation, particularly when he attempted to speak English, was interlarded plentifully with its music, as if the words were imaginary culprits whom he was compelling into obedience. If he mislaid or forgot it, he became a complete nonentity ; and indeed, long after the period of my acquaintance with him, I was afflicted to hear that its loss was the cause of his death. The poor fellow was ordered to use the hot-bath for a severe sprain of the vertebral muscles ; true to his old habit, he brought the eternal whip, mechanically, into the bath with him ! it was irretrievably spoiled ! the *ancien professeur* was inconsolable ; his friends had one made an exact counterpart of the original, But it would not do—he drooped and died.

Poor Monsieur Hyacinthe ! at the time of which I write, he was in the zenith of his fame ; myriads of pupils thronged his spacious circus in search of the ease and grace—the *je ne sais quoi* of perfect equestrianism, which all hope to attain, but which, I do believe, like the

poetic vein, *nascitur non fit*. My first visit was in rather a gloomy mood; it was on a miserably wet day that I was set down (for I chose to enter as a pupil incog.), at the entrance of the refectory attached to the school; I know nothing more melancholy and woe-begone than a horse bazaar on a rainy day; every person and every thing is completely out of its element; and, on the day in question, I felt that all around was conjugal to the mood of mind in which I found myself. The littered yard was drenched and comfortless; the rain fell in broad sheets from the roofs of the riding sheds which ran around. A few cast-off gigs and phaetons which lay exposed, were washed of the dust and mud which had covered and concealed their countless cracks, and shakes, and dinges, and stood out before me,—to my eye the most melancholy object in nature—in naked hopeless decrepitude! A pair of sleepy peacocks—but that they looked too miserable to sleep—sought a precarious shelter under one of the sheds—the glories of their gorgeous train vanished, its splendid feathers matted together like an eel skin queue and dragging in the mire. One or two exercise boys were riding sulkily up and down the covered way, on horses as spiritless and sulky as themselves, neither party having life enough to be angry. I walked into the long range of stables; every door-way was stopped up by the bulky form of some gloomy-looking Yorkshire dealer, gazing out in solitary vacancy upon the rain as it fell—too melancholy to be social in his bad humour—too lazy to cast up in his mind how much he had made by the ring-boned constitutional mare, or to calculate how he should get the gouty Hercules colt off his hands. Overall, spatterdashes, great coats, hung in all directions around, saturated with wet and mire, and weighing down the racks by the mere mass of mud with which they were encrusted. The ostlers rubbed down with long and sleepy strokes the wet horses; and the dry ones stood lazily in the stalls, their ears pendant, and their foot in rest—too drowsy to cock an ear at your approach, or think of the empty racks which stood before them! From this comfortless scene enquiring my way to the riding school, I found it, notwithstanding the gloom which reigned without, full of bustle and activity; and even before I reached the door, Mons. Hyacinthe's whip, crack, crack, was ringing sharply in my ears. He was in the midst of a lecture. "*Ah Monsieur, les mains—de haut—bas, plus bas!* (crack)—But *c'est trop*—dat is too mush (crack, crack)—*la, la—so—Mais*, de leg now—*le diable! quel lour-daut!* (crack) *bah!* you never a cavalry—*jamais!*"

This was rather an unpromising display of temper in the master I had selected. But I was not unprepared; I had met worse in the course of my reading. It was not as bad, at all events, as the treatment of riding masters to their pupils in the time of the celebrated



Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. It was an ordinary practice, he tells us, to pommel the pupils *avec la huissine, ou une longue perche!* and even for the master to fill his pockets with stones, in order to fling at them when beyond the reach of more satisfactory castigation!\*

The object of these contradictory, and far from complimentary, expostulations was a young man of very dashing exterior in a full jockey suit—sky blue jacket with sleeves, which might put the Tyrian dye to the blush; inexpressibles which wrinkled with unexceptionable accuracy to meet a boot,

Cast in precision's faultless mould,

and of a brilliancy which might make Mr. Robert Warren die of the spleen. His hands were bedecked with rings innumerable; and his hair, reeking with Macassar, hung in oily ringlets from beneath his crimson jockey-cap! I learned from one of the by-standers that this interesting youth was Frederick Augustus Twickenham, Esq., of Twickenham Lodge, nephew and heir of the late Gilbert Twickenham, stock-broker, of Golden-square. He had found himself, at the demise of his uncle, six months before, master of forty thousand pounds, which he was labouring, with a zeal truly praiseworthy, to get rid of in favour of the public in general, and a few special friends in particular. Among his other schemes of benevolence (on a similar plan) he had about a fortnight before taken on a match with Captain Dosling, a sworn friend of his, for £500 a side, to be ridden by the parties. He had scarce ever been on horseback in his life; the captain was a celebrated jock; but his horse (he had bought him for £300 from the captain), was, as the captain himself acknowledged, far more than a match for his own. He had been reading up for the last fortnight with M. Hyacinthe; and never had he had a more unsatisfactory pupil. Frederick Augustus had got into his head the idea, that the whole difficulty of riding was in bearing upon the stirrups, in the gallop at least, that this once mastered, all the rest would follow; and, disregarding all Turgot's precepts, he had, to the infinite annoyance of the testy little professor, turned his whole thoughts to the one end; there was Charles Paton, and Dick Graveshorn, and George Forester, and the Captain—they all stood in their stirrups; no, a horseman was nothing without it!"

As the race was to come off to-morrow, he was unable to resist the temptation of trying his jockey suit, and I learned that he had been more than usually zealous in his practice that morning. It was absolutely ludicrous to witness the see-saw nervous movement of the legs,

\* In his most interesting and curious work, "*Methode Nouvelle de Dresser et Travailler les Chevaux.*" The most valuable edition is that of Antwerp, 1658, the plates of which are very splendid.

as his body swayed backward and forward,—like the solemn heads of the Chinese mandarins one sees in the tea-shops,—in the vain attempt to preserve an upright position in the saddle. He seemed perfectly satisfied with himself, however, and at length screwing up his features into that very attractive form which youths of fashion can assume when they hold their gold eye glass between the nose and eyelid at the true fashionable angle, he rode over to the little professor, who was cracking his whip with redoubled fury.

“Eh, demmit, Turgot,” drawled he with ineffable self-complacency, “how go the legs to day? eh? all right I fawncy.” *Diable!*

“But do not ask me,” said the little man, “de leg!—*vraiment* (crack) but you does sit *comme une valise* (crack), *like one sack*” (crack, crack). For the first day this was enough for me. On the morrow I began in earnest. I was delighted to find Monsieur Hyacinthe a most learned equestrian: his conversation, half French, half English, was to me extremely imposing; he explained to me the *croupade* and *passade*; dilated upon every movement of the *proate*; and grew eloquent on the *balotade* and *capriole*. But he won my heart completely, when I discovered that he had deeply studied Xenophon’s treatise, with the help of D’Ablancourt’s translation, and had actually made it the basis of his own system. I will not state positively however, that I was over pleased to find at my first lesson that he *discarded the unclassic stirrup*, and that I was left to my own resources to secure the requisite adhesion. There was no help for this, however; and I found it easier, at all events, than I had anticipated. But upon these “early lessons” I shall not dwell. The walking, ambling, and trotting, were conducted on principles strictly scientific; and, being unattended with any serious “misadventure,” they had the effect of restoring my confidence in myself, and reviving my devotion to my early Xenophontic studies. Over and over again, during these days of practical initiation, I recalled the precept, “When he has mounted, he should first train the horse to stand still till he has put his mouth in order, and adjusted the reins. Let him then hold his left arm by his side, which position is most graceful in the rider, and gives greatest power to the hand.”\* I was delighted, too, to find my own experience confirm the advice: “if the horse stoops somewhat let the reins be held higher up in the hands; ut if he throw up his head they must be lowered.”† And I can hardly to this hour forget the feeling of satisfaction with which I found that I had at last acquired sufficient confidence in myself to test the value of another, no less important: “when he is in his natural gait, he relaxes the body with most ease, and goes on with greatest pleasure, if the switch be held over his head to point the way.”‡

\* De Re Equestri, sc. vii. 8.

† S. vii. 10.

‡ S. vii. 11.

What a pity that all these delightful delusions should yield to the stubborn realities of every day life and its disappointments !

Spes heu fallaces oblitaque corda ! eaduum  
Mortali quodcumque datur !

The time came at length for the galloping lesson ; for Monsieur Hyacinthe made that a matter entirely distinct, and to this all my zeal and attention had been long directed in preparation. I had studied over and over again my author's instructions, " how the rider should accommodate himself to all the different circumstances ;" how, " when the horse begins to gallop suddenly, he should stoop forward, that the horse may be less depressed by his weight, and less able to fling him back by a rear ;" \* how, " when he is in the act of pulling in the reins, he should bend back, that he may be the less shaken in his seat." Nevertheless, it demanded all my old reading, and more than that, my new confidence, to make me forget the " circumstances" in which I had last *enjoyed the exercise*. I tried, notwithstanding, to overcome the recollection which thus perpetually haunted me ; and, when the first awkward nervousness had vanished, I was delighted to find the gallop incomparably the easiest of all the paces for the horseman. I must confess, however, that occasionally all Monsieur Hyacinthe's learning was thrown away upon me. There was a certain half-nervous consciousness about me, which told me it was quite enough to sit securely, without minding to do so scientifically ; and I pursued my career in my own way, without caring to attend to his multiplied directions ; my apparent indifference began to provoke his exciteable temper. I could hear, amid the increasing smacks of the whip (a sure sign that the steam was getting up), occasional exclamations, "*quel sot,*" "*comment le diable,*" "*la, viola !*" and others of a similar tendency ; and at last he made the signal to halt. This was a manœuvre in which I was perfectly at home, and success had given me courage ; " when he pulls in the reins," says Xenophon, " let him bend himself back to avoid being shaken in the seat." I did both at precisely the same moment, pulling the rein with all my might, and leaning back like the "*agitators*" of the olden circus, in the splendid engravings of Montfaucon ! What was my amazement to find the animal stand up perpendicularly on his hind legs, and myself slide, as if by magic, over his back, and alight, on my feet luckily, upon the ground behind him !

Fortunately, I was not in the slightest degree hurt ; and I was easily made to understand that I had overdone the advice, pulling the curb suddenly, and throwing myself back too violently in the seat ; I mounted again, determined for the future to avoid a similar mistake ; away we went once more.

\* S. viii. 7.

"*Vite*," (crack) "*plus vite*," shouted Monsieur Hyacinthe, whose good humour had been quite restored by the laugh at my expense.

My evil genius brought to my mind another principle which applied precisely to this case. The moment the horse began to gallop fast, I "stooped forward to avoid pressing upon him by my weight;" unluckily, in the attempt I struck him in the quarter with my heel; and without a moment's warning, I found myself flung by a sudden plunge far away over his head into the soft sand and saw dust, with which the floor was strewn!

This was too bad so soon after the former catastrophe! But I was now completely upon my mettle, and mounted again, with the courage of an Alexander.

"*La, la,—doucement*," cried Hyacinthe, "*trop fougueux* (crack), too much fiery."

But, without waiting for his eternal "crack," the ordinary signal of speed, or listening to his expostulatory admonition, I had given the reins to my now excited steed, and started off with the swiftness of an *anabates* in the Olympic Hippodrome. Alas! I soon found, or began to fear, that I had reckoned without my host. I remembered with dismay, when it was too late, that "if any one fancy that, by a long and fatiguing race, he can tame the horse, *he is greatly deceived*; for in such cases the spirited horse will become violent, and, like an angry man when excited, will frequently do irreparable mischief to himself and his rider."\* I found it but too true. Each round served but to increase the animal's speed, and alas! I felt my own courage fail in the same ratio! To increase my confusion and terror, Mons. Hyacinthe, who did not as yet perceive the change in my appearance, and anticipated no danger, was called out at this moment, and I was left alone at the mercy of the relentless animal, whom I had myself lashed into excitement. I tried to quiet him, by such kind words as I could muster; but it was vain. How fervently did I wish that I could recal that magic *ποπυσομος*, which in Xenophon's time had the effect of calming the excited steed.† But woe was me—it came not at my call. As yet, however, I was contriving to keep my place. But it was

" ——— jamjam lapsura, cadentique,  
Adsimilis."

To make things worse, the sun, hitherto clouded, began to play through the windows of the dome; and I fancied the horse became more alarmed the light shadows which every moment crossed us in the circuit. It was with a sort of envious regret that, amid all my confusion, I recollected the stratagem by which, in similar circumstances, Alexan-

\* S. ix. 7

† S. ix. 10.

der had succeeded in soothing his affrighted charger. Alas! how could I hope to "turn the head of my Bucephalus towards the sun!" But I little dreamed of what was to come. That morning some evil deity had tempted my valet to place at the side of my dressing-table the shooting frock which I had worn on my last excursion. In the jostling of the race, I felt a hard lump occasionally, to my great personal inconvenience, insinuate itself under me on the saddle; but I could not venture to put back a hand to remove it. What was my horror, when I remembered, that most probably it was a *box of percussion caps!* I was not long left in uncertainty. The lid soon flew into fragments; and I was entertained, every half minute, when some unusually hard bump occurred, by the agreeable sound and *feel* of the explosion. I need hardly add, that it did not improve the horse's temper. At each new explosion he started off with renewed violence; and so thoroughly unsettled was I, that I was fain to let go the reins altogether, and cling by the mane, although in the teeth of Xenophon's peremptory caution: "In these quick turns, the reins should be held tight. *For it is not safe for the horse to turn quickly in a narrow circuit!*" And this, while I felt myself in the very posture against which the rider is expressly warned: "he must *not sit obliquely*; for he must know that *the smallest force in that posture may upset both himself and the horse!*"\*

Piff! piff—away they were rattling in a regular hedgefire! I was in absolute torture—literally (as the reader may believe, when he remembers that they all exploded *under me*)—literally excoriated; when at last, with a tremendous crash, off they all went in a single broadside! It was absolutely awful; nor was I at all surprised, when my horse, with one mad bound, flung me, half blind with pain and terror, far away over his head!

I lay for a moment in downright bewilderment; but the pain soon recalled me to myself. Confound him! there was the villanous brute, who had done all the mischief, regaling himself at an oat-sieve, as placidly as if nothing had occurred! But what was I to do? In addition to the bodily injury which I had sustained, the cold damp feel of the ground on which I sat, too plainly told me, that my garments had not come

"Scatheless from out the fray."

What was I to do? It was far from being an aid to calm deliberation, that I could distinctly hear the sound of voices approaching, and Mons. Hyacinthe's whip at work again. They are nearer—and, confusion, are not those the voices of women? What was to be done? A glance at my nether habiliments, told me that in point of costume, I was better

\* S. vii. 16.

suit to the meridian of South Africa at that moment! But my doubts were all cut short. The door opened, and with horror I saw M. Hyacinthe usher in, amid bows and grimaces innumerable, a fashionably-dressed party of ladies and gentlemen! But how was it increased, when among them I recognized Frank Allen's voice; and still more, when my eyes, guided by the sound, discovered in his companion the tall and graceful figure of her whom I would have wished beyond the pillars of Hercules, rather than thus a second time a witness of my equestrian misadventures, which seemed fated never to have an end!

As long as I was sitting, all was well; but, not to speak of the absurdity of the position, I could not long continue to sit. In the name of the great Osiris what was I to do; or how should I get off undiscovered? Alas! there was no time for deliberation. Frank's eagle eye had caught me. There was nothing for it but "a run." Fortunately the opposite door was open. I gathered myself up as rapidly as I could; and vainly endeavouring to cover my retreat with my hat, darted out of the doorway. A cab stood at the threshold. With a furious "drive on," I flung myself madly into it, and it wheeled off like the wind!

The noise of the wheels could not shut out from my ears the shouts of laughter, with which the walls of the riding-school rung and rung again!

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## TRAINING OF RACE HORSES.

### *The English and American Turf.*

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A VERY patient, clear, and dispassionate writer has addressed a letter to the Editor of the Turf Register in New York, which will be read with interest by English Turfites;—as it gives a very curious contrast of the times taken to run certain distances, by horses in England, and horses in America. No great attention is paid to the minutes and seconds of a race in this country;—perhaps too little:—But on the other hand, we think too much value is attached to a few seconds saved in the courses in the United States. The condition of the course,—whether hard, springy, or *stodgey*,—takes from the value of the few seconds "under or over."—And different horses are different in power, on deep or dry ground. Nothing is recorded with the statement of the times, of the state of the Turf on the occasions specified;—and we cannot overcome the thought that our friends in America, like the critic upon Garrick, attach too much importance to "the Watch."

*To the Editor of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.*

“ SIR:—No one can read your journals without being forcibly struck with the great increase of racing throughout the country, and the vast improvement of Race Horses, within the last six or eight years. It is true, these operations are spread over an immense space, and viewed singly, are not of a character to attract much public attention; but when we see condensed on the same page, the transactions of the turf, from Louisiana to New York, and from Missouri to the Atlantic, we may form a conception, though imperfect, of the spirit which has been so widely diffused, favourable to an interest of great national importance.

“ I am aware there are those who profess to be sceptical of the benefits of public racing in improving the breed of horses; but if all such are not convinced of their error, from the experience of other nations, and the evidences everywhere exhibited in our own happy land, nothing can convince them—not even the testimony of old Eclipse himself, if he should now arise from the dead and acknowledge his inferiority.

“ The English race horse is the unadulterated descendant of his oriental progenitor, imported from Arabia, Barbary, Persia, Turkey in Asia, &c., judiciously crossed, bred with the utmost care, and proved upon the course. His superiority is universally acknowledged; and the entire civilized world looks to that island for the most perfect animal of the horse kind that now walks the earth.

“ It may be new to some of your readers, but it is nevertheless a well attested historical fact, that all the European States, from Spain to Russia inclusive, have for many centuries—indeed long before the English—imported from Asia vast numbers of the very best coursers of both sexes and of the noblest strains, for the improvement of their native stock. The overland intercourse between Germany, France, &c., from the earliest periods of the Crusades, has greatly facilitated the introduction of pure oriental horses, and those countries availed themselves of these facilities to a much greater extent, and for a much longer period, than England. Besides, those countries are better adapted than England, from soil, climate, and cheapness of productions, for breeding the thorough-bred horse and improving the breed; yet at this day, they pay a voluntary tribute to England for their entire racing stock. The horses of no part of continental Europe can compare with the English thorough-bred, for any of the ordinary purposes of life, except for the slow and heavy draught. Of this they are fully sensible; and being convinced of the value of an improved breed of horses, wealthy individuals, all over the continent, and the governments of France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, and many of the

smaller German principalities, have established of late years extensive breeding studs, composed entirely of importations from Great Britain ; and it is the opinion of the writer, those countries always will be tributary to England, until they adopt the English system of improving the horse in the breeding stud, and trying him in the chase and over the course. Had these sports been established on the continent, patronized and encouraged by the governments and the nobility, as in England, there is no reason to doubt the result would have been equally beneficial.

In travelling on the continent, you drag slowly along behind miserable sluggish cattle, looking like "hunted devils," though full of flesh, at 3½ to 6 miles an hour ; whilst in England every coach is drawn by horses largely mixed with racing blood, at the rate of ten miles the hour, including the necessary stoppages for meals, &c. The same superiority is visible on the race course, in the chase, and on the road. If these facts are not conclusive of the good effects of public racing, then indeed the testimony of one rising from the dead would not convince the incredulous.

The superiority of the English over the American horses, is not so perceptible ; indeed there are those, and good judges too, who stoutly maintain that our racing stock is equal to theirs. Ours are derived from theirs almost exclusively—especially our very best ; and, as an important and most enterprising branch of the Anglo-Saxon family, Brother Jonathan's habits and peculiarities, occupations and pastimes, bear a close affinity, in all their prominent characteristics, to the English : consequently the sports of the Turf, extensively encouraged among us, have mainly contributed to the increase and improvement of the thorough-bred stock, or at least prevented its deterioration.

Recent importations have aroused a new spirit and excited increased competition among Breeders and Turfmen ; and so far as appearances and the time of performance are evidence, there have been vast improvements of the stock within the last ten years. Indeed it may be affirmed, that the improvements have kept pace, *pari passu*, with the increase of racing ; and scarcely a doubt remains that deterioration would as certainly follow the decline of the Turf.

I have assumed that a progressive improvement is visible in the whole blood stock of the country, and I believe a large majority will concur in that opinion ; but if it should prove to be erroneous, then indeed the strict utilitarian would deprive the devotees of the Turf of one of the strongest arguments in favour of those noble and manly sports. We maintain that they unite great public benefit and an exalted patriotism, with a most healthful and exhilarating pastime. In the investigation of this question, it is to be regretted that the data



from which an estimate of the early performances on the Turf in England is to be formed, are involved in such obscurity that it is impossible, at this day, to demonstrate beyond all cavil the correctness of my position; for it will be again and again affirmed by the ignorant and the thoughtless, that Flying Childers, more than a hundred years ago, ran a mile in a minute, and no horse of these degenerate times can do much over half that distance in the same time. There is no authenticated report in any book, that Flying Childers could do that; and no well informed person ever believed that any horse or other animal could achieve such a performance. The idea originated from a casual remark, that '*it was said* he could run at *the rate of a mile in a minute*;' but even this, loose and indefinite as it is, was never considered in any other light than as an extravagant supposition. Flying Childers was doubtless the best horse of his day; and if full credit is given to two of his races in 1721, which are recorded in manuscript among the chronicles of Newmarket, his performances excelled any thing of modern days.

“Timing races has never entered into the economy of the Turf as part of the English system of racing, though it is confessedly the only test (fallacious as it is) of comparing the present with the past. The modern Turfman is too much of a speculative character to regard the performances of horses of the olden time as worthy of imitation; he rather contents himself with the less glorious—the more profitable achievement of vanquishing his contemporaries: yet there are many respectable individuals in some way connected with the Turf, and attentive observers of its operations, who have kept private memoranda of the most remarkable events, and, among other things, have noted the time of numerous races, where it had been accurately ascertained. The writer, in his frequent visits to Newmarket, became acquainted with old Robson, the retired trainer (lately deceased), whose father, Thomas Robson, from the middle till near the end of the last century, was trainer for Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Claremont, Mr. Jenison Shaftoe, Lord Grosvenor, &c. &c., all distinguished and spirited Turfmen, and staunch supporters of the sport, in that glorious era of the British Turf. Robson the elder, besides being a highly respectable and strictly upright man, was an unrivalled trainer, and seems to have conducted every thing with that kind of clock-work regularity and system which characterises every important branch of business, and even pervades the pleasures and pastimes of the British. He kept a journal in which he made daily memoranda of every thing worthy of observation, respecting his own stable while in training, and of remarkable events on the Turf in general. Of his private trials he seems to have kept a very full and systematic record, noting accurately the state of the weather,

the condition of the ground, the health and condition of each horse, the weight carried in trials, the pace, the manner of riding, the distance one horse beat another, their relative positions on different parts of the ground, and, generally, such facts as would enable him to judge of the peculiar qualities of each, whether for speed, stoutness, courage, &c. &c.; and, wherever it was practicable, the time of every horse in the trial run. With him, then, time was considered an important feature in racing, affording evidence of no small value in estimating the powers of a horse; and he uniformly kept the time both of public and private running, as nearly as it could be ascertained. From this interesting and most instructive diary, and that of the younger Robson, who retired in 1827 or 1828, at an advanced age, the writer made numerous extracts of turf transactions, the most of which he has never seen published either in the Racing Calendars or Sporting Magazines.

“Under an appropriate head, ‘*Remarkable Time in Racing,*’ may be found in the above-mentioned MS. a brief note of two races said to have been run by Flying Childers in 1721, but no authority is referred to, or any opinion expressed of the accuracy of the report. It runs thus:—

“ ‘1721.—*Flying Childers*, 6 yrs., 128 lbs., ran the R. C. in . . . . . 6 m. 48 sec.  
Also the B. C., same weight, in . . . . . 7 m. 30 sec.’

“The Round Course at that time was three miles three quarters and ninety-three yards; and if it were run in 6:48, it would be equal to running four miles in 7:09.

“The Beacon Course was then, as now, four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-eight yards; being gone over in 7:30, is equal to running four miles in 7:08. The coincidence in the time of running these two races—one at the rate of 7:09, and the other of 7:8, for four miles—is worthy of observation, and entitles the performance to a degree of credibility which otherwise might not be yielded to it.

“The R. C. is the only one at Newmarket where the race can be accurately timed: but the B. C., the start being four miles from the end, can only be timed by means of flags and telescopes, by which a tolerable view can be had of the start, from the top of the Duke’s stand near the end. Therefore the coincidence in the time of the two races helps each other, and renders the account probable. The same diary notices another race during the early days of the elder Robson, which throws an additional share of probability upon the performance of Flying Childers. It runs as follows:—

“ ‘1775.—*Matchem*, 6 yrs., 119 lbs. beat *Trajan*, same age and weight, match, B. C., in 7 m. 20 sec.’

“Which is ten seconds short of Flying Childers’ time, but the weight

is 9lbs. less; but the weight of this case is somewhat neutralized by a race over the R. C. in 1756, in which *Spectator*, 6 yrs., 126 lbs., beat Matchem and others in 7:40.

“ Here we have Matchem running the B. C. in 7:20, equal to four miles in 6:58,—and the next year we see him beat over the R. C. in 7:40, or at the rate of 8:18 for four miles; but as a 7 yr. old he would have had to carry for this last race 131lbs., whereas in his match the year previous he only carried 119lbs., which is very low for a 6-year old.

“ Leaving Flying Childers, for the present, ‘alone in his glory,’ unrivalled and unapproachable, except in the questionable case of Matchem, we pass on to a period when racing at long distances, principally matches for heavy sums, was in the highest repute, during the time of the elder Robson, who recorded for the most part his own observations, which, in the absence of public records, may be considered as good authority.

“ The following races were partly private trials and partly public :—

“ 1765.—May 7. Trial over the B. C., 5 yrs. 112 lbs., 6 and aged 119 lbs.—Cardinal Puff, Bragger, and Omnium, ran the distance in 8m. 22 sec.

May 9. Same Course, same weights.—Flylax, Specimen, Herald, Broomstick, and Curiosity, ran it in 8m. 19 sec.

1768.—October 15. 4 yrs. 96 lbs., 5 yrs. 119 lbs., aged 138 lbs.—Goldfinder, Caliban, and Askham, ran the distance in 8m. 5 sec.

Bellario, 5 yrs. 122 lbs., ran the B. C. in 9m. 1 sec.

Jethro, 4 yrs. 112 lbs.,.....9m. 5 sec.

1769.—Petrucio, Hemp, Caliban, and Exotic, ran the B. C., in 8m. 29 sec.

1770.—Goldfinder, 6 yrs. 123 lbs., won a race, B. C., in 8m. 29 sec.’

“ Here we have eight races over the Beacon Course, four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-eight yards, the average of time being 8:37 for that distance, which is equal to an average of 8:12 for four miles, with the comparatively light weights of the day.

“ N.B.—Goldfinder won fifteen prizes, was never beaten, was the best horse of his year, and belonged to Mr. Shaftoe, who was one of the most spirited and successful sportsmen of his time.

“ The racing at York about this period, was generally not so good as that at Newmarket; but there were two performances, 1764 and 1766, which caused great rejoicing and exultation at the time, as the most extraordinary that had ever before been run in the North of England, viz. :—

“ 1764.—Beaupemont, 6 yrs., 119 lbs., won the Great Subscription Stakes at York, in 7m. 51 sec.; the quickest time (then) ever made over that Course.

1766.—Bay Malton, 6 yrs., 119 lbs., won the same Stakes, over the same Course, in 7m. 43½ sec. Distance, three miles three quarters and two hundred and forty-four yards,—196 yards short of four miles.’

“ The above, be it remembered, are the best known performances of the crack horses of those days, and have been selected from a vast number of others on account of their great and surpassing excellence and the magnitude of the events.

“ Now, for the purpose of presenting a comparison of the above with modern horses, we will skip over a period of fifty years, and come directly to the point by giving the following well-attested races for the Royal Plate, over the Round Course at Newmarket, which at this day measures three miles four furlongs and one hundred and eighty-seven yards.

“ 1821	Caroline, f. ....	3 yrs.	116 lbs.,	.....	7:18
1822	Luss, filly .....	4 ..	130	.....	7:34
—	Centaur, .....	4 ..	144	(match) .....	7:44
1823	Centaur, .....	5 ..	154	(plate) .....	7:30
—	Hampden, .....	4 ..	144	.....	7:03
1824	Premium, .....	4 ..	147	.....	7:18
1825	Double Entendre, ..	4 ..	147	.....	7:40
1829	Souvenir, f. ....	4 ..	136	.....	6:57½
—	Cadland, .....	4 ..	147	.....	7:10
1830	Joso, f. ....	5 ..	130	.....	6:48
—	Gayhurst, .....	4 ..	147	.....	6:59
1831	Lucetta, f. ....	4 ..	130	.....	6:45
—	Shumla, .....	4 ..	147	(2d heat) .....	6:57
1832	Priam, .....	4 ..	154	.....	7:00
—	Lucetta, .....	5 ..	136	.....	8:00
1834	Vespa .....			.....	7:23
—	Little Red Rover, .....			.....	7:30
—	Oscar, .....			.....	7:25
1835	Revelry, .....			.....	7:30
1836	Hornsea, .....			.....	6:59
1837	Pussy, .....			.....	6:44
—	Venison, .....			.....	7:03'

“ Averaging 7:14 for three miles four furlongs and one hundred and eighty-seven yards, which is equal to 8:01 for four miles.

“ It will be observed that these are not selected races, but taken in the order they come, the time being noted by an individual who saw each race and kept the time. The weights for the Plates over the R. C. are very high, four-year-old fillies carrying 130 lbs. in running for those Plates, which are exclusively for mares; four-year-old colts 147 lbs., and so on, weight for age.

“ Again: It is worthy of remark, that these Plate races being only for £100, over a long course, with high weights, are by far the least attractive events of any Newmarket meeting, and are generally decided without much competition: consequently good horses seldom come together in those contests, nor do such often go for a Plate if

they expect a sharp contest. Were these races sporting affairs which bring out large fields of good horses,—in which horses could either increase their celebrity or earn money,—the result as to time, there is reason to believe, would be very different. The writer recollects holding his watch to Hornsea, on the 1st of October, 1836 (making the time seven minutes), which he won without an effort on any part of the ground, being opposed by two inferior horses, and the betting any thing you might ask on him, whose winning was considered a certainty, without a casualty.

“ Now let these be compared with those which took place fifty years previously, and the vast improvement cannot fail to strike every sportsman with an astonishment almost amounting to incredulity; yet here are the facts as plainly set down, and as conclusive, as if each had seen these things with his own eyes. The former were the best performances of the period, selected from the mass on account of their great superiority,—the latter, as we have seen, were the most common every-day events, attracting but little interest, and conferring no distinction upon the winner; yet, in contrasting the two, we find the latter vastly superior to the former.

“ In drawing the parallel, the first thing which attracts the attention of the American turfman, is the time—the average of the first being at the rate of eight minutes twelve seconds for four miles—the average of the latter, eight minutes one second, the same distance. Then, look at the weights carried formerly, 119 to 123 lbs. generally for 6 yr. olds,—now, 4 yr. olds carry 147 lbs., and 6 yr. olds 166 lbs.; a difference of 43 to 47 lbs., which in a four mile race, is beyond the power of figures to adjust, and can only be determined by a long and systematic course of experiments; but every practical and experienced turfman knows very well how to estimate the effect of weight in running long races.

“ While on this subject, it may be interesting to your readers, especially breeders of blood stock, to extend the parallel, and from the best authentic data, contrast the American and English racers of the present day, with each other. Owing to the absence of official timing of races in England, we will confine our parallel to the R. C. at Newmarket, nearly four miles, and the St. Leger Course at Doncaster, nearly two miles, both of which can be accurately timed, and generally there are persons who make it a point to ascertain the time, and report it for the public journals; though not with the same accuracy as this duty would be performed under the direction of the Stewards, yet it is the nearest approximation to the truth attainable, and probably sufficiently near to render the comparison we propose drawing, quite conclusive on the point of superiority.

" We have seen above, that the average time of twenty-two races over the R. C., was at the rate of eight minutes one second for four miles,—weights, 4 yrs. olds, 147 lbs.; 5 yrs., 161 lbs.; 6 yrs., 166 lbs.; aged, 168 lbs.

" By referring to the table of winning horses, four mile heats, 1838, in the United States, it will be found that the average of forty-one races, taking the best heat in each race, over the most popular courses, where the purse or prize was 1000 dollars or more, was 8:12½; the usual weights, 4 yr. olds, 100 lbs.; 5 yrs., 110 lbs.; 6 yrs., 118 lbs.; aged, 124 lbs. All that has been said above as to the inferiority of the Plate-running, and the high weights, will apply with recuperative force in this instance, when the very best performances in America have been selected for the comparison; but then, due allowance must be made for the shortness of the course (little more than 3½ miles), and the absence of heats. As it stands, it appears that an English Plater, 4 yrs. old, with 147 lbs., ordinarily runs at the rate of 8:01 for four miles; while it takes the average of American horses, of the same age, to go the same distance, carrying but 100 lbs., 8:12½.

" Now for the two mile parallel. The most important race in all England—we might say, in all the world—is the great Doncaster St. Leger; and from the spirited competition, the large subscription, the vast amount depending, and the severity of the work, eminently entitles the winner to the first rank of his year. This race can be, and generally is, timed; but the reports are very variant, and we beg leave to remark, that the list before us is in every instance the longest time—indeed, the variation in some instances is from five to seven seconds.

" The distance is one mile, three quarters, and one hundred and thirty-two yards—three hundred and eight yards short of two miles; with a sharp hill and a heavy course. Weight, 3 yr. olds; colts, 118 lbs.; fillies, 115 lbs.

" 1822, Theodore's	time	.....	3:26
1823, Barefoot's	..	.....	3:23
1824, Jerry's	..	.....	3:29
1825, Memnon's	..	.....	3:23
1826, Tarrare's	..	.....	3:26
1827, Matilda's f.	..	.....	3:24
1829, Rowton's	..	.....	3:35
1833, Rockingham's	..	.....	3:38
1834, Touchstone's	..	.....	3:16
1835, Queen of Trumps	..	.....	3:23
1836, Elis'	..	.....	3:20'

" The average of the above eleven races, is 3:26 for the St. Leger Course, or equal to 3:45½ for two miles.

“ By turning to the American list of winning-horses, two mile heats, 1838, we will find forty-nine races, over the most popular courses, where the purse was 500 dollars or upwards, taking the best heat in each race, average time 3:57½; 3 yr. olds, 86 lbs.; 4 yrs., 100 lbs.; 5 yrs., 110 lbs.; 6 yrs., 118 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs. From this it would appear that the average rate of a St. Leger winner, carrying 118 lbs., is twelve seconds less, in two miles, than an American 3 yr. old with only 86 lbs.; a difference of 32 lbs. in weight, and twelve seconds in time, in favour of the English.

“ Let these statements be examined, the books searched, and the calculations proved (for errors may have crept in), and if upon deliberate and unbiassed reflection, the deductions which we have made from the data cannot be denied or controverted; then let those, if any there be, who believe that they have reached the top round of the ladder in the scale of improvement, acknowledge their error and join the onward career, until the racing annals shall attest that the Americans have no superior in the breed of the

“ BLOOD HORSE.

“ August 20, 1839.”

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## MY FIRST MOUNTAIN-PASS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

THE worst of your Swiss travellers is, that they deal so much in the grand and sublime, one can hardly tell, at the end of one of their rhapsodies, whether one stands on one's head or one's heels. And they are so often “ up to their rhaps” (rhapsodies being of course the word intended), that reading their books is like standing on tiptoe to “ see the horses go round” at a race-course, where you are last in the row, and your antecedent objects to your leaning your whole weight on his shoulders—twice round and a distance. Or like dining with a party of all tragedians, where “ hand me the salt” sounds like “ give me the dagger,” and the president's bell chimes out like a

“ —knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.”

Their pictures are of such magnificent proportions that there is no finding a room in the head large enough to take in the canvas. They are so puffed up with their mountains and abysses, that mere hill and valley are looked upon as impertinences; poor humble man and woman are fairly put on the shelf, like dolls in a toy-shop. See how they knock about their glaciers and avalanches, set earthquakes a-trembling, and volcanoes a-blazing—you would take them for travelling Titans,

wandering Jew-piters, or holiday Atlases amusing themselves with playing at pitch-and-toss with Alps instead of half-pennies. The least word they have is as big as a promontory, and to read any line of their lucubrations, you would swear they never wrote with anything less than a pen plucked from the wing of a Lammergeyer. A close inspection, however, will often discover the real goose at bottom. Before grasping my *bâton ferré* in person, I had read some hundred of descriptions of mountain passes, and I confess that I found the reality so different from the representation, that almost everything in the adventure came fresh and unexpected to me. I don't mean to say that the worst of them wasn't better done than mine will be; but what I do say (and what I will stick to) is, that there was not one which prepared me for the real scenes and real adventures I met with. I have had many a mountain scramble (thank God!) in my time. But nothing like first impressions. I shall therefore attempt a rough sketch (but a *true* one—true even at the risk of being “voted mean”) of the pass of the *Tête Noire*, in the chain of Alps which separates Switzerland from Savoy, about equidistant from Mont Blanc and the great St. Bernard, and forming a triangle with both. So much for the geography: now for the start.

On the most beautiful June morning that ever sun shone upon (the 26th—for those who are curious in dates) after an interesting scene of stocking-mending (travellers see—and do—strange things) we found ourselves in the midst of the most delicious meadow that ever bird warbled over, in the glorious little *Hameau des Bois* at the foot of Mont Blanc. Our party consisted of three—masculines all—no bandboxes!—and what brought us here was to take possession of a mule, which we had bargained for the previous evening, to carry our luggage across the mountains. We were so early (per memorandum I find we “got up this morning at half-past four”) that our “mulet” was still taking his pleasure in the meadow aforesaid. We had therefore to wait a while on the little bench before the cottage-door. And Gods! what a cottage that is! Not all the emperors of all the world have such a veritable *palace*. In front is the Mont Blanc, now blazing in the unclouded light of a gorgeous sunrise. On one side is the vast *Glacier des Bois*, where, from a cavern in the ice, the torrent of the Arveyron gushes into life; its nativity, announced by the roar of a thousand avalanches (really there *is* no resisting the grandisse in these regions—I am half inclined to forgive my brother travellers). On the other side of the valley a bluff chain of Alps, of which the *Brevent* is the most conspicuous, runs up half way to the sky top, and thunders down its avalanches as if in rivalry of its opposite neighbour *Mont Charmoz*. A fine old wood of pines occupies the interval between the cottage and



the stream of the Arveyron, while all around are numerous flocks and herds grazing in the midst of most luxuriant meadows, and as peacefully withal as if there was not a glacier or an avalanche within fifty miles of the spot. If the eye is tickled, so is the ear. There is a whole heavenful of birds, singing their beautiful Swiss melodies overhead, and not a sheep or goat in the whole valley but is jingling his carillon in the most dulcet fashion. The cows too have all of them their bells about their necks—if one ought not rather to call them warming-pans, of which they have in no small degree the appearance. The deep *dongs* of these instruments, however, heard among the *ring-ding-dings* of the sheep and goats, give a great richness to the harmonies of the concert, and form a *ranz des vaches* far more pleasing, to my mind, than the crotchets and quavers of your Alpine musicians. The low murmurings of the Arve on one side, and the Arveyron on the other, fill up the intervals of sound, and lull the ear as sweetly, as the eye is gladdened by the gorgeous landscape around.

Muley is caparisoned in due course (tassels and network not forgotten); our traps are packed; the fine fellow of a lad, our guide, makes his salaam, we grasp our *bâtons ferrés*, and, like a troop of Muley Mahomedans, away we go on our pilgrimage. Following the course of the Arve, we soon came to the little village of Argentière; where there is a glacier, and other wonders which we did not stay to explore. Climbing the "*Montets*," which commence at *La Tour* (where there is another glacier), we entered the valley of Valorsine; rather an odd way of entering a valley, to be sure—climbing up into it—but everything, in this strange country, seems to go by the rule of contrary. The rivers, too, contrary to the practice of all christian rivers in other countries, are dry in winter, and full in summer. The reason, however (like all other reasons—when you know 'em), is obvious enough: the streams are supplied by the melting snow and ice, so that the more scorching and drying-up the sun, the more abundant the rivers. Having now got on the north side of the mountains, we found our road passing over plains of snow; and, as our friend "Tomkins" had mounted the mule, friend "Jenkins" and I amused ourselves in pelting him with snowballs—as pretty a pastime, for the second day after Midsummer-day, as any three young gentlemen on their travels might desire. As soon as we had left the snow, we found ourselves up to the knees in rhododendrons and gentians—new source of wonderment! The mountains on each side are bleak and desolate; a few atomies only, which guides assure are cows and goats, are seen browsing among their steepes. How they are ever to get down again, is more than I can tell. I forgot to mention, among the wonders we passed on the road, the crosses and inscriptions, which every now and then made us open the eyes of

astonishment. Here is one (of the *least odd*), which we copied. It was on a rude cross of wood by the wayside. "Monseigneur Pierre Joseph Key, Evêque d'Annecy, accorde 40 jours d'indulgence à tous les fideles qui, voyant cette croix de près ou de loin, se frapperont trois fois la poitrine, disant dévotement chaque fois, Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de moi!"

The village of Valorsine has the usual complement of broad roofs, and outside stairs, and wood-piles run up against the gables; and little goats, with Charles-the-first beards, playing with the *rest of the children* at the cottage doors. By the bye, I'll touch you off a cottage interior, by way of a sample of a Swiss at-home. Stepping at once into the *whole house*, you find yourself in presence of all the family, consisting (in the case which I have in my mind's eye) of some half a dozen bipeds, a horse, a donkey, a dog, and a goat, all mixing very cozily under the same roof. It is true, there was a sort of line of demarcation between the human and the inhuman portion of the residents; but this, like the equinoctial line, was more imaginary than real, as there was nothing in the world to prevent the eye taking in the whole at a glance. The floor was an inheritance on the maternal side—Mother Earth. Round the room ran a rude gallery, leading on the one side to a sort of platform of rough boards, which served as a bedchamber, and on the other to a similar collection of planks, doing duty as a hay-loft. I need scarcely add, that all these "properties and decorations" belong to a man well to do in the world—a Croesus among the inhabitants of Alpland.

We made no halt at the village of Valorsine, being much too anxious to penetrate the gorge beyond, a tract as rich in beauty and grandeur as any this sublime country can boast. The road follows the course of a torrent called *Eau-Noire*, first passing on one side of it, then on the other, as the bank may be practicable. Every turn in our path presented some new scene, of terrific grandeur or beautiful repose. On one side hung an enormous rock, ready to topple down and fill up all the valley: on another was spread out a delicious prairie, covered with flowers of a thousand colours, and affording pasture to numerous flocks of sheep and goats. Now we were at the foot of a mountain gorge, where everything breathed desolation and danger: now we were in the midst of a group of Chalets, where all seemed mirth and contentment. One while we were buried in the depths of a forest, whose trees seemed to be antediluvian; and, again, we were standing on some projecting ledge of rock, where the two vastnesses of mountain above, and of abyss beneath, almost make the brain whirl with wonder. What struck me as among the most extraordinaries was, that often, when I had stood gazing in astonishment at some beautiful cascade, a fall that would have made the fortune of any English county under the sun, on in-

quiring the name of it, I found that it had none. "C'est l'Eau-Noire, Monsieur," was all the information I could get to my often-repeated demands. It was not, perhaps, without a smack of the ludicrous, that my catechisms were sometimes carried on; for, as I generally had to interrogate my swain (or nymph, as the case might be) in the roar of the cascade itself, I naturally thought that I might not have made myself understood; to say nothing of the probability that my Anglo-French and his or her Helvetico-French would by no means acquire additional lucidness from the presence of such circumstances.

"Comment nommez-vous cette cascade?"

"C'est l'Eau-Noire, Monsieur."

"Oui, le torrent, je sais: mais la cascade? cette chute d'eau qui est si jolie—si jolie et si grande."

"N'est-ce pas?"

"Oui; et son nom?"

"C'est l'Eau-Noire."

"Vous parlez du torrent (at the top of my voice); ça s'appelle l'Eau Noire, je le sais."

"Oui, l'Eau-Noire."

"Mais moi, je parle de la chute d'eau (nod of the head, which gives some hopes); elle doit avoir un nom, ce me semble?"

"Si, si."

"Eh bien; et ce nom?"

"C'est l'Eau-Noire."

I have already said that such and such-like anti-sublimities *will* intrude themselves in the midst of the grandeurs of this beautiful region; and whoever travels in these Dans and Beershebas must be content to put up with similar impertinences. It was more than once our lot in this day's ramble to have the most sublime reflections cut short, the most elevating raptures nipped in the bud, by such an apparition as a swain leading a cow in a string, and carrying under his arm a gorgeous red umbrella! And, again, when in the midst of some savage, Salvator-Roseate scene, which carried one back to the times of the deluge, where rocks were piled on rocks, and cataracts were leaping over cataracts, one came suddenly on a plot of ground covered with *potatoes!* which of course put to instant flight all our ecstatic visions, and *mashed up* our thoughts to the consistency of potatoe pudding. In another case, when we were delectating in the midst of an Eden of wild fruits and flowers, where everything breathed poetry and ethereality, we were overtaken by a chubby Swiss lad, sprawling out both his hands, in one of which were half a dozen wild strawberries, and in the other a poor devil of an expiring butterfly, the young gentleman bawling with all his energy for "*un petit sous, Monsieur!*" Talking of butterflies, one of

our greatest astonishments to-day, was the meeting with enormous quantities of these little "foolish, fluttering things," several hundreds, I should think, clustered together in the space of a few handsbreadths; many lying dead on the ground, and others curveting about over their heads. Being no naturalists, we were entirely unable to account for this strange appearance, and our muleteer could give us no information on the subject. If any of our gentle readers, learned in the ologies, will give us a little enlightenment on this point, he shall have the best thanks of his very humble servant, the writer of this paper. The important fact must not be omitted, that all the butterflies were of one kind, the pale yellow-and-white sort, so common in England. All along the road to-day we found little chapels by the side of the path, at intervals of two or three miles; each fitted up with a little altar, and bearing the date of its erection. Some of them were not much bigger than sentry boxes, and without doors. Others had doors, the upper half of which was formed of iron net-work, in which were woven offerings of flowers, or crosses made of a kind of feather-grass, left there by the hands of pious pilgrims traversing these mountain passes. I must not forget to mention, among the notabilities of this morning's journey, the beautiful "Cascade Barbarine," the rock of Balmarussa, and the gallery of the Tête Noire, this last pierced through the living rock, and one of the most picturesque objects in the whole route.

Soon after having passed the gallery we arrived at the Tête-Noire itself, and called a halt at the *hospice*. Aye, but what is a *hospice*? I should like to hear my gentle reader's notion of that same. An hospital naturally at first suggests itself, where respectable-looking gentlemen and ladies in black and white, with respectable salaries attached, are seen devoutly watching over the destinies of poor devils in flannel nightcaps, taking gentle exercise on crutches. Poor misguided lector! he is as far from the reality as it is from the top of St. Gothard to the bottom of Oxford Street. A *hospice* is, in fact, French for the most miserable kind of doghole inn in the most miserable kind of out-of-the-world situation that ever Boniface was banished to. *Hospice* does in truth mean hospital: but one of the *lucus a-non* endowment, where no hospitality is to be expected. As an instance of the charms of situation enjoyed by some of them, take the following sketch of the *hospice* of the Gemmi pass, kindly furnished by my friend George Robins from the journal kept by him when really going through the Swiss cantons a few summers ago:

"The *Hospice* of the *Schwarrenbach* is excitingly situated in the  
 HEART OF THE BERNESE ALPS,  
 a dozen miles from everywhere (and twice that distance back again—  
 being up-hill all the way).

A LOVELY LAKE,  
 constantly covered with ice and snow, lies within  
 A PLEASANT MORNING'S RIDE,  
 where there are

NO TURNPIKES!!!

The High Road from Kandersteg to the

HOT WELLS OF LEUKERBADEN.

passes close by the door, with an average of one passenger per week.

A MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN

overhangs the mansion; part of which has already fallen, and overwhelmed

A SWEET ALPINE VILLAGE,

and the rest is expected to follow very soon.

As a summer residence it is particularly desirable, being

PERFECTLY COOL;

and, during the winter months, when families are commonly at their paternal halls, it would require no expensive domestic establishment, as this

ECONOMICAL MANSION

is, for six months in the year, eighteen feet deep in the snow."

If the *hospice* of the *Tête Noire* does not boast all the blandishments of the Schwarrenbach, it has quite as many as are desirable. Its ways (and means) are quite as rough: its bills as long, and its commons as short: its mutton as tough as whitleather, and its bacon as rusty as if the pigs had never been fed out of anything but iron troughs all their lives. The bread was as black as the *Tête Noire* itself, with cheese as *white* as the snows on its summit: the wine, an excellent match to the edibles, and the accommodations in perfect keeping with the whole. N.B.—All wise travellers will take their dinners with them when it is necessary to dine in the mountains. In the *valleys* they will always find "good entertainment for man and horse." Let them look to the map before starting! At the *hospice*, we met with several fine specimens of the genus Alpine dandy. I have seen your sporting dandy, your sailing dandy, your ball-room dandy, your Fives'-court dandy; but for a downright, thorough-going Tomnoddy, commend me to your Alpine dandy. To be sure it is rather horrid that in so sublime a region, where everything else is grand and impressive, man should be the only object to excite pity and indignation. But so it is. Even the sublime Jang Frau has its fashionable fooleries; the Great St. Bernard, its caprices of costume: nay, I should not be very much surprised, one of these days, to hear of a St. Gothard waistcoat, or a pair of breeches cut à la *Mont Blanc*. The gentleman before me, tugging away at the tough mutton of the *auberge* of the *Tête Noire*, may serve for a type of his caste. On his head, a straw-hat of *ex-straw-dinary* dimensions:

on his eyes, a pair of green spectacles; then a blouse, of a quaint fancy pattern: item, one knapsack of chamois-skin, attached to the shoulders by straps of the same material: a flask for holding brandy, or kirschwasser (covered also with chamois-skin), slung over the shoulder with red morocco straps: in the hand a *bâton-ferré*, topped by a chamois horn: and, stuck here and there about the person, sprigs of rhododendron, or other wild flowers, gathered among the Alps. Some carry in addition, a huge portfolio, or gigantic telescope—pipes, of course—and it is no unusual thing to see, in some conspicuous part of the person, a knot of riband, or bouquet of artificial flowers, the love-token of some fair damsel, bestowed on her wandering innamorato at their last tender meeting.

Having made ourselves familiar with all the horrors of the *Tête-Noire*, and achieved a sketch of the localities, we again set forth. Descending through the most magnificent scenery, we reach the little village of Trient, passing along the “maupas” (*mauvais pas*) and over the torrent of Trient, which proceeds from the glacier of the same name. Soon after, the track from the Col de Balne (another mountain pass), unites with ours, and we are again called upon to climb up steeps that seem to have no end, and which are by no means more easy of ascent from the presence of a burning three-o’clock sun overhead, and an infinity of loose rubble under one’s feet. It was the Col du Forclaz (a sort of supplementary mountain-pass), that we were now engaged to surmount. But I shall not trouble my reader with the fatigues of the ascent—nor delight him with its beauties. Suffice it to say, we gained the summit at last, and calling a halt of the whole party, lay down on the grass, and enjoyed the prospect at our leisure. And such a prospect! The Forclaz stands exactly at the end of the Valais, commanding a full view of the course of the Rhone, which flows between two enormous chains of mountains, whose tops are always covered with snow and glaciers. Under our feet, in the valley, lies the little town of Martigny, overlooked by the fine old castle of La Batia. A white straight line runs along the midst of the valley and terminates in the town. This is the great “Simplon route” constructed by Bonaparte, which leads by Domo d’Ossola into Italy. Another road crosses this at right angles (intersecting at Martigny) the branch to the right leading also into Italy, by the Great St. Bernard; that to the left to Geneva. At the extreme end of the valley lies a vast mass of Alps piled on Alps, every peak glittering in an eternity of snow, and as distinctly visible as if it were at arm’s-length, instead of away there in Italy. The foreground of this magnificent landscape is not unworthy its other portions. Amidst the ruins of vast mountains, whose broken *towers and turrets* lie around, a most luxuriant verdure spreads on all sides: thousands of flowers are springing

amongst the turf—the lovely Alpenrose, the gentianilla, violets as big as pansies, and a hundred others whose names and forms were altogether unknown to us. Among these brilliant blossoms, which was the one we selected for a bouquet? Why, a simple daisy—a plain, unsophisticated yellow and white daisy—for it was the only English flower among them. Then, in every sheltered nook and “coign of vantage” was perched some snug chalet, with its copious wooden roof projecting on every side, and over the little low door in front a cross, made of flowers or feather-grass, hanging in testimony of the piety of its inmates. Around the chalets, numerous herds and flocks—of sheep, cows, and goats—were grazing, and such a clatter of bells was kept up, big, little, and medium, that the whole air seemed hung with them.

As we had still some hours' march before us—I might almost have said *under* us, so steep was the descent—we now again were in motion. But I have already taken up my third sheet, and if my reader is not weary, I am. Suffice it then to say, that after various scramblings and slidings, adventurments and wonderments, we reached the ancient and loyal city of Martigny before nightfall, where we secured good quarters at the fine old “*grand maison*,” viewed the town, inspected the church, examined the evidences of the great inundation (from the bursting of a glacier a few years ago), bargained with the landlord for a *char-a-banc* for the morrow, ate a hearty supper, and then to bed, to go over again in dreamland, the incidents and adventures of our **FIRST MOUNTAIN PASS.**

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### AN ELEPHANT-TALE

“—I will a round *unvarnished tale* deliver,  
Of my whole course.”—OTHELLO.

SCENE: — *A Tent. Two gentlemen with their legs on a table, drinking claret and smoking hookahs.*

“My dear Grenade, you are the best fellow at a story I know; so you actually want me to believe, that after your party killed their tiger, the nest of hornets charged; from the tree so stoutly, that they put your elephants totally to the rout.”

“Yes they did, I can assure you, and what is more, two of our party were so stung that they were in bed for a week after it, and although we made three attempts, we were obliged to leave the dead tiger behind, and make our way back to the tents, regularly beat.”

“Well, that's no bad story; but by Jove when I was on the staff in Ceylon, one morning when I was at breakfast, in came a black rascal, breathless, to announce that he could point me out a herd of elephants

a short distance off; well, I loaded my two guns, gave the fellow one to carry, and off I started; when we came near the place where the fellow said they were, he knelt down, and commenced creeping on all fours; I crept also behind, but a little to his right, when on a sudden, amongst the thickest part of the high grass, I nearly bumped my head against the foot of an enormous old tusker. Well, thinks I to myself, I have you, my gentleman, pretty safe, I'll just crawl round and get a good front shot at you. So off I started, crawling very cautiously; but to my surprise, when I got nearly round, he turned too. I waited a little, and tried again, and again he played me the same trick. Six times more I tried, and every time round he went also. An hour had now elapsed; I strained my eyes in every direction through the grass, to get a glimpse of my black friend with my other gun, but not a sight of him could I catch; I then tried to go back, but he backed too; I thought at every step he would put his foot on me;—to fire at his stern would be madness, and at once would seal my fate. Oh! goodness, what an awful time it seemed; the sun scorched through and through me, and I, after having escaped the enemies' fire all through the Peninsula, to be on the verge of being made currant jelly of by a damned Cingalese elephant. Suspense became intolerable; I already fancied myself a mouse under a cat's paw; I dared not call to my guide; I never could get a sight of his forehead by his manoeuvring; I fancied I could see his little malicious eye twinkling at me, as much as to say, I think I've cotched you now, my covey; then all my wicked deeds, my mis-spent life, my youthful frolics, all came before my eyes; on a sudden I remembered when once at Bath, as a boy pulling off my Aunt's door bell, and shying it plump in the face of a housemaid, who looked out of the stair case window: a thought struck me! which thought proved my deliverance." Here the Major looked very profound, and Grenade stared with astonishment to think how the deuce the Colonel could get out of the grass, and safe through the anecdote. "I thought of a parable, for I found myself all of a sudden very religious; I likened the elephant's tail to the bell handle; I thought if I pulled his tail, he would of course do what a servant does when he hears a bell ring, come to see what it is. I laid down my gun, tucked up the sleeves of my coat, then taking up my gun and grasping it in my right hand, with my left I gave the tusker a desperate tug by his tail. Round he came, like a shot. Not a moment was to be lost, poking both barrels almost in his face, I let fly both, and down he went like stone."

"Well, I hope you offered up a prayer for your deliverance."

"No, I took off my coat, jumped on his side, and waltzed round and round, and should have been going now, had not the black fellow made his appearance, and asked if it was the English dance of Victory I was dancing."

WINGS.



## RACE-HORSES, ROSES, AND PRETTY WOMEN.

THE American Turf Register for November last (a periodical, by the way, conducted with great care, spirit, and energy, and well deserving the liberal support of the country in which it is "raised") contains a paper under the above head, and bearing the appropriate signature of *Curiosus*, which we think will be original to our readers. The writer's fancy appears to have taken the fairy invitation in Shakspeare, and has "come, to trip it on the sands!"—*Sand* is all!—*Sand* is the secret of all blood-creatures!—Do you admire the odour—the bloom—the exquisite shape of that rose?—it is all *sand*! The fine ear, taper muzzle, arched neck, of that fair creature—are but the inspiration of *sand*! And sand only—atom-collected into beauty—are that Grecian-featured face, and those rounded arms, and small feet! *Climate* seems to have been lost sight of, in the speculations of our author,—so completely has he contrived to get the sand in his eyes.—But to the paper:—

"Some things very strange are, nevertheless, true; and the collection and collation of facts, frequently lead to the discovery of new and unexpected relations. Effects apparently unconnected and dissimilar, are sometimes traced to the same cause; and an extensive generalization is obtained which not only simplifies our notions of the operations of nature, but enables us to conduct many processes with greater facility, and to produce more certain and important results. The influence of *climate* on the animal and vegetable kingdoms, has not escaped the notice of philosophers: and many learned treatises have presented to the world the results of their observations, and the conclusions to which their investigations have led them, in regard to the operations of this cause. Another cause not less powerful, I conjecture, in its effects on men, animals, and plants, has been co-operating with climate, since the present condition of the earth has existed, to modify all *living* things, and which certainly has not, in an equal degree, attracted the attention of natural philosophers,—*the geological formation* of different portions of the earth. That the effects of this have not received so much attention, is to be attributed in a great degree to the recent date of our knowledge of Geology, and to the direction of the minds of men to other phenomena, the results of geological formations. Mining, paleontological wonders, the formation of coal beds, engineering, and the nature of soils in their relation to production, have occupied the attention of geologists *almost as much* as their search in the bowels of the earth for the record of the day and date of her birth, and her baptism in the flood. If they

could find it, I believe they would understand it as little as they do the Bible, in which there is the only account of these events that can be relied on as certainly true. If their interpretations of the latter are so variant and uncertain, it cannot be expected that their conjectural approximations from the works of God can be nearer the truth, or entitled to more respect. The word of God requires no collateral or circumstantial evidence to demonstrate its truth.

“The attention of geologists and natural philosophers, has been confined to the *dead* and *buried*, so far as they have considered the effects of geological causes on matter; all their investigations and all *their* thoughts, have been *sub-limum*. An humble enquirer after truth and utility, proposes to raise his head *above the surface* of the *earth*, and to state a few facts in regard to the effects which appear to be produced by geological formations on living things. This subject seems to him worthy the observation and attentive consideration of rational men. If he shall succeed in giving that direction to the eyes and minds of any enlightened persons, he will have rendered some service to mankind.

“The effects apparently produced on objects to which he had turned his attention, because they had given him pleasure and had occupied his mind, first employed his thoughts. Among these, Horses, Roses, and Women, were foremost. Long before any suspicion arose as to their cause, remarkable differences were observed in horses raised from different breeds and on different soils. These differences were most obvious in regard to the form of the head, ears, muzzle, and legs; and when great differences exist in these, it has been ascertained that others equally as great exist in the bones and tendons and muscular fibre. The hoofs and skin and hair also are different. The shin-bone of a Pennsylvania waggon-horse seventeen hands high, differs as much from that of a Virginia race-horse fifteen hands high, as the white oak or hickory of Western Pennsylvania or Ohio, does from the same genus and species of tree in Eastern Virginia or Maryland. The weight, measure, and texture, examined with a microscope, are all different. The one is soft, spongy, light, and large: the other, hard, close, heavy and small, with an ivory polish and metallic sound. The muscular fibre in the one is coarser and more lax, although strong, and bears the same relation to that of the other that hemp does to silk or flax. The vascular system differs also. In the coarse horse, the arteries are larger, and the veins smaller and more deeply buried,—the tendency to obesity much greater,—the fluid and soft parts bearing a much greater proportion to the solids. Bring these horses to Maryland or Virginia—to the Eastern parts, I mean—and their posterity begin to undergo a change in the first generation; in the second it is still greater; and in the tenth, they are no longer the same breed of animals.

They will have approximated very nearly to the Virginia horses. Still the ear, muzzle, and eye, will tell tales of them; but these, too, are altered considerably. On the contrary, carry the fine, delicate, hard-hoofed, deer-legged, bright-eyed, arrow-eared, small-muzzled, wide-nostrilled, thin-skinned, superficially-big-veined animals, from lower Virginia, only to the *Valley* in Pennsylvania, Maryland, or Virginia, and a change begins to come over them in the first generation, which goes on progressively in each succeeding one, till none but a practised eye, in the tenth or twelfth, can distinguish in them any traces of the original stock. This is produced, it is said, by the difference in climate and food. The climate is damper and cooler, and the food more luxuriant and abundant. This is true. But what causes these differences, perhaps in climate in the same latitude nearly, but certainly in soil, and consequently in vegetation? The climate in countries of *calcareous* formation, is notoriously damper, the vegetation constituting the food of animals more abundant, and different in its texture,—the wood not so hard and close-grained as in countries of *granitic* and *silicious* formation. Animal formation is modified by the vegetable formations of which it is the result; and the vegetable formations are modified by the elements of the soil from which they derive their nourishment. Who will pretend to follow out the links of this chain, or fix a limit to the operation of a cause so powerful and boundless? Not only the forms of animals and their physical systems, their secretions and excretions, but their *spiritual* attributes, are affected by the difference of geological formation from which they derive, through its vegetation, the elements of their organization.

“The effect produced on the Rose, by difference of geological formation, is very remarkable. Its delightful aroma is much less, and less concentrated, when it grows on calcareous soils, than on sandy soils; its colours are less vivid, and its texture, when viewed through the microscope, less delicate; it grows larger; the wood has more cellular and less woody and vascular tissue. The effluvia from the bodies and from the excretions of horses are different. And this is very remarkable in the human race also. From young persons especially, who are attentive to personal neatness, there exhales, from the skin particularly, an odour similar to that of the freshly-gathered hickory nut, if they have been born of parents raised in a sandy country, and are born and raised there themselves. Those on calcareous soils have not this odour, but a nitrous, meaty scent. The ankles, hands, and elbows, especially of women, are not so delicately formed; and indeed both the men and women are less symmetrically formed, and more inclined to obesity. The solids are not so firm. Diseases reach their crisis with them much sooner. They are not so

long-lived, cannot undergo so much fatigue, and are not so spiritual. They come to maturity earlier, and are much more like the rich and succulent vegetation and meats which constitute their food, and consequently enter into the composition of their physical systems. Is this imaginary? Look at the horses, people, and vegetables. If sand, acted upon by a certain degree of heat, and the vital organs of animals and plants, is not the cause of these remarkable differences of form, texture, aroma, &c., in those grown and raised on it, what is? Why is it that not only certain plants, but certain animals, are never found except as exile wanderers from sandy and granitic lands, on calcareous soils? The *grey lizard*, and *the tick*, mark with more precision than the geological surveyor, the boundaries of the sand and granite. We find them lost, or transported to calcareous tracts, where they soon disappear. Silix, we know, is taken up and acted on by the vital organs of plants, giving strength and hardness to them in a very great degree. The cornstalk, the bamboo, and the concretions called *tabasheen*, make this manifest. And why should not the vital organs of animals take up from food or *compose silix*? Because the chemist can discover none in his system? Pooh! The ablest chemist cannot make the petal of a rose, or even tell how it is done; nor can he extract from the earth or the air, with all his art, and combine the elements of its aroma into its delightful perfume. *Life is the great Alchemist*. Let us pass to the Old Continent, and to those countries where the horse is found in the greatest perfection. What do we see around us? The rose-bushes of Arabia loading the air with their perfume, and the grey lizard playing in every tangled brake. Look at the legs and arms of the women, see how their eyes sparkle and flash fire, like brilliant crystals. Go to the country around Damascus, and

‘Die of a rose in aromatic pain.’

Here the grey lizard pops his impudent head into every tent and bower; and the women, with their finely moulded forms and hourie eyes, dazzle, delight, and distract us. Shall we pass the Mediterranean into Barbary,—see that wanderer of the desert on his fiery steed. What a superb animal! Look at his crest and quivering ear, as the rider brings him down on his haunches with that powerful bit. Good heavens! see how he clears those hedges of roses, and flings from their leaves the *attar ghul* into the air. Do you see that dark-eyed daughter of the desert standing near the kneeling camel? Her form, figure, attitude, are inimitable. Hush, or she will flee like a fawn into the tent at the sight of a stranger, and the beautiful vision will be lost to us for ever. Did you ever see the daughter of a Pennsylvania Dutchman like her? You may, if he and his wife will

go and settle a little to the South of Mount Atlas. The thirteenth generation will resemble that girl. *It will get the flint into the form in that time.*

“ What, conclude we then, is the region of Race Horses, Roses, and pretty Women? Dry sandy lands, moderately warm, at least. And however chimerical it may be declared to be, experience will prove these speculations to be founded in truth and nature; and wherever the soil is calcareous, and the rose loses its perfume, and the grey lizards play not among the hedges,—the horse will become a heavier, coarser animal, of less strength, endurance and fleetness, in proportion to his size; and that without continual admixture from granitic or sandy lands, will lose the characteristics of the finest blood and breeding. It is remarkable though, that *first progeny* after removal from the *sand* to the *lime*, are not unfrequently more valuable than their immediate ancestors. Without having lost the characteristics of their ancestry, they have more size and roundness of form. Let any person compare the *Western horses* of the eighth and tenth generation, with those brought from the sandy parts of New York (and these by the bye are coarser than those from Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina) and Virginia, and he will be convinced that these speculations are founded in truth. In England they raise fine horses: much of the country is sandy; the climate, from its insular situation, is mild; and the greatest care is taken of their high-bred cattle. We know that exotics can be raised in hothouses. The Indiana and Ohio horse has been farther and longer removed from his high-bred ancestors (the horses brought into Kentucky by the earliest settlers from Virginia and North Carolina), than the horse of Kentucky, which has been constantly receiving infusions of blood from the Virginia stock; and consequently the Indiana and Ohio horse is a big-headed, flop-eared, thick-legged, grummy-limbed, flat-footed, thick-winded brute; entirely a different animal from the high-mettled racer. It is fortunate for us, however, that our tastes as well as our bodies are affected by the same causes. The Dutch waggoner will prefer his big horse and his big wife, to an Arabian courser and a Circassian beauty.—‘*Chacun á son gout.*’

“ But the influence of the granitic and silicious formation is not confined to *the body*. There is a wonderful and mysterious connexion between this and the ethereal spirit. The organization of the rose is made the laboratory of its perfume; and the organs of animals, worked by life in obedience to the will of the Great Architect of the Universe, may elaborate those ethereal impulses which we call by such a variety of names. There is no materialism in this. Who will limit the Creator and Governor of the world, in the subordinate means of

accomplishing his purposes? Not I. What is called a *Southern man*, is a *sand-made man baked hard by a hot sun*. Daniel Webster is a sand-made man; but he was never heated through. Clay and Calhoun were baked brown. Patrick Henry, and John Randolph, were raised to a glowing heat. The men from Maine to Florida, on the Atlantic inclined plane of sand, are bodily and mentally different from those in the same latitude on the calcareous Western lands. A man raised in New England on a sandy soil but in a cool climate, has the sense and wit of a Southerner, but neither his hot heart nor his hot head,—a better calculator, a more dispassionate reasoner; but not so eloquent or generous. The Western man, on calcareous lands in the same latitude with the Virginian or Carolinian, is a different man. He is a softer substance, and yields more readily to impulse; his love has more lust in it; his courage is as great, but more ferocious; he will die to accomplish to-day, what he cares nothing about to-morrow; he is not so implacable in his resentment, and is more easily appeased. The fine specimens of Kentuckians and Tenessians that have attracted the attention of the world, cannot be excelled. They are the progeny, in the *first degree*, of Old Virginians, and North Carolina and South Carolina men, raised on calcareous formations. Like the horses of the same degree from the Virginia stock, they are if possible finer than their ancestors. They possess all their intelligence, fire, and feeling; indeed all their qualities, in an exaggerated degree. But their children are not like them; they have lost some of their fine points both of body and mind. And matters will grow worse. There's too much *lime* and not *sand* enough in the interior of Kentucky, to make fine men and women out of. There's hardly enough for the latter.

“To conclude this dry subject, I will merely observe, that there is just the same difference between an Englishman and an Arab, that there is between an English horse and an Arabian; dependent, I believe, as much or more on the geology of their respective countries than on all other causes combined.

“CURTOSUS.”

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#### HYDE-PARK CORNER, HALF-PAST FIVE.

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THIS is the style in which the highest and happiest lady of England takes the air on a spring afternoon. The handsome, graceful, and gracious personage, who is seated reins in hand, is not placed according to our English notions of driving;—but he can make a law on the subject.

THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK,  
OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR  
SALMON, TROUT, &c.

“ So if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it.”

IZAAC WALTON.

“ Merrily, merrily, do I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

*Tempest.*

CHAP. XV.

SCENE, and TIME :—“ *The Breakfast Table.*”

*Herb.* Theophilus promised me awhile back that you, Antiquarius, should tell us something of angling in the olden time.

*Theoph.* Aye, *Antiquarius*, now that you have, as I hope, satisfied the first cravings of hunger, tell us whether golden pheasants' toppings and dun hackles were in such request in days of yore, as now. We have, of course, read in Walton of the antiquity of fishing and fish hooks, but how far back do you carry the practice of *angling*; and was it common amongst the Greeks and the Romans?

*Antiq.* Positively, Mr. Theophilus, this insatiable appetite of yours and your coadjutors, for everything that relates to your all-engrossing pursuit, is quite abominable. Believe me, the Greeks and Romans, if they were not too wise, certainly knew the real enjoyments of life too well to spend whole days by the swamps of a river and bring home little at night but an empty stomach, and nothing from their own exertions to fill it;—difficult indeed would it have been in these days to have adapted such an occupation to the poet, the lawyer, and the priest; and still more so to dignify it as you and your predecessors have done with the pompous appellation of “a science.”!

*Theoph.* Nay, but seriously, do you think angling was really unknown to the Greeks and the Romans?

*Antiq.* It was perfectly well known; but probably used only by the poor as a means of livelihood; or, if by the great, as a vehicle for pomp and show.

*Herb.* But why should the Romans, who so well knew what luxury and enjoyment were, have been ignorant of the exquisite delight a true angler always feels in sallying down to the river on a fine summer's

morning? the sun glittering on the water,—the birds singing around him—and all nature in her liveliest costume brilliantly blushing with the kisses of the morning dew. Oh! is there on earth any known luxury to be compared with it? And then ——

*Antiq.* Mine excellent friend, these raptures and hasty movements, believe me, are ill timed and very inconsistent with an antiquarian discussion; so pray sit down again, and without upsetting your tea a second time, or turning the cock of the tea-urn on to Theophilus's trousers, as I see you are on the point of doing, listen to my answer to your question. You ask me why the Romans were not acquainted with the pleasures of angling. I cannot tell you "*why*" they were not; but, I believe they were not, because almost all notices of fishing, as practised by them, partake of the most disgusting pomp and pride;—a mental disposition, very little in accordance with the sentiments you have just expressed, and which I admit to be those of a true angler. Referring to the well known story of Anthony and Cleopatra, as told by Plutarch, —the earliest notice of the practice of the art amongst the Romans, I have ever been able to find,—it requires little penetration to decide that anglers, who could experience any pleasure from pulling up fish, that had been previously fastened to the hook by divers under the surface, were not in pursuit of Walton's "*Contemplative Man's Recreation*;" and I think I may venture to pronounce, they must have been unacquainted with the *sentiment* altogether. Another curious notice connected with the subject, will be found in Eutropius; in his life of Nero, he says, that emperor fished with golden nets, drawn with scarlet cords, *retibus " aureis piscaretur quæ blatteis funibus extrahebat*;" and Lampridius also tells us, in his Life of Helagabalus, that the emperor, in order "*to seem magnificent*," drew fishes out of his ponds by means of oxen! Now, in all this we can trace no affinity to a mind like father Walton's, when he and his companions "*eat their breakfast under the sycamore tree*."

*Herb.* Truly I think not, but I should like to have more ample means of judging. You produce us only instances of debauched emperors and bad men.

*Antiq.* But which, I think, may nevertheless be relied upon, as affording a correct idea of the habits and feelings of the times. But perhaps the most curious and interesting view of the subject, will be found in Oppian's *Haliecticks*, a Greek Poem on Sea Fishing, written about the close of the second century. The author accompanied his father into banishment to the island of Malta, whither he was sent by the emperor Severus; there his occupation would seem to have been that of fishing in the Mediterranean. As this little book seldom turns up, I shall give you a few extracts from a translation of it in English



verse, equally scarce, printed at Oxford, in 1722. The author sets out in his third book, by a description of the necessary qualifications of a fisherman, thus :

“ First be the fisher’s limbs compact and sound,  
With solid flesh and well brac’d sinews bound.  
Let due proportion every part commend ;  
Nor leanness shrink too much, nor fat distend.  
Oft some stout fish a vigorous fight maintains,  
Suspends the conquest, and disputes his chains.”

*Herb.* Surely those must be the qualifications for a modern brewer’s drayman.

*Theoph.* Not a bad painting certainly ; but don’t interrupt the court.

*Antiq.* The author then proceeds to recommend early rising in the following strain :

“ Let resolution all his passions sway,  
Nor pleasures charm his mind, nor fears dismay ;  
From short repose let early vigour rise,  
And all his soul awaken with his eyes.”

*Herb.* Did he then take his mistress with him ; for truly the recommendation has an amatory twang ?

*Theoph.* Be quiet, Herbert.

*Antiq.* The poet then describes the various modes of fishing—beginning with the angle :

“ By those who, curious, have their art defined,  
Four sorts of fishers are distinct assigned.  
The first in books delight ; here some prepare  
The angle’s taper length, and twisted hair ;  
Others the tougher threads of flax entwine,  
But firmer hands sustain the sturdy line.”

He then proceeds with equal truth to describe the net,—the wheel or basket, and the trident or spear,—and ultimately, the atrocious practice of using a narcotic drug ; which is so curious, that I must give it to you in his translator’s words :

“ There are who mix the drug’s envenom’d juice,  
And flowing mischief in the floods infuse ;  
Above the adult’rate waves, th’ expiring shoal  
In giddy rings irregularly roll.”

*Theoph.* Why it seems then, that the ancients were possessed of all the information of the present day, if we except “ tickling.”

*Antiq.* And they were acquainted with that also, as the author I have just introduced to you will testify. Fly-fishing, however, seems wholly unknown at that period. But let us have done with Oppian now :—perhaps some rainy day we will dip into him again, and have a taste of ancient piscatory cooking, taking of course your landlady into council. Let me, however, draw to your attention the fact, that with all their knowledge of angling, the ancients were wholly unacquainted with the *sentiment* belonging to it, and which I consider to constitute its prin-

principal source of delight ; it is true, upon the walls of the houses in Pompeii occasionally are found some beautiful subjects connected with angling ; and I have here one of the best of them ;\* but these I look upon as works of art only, and unconnected with the *sentiment* altogether :



*Theoph.* It exhibits, at all events, a skilful manner of holding the rod.

*Antiq.* It does so, and is extremely interesting on that account.

*Herb.* But, you call the delights of angling, "a sentiment."

*Antiq.* Yes! because I think its pleasures originate in refinement of the mind, and not, as it has been asserted, in vacuity of it: and I am inclined to attribute its development principally to the middle age.

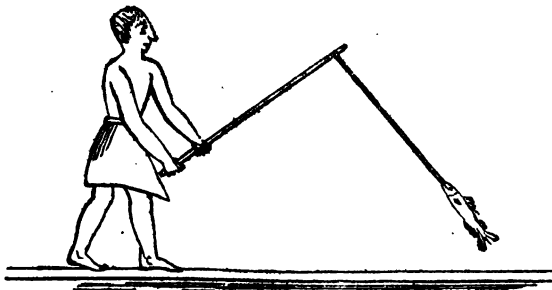
*Herb.* Indeed! I should not have expected to find much sentiment in that half civilized period.

*Antiq.* Then, you would certainly be deceived. The high tone of feeling,—the refined and ardent desire of unblemished reputation, inculcated by the practice of chivalry,—such as may be supposed to have possessed "the knight without fear and without reproach," is one sentiment at least, that originated in that age, and no other.

*Theoph.* If father Walton now made one of our party, he would be sure to attribute the *sentiment*, as you call it, in both cases, to the diffusion of the Christian religion.

*Antiq.* And in that he would, probably, in a great measure, be correct; for by refining the mind, we may readily suppose it rendered susceptible of impressions and feelings wholly unknown to it before:—

But to proceed with our inquiry. The earliest direct mention of "*angling*" I have ever been able to meet with, occurs in the Book of Isaiah, chap. xix. ver. 8, "The fishers also shall mourn, and all those that cast ANGLES into the brooks shall lament;" and in Habakkuk, chap. i. ver. 15, "They take up all of them with the ANGLE. They catch them in their net." The Hebrew word is זכך, and thus זך, the palate or roof of the mouth; in the Vulgate, "Hamus" is the only word made use of; but this would seem better to accord with סירות in Amos, ch. iv. ver. 2, there translated "fish hooks." The word "angle," is simply the Latin "angulus;" although, I am aware of no ancient author who uses it in that sense. According to the best authorities, the Book of Isaiah is dated between seven and eight hundred years prior to the Christian era, and that of Habakkuk, a little later; the latter was probably contemporary with Pharaoh Necho, to whom, or to his son Psammis, some of the most beautiful of the Egyptian tombs, discovered in the neighbourhood of Thebes, have been attributed; and from one of which this interesting representation of an angler, of that period, is taken:



*Herb.* May I pray of you, Theophilus, another cup of tea, for I plainly perceive, by the road Antiquarius is taking us, we shall angle in Paradise before lunch.

*Theoph.* That we certainly shall, Herbert, if we angle at all; for angling is Paradise itself.

*Antiq.* I don't know what to say about that—it is doubtless a very delightful amusement, if practised with the artificial fly; but I cannot endure "cutting up a quart of worms;"—that surely must be inconsistent with Paradise.

*Theoph.* Nay, spare me that feud; you know I only quoted another's words.\*

\* See No. for January, 1840, p. 31, and No. for February, 1840, p. 83.

*Antig.* It reminds me of the Russian Juan Vasilowich, who upon one occasion, for some purpose equally cruel—I forget what—is said to have demanded instant possession of a bushel of fleas; but he was very properly told, the thing was not to be done; for even supposing such a vast quantity could be immediately collected, their inveterate habit of leaping rendered their measurement wholly impossible!

*Herb.* I wish, notwithstanding, he had obtained *Welsh fleas*, for I begin to find that I must have been tormented by a bushel last night—but it seems we are now amongst the Plagues of Egypt, and have quite forgotten the fishing there.

*Antig.* Not so. I was about to observe, that I have frequently been surprised that neither Herodotus nor Diodorus Siculus throw any light upon the subject. I have often looked through both, in the hope of finding something in one or other of them, that would authorise the supposition that angling was a favourite occupation with the Egyptians and other nations; and hence, so particularly mentioned by the prophets; but in vain; for although frequent mention is made of fish as a matter of importance, the art of taking them with the *angle* is wholly unnoticed. Descend we, therefore, to the commencement of the ninth century, and here, indeed, we have a “cake of the right leaven.” The Persian Chronicles tell us, in the History of the House of Abassides, that Amin Ben Haroun, the sixth Caliph, and the son of the celebrated Haroun Al Raschid, A. D. 809, was so attached to the delights of angling, that his brother Mamoun, in order to profit by this foible, made war against him, and, after taking the city of Hamadan, with a considerable force at last thundered at the gates of Bagdad itself. The ministers and other authorities in the utmost terror fled to the Caliph for instructions. As usual, he was found with his Treasurer in quiet pursuit of the “Gentle Art;” upon being solicited immediately to take up arms and prepare for violence and blood shed, he is said to have answered, “why now is my tranquillity to be disturbed?—do you not see that my treasurer has already taken two large fishes, and I have not had a single bite?”

*Herb.* Can it be possible, that whilst so many kings have bartered their eternal welfare for an earthly crown, there is one instance on record of a monarch resigning his throne for his fishing?—How brilliantly does this illuminate the history of our delightful art, and give dignity as well as sentiment to every part of it. Oh! Amin Ben Haroun, henceforth will I have thy name engraved on the butt of my rod; and never shall it be eradicated from my remembrance! But what says Theophilus?

*Theoph.* That I do not quite agree with you, Herbert, in your estimate of Amin Ben Haroun; for although no man loves angling better than I do, and I can well conceive that a mind so imbued may be free

from vice, and certainly freer from great crimes, than one abandoned to the paths of ambition, yet the total neglect of every important duty for the enjoyment of it, is any thing but commendable. But what I most admire in Antiquarius' Tale, is the great similarity of ideas in the answer of Amin to the words of Juliana Barnes, whose book was printed in 1486. I think she says, "The angler has his wholesome walk, and is merry at his ease" \* \* \*. "And if the angler takes fishes, surely then there is no man merrier than he in his spirit." It is true the style is very different; but the ideas conveyed are just the same,—a similarity that could only arise from the existence of the *sentiment* Antiquarius has been speaking of.

*Herb.* True! But how came women to write upon such subjects? Were they too attached to the sports of the field in the middle age?

*Antiq.* Yes! and strange as it may seem, to the most violent of them: for it appears by the Patent Rolls, 18 Edw. 3d, "That Walter de Langley, high bailiff of Inglewood Forest, was empowered to grant a day's hunting of the stag and other game, to knights and gentlemen, to ladies and other noble personages, and also '*fæminis infirmis et prægnantibus.*'"

*Herb.* Gracious! what on earth could people in that condition want with a day's stag-hunting? a day's gudgeon fishing would surely have been the better thing.

*Theoph.* I think so too—but come: if we have finished breakfast, I propose an adjournment to the river. Herbert and I shall take the Denbighshire side. Will you go with us, Antiquarius?

*Antiq.* No, thank ye. Herbert is, I see, too formidable a fisher for me to follow! So wishing you all possible good luck, I shall wend my way back to Bettws, *via* the Caernarvonshire side.

*Theoph.* Some day you may dread my friend, for his skill, as much as I guess you now do from *histrashing* propensity. Come, Herbert, I have much to teach you in the art of *catching* fish as we walk forth. Farewell, Antiquarius. [Exeunt.

SCENE:—*The Fields, en route to the River Side.*

*Herb.* Well, here we go,—at it again as eagerly after the poor salmon as a couple of porpoises. Theophilus, you have taught me all that theory can teach of the art of throwing the fly, and I feel within me that practice will now enable me to rank as a tolerable thrower. Yet I imagine that is not all I must learn, nor is it half you have undertaken to teach me. You have shown me the catching of a salmon (to say nothing of the accidental (?) loss!) but it is not the mere witnessing of such scenes that will enable me to do likewise. Nor will the mere art of throwing the fly, I apprehend, suffice me, when, should I chance to hook a fish, the dreadful extremity of fighting him shall arise. Were

such a thing to happen with me now, like another Frankenstein, I should raise the monster without the power of subduing it. So avail yourself of our walk to the river,—and be not niggardly in your communication,—to instruct me how, having thrown the fly, I am to catch fish; for I suppose, when we get to the water-side, you will be too busy to bestow your thoughts on aught but your own rod.

*Theoph.* Have a care, my friend, lest, indeed, thou dost raise the demon of my loquacity, and without the power of subduing it, thou findest me running on in one dull monotonous strain of dry instruction till our *hora prandium* shall arrive. You scarcely know what you ask—How to catch a fish! Why, first, you've to learn where fish lie; second, how to place the fly, which you know how to throw, on the water, or the direction from and to which you must make your cast; third, how to play or guide it when there; fourth, how to strike or hook your fish; fifth, how to fight him; and, having fought, sixth, how to get him ashore. Why, simple as all these may seem to you, each of them might occupy a separate volume!

*Herb.* What! Nonsense—don't alarm me by this parade of knowledge. Sure, you're only joking.

*Theoph.* If I am, 'tis a very sorry jest.—“Once on a time,” &c.—“Lor, Ma,” says a young miss, “there's *such* a noise in the garden. I'm sure there's a hundred cats at least.”—“Nonsense, child.”—“Well, I'm sure there's fifty.”—“Pooh, don't be so childish.”—“Yes, but I *saw* our cat and another!”—So, my several volumes might certainly dwindle down to a few pages. But all joking apart, simple as they seem, and though they are severally most lightly treated of in every book on angling extant, there really is much to be learnt and described upon all these six several points. If you can make up your mind to bear with the infliction, I design teaching you all I can think of relative to them. I say “all I can think of;” for really the great stumbling block in the attempt at this kind of instruction is thrown up by the oblivion which long practice, and success, wrap around the difficulties which attend one's early steps. We go on and on, from day to day, picking up scraps of improvement and perfection, sometimes from the hints of others, sometimes from our own thoughts, and often from mere habit or *practice*; till, at last, when we become adepts and are required to be teachers, we find we have not only entirely lost remembrance of the weary track, up which we trod, but even the mountains themselves have left “not a rack” in our memory. And I believe, when we have (as we flatter ourselves) arrived at the *threshold* of perfection, it is only by very deep thought, bringing back the past, and placing ourselves in the difficulties ever attendant on beginners,—by humbling ourselves to first steps and

principles—that we can hope to succeed in giving anything approaching to sufficiency of advice to those who are still merely at the wrong side of the hill. It is, in a word, often easier to do, than to know *how* to do. And if you ultimately flatter me with proof I have taught you anything more than books on the subject of fly-fishing can do, I shall rather attribute it to my having had a kind, anxious, and encouraging friend who, by his desire to learn, has made *me* think of the *mode* of teaching, than to any merit of my own. Your commendable inquisitiveness—your thirst after knowledge—has made me reflect, and taught *me* also to become much more than a mere practical angler. So you are the sculptor; and I might, but for you, have remained the mere block of marble. But ye powers, why did that little mouse cross our path? A second “Snarley Yow” of Faustus’s Mephistophiles! How insulting!—as much as to remind me, in the midst of my fine exordium, of an Æsopial fable, about a “Mountain in labour.” So let’s to that which the mountain produces us in reality,—a fair river; and get back to the instruction you were requiring.

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#### NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1840.

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A capital meeting, with plenty of sport.

Monday, May 4.—The races commenced at two and finished at four o’clock. The first three and the last came off against the favourites, and four out of the five were well contested. The following are particulars:—

Match, 200; h. ft.; D.M.

Mr. Bowes’s b. f. High Pressure, by Velocipede, 7st. 7lb.—Conolly ..	1
Mr. Morgan’s br. c. Chameau, by Camel, 8st. 7lb. ....	2

Betting; 5 to 4 on Chameau.—Chifney kept his horse in reserve to the cords; where he made a desperate rush, but, without ever reaching the mare’s head, was beaten by a neck.

Post Match; one to the post, 150; h. ft.; no weights mentioned;  
R. M.

Duke of Portland’s f. Polydora, by Priam, out of Manto, 8st. 7lb.—	
J. Day .....	1
Duke of Bedford’s f. Billow, by Taurus, out of Leeway, 8st. 7lb. ....	2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Billow.

Match, 100; h. ft.; first half of Ab. M.

Mr. Thornhill’s Menalippe, by Merchant, 8st.—Conolly .....	1
Lord G. Bentinck’s Capote, by Velocipede, 8st. 9lb. ....	2

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each; h. ft.; for foals of 1837, out of untried mares; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lbs.; if by untried stallions, allowed 3lbs.; Ab. M.—Four subs.

Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce.—J. Day.....	1
Lord Albemarle's b. f. Clove, by Cain.....	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on the Duke's colt,

The Crescent Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 4lb., now two years old; untried horses or mares, that never bred a winner, allowed 3lb.: T.Y.C.; Three subscribers.

Lord Liebfield's f. by Langar, out of Sister to Portrait,—Wakefield....	1
Duke of Grafton's c. by Bentley, out of Oxygen, (h. untried).....	2
Duke of Bedford's f. by Taurus, out of Plaything, (m. untried).....	3

Betting: 6 to 5 on the Taurus filly; and 6 and 7 to 4 against the Bentley colt. A turn for the fielders. The *unmentionable*, winning by a head.

Fifty Pounds; for four year olds 7st. 10lb.; five 8st. 9lb.; six and aged 9st.; last three miles of B.C.

Lord Albemarle's Domino, by Mameluke .....	walked over
Duke of Grafton's Montreal, by Langar .....	dr.

Tuesday, May 5.—Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., D. M.; 3 subs.

Lord Albemarle's bl. f. Olive Branch, by Plenipotentiary.—Cotton....	1
Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Emetic, sister to Preserve .....	2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Olive Branch. Won by half a length.

The 2,000 ga. Stakes; a subscription of 100 sovs. each; h. ft.; for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; R. M.; 25 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Crucifix, by Priam.—J. Day .....	1
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Confederate, by Velocipede .....	2
Lord Orford's gr. c., by Clearwell, out of Angelica .....	3
Mr. Bowes's br. c. Black Beck, by Mulatto.....	4
Lord Exeter's b. c., by Sultan, out of Velvet.....	5
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Capote, by Velocipede .....	6

The running was made at a good pace by the grey, followed on the right by Velvet, with Confederate at his quarters, and on the other by Capote, Black Beck, and Crucifix lying away from them. Capote lived in front for about half a mile, and then dropped astern, but no other movement took place until they reached the bushes, where Crucifix, quitting the rear, took up the running with a lead of more than a length, the grey following her, Confederate third, with his head at the grey's haunches, and Black Beck fourth; in this order they went a capital pace to the cords, where Black Beck was beaten off. Confederate entered the cords at the grey's shoulder, and, after a fine race



with him, obtained the second place by a head; the mare, in the mean time, retaining her lead, and winning, without an effort, by a length.

Match, 300, h. ft.; A. P.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Euclid, by Emilius, 8st. 7lb.—Conolly .....	1
Lord Lichfield's bl. c. The Corsair, by Sir Hercules, 8st. 2lb. ....	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Euclid, who made all the running at a good pace, and won cleverly by a length.

The Queen's Plate of 100 gs.; for mares; four year olds, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 8lb.; six and aged, 10st.; R. C.

Duke of Richmond's Confusionee, by Emilius, 4 yrs.—Rogers .....	1
Duke of Portland's Cœnis, by Tiresias, 4 yrs. ....	2
Mr. F. Wood's b. f. Mary Ann, by Mulatto, out of Seville, 4 yrs. ....	0
Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, by Merchant, 4 yrs. ....	0

Betting: 5 to 2 on Confusionee.

Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each; 100 ft.; for four year olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.; B. C.; four subs.

Lord Albemarle's Domino, by Mameluke ..... walked over.

Wednesday, May 6.—A dull, parliamentary day, and no betting.

On the heath a meagre bill of fare was disposed of as follows:—

The Charles-street Stakes of 100 sovs. each; h. ft.; for three yr. olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.; D.M.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb.—Three subs.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Emetic, by Emilius.—Conolly .....	1
Mr. Roberts's ch. f. by Plenipotentiary, dam by Whisker, out of the ch.	
Sister to Sailor .....	2

Won easy by a length.

Fifty Pounds; for four yr. olds, 7st. 8lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—B.C.

Lord Albemarle's Domino, by Mameluke, 4 yrs. old.—Cotton .....	1
Duke of Richmond's Confusionee, by Emilius, 4 yrs. old .....	2

Won easy by a length.

The Shorts, a sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; last half of Ab. M.; those named in the Derby or Oaks 3lb. extra; if by untried stallions, or out of mares that never bred a winner. allowed 3lb.—Three subs.

Lord Orford's c. Petito, by Clearwell, out of Petulance (3lb.), walked over.

Match, 100; h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, 9st., and Mr. Ford's Minima, 8st. 7lb.—Off by consent.

Thursday, May 7.—The Beaufort Stakes, of 30 sovs. each; 20 ft.; for three yr. olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.; last mile and a dis-

tance of B.C. ; a winner of a sweepstakes to the amount of 500l. to carry 7lb. extra ; of any two, amounting together to 1000l., to carry 11lb. extra.—Five subs.

Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. by Belshazzar, dam by Whalebone, g. d. by Frolic.—Robinson .....	1
Mr. Sedler's Protector, by Defence .....	2
Mr. Edwards's B'llow, by Taurus .....	3

Betting: 13 to 8 on the Belshazzar filly. The favourite laid at Protector's heels into the cords, where he went up and won by half a length.

The 1000 Guineas Stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs. each ; h. ft. ; for three year old fillies, 8st. 7lb. ; D.M.—Twenty-eight subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Crucifix, by Priam.—J. Day .....	1
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. Rosabianca, by Augustus .....	2
Lord Albemarle's b. f. Spangle, by Ceresus .....	3
Lord Exeter's br. f. Siliustria, by Reveller .....	4

Betting: 8, 9, and 10 to 1 on Crucifix.

The Queen's Plate of 100 guineas ; four yr. olds, 9st 8lb. ; five, 10st. 7lb. ; six and aged, 10st. 12lb.—R. C.

Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick, 5 yrs.—Robinson .....	1
Lord Albemarle's Domino, by Mameluke, 4 yrs .....	2
Duke of Richmond's Confusionee, by Emilius, 4 yrs .....	3
Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus, by Buzzard, 5 yrs. ....	4

Betting: 11 to 10 on Domino (taken).

Friday, May 8.—We did not hear any betting in the town ; and a pretty heavy shower during the first race prevented much business on the heath. The list afforded only two races, one of which was of importance, inasmuch as it removed all doubts about the Angelica colt, which has now been out three times with different jockies, and on each occasion has been most unequivocally beaten. Previous to starting for the Newmarket Stakes, 1000 to 30 was laid against the Angelica colt winning it and the Derby, 20 to 1 agst. Confederate, 22 to 1 agst. Muley Ishmael, 50 to 1 agst. Drayton, and 1000 to 15 and 2000 to 25 agst. Crazy Boy ; 10 to 1 agst. Theon, and 25 to 1 agst. Lucetta.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. ; D. I.—Three subs.

Duke of Rutland's Revoke, 4 yrs. old, 6st. 2lb.—Ludlem .....	1
Lord Norbanby's Gipsy, aged, 7st. 7lb. ....	2
Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Revoke. This race has been given to Gipsy owing to an unintentional cross.

The Newmarket Stakes of 50 sovs. each ; h. ft. ; for three year olds ; colts, 8st. 7lb. ; and fillies, 8st. 2lb. ; D.M.—Twenty-seven subs.

Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Velvet.—Nat. ....	1
Lord Chesterfield's c. Molineux, by Mulatto, out of Arcot Lass .....	2
Lord Orford's c. by Clearwell, out of Angelica .....	3

Duke of Rutland's c. Crazy-boy, by Tomboy, out of Bessy Bedlam . . . .	0
Lord Albemarle's bl. f. Olivebranch, by Plenipotentiary, out of Ally	0
Mr. Wigram's ch. f. Teleta, by Plenipotentiary, out of Shereen's dam..	0
Col. Anson's c. Nicholas, by Jerry, out of Olive . . . . .	0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Angelica colt. The Grey cut up like a *hen-pheasant*.

The Second Spring Meeting was without interest, and is not worth recording.

## VARIETIES.

ON RIVER ANGLING for SALMON AND TROUT. By JOHN YOUNGER the ELDER.—BLACKWOOD'S.

This is a clear admirable little lesson to a would be Fly Fisher,—and nothing shows the march of mind more than the lucid style in which Sporting Books are now composed. They are now written in a way to be understood.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

### ENGLISH RACING STUDS.

The purchasers of blood stock will feel interested in the following:—

#### THE RIDDLESWORTH STUD.

The following is a list of the produce of Mr. Thornhill's mares this season:—

- Bay colt, by Emilius, out of Victoire
- Bay colt, by Emilius, out of Variation
- Brown colt, by Emilius, out of Castaside
- Chesnut colt, by Emilius, out of Mangelwurzel
- Chesnut colt (bro. to Mango), by Emilius, out of Mustard
- Chesnut colt, by St. Patrick, out of Mercy
- Chesnut colt, by Emilius, out of Kate Kearney
- Bay filly (sister to Euclid), by Emilius, out of Maria
- Bay filly, by Emilius, out of Ophelia
- Bay filly, by Merchant, out of Mendizabel's dam
- Chesnut filly, by Emilius, out of Fortitude
- Chesnut filly, by Emilius, out of Apollonia.

The above mares, with Shoveler, St. Agatha, Exotic, Exclamation, Bravura, Eloisa, Surprise, Earwig, Erica, Excitement, Moorhen, Egeria, Rint, Merganser, Lantern, and Empress, form the stud at present, and are covered by Emilius, St. Patrick, and Albemarle. The yearlings consist of

- Bay colt, by St. Patrick, out of Shoveler
- Bay colt, by Emilius, out of Mendizabel's dam
- Chesnut colt, by St. Patrick, out of Moorhen
- Bay colt, by Emilius, out of Castaside
- Chesnut filly, by Emilius, out of Mangelwurzel
- Chesnut filly, by Emilius, out of Victoire
- Chesnut filly (sister to Euclid), by Emilius, out of Maria
- Chesnut filly, by Emilius, out of Variation
- Brown filly, by Emilius, out of Ophelia
- Chesnut filly, by St. Patrick, out of Bucephalia.

Bay filly, by St. Patrick, out of Erica  
 Chesnut filly, by St. Patrick, out of Excitement  
 Chesnut filly, by Emilius, out of Fidelity  
 Bay filly, by Bay Middleton, out of Apollonia  
 Chesnut filly, by Emilius, out of St. Agatha

THE WILLEDON STUD (MR. TATTERSALL'S) PRODUCE.

The following is a list of foals dropped up to Thursday :—

Bay colt, by Glaucus, out of Benevolence (mare sold)  
 Bay colt, by Muley Moloch, out of Miss Alice (covered by Glaucus)  
 Bay colt (sold), by Glaucus, out of The Colonel's Daughter (covd. by Glaucus)  
 Brown colt, by Elis, out of Clarissa (covered by Glaucus)  
 Colt foal, by Jereed, out of Delusion (covered by Jereed)  
 Bay filly, by Muley Moloch, out of Liberty Lass  
 Brown filly, by Glaucus, out of Euterpe (covered by Recovery)  
 Chesnut filly, by Gladiator, out of Vanquish (covered by Glaucus)  
 Filly, by Gladiator, out of Elegance (covered by Stockport)

Here, as well as at Riddlesworth, the mares and foals are always on private sale.

At a meeting of the Jockey Club, held at Newmarket on the 6th May, 1840, the following rules were passed :—That when any person enters a horse in a fictitious name, the person so entering must be held responsible for the stake or forfeit, exactly as if such horse had been entered in his own name; and in the event of the forfeit not being paid at the proper time, the person making the nomination shall have his name posted in the usual manner, and be liable to all the penalties of a defaulter: That when the day fixed for closing or naming for any stake, or for declaring forfeit or produce, shall fall on Sunday, subscriptions, nominations, or declarations for such stake may be received on the following day, provided that there is an interval of one clear day between the day of closing, naming, or declaring, and the day of running.

RACING ENTRIES.

MANCHESTER, 1840.

FRIDAY, June 10.—The TRADESMEN'S CUP, value 100 sovs. with 60 in specie added to a Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared on or before the 26th of May; the owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes.

	age	st	lb		age	st	lb		age	st	lb
The Doctor	6	9	6	The Cripple	4	7	4	Ch. m. by Vanish,			
Bellona	5	8	7	Constantine	5	7	4	out of Fidelity	5	6	11
Malvolio	4	8	4	Percy	5	7	4	Ararat	4	6	10
Hackfall	5	8	2	Goldhurst	6	7	4	Imogene	4	6	8
Saul	5	8	0	Aimwell	5	7	3	Fair Louisa	4	6	7
La Sage Femme	4	7	10	The Shadow	4	7	1	Maid of Wigan	4	6	4
Opera	5	7	2	Wings	4	6	12	Anna Maria	4	6	3
Apothecary	4	7	8	Springfield	4	6	11	Colchicum	4	6	1
The Dean	4	7	7								

SATURDAY, 11.—A HURDLE SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added.

Mr. Parker's dun m. The Duenna (half-bred), aged  
 Mr. Longshaw's b. f. Harriet (half-bred), 4 yrs. old  
 Mr. James Robson's b. m. Mischief (half-bred), aged  
 Mr. J. De Vine's ch. m. Sarah, by Feramorz, aged  
 Mr. W. Walters's b. h. Goldhurst, 6 yrs. old.

POTTERY MEETING, 1840.

WEDNESDAY, August 4.—The COPELAND HANDICAP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.—Twice round.

age at lb		age at lb		age at lb	
The Doctor	6..9 5	The Dey of Al-		Northenden	5..7 0
St. Bennett	6..8 12	giers	4..7 13	Lady Abess	4..7 0
Epirus	6..8 12	Mervan	6..7 12	Charley	4..7 0
Cowboy	6..8 10	Modesty	6..7 12	The Recorder	4..6 12
Zorab	a..8 10	Quid	4..7 11	Chantilly	4..6 10
King Cole	a..8 9	Wee Willie	5..7 10	Fair Louisa	4..6 9
Bellona	5..8 6	Opera	5..7 10	Imogene	4..6 9
The Hydra	5..8 4	Melbourne	4..7 10	Orelia	4..6 8
Lightfoot	4..8 4	Stansty	5..7 8	Gambol	3..6 4
Maid of Monton	5..8 2	St. Andrew	5..7 6	Queen Anne	3..6 0
Saul	5..8 0	Jenny Jones	4..7 0	Nicholas	3..6 0
Cruiskeen	6..8 0	Maid of Wigan	4..7 0	Solomon Bennett	3..5 7

The rest pay 5 sovs. each.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1840.

WEDNESDAY.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds ; A. F.

st lb	st lb	st lb			
Launcelot	8 10	Maroon	8 0	St. Andrew	7 10
Theon	8 8	Little Wonder	8 0	Bokhara	7 10
Lucetta colt	8 7	Wardan	8 0	Prince Albert	7 10
Assassin	8 7	Rosa Bianca	7 12	Molyneux	7 8
Black Bess	8 4	Belshazzar f. (Mr. Osbaldeston's)	7 12	Defendant	7 7
Melody colt	8 4	Scutari	7 12	Tragedy colt	7 4
Confederate	8 2	Grey Milton	7 12	Solace colt	7 4
Muley Ishmael	8 2	Torres Vedras	7 12	Janus	7 4
Pathfinder	8 0	Angelica colt	7 12	Diplomatist	7 2
Monops	8 0	Cormorant	7 12	Chameau	7 0
Gambia	8 0			Ottoman	7 0

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., for three year olds ; D.M.

st lb	st lb	st lb			
Black Beck	8 7	The Ant	7 13	Pettito	7 7
Fitz Roy	8 7	Dreadnought	7 11	Clove	7 7
Farce colt	8 4	Menalippe	7 11	Olive-branch	7 6
Ruthless	8 4	King of the Peak	7 11	Cambyases	7 6
Nicholas	8 0	The Orphan	7 11	Reindeer	7 5
Diploma	8 0	Margaret colt	7 9	Datura colt	7 4
Currency	8 0	Firefly	7 8	Half-caste	7 0
Ten-pound Note	8 0	Elphine	7 8	Emetic	7 0
Capote	8 0	Constantia colt	7 8	Columella	7 0
Muleteer	8 0	Perseus	7 7	Billow	6 10
Marialva	7 13	Hellespont	7 7	Exit	6 9
Spangle	7 13				

\* \* \* The disappointing grey colt of Lord Orford's, by Clearwall, out of Angelica, has been tried doubtless to be very speedy ;—but it is evident he does not like to shine in Public. Lured by his manifestation of private worth,—or flattered by "praise undeserved," his noble owner has plunged into the following matches. As yet the animal is nameless ;—might he not be called "The Gray Deceiver ?"

MONDAY.—Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, 8st. 9lb. agst. Lord Orford's c. by Clearwell, out of Angelica, 8st. 4lb. ; 200, h. ft. ; A. F.

HOUGHTON MEETING, 1840.

TUESDAY.—Lord Albemarle's Assassin agst. Lord Orford's c. by Clearwall, out of Angelica, 8st. 7lb. each ; A. F. ; 500, h. ft.

FRIDAY.—Lord Orford's c. by Clearwell, out of Angelica, 9st. agst. Mr. Ford's Diplomatist, 8st. 4lb. ; 500, h. ft. ; A. F.

## BOATING.

“She walks the waters like a thing of life.”—BYRON.

## ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

The first general meeting this season of the members of this highly-distinguished club was recently held at the Thatched-house Tavern, St. James's-street, the Earl of Yarborough, the Commodore, in the chair. There were also present the Earl of Ilchester, the Earl of Wilton; Viscount Exmouth, Vice-Admiral Sir G. E. Hamond, K.C.B., Sir B. Graham, Bart., Sir Hyde Parker, Bart., S. de Horsey, Esq. M.P., Captain Thomas Garth, R.N., Captain A. C. Corry, R.N., Joseph Weld, Esq., Joseph Reynolds, Esq., John Moore, Esq., Charles Pratt, Esq., A. Delafield, Esq., Almon Hill, Esq., E. B. Beaumont, Esq., John Bayley, Esq., R. W. Cooper, Esq., G. Tomline, Esq., W. Hanham, Esq., John Petre, Esq., and John Beardmore, Esq. A ballot took place, when His Majesty the King of Naples was elected an honorary member.

The following gentlemen were also duly elected as members:—

Benjamin Boyd, Esq., Wanderer schooner, 141 tons; Viscount Powerscourt, Antelope cutter, 90 tons; Lord Lovaine, Turquoise cutter, 78 tons; Captain W. B. Ponsoby, Heron cutter, 46 tons.

Several distinguished naval officers and gentlemen were elected honorary members.

The following arrangements were made for the great events of the season:

Aug. 17.—The Queen's Cup, to be sailed for by yachts of the sixth class, from 90 to 150 tons.

Aug. 18.—Grand annual ball, at the Royal Squadron House, Cowes.

Aug. 19.—The Club Cup, value 100 sovs. to be sailed for by yachts of the fourth class, from 55 to 70 tons.

Aug. 20.—Grand regatta dinner, at the Squadron House.

The present will be a busy season above London Bridge. All are on the move, like Trout when the May-fly blossoms on the water. Henley is the great place of attraction—and the following is the official announcement of the

## HENLEY-ON-THAMES REGATTA, 1840.

PATRON: the Right Hon. the Earl of Macclesfield.

## STEWARDS.

The Mayor of Henley (R. Belcher, Esq.)

The Right Hon. Lord Camoys

Freeman, W. P. W., Esq.

Gardiner, Edmund, Esq.

Lane, Charles, Esq.

Fane, John, Esq.

Maitland, E. F., Esq.

Maitland, William F., Esq.

Murray, Charles Scott, Esq.

Clayton, Sir W. R., Bart., M.P.

East, Sir East G. Clayton, Bart.

Keene, Rev. C. E.

This Regatta will take place on Thursday, July 2nd, when the following prizes will be contended for:—

The GRAND CHALLENGE CUP, value 100 guineas, for eight-oared boats, open to amateur clubs, composed of members of a college of either of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or London, the Schools of Eton and Westminster, the Officers of the two brigades of household troops, or members of a club established at least one year previous to the day of entrance.

The TOWN CHALLENGE CUP, value 30 guineas, for four-oared boats; open to any amateur clubs whose members shall reside within four miles of the town of Henley-on-Thames, and has been established at least one year previous to the day of entrance.



Stourbridge .....	24	Redditch .....	21
York .....	24	Liverpool .....	23
Egham .....	25	Walsall .....	23
Devon and Exeter .....	26	Newmarket First October .....	29
Hereford .....	26	York Union Hunt.....	30
Northampton.....	26		
SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER.	
Warwick .....	2	York October .....	2
Cheadle (Staff).....	7	Wrexham .....	6
Lichfield .....	7	Knutsford .....	7
Curragh (Ireland).....	8	Chesterfield .....	7
Leicester .....	9	Northallerton.....	8
Abingdon .....	9	Newmarket Second October.....	12
Doncaster .....	14	Caledonian Hunt .....	12
Shrewsbury .....	16	Kelso .....	13
Cheadle (Cheshire) .....	21	Newmarket .....	26

## TATTERSALL'S.

We shall scarcely be scattered through England a day, before the result of a twelvemonth's speculation will be arrived at. The Melody colt has had a most harmonious rise for his friends;—but Launcelot is backed in earnest, by the best judges. We record the latest odds :

## The DERBY.

3½	to 1	agst. Melody colt (taken)
3½	to 1	agst. Launcelot (offered)
7	to 1	agst. Theon
10	to 1	agst. Assassin
16	to 1	agst. Pathfinder
25	to 1	agst. Confederate
25	to 1	agst. Bokhara
25	to 1	agst. Scutari
30	to 1	agst. Cormorant
30	to 1	agst. Prince Albert
35	to 1	agst. Muley Ishmael
40	to 1	agst. Black Bess
40	to 1	agst. Gambia.

## Oaks.

Crucifix—anything in reason on her.

Nothing else mentioned.



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END OF THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

WALTER SPIERS, PRINTER, 399, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES.

1839.

(THE WINNERS' STAKES TO BE DEDUCTED)

Yrs. old.	BY ACORN.	No. of Stakes.
5	Evergreen, Mr. H. S. Thompson's, 55 at Yorkshire Union Hunt Meeting ..	1
ACTÆON.		
3	Arrian, Mr. Biggs', 375 and 200 at Bibury Club Meeting .....	2
4	Ainwell, Mr. Speed's, 29 at Clitheroe, 90, and 60, at Liverpool Autumn Meeting .....	3
a	Burletta, Sir J. Boswell's, 50 at the Western Meeting, and a Cup, value 50gs, at Kelso .....	3
2	Chesnut filly, out of Electress, Colonel Peel's, divided a Sweepstakes, amounting to 300, at Newmarket First October Meeting, with f. by Glencoe, out of Frolick-ome .....	½
3	Feather, Lord Lichfield's, 100 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting .....	1
4	Hackfall, Mr. Wrather's, 70 at Catterick, 128 at Newcastle, and the Trade Cup of 70 with 70 at Carlisle .....	3
5	Howdie (The), Mr. Parr's, 41 at the Glamorganshire Meeting, 31, and 40, at Pontypool, two Stakes at Swansea, 45 at Aberystwith, and a Purse at Lenthay .....	7
3	Impertinence, Lord Kelburne's, 100, and 40, at the Western Meeting .....	2
4	Jagger, Mr. Bows's, the Queen's Plate at Guildford .....	1
4	Opera, Lord Eglinton's, 205, 60, and 100, at Doncaster .....	3
2	Pluto, Mr. Goodman's, 50 at Rochester .....	1
4	Primefit, Mr. Dawson's, 50 at Newcastle (Staff), 60 at Wolverhampton, Mr. Etwall's, 75, Cup Stakes of 50, and 65, at Southampton, and 50 at Newmarket Second October Meeting .....	6
a	Stag (The), Mr. Lambert's, 45 at Lee .....	1
ADVENTURER.		
a	Don Sebastian, Captain Pettat's, 40, and a Stake, at Bibury (Old C.)....	2
AGREEABLE.		
3	Disagreeable, Count Demidoff's, two fifties at Yarmouth, 50 at Chelmsford, and 50 at Beccles .....	4
ALPHEUS.		
3	Susan, Mr. White's, 50 at Northampton .....	1
ANTHONY.		
4	Woodbine, Mr. Wadlow's, 40 at Kington .....	1
ARGANTES.		
3	Cleanthes, Mr. Attwood's, 50 at Lancaster .....	1
ASTBURY.		
5	Mary Wood, Mr. Wadlow's, two Stakes at Bishop's Castle, a Stake at Bree-wood, Mr. Hughes's, 40 at Wem, 30 at Welchpool, and 50 at Ruthin Hunt .....	6
a	Woodman, Mr. Haddy's, 50, and a Stake, at Bath .....	2
AUGUSTUS.		
3	All-fours, Lord Tavistock's, 40 at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 50 at Newmarket July Meeting, 60 at Stamford, and 50 at Newmarket First October Meeting .....	4
4	Caligula, Mr. Theobald's, a Silver Cup with 20 at Marlow, 35 at Lee, and 40 at Bedford .....	3

2	Chesnut filly, out of Amoret, Mr. Fyson's, 30 at Newmarket Second October Meeting .....	1
2	Roan Colt, out of Constantia, Colonel Peel's, 25 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting .....	1
2	Sal Volatile, Lord G. Bentinck's, two fifties at Newmarket Houghton Meeting .....	2
BACHELOR.		
-	St. Luke, Mr. F. Hopkinson's, 50 at Beverley Spring .....	1
BATTLEDORE.		
4	Northenden, Mr. Worthington's, 65, and 40, at Burnley .....	2
BEAGLE.		
4	Bellona, Lord Eglinton's, 90 at Manchester, 250 at Liverpool July, the Harkaway Cup of 300 with 90 at Goodwood, the Glasgow Cup of 100, with 205, at Paisley, 50 at the Caledonian Hunt, and 90 at Kelso .....	6
4	Constantine, Sir J. Boswell's, 100 and two fifties at the Western Meeting, and 50 at the Caledonian Hunt .....	4
BEDLAMITE.		
4	Bay filly, Mr. G. Ongley's, 30 at Bedford Spring .....	1
2	Negus, Mr. E. Peel's, 40 at Newmarket Houghton .....	1
4	Saul, Mr. E. Peel's, 50 at Lichfield, and 50 at Oswestry .....	2
BEIRAM.		
3	Grey filly, Mr. Hillard's, a Stake at Hurstbourne Tarrant .....	1
BELSHAZZAR.		
3	Cara, Mr. Watt's, The 1,000gs Stakes of 1,300 at Newmarket First Spring ..	1
BELZONI.		
4	The Pedlar, Mr. Smith's, 50 at Ludlow, and 61 at Hertford .....	2
BIRDCATCHER.		
2	Rabbitcatcher, Sir T. Stanley's, 80 at Liverpool July, 95 at Liverpool Autumn, and 50 at Holywell Hunt .....	3
BIZARRE.		
4	Bellissima, Mr. Foster's, The Tallyho Stakes of 215 at Pytchley Hunt, the Granby Handicap of 540, and Billisden Coplow of 200, at Croxton Park, 65 with a Cup of 30 at Bath Spring, 60 at Warwick, 60 at Southampton, and 45 at Abingdon .....	7
4	Dormouse, Mr. Worrall's, 70 at Newmarket First Spring .....	1
6	Mus, Duke of Richmond's, The Queen's Plate at Lewes, and the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes of 200 at Egham .....	2
BLACKLOCK (YOUNG.)		
4	Aladdin, Lord Dunmore's, 59 at Stirling, and 60 at Caledonian H. ....	2
2	Brown Colt, out of Theresa, Mr. Alexander's, 65 at Dumfries .....	1
BOBADIL.		
3	Bay filly, out of Zoe, Mr. H. S. Thompson's, 25 at the Yorkshire Union Hunt	1
5	Lugwardine, Mr. Griffith's, 120 at Chester, the Gloucestershire Stakes of 475 at Cheltenham, and the Tankerville Stakes of 240 at Shrewsbury (claims the Queen's Plate at the same place) .....	5
BOB LOGIC.		
5	Logic, Mr. J. Taylor's, a Stake at Pickering .....	1
BOB GORE.		
a	Syntax, Mr. Petre's, 100 at Yorkshire Union Hunt, 28 at York October Meeting, and 25 at Northallerton .....	3
BRUTANDORF.		
3	Alzdorf, Mr. Bristow's, 50 and a Stake at Swansea .....	2
6	Arctic, Mr. S. Herbert's, The Bibury Stakes of 330 at Bibury Club, 50 at Winchester, 150 at Salisbury, Dorsetshire Stakes of 105 at Blandford, 60 at Weymouth, and the Southampton Stake of 125 at Southampton .....	6
2	Caracole, Mr. S. Herbert's, 80 at Salisbury, 60 at Weymouth, 105 at Southampton, and (Mr. Sadler's) half of 60 at Newmarket Second October, with Remnant .....	3½
3	Hetman Platoff, Mr. Bowes's, St. Leger of 380 at Liverpool July, and 130 at York August .....	2

## WINNING HORSES, 1839.

3

6	Pessdorf, Mr. Box's, 100 at Gorhambury, 100 at Hampton, and 30 at Glamorganshire .....	3
a	Prickbelt, Mr. Lamplugh's, 100 at Beverley Spring, and 40 at Burton Constable (disputed) .....	2
BUZZARD.		
3	Condor, Mr. King's, 50 at Stamford .....	1
4	Dædalus, General Grosvenor's, 120 at Gorhambury, Gold Cup of 90 at Stamford, and Cup Stakes of 60 at Huntingdon .....	3
3	Miss Hawk, Mr. J. Rogers's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton .....	1
4	Tawney Owl, Mr. Shelley's, Brighton Stakes of 435, the Lewes Stakes of 80, and 115 at Rochester .....	3
CACAMBO.		
-	Yorick, Mr. Shadforth's, a Match at Newcastle-on-Tyne .....	1
CADLAND.		
5	Miss Kitty Cockle, Captain Lamb's, 75 at Wenlock, 42 at Bridgnorth, and 55 at Newport, Salop .....	3
CAIN.		
6	Barnacles, Fulwar Craven's, The Goodwood Stakes of 1,175, and the Saltram Stakes of 235 at Plymouth, Devonport, &c. ....	2
3	Canace, Mr. J. Day's, 75 at Abingdon .....	1
2	Clove, Lord Albemarle's, 90 at Ascot .....	1
4	Ion, Colonel Peel's, 70 at Epsom, and 50 at Ascot .....	2
2	Iris, Lord Albemarle's, The Woodcote Stakes of 120 at Epsom, and 70 at Brighton .....	2
4	Lady Agnes, Mr. Balchin's, 39 at Lewes .....	1
2	Remnant, Mr. W. Edward's, Half of 60 at Newmarket Second October with Caracole .....	½
3	Tubalcain, Mrs. Massey's, 58 at Shifnall, 45 at Rugeley, 50 and the Queen's Plate at Nottingham .....	4
CAMEL.		
5	Caravan, Mr. J. Day's, The Outlands of 257 at Newmarket Craven, 190 at Chester, the Cup of 300, with 210, at Ascot, the Somersetshire Stakes of 410 at Bath, and the Queen's Plates at Winchester, Goodwood, Salisbury, Egham, and Warwick .....	9
3	Camarilla, Mr. W. Wyndham's, 50 at Winchester .....	1
3	Camelino, Mr. Dixon's, Sir J. Gerard's Cup of 150gs at Goodwood, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton .....	2
2	Launcelot, Lord Westminster's, 50 at York August, Champagne Stakes of 675, and 150, at Doncaster .....	3
3	Reel, Duke of Richmond's, Half the March Stakes at Goodwood .....	½
3	Revoke, Duke of Rutland's, 65 at Leicester .....	1
4	Vicuna, Mr. Newton's, 300 and 100 at Newmarket First Spring .....	2
3	Westonian, Mr. Wreford's, 325 at Winchester, and Racing Stakes of 700 at Goodwood .....	2
2	Wilderness, Mr. Firth's, 80 at Epsom .....	1
CARDINAL PUFF.		
4	Whirlwind, Mr. J. Bristow's, 40 and 33 at Knighton, 95 at Glamorganshire, and a Purse at Haverfordwest .....	4
CATTON.		
5	St. Bennett, Lord Eglinton's, The Northumberland Plate of £324 15s. at Newcastle, Anglesea Stakes of 180 at Goodwood, 200 at the Western Meeting, and 70 at Dumfries .....	4
CATTON (YOUNG).		
4	Edston Lass, Mr. Boyes's, a Cup at Welburn .....	1
CETUS.		
2	Proteus, Mr. Greville's, 100 at Newmarket Second October, and 200 at Newmarket Houghton .....	2
3	Sampson, Duke of Cleveland's, the Queen's Plate at Newcastle, and Cup Stakes of 40gs at Carlisle .....	2
3	Sir Mark, Mr. Copeland's, 45 at Hednesford, and 120 at Wolverhampton ..	2

<b>CONFEDERATE.</b>	
5	Goldburst, Mr. W. Walters's, 60 at Warwick Spring..... 1
<b>COLONEL (THE)</b>	
2	Bay filly, out of Mary Ann, Colonel Peel's, 10 at Newmarket Second October..... 1
3	Chesnut filly, out of Zaire, Mr. Lang's, 40 at Marlow..... 1
4	D'Egville, Lord G Bentinck's, 3300 at Goodwood..... 1
5	Fifer, Lord Stradbroke's, 50 at Newmarket Craven, 50 at Newmarket First Spring, and 65 at Epsom..... 3
3	Guava, Lord March's, Half the March Stakes at Goodwood..... 2
3	Hoogley, Duke of Richmond's, 100 at Goodwood..... 1
5	Merrythought, General Grosvenor's, 50 at Bibury Club, 60 at Stockbridge, and 85, and Cup Stakes of 60, at Chelmsford..... 4
<b>COLWICK.</b>	
2	Abbolton, Mr. Lacey's, 50 at Buxton..... 1
<b>COMUS.</b>	
4	Grey Momus, Lord G. Bentinck's, the Port Stakes of 500 at Newmarket Craven, and 50, the Queen's Plate, and 50, at Newmarket First Spring.. 4
<b>CONDUCTOR.</b>	
a	Morning Star (late Oswald), Captain Richardson's, 55 and (Sir D. Baird's) 104 at Eglinton Park, and 51 at Southampton..... 3
<b>CONTEST.</b>	
2	Lady Crainshaws, Mr. Inglis's, 150 at Paisley, and 135 at the Western Meeting..... 2
<b>CONSERVATOR.</b>	
6	Patriot, Mr. Merry's, 40, 10, and 46, at the Western Meeting..... 5
<b>CORINTHIAN.</b>	
3	Clem-o'-the-Cleugh, Mr. Wilkins's, 50 at Carlisle, and 50 at Kelso..... 2
6	Ceolus, Lord Eglinton's, 40 at Eglinton Park..... 1
3	Lais, Lord Eglinton's, 140 at the Western Meeting..... 1
<b>CORONET.</b>	
3	Mount Tavy, Mr. Reid's, two Stakes at Newton Abbott, and 31 at Bodmin.. 3
<b>CRIPPLE.</b>	
a	Pilot, Mr. Gough's, 35 at Knighton, 32 at Glamorganshire, a Cup of 50 with a Stake added at Abergavenny, 79 at Pontypool, and 26 at Newport (Mont- gomeryshire)..... 5
<b>CROCUS.</b>	
a	Kate Nickleby (late Rhoda), Mr. Knight's, 60 at East Sussex H..... 1
<b>DEFENCE.</b>	
4	Ashfield, Lord Palmerston's, 45 at Devon and Exeter..... 1
6	Black gelding, Lord Andover's, 35, and a Stake, at Bibury, Old C..... 2
2	Cerberus, Mr. Goodlake's, 75 at Bath Spring, and 45 at Abingdon..... 2
6	Combat, Mr. Foster's, 35 at Bath Spring..... 1
3	Dart, Mr. Sadler's, 85 at Bath, and 20 at Winchester..... 2
3	Deception, Fulwar Craven's, the Oaks Stakes of 2,450 at Epsom (also received 100 for being second for the Derby), 600 at Bath, 675 at Stock- bridge, the Wiltshire Stakes of 130, and Cup Stakes of 50, at Salisbury, the Drawing-room Stakes of 700 at Goodwood, and Queen's Plate at Weymouth..... 7
3	Delusion, Mr. Sadler's, 40, 65, and 45, at Cheltenham..... 3
3	Deceit, Mr. Sadler's, 80 and 100 Egham..... 2
2	Filly, out of Feltona, Captain Lamb's, 50 at Stockbridge..... 1
4	I-Wish-You-May-Get-It, Fulwar Craven's, 50 at Ascot..... 1
2	Lalla Rookh, Mr. Fowler's, 120 at Manchester, 200 at Newton, 70 at Worcester, 500 and 200 at Liverpool Autumn..... 5
2	Petulant, Mr. Sadler's, 30 at Bath and 50 at Oxford..... 2
3	Science, Mr. J. Day's, 60 at Bath, 100 at Cheltenham, two fifties at Oxford, and 85 at Abingdon..... 5



## WINNING HORSES, 1839.

5

### DR. EADY.

- 4 Hanneman, Mr. R. Boyce's, 165 at Hertford ..... 1
- 4 Master Eady, Mr. Hervey's, 50 at Leominster .. . . . 1

### DR. FAUSTUS.

- 4 Baron Spolasco, Captain Stretton's, a Stake at Brecon,..... 1
- 5 Decider, Mr. Jones's, 60 at Warwick Spring ..... 1
- 4 Lairetta, Mr. Bagnall's, 65 at Abergavenny, 41, and a Silver Cup with 15, at Glamorganshire, and 55 at Swansea..... 4
- 5 Merry Lass, Mr. B. Davies's, 75 at Haverfordwest, 60 and 55 at Aberystwith, and 23 at Brecon ..... 4
- 3 Susanna, Mr. Bristow's, 65 at Cheltenham, Guy Stakes of 375 at Warwick, and a stake at Monmouth ..... 3
- Snowdrop, Mr. Henderson's, 50 at Haverfordwest ..... 1

### DR. SYNTAX.

- 6 Bee's-Wing, Mr. Orde's, 40, and Cup Stakes of 60, at Catterick, 60, and Gold Cup of 100 with 70, at Newcastle, Queen's Plate at York August, Cup Stakes of 90 at Stockton, Cup Stakes of 70gs, and Queen's Plate, at Richmond, Fitzwilliam Stakes of 60 at Doncaster, Queen's Plate, and Cup Stakes of 90, at Lincoln..... 11
- 5 Black Heddop, Mr. Humble's, a Stakes, and a Plate, at Winlaton, and 27 at Inglewood Hunt ..... 3
- 5 The Doctor, Mr. Ramsay's, 145, and 40, at Eglinton Park, 130, and 200, at Liverpool July, Cup (specie) of 100 with 51, and the Whip with 50, at the Caledonian Hunt ..... 6

### DRONE.

- 4 Friar, the, Mr. M'Donough's, 60 at Liverpool July, and 95 at Worcester.... 2
- 3 Medea, Lord Milntown's, 40 at Newmarket Second October ..... 1

### ECONOMIST.

- 5 Harkaway, Mr. Ferguson's, the "late" Stand Cup of 100 with 90, at Chester, Trade Cup of 100 with 190 at Cheltenham, and the Goodwood Cup of 300 with 600 at Goodwood ..... 3
- 6 Normanby, Mr. Blake's, 75 at Croxton Park, 50 at Burton-on-Trent, and a Stake at Stone..... 3

### EMANCIPATION.

- 4 Compensation, Mr. Denham's, the Borough Cup of 100 with 110 at New-ton, and the Stand Cup of 100 with 75 at Liverpool July Meeting ..... 2
- 4 Freeman, Mr. Price's, 105 at Ludlow, 35 at Tenbury, and 50 at Worcester.. 3
- 4 Manumission, Mr. F. Charlton's, 100 at Warwick Spring ..... 1
- 3 Papineau, Mr. Mostyn's, 200 at Liverpool July, 100, and 75, at Holywell Hunt ..... 3
- 3 Profligate, Mr. Fowler's, 50 at Wolverhampton, the Cup Stakes of 130, and 45 at Knutsford ..... 3
- 4 Prudence, Mr. Fowler's, 55 at Stourbridge, 45, and 44, at Rugeley, 37, and 52, at Stafford, 55 at Birmingham and Solihull ..... 6
- 4 Query, Mr. W. Denham's, 80 at Chester, 35 at Hednesford (Mr. Collin's), 60 at Leicester ..... 3

### EMILIUS.

- 4 Barcarole, Lord Albemarle's, 70 at Bedford ..... 1
- 2 Bay colt, out of Wild Duck, Mr. Goddard's, 105 at Oxford ..... 1
- 2 Brown colt (Brother to Euclid), out of Maria, Duke of Cleveland's, Chil-lington Stakes of 150 at Wolverhampton, 480 at Doncaster..... 2
- 2 Brown filly, out of Christabel, Mr. G. Bulkeley's, 90 at Egham ..... 1
- 2 Brother to Melbourne, out of Misrule, Duke of Cleveland's, 110 at Catterick ..... 1
- 6 Centurion, Mr. Ramsay's, 100 at Eglinton-park, 65 with a Purse added at Newcastle (Capt. Richardson's), 45, and 50, at Morpeth, and 35 at Perth ..... 5
- 3 Confusionée, Duke of Richmond's, 160 at Stockbridge, Hampshire Stakes of 215 at Winchester, 230 at Goodwood, Wolverhampton Stakes of 450, and Holyoake Stakes of 350 at Wolverhampton, Queen's Plate at Northamp-ton, Cup Stakes of 140 at Warwick, and Cup Stakes of 110 at Abingdon ..... 8
- 3 Drama (The), Captain Williamson's, 90 at Epsom Spring, 400 at Newmarket Craven, 50 at Ascot, 45 at Blandford (Mr. Shelly's), and 90 at Rochester ..... 5

3	Ephemeron, Mr. Thornhill's, 100 at Newmarket Craven.....	1
3	Euclid, Mr. Thornhill's, 350, 100, and 275, at Newmarket Craven, 350, 450, and 20, at Ascot, Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 900, and 50, at Newmarket First October (received 100 as second for St. Leger).....	3
3	Lepidus, Mr. Fowler's, 26 at Cheadle .....	1
3	Melbourne, Capt. Williamson's, 125 at Bibury Club Meeting .....	1
a	The Unknown, Mr. W. Smith's, 50 at Huntingdon .....	1
EXILE.		
3	Alien, Mr. Moss's, 45 at Dudley, &c. ....	1
FALCON.		
5	Eaglet, Mr. W. Barrow's, a Stake at Shiffnall, and 40 at Knighton.....	2
5	Gardham, Captain Lamb's, 60 at Manchester, 50 at Bath, 70 at Cheltenham, and 100, and 65, at Hereford .....	5
-	Goahawk, Mr. Callaway's, a Stake at Stourbridge .....	1
5	Pyramid, Mr. Fairlie's, 50 at Newcastle, 50 at Carlisle, 60, and 50, at Caledonian Hunt, 35 with a Purse, and 90, at Kelso .....	6
FERAMORZ.		
a	Sarah, Mr. Blake's, 15 at Sandbach .....	1
FIGARO.		
a	Isaac, Mr. Collins's, 85 at Coventry, 90, and Cup Stakes of 40, at Ludlow, 65, and 25, at Dudley, &c., Worcestershire Stakes of 165, 50, and Cup Stakes of 80, at Worcester, Oxfordshire Stakes of 305, and Cup of 120 with 55, at Oxford, Leamington Stakes of 795, and 60, at Warwick, Queen's Plate, and Cup Stakes of 90, at Leicester, Cup Stakes of 130, and Queen's Plate (disputed), at Shrewsbury, and 25, and 65, at Oswestry .....	18
FIRMAN.		
4	Passport, General Gilbert's, 144 at Plymouth and Devonport Spring, 30, and 50, at Devon and Exeter, 60 at Plymouth, Devonport, and Cornwall, and 30, and 40, at Totnes.....	6
FILHO DA PUTA.		
a	Clitheroe, Mr. Lee's, a Purse at Mansfield .....	1
4	Frailty, Mr. Moss's, 40 at Wenlock, a Stake at Bridgenorth, 45 at Stanbridge, and 24 at Sherwood .....	4
3	Madame St. Clair, Mr. Wauchope's, 50 at Stirling .....	1
3	Viola, Mr. Frost's, 40 at Mansfield, 50 at Newcastle (Staff), 35 at Eccles, and 60 at Nottingham .....	4
FITZ-WALTON.		
5	Leopold (late John Jolly), Mr. Fairlie's, 100 at Eglinton-park .....	1
FLEXIBLE.		
6	Bravo, Mr. Munro's, 75 at Royston .....	1
4	Oliver Twist, Mr. Sandiford's, a Stake at Downham, 50 at Ipswich, a Cup with 15, a ditto with 20, and 26, at Norfolk and Norwich.....	5
FLYER (THE).		
5	Brother to Corringham, Mr. Smith's, two fifties at Croxton-park .....	2
FREDERICK.		
2	Carlotta (Cestus filly), Mr. Forth's, 50 at Goodwood.....	1
FUNGUS.		
3	Chilson, Mr. Rawlinson's, 190 at Warwick Spring, 55 at Bath Spring, and 100 at Abingdon .....	3
3	Grey filly, dam by Rubens, Mr. P. Pryse's, 35, and a Plate at Aberystwith .....	2
4	Kitty, Mr. Jones's, a Stake at Tenbury, 27 at Dudley, &c., 30 at Walsall, 25 at Bloxwich, and 29 at Upton-on-Severn.....	5
GABERLUNZIE.		
4	Ochiltree, Captain Gardnor's, 55 at Epsom, 50 at Ascot, &c. (Mr. Percival's), a Stake at Weymouth.....	3
GAINSBOROUGH.		
2	La Femme Sage, Mr. Bell's, 75 at Netherton.....	1
GAMBOL.		
3	Gambollet, Mr. Frost's, 20 at Mansfield, 30, and 50, at Buxton, and a Stake at Leek .....	4
2	Marialva, Mr. W. Key's, 90 at Bedford.....	1

## WINNING HORSES, 1839.

7

<b>GLENCOE.</b>		
2	Darkness, Captain Williamson's, 220 at Bath Spring, and 30 at Salisbury . . . . .	2
2	Filly, out of Frolicksome, Lord Tavistock's, half of 300 with f. by Actæon, out of Electress, at Newmarket First October . . . . .	½
2	Wardan, Mr. Wreford's, 40 at Winchester, 750, and Rutland Stakes of 270, at Newmarket First October, and 50 in the Second October Meeting . . . . .	4
<b>GREY VISCOUNT.</b>		
3	Auckland, Colonel Craddock's, 55 at Burnley . . . . .	1
<b>GRIMALDI (YOUNG).</b>		
6	Friday, Mr. Jenks's, a Stake at Bromyard . . . . .	1
a	Slang, Mr. Balchin's, 47 at Ashford, and 42 at the Isle of Thanet . . . . .	2
<b>GUERRILLA.</b>		
a	Norna, Mr. Crawford's, a Silver Tureen at Blyth and Seaton Sluice, two fifties at Morpeth, and a Stake with a Cup added, at Belford . . . . .	4
a	Slyfellow, Mr. E. Reynard's, a Piece of Plate, value 50, at Yorkshire Union Hunt . . . . .	1
<b>GUSTAVUS.</b>		
5	Jim Crow, Mr. Delaseaux, 65 at Epsom (Mr. Turner's), and 51 at Tunbridge Wells . . . . .	2
3	Vaso, Mr. W. Ley's, a Piece of Plate value 40, 61 at Devon and Exeter, 70, and her Majesty's Gold Shield, at Plymouth, Devonport, &c., 60 at Tiverton, and 54 at Totnes and Bridgetown . . . . .	6
<b>HARLEQUIN.</b>		
4	Ranger, Mr. Holloway's, 39 at Bromyard . . . . .	1
<b>HENWICK.</b>		
5	Powick, Mr. Careless's, 65 at Coventry, and 21 with a Whip at Brecon . . . . .	2
<b>HESPERUS.</b>		
5	Young Hesperus, Mr. Morris's, a Plate at Swansea, and two Stakes at Newport (Montgomeryshire) . . . . .	3
<b>HINDOSTAN.</b>		
3	Bay filly, out of Frederica, Mr. C. Trslawney's, 41 at Tavistock, and 50 at Plymouth and Devonport . . . . .	2
3	Billy, Mr. Williamson's, a Purse at Bodmin . . . . .	1
<b>HUMPHRY CLINKER.</b>		
5	Malton, Mr. Parr's, 50, and 60, at Gorbambury, 155 at Haverfordwest, and 56 at Aberystwith . . . . .	4
5	Melbourne, Mr. Robinson's, Cup Stakes of 125, and 50, at Beverley, 50 at York August, the Palatine Stakes of 450, and 80, at Liverpool Autumn, the Cup, value 100, with 110. at Nottingham . . . . .	7
<b>HUNTINGTON.</b>		
3	Anna Maria, Sir J. Boswell's, two fifties at the Caledonian Hunt . . . . .	2
<b>HUSSAR.</b>		
3	Pelisse, Captain Becher's, 75 at Dove House . . . . .	1
<b>INCUBUS.</b>		
5	Talebearer, Mr. Stevens's, a Cup with 18 at Coventry, and 40 at Bicester . . . . .	2
<b>JERRY.</b>		
3	Abraham Cowley, Mr Clegg's, 70 at the Pottery . . . . .	1
6	Black Diamond, Miss Boswell's, the Atalanta Whip with 20 at Eglinton Park . . . . .	1
3	Boz, Hon. G. Byng's, 100 at Newmarket Craven . . . . .	1
2	Jeffy, Lord Lynedoch's, 40 at Newmarket First Spring, 450 at Epsom, and 200 at Ascot . . . . .	3
3	Juvenile, Mr. S. King's, 45 at Beverley, 52 at Stafford, and 45 at Worcester Autumn . . . . .	3
3	No. 3, Mr. T. Walker's, 50 at Newcastle . . . . .	1
2	Nicholas, Colonel Anson's, 160 at York Spring . . . . .	1
<b>JUUBE.</b>		
3	Creepier, Mr. Harvey's, a Cup at the Isle of Wight . . . . .	1
a	True Blue, Mr. Stephenson's, 62 at the Pytchley Hunt, 65 at Manchester, 35 at Stamford, 50 at Horwick, 41 at Burnley, 45, and 55, at Clitheroe, 40, at Sandbeck, 50 at Mold, and 55 at Knutsford . . . . .	10

## WINNING HORSES, 1839.

## LAMBTONIAN.

- 3 Taunton, Mr. Houldsworth's, Lansdown Stakes of 115, and Bath Stakes of 185, at Bath Spring..... 2

## LAMPLIGHTER.

- 6 Jack-in-the-Green, Mr. King's, 100 at Goodwood ..... 1

## LANGAR.

- 3 Bay filly, out of Tesane, Mr. S. King's, 50 at Beverley ..... 1  
 3 Bay filly, Mr. Tempest's, a Stake at Eccles ..... 1  
 3 Chantilly, Mr. J. Scott's, 60 gs at Newton (Mr. T. Walters's) 40, and Cup Stakes of 50, at Bridgnorth..... 3  
 3 Chesnut Colt, out of Kelmia, Mr. Giffard's, 50 at Wolverhampton, and 30 at Newport (Salop) ..... 2  
 3 Epidaurus, Mr. Bowes's, 150 at Newmarket First Spring, and 1,600 at Doncaster ..... 2  
 5 Epirus, Mr. Bowes's, 80 at Epsom, 100, and 15, at Goodwood ..... 3  
 4 Garland, Sir C. Monck's, 80 at Stockton..... 1  
 3 Imogene, Lord Stanley's, 90 at Newton..... 1  
 6 Lansquenet, Mr. James's, 35 at Crosby, a Stake at Newton, 27 at Eccles, 32 at Rugely, a Stake at Stone, and a Stake at Birmingham and Solihull.... 6  
 3 Montreal, Duke of Grafton's, Newmarket Stakes of 800, Newmarket First Spring St. Leger Stakes of 325 at the First October, and 350 in the Second October..... 3  
 a Potentate (The), Lord Eglinton's, 105 at Eglinton Park, 85, Queen's Plate, and 60, at Manchester, 60, and 60 gs, at Newton, 60, and Queen's Plate, at Liverpool July meeting, 120, and Queen's Plate, at Lancaster, 260 at Pottery, Cup Stakes of 80, at Newcastle (Staff), and the Silver Bells with 100 at Paisley..... 15  
 3 Rory O'More, Mr. Eddison's, 50 at Newmarket Craven Meeting, Cup Stakes of 50 with 70 at Epsom (Mr. Greville's), and Queen's Plate at Hampton 3  
 3 Tivy, Mr. King's, a Stake at Chesterfield, and 50 at Nottingham ..... 2  
 6 Vulture, Colonel Peel's, 70 at Epsom..... 1  
 3 Vale of Belvoir, Duke of Richmond's, 50 at Bibury Club..... 1

## LAPDOG.

- 3 Peon, Mr. Rogers's, two fifties at Ipswich..... 2

## LAUREL.

- 2 Bay Colt, out of Dewdrop, Mr. Aplin's, 50 at Egham..... 1  
 2 Sophocles, Sir G. Heathcote's, 40 at Egham ..... 1  
 3 Vernon, Lord Lichfield's, 300 at Newmarket Craven..... 1

## LEONARDO.

- 4 Thero, Mr. Lambert's, 50 at Newcastle, a Cup and Stakes at Stokesley, and (Baron de Sternberg's) 40 at Inglewood Hunt and Penrith ..... 4

## LIVERPOOL.

- 2 Brown Colt, out of Queen Bathsheba, Lord Eglinton's, 100 at Eglinton Park..... 1  
 3 Commodore (The), Duke of Cleveland's, the York Derby of 350 at York Spring..... 1  
 4 Lanercost, Mr. Ramsay's, 135 at Liverpool July, Cup Stakes of 168 10s. at the Western Meeting, 100 at Doncaster, 60, and the Queen's Plate, at the Caledonian Hunt, the Berwickshire Cup of 150 gs with 11 10s at Kelso, Cup of 100, and 50 at Dumfries,, and the Cambridgeshire Stakes of 700 at Newmarket Houghton..... 9  
 3 Malvolio, Lord Eglinton's, St. Leger of 150 at Manchester, St. Leger of 150 at Newton, St. Leger of 175, and 60, at the Caledonian Hunt..... 4  
 2 Naworth, Mr. Parkins's, 65 at Carlisle, and 180 at the York August..... 2  
 4 Wee Willie, Mr. Meiklam's, 90 at Manchester..... 1

## LONGWAIST.

- 3 Bay colt, out of Hero's dam, Colonel Peel's, 45 at Huntingdon, and 100 at Newmarket Second October ..... 2  
 4 Slender, Mr. Faulconer's, 50 at Hampton, 45 at Marlow, 50 at Chelmsford, 50 at Rochester, 50 at Ashford, and 50 at the Isle of Thanet..... 6

LOTTERY.

a	Bertha, Mr. May's, 50 at Lee and Eltham .....	1
a	Botanist, Sir T. Constable's, a Plate at Burton Constable .....	1
a	Zohrab, Mr. Fairlie's, the Berwickshire Cup, value 150 gs. with 42 10s. at Eglington Park, 50 at Cheltenham, 50 at Edinburgh, 50 at Stirling, 50 gs. at Paisley, 50, and Eglington Cup Stakes of 20, at the Western Meeting, 40, and three fifties, at Perth, the Ladies' Plate of 100 gs. with 115, and 50, at Kelso .....	18

MAGNET.

6	Mischief, Mr. Lamplugh's, 27 at Scarborough .....	1
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MAGISTRATE (YOUNG).

4	Taffy, Mr. Phillips's, Stake at Newport (Salop), 30 at Cheadle (disputed), 40 at Uttoxeter (disputed), two Stakes at Wem (disputed), 30 at Stone, and 35 at Welshpool (disputed) .....	7
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MALEK.

5	Modesty, Mr. Meiklam's, 60 at Shrewsbury .....	1
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MAMELUKE.

5	Dr. Wynn, Mr. Messer's, 50, and Cup Stakes of 70, at Hertford, and 50 at Huntingdon .....	3
3	Domino, Lord Albemarle's, 120 at Newmarket Craven .....	1
a	Zethus, Lord Suffield's, 175 at Croxton Park .....	1

MARGRAVE.

3	Bay Colt, out of Lady Fractious, Mr. Smith's, St. Leger of 100 at Paisley ...	2
3	Fame, Mr. W. Scott's, 95 at Chester, and Queen's Plate at Newmarket First Oct.	1
3	Margaret, Mr. Smith's, Oaks Stakes of 175 at York Spring, and 60 at Chesterfield .....	2
3	Mazourka, Col. Thompson's, a Stake at the Yorkshire Union .....	1

MARMION.

a	Negro, Mr. Topham's, a Stake at Middleham .....	1
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MASTER HENRY.

a	Cholstrey, Mr. Tranter, 30 at Birmingham and Solihull, and a Stake at Marlborough .....	3
a	Harold, Mr. Webber's 45, and 45, at the Hoo, 25 at Gorbamby, a Cup with 15, and 30, at Royston, and 85 at Hampton .....	6

MEDORO.

2	Bob Peel, Capt. Elmsall's, 65 at Lincoln .....	1
4	Isabella, Mr. Curwen's, 179 at Dove House, and 65 at Rochester .....	2
4	Jamaica, Mr. G. Fitzwilliam's, 20 at Yorkshire Union Hunt .....	1

MEMNON.

6	King Cole, Mr. Copeland's, 50 at Chester, Gold Cup value 100 gs. with 125 at Buxton, 40 at Pottery, Cup Stakes of 110 at Lichfield, and 165, and 50, at Walsall .....	6
	Tommy, Sir E. Scott's, 50 at Bath Spring .....	1

MEMNON JUNIOR.

2	Richmond, Mr. Bowes's, 70 at Richmond .....	1
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MERCHANT.

3	Chesnut filly, out of Turquoise, Mr. Forth's, the Ascot Stakes of 580 at Ascot .....	1
3	Merganser, Mr. Thornhill's, 100 at Newmarket July .....	1
3	Montezuma, Mr. Thornhill's, Shirley Stakes of 150 at Epsom .....	1
2	Sister to Montezuma, Mr. Thornhill's, 60 at Newmarket July .....	1

MERMAN.

	Bucelle, Mr. Carter's, a Stake, and a Whip, at Birmingham and Solihull, and a Stake at Leek .....	4
4	Ellen, Mr. Lucas's, 50 at Warwick Spring .....	1
5	Single Peeper, Mr. Robbins's, 60 at Bicester .....	1
4	Young Forester, Mr. Drew's, 48 at Southampton .....	1

MOLE (THE).

2	Bushranger, Mr. Meiklam's, 145 at Newton, and the Wilton Stakes of 75 at York August (Fitzroy came in first, but did not carry the proper weight) .....	2
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## MORNING STAR.

- 4 Bustle, Mr. Roberts's, 50 at Pytchley Hunt (disputed)..... 1  
MOZART.

- 6 Donald Caird, Mr. Wilkinson's, 40 at Durham, Oats Stakes at Kelso Spring, a Stake, and a Silver Claret Jug, at Blyth and Seaton Sluice, and 45 at Morpeth ..... 5

## MULATTO.

- 3 Antigua, Mr. Allen's, 60 at York Spring, 135 Liverpool July, and 40 York August ..... 3  
Bay gelding, Mr. Sutherland's, 50 at Ipswich ..... 1  
3 Bloomsbury, Mr. W. Ridsdale's, the Derby Stakes of 3850 at Epsom, the Ascot Derby of 450, and 800, at Ascot ..... 3  
3 Easingwold, Mr. Ramsay's, 60 at Eglinton Park..... 1  
2 Hill Coolie, Mr. Etwall's, 90 at Bath, 170 at Bibury, and 50 at Abingdon .. 3  
3 Louisa, Mr. Wilson's, 40 at Newmarket Spring ..... 1  
2 Martha Lynn, Mr. Ramsay's, 100 at Eglinton Park, and 90 at Paisley ..... 2

## MULEY.

- 5 Cantata, Mr. Lambert's, 28 at Scarborough ..... 1  
3 Charley, Mr. Buckley's, 60 gs at Chester, and 45 at Newcastle (Saffordsh.) ..... 2  
3 Lillie, Mr. Buckley's, 90 at Chester, and 38 at Burntwood ..... 2  
4 Ratsbane, Lord G. Bentinck's, Cup Stakes of 90 at Blandford, Cup Stakes of 120, and 66, at Northampton ..... 3  
2 Gibraltar, General Yates's, Half the Criterion Stakes of 910 at Newmarket Houghton with Crucifix ..... ½

## NAPOLEON.

- 5 Consul, Mr. J. Barry's, 30 at Taperley Hunt..... 1

## NAPOLEON LE GRAND.

- 3 Maria Louisa, Mr. Dauby's, 40 at Beverley ..... 1

## NECROMANCER.

- 3 Bonnets, Mr. Parker's, a Prize at Welburn ..... 1

## OLYMPUS.

- 2 Bay Filly, out of Miniature, Mr. W. Foster's, 80 at Ludlow ..... 1

## OPIDAM.

- Isabella, Mr. Weguelin's, 100 at Warwick Spring ..... 1

## PALMERIN.

- 3 Aggravator, Mr. J. Simpson's, 80, and 55, at Beverley Spring, 68 at Beverley, 45, and 64, at Scarborough, 45 at Lincoln, 60, and 45, at York October .. 8

## PANTALOON.

- 5 Cardinal Puff, Lord Westminster's, the Trade Cup of 300 with 510, and the Stand Cup of 130, at Chester, the Queen's Plate, and 110, at Doncaster, Lord of the Manor's Cup of 100 with 345 at Newton ..... 5

- 3 Lord Mayor (The), Lord Westminster's, Gascoigne Stakes of 260 at Doncaster, and the Mostyn Stakes of 220 at Holywell Hunt ..... 2

- 3 Miss Foote, Mr. Page's, 40 at Leamington, and a Stake at Monmouth ..... 2

- 3 Sleight of Hand, Lord Westminster's, 300 at Doncaster ..... 1

- 4 Sir Ralph, Lord Westminster's, 60 at Manchester, and 70 at Holywell Hunt.. 2

## PARTISAN.

- 6 Berwickshire, Mr. Robertson's, 38 at Stirling ..... 1

- 4 Maid of the Mill, Mr. Turner's, 75 at the Hippodrome (June 19) ..... 1

## PATRON.

- 5 Patroness, Mr. Painter's, a Stake at Uttoxeter ..... 1

## PENGUIN.

- 3 Bustard, Sir D. Baird's, 87l. 10s., and 50, at Croxton Park, and 50 at Eglinton Park ..... 3

## PERCY.

- 6 Birthday, Mr. J. Laing's, 50, and 40, at Kelso Spring, 45 at Stirling, 55, and 50, at Belford, and a Cup of 100 gs. at the Caledonian Hunt ..... 6

## PHANTOM (YOUNG).

- 5 Hamlet, Colonel Thompson's, a Piece of Plate with 100 at Yorkshire Union Hunt ..... 1

PHILIP THE FIRST.

6	Culverstown, Mr. Armstrong's, a Sweepstakes at Canterbury Spring, 49 at the Hippodrome (June 17), a Purse at Farningham, and 50 at Rochester..	4
PHYSICIAN.		
3	Apothecary (The), Sir T. Stanley's, the Dee Stakes of 250, and the Palatine Stakes of 175, at Chester .....	2
3	Bay colt, out of Little Johnny Myers's dam, Mr. Shaftoe's, 50 at Northallerton .....	1
3	Bay colt, out of Fisher Lass, Mr. Stephenson's, 50 at Ripon .....	1
3	Bolus, Mr. Heseltine's, 125 at Newcastle.....	1
3	Charlatan, Lord Stanley's, 550 at Liverpool July, and 50 at Holywell Hunt..	2
2	Doctor Caius, Lord Eglinton's, 1,250 at the Western Meeting .....	1
3	Dortor Grainger, Mr. Whitelock's, 70 at Liverpool Autumn .....	1
2	Gallipot, Colonel Cradock's, 100 at York October .....	1
2	Interlude, Mr. Jaques's, the Champagne Stakes of 135 at Catterick, 120 at Newcastle, 200 at Stockton, and 40 at Richmond .....	4
2	Laura, Duke of Cleveland's, 200 at Newcastle, and 80 at Stockton .....	2
3	Magdalen, Sir J. Boswell's, 50 at the Western Meeting .....	1
3	Neptune, Mr. Chilton's, 45 at Durham .....	1
3	Quack (The), Mr. Etty's, 75 at Liverpool July, and 70 at Doncaster .....	2
2	Remedy, Mr. Meiklam's, 225 at Newcastle, and 225 at Liverpool Autumn ..	2
2	Resolution, Mr. J. Gill's, 30 at Northallerton .....	1
3	Speed, Captain Lamb's, 50 at Woverhampton .....	1

PICKPOCKET.

3	Cracksman, Mr. Wheeldon's, 50 at Wolverhampton .....	1
3	Petty Larceny, Mr. Tunnally's, 50 at Buxton, 50 at Bridgnorth, Lord Warwick's, 50 at Warwick, 45 at Lichfield, and 40 at Walsall .....	5

PICTON.

a	Matadore, Captain Houston's, the Zohrab Handicap of 180 at Eglinton Park	1
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PISCATOR.

b	Pic-nic, Mr. Hooper's, 31 at Pontypool, Mr. Walker's, 40 at Hereford, and 55 at Worcester Autumn .....	3
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PLENIPOTENTIARY.

2	Diploma, General Grosvenor's, 150 at Stockbridge .....	1
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PRIAM.

3	Bay colt, out of Tragedy, Duke of Portland's, 200 at Newmarket Craven ..	1
3	Captain Pops, Mr. Price's, 125 at Chester, 55, and a Stake, at the Pottery, 50 at Wrexham, and the Mostyn Handicap of 205 at the Holywell Hunt	5
2	Crucifix, Lord G. Bentinck's, the July Stakes of 780, and Chesterfield Stakes of 570, at Newmarket July, the Lavant Stakes of 460, and the Molecomb Stakes of 475, at Goodwood, the Hopeful Stakes of 600, and 150, at Newmarket First October, the Clearwell Stakes of 590, and the Prendergast Stakes of 650, at the Second October, and 455, being half of the Criterion Stakes with Gibraltar, at the Houghton .....	8½
3	Dey of Algiers (The), Col. Peel's, the Audley End Stakes of 150, Newmarket Houghton .....	1
3	Deputy (The), Mr. T. Walters's, 500 at Ascot (the Corsair came in first, but did not carry the proper weight.).....	1
3	Dolphin, Col. Crawford's, a Cup of 50 at Northallerton .....	1
3	Grey colt, out of Speculator's dam, Mr. W. Ley's, 89 at Tavistock, Devonshire Stakes of 170 at Devon and Exeter, and 44 at Tiverton .....	3
3	Hesione, Lord Stradbroke's, 250 at Newmarket First Spring .....	1
4	Industry, Lord Chesterfield's, 520 at the Pottery, 40 at Wolverhampton, and Cup Stakes of 60 at Burton-on-Trent .....	3
4	Joannina, Lord Jersey's, 35, and 50, at Blandford, 220 at Abingdon, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton .....	4
3	Priamides, Mr. Graham's, a Purse at Mansfield .....	1
2	Trojans, Mr. Greville's, 55 at Newmarket Second October, and 50 at the Houghton .....	2
3	Tros, Lord Albemarle's, 150 at Newmarket Craven.....	1
3	Zoroaster, Lord Eglinton's, St. Leger of 175 Liverpool Autumn.....	1

<b>RANVILLES.</b>		
a	Victoria, Mr. Owaley's, 45, and 50, at Leicester .....	2
<b>RECORD.</b>		
4	Tormentor, Mr. J. Peck's, 35 at Burton Constable .....	1
<b>RECOVERY.</b>		
3	De Clifford, Lord Stanley's, 75 at Liverpool July, and 45 at Knutsford.....	2
2	Ginger Blue, Sir R. Bulkeley's, 225 at Liverpool July .....	1
5	Maid of Monton, Mr. Holker's, Shrigley Cup of 100 with 290 at Newton, 45 at Shrewsbury, and 135 at Beverley.....	3
<b>REFORMER.</b>		
6	Jack Palmer, Mr. J. Fawcus's, Plate at Kelso Spring .....	1
<b>REVELLER.</b>		
4	Brown colt, out of Scurry, Capt. Gardnor's, 50 at Hastings .....	1
3	Bosphorus, Lord Exeter's, 100 at Newmarket Houghton .....	1
a	Duenna, Mr. Collett's, 55 at Bath Spring, 50 at Shiffnall, 30 at Worcester, 45 at Leominster, 40 at Warwick (Mr. Godwin's), a Cup value 30 with 30 at Sandbach, two Stakes at Cheadle, 20 at Stafford, and 110 at Worcester Autumn .....	10
3	Express, Lord Exeter's, Burghley Stakes of 90 at Stamford .....	1
3	Johannes, Lord Jersey's, 250 at Newarket Craven, Mr. Drage's, 45 at Hunt- ingdon, and 35 at Northampton .....	3
4	Kensington, Mr. Drew's, 50 at Lee, &c. ....	1
4	Maid of Kent, Mr. Beaton's, 52, and 49, at Tunbridge Wells, and two fifties at Canterbury.....	4
a	Olympic, Mr. Robinson's, The Irvine Cup of 290, and 125, at Eglinton-park, and the Queen's Plates at Carlisle, and Edinburgh.....	4
a	Rambler, Mr. Bosley's, 30 at Ludlow .....	1
5	Ruby, Mr. V. King's, Cup Stakes of 90 at Hampton, 100 at Hippodrome (June 17), and her Majesty's Gold Cup with 60 at Brighton .....	3
3	Retamosa, Lord Lynedock's, 50 at Newmarket July .....	1
2	Stamboul, Lord Exeter's, 400 at Ascot .....	1
4	Vespertilio, Mr. Bateson's, Queen's Plate at Newmarket First Spring .....	1
4	Zillah, Mr. F. Price's, 70 at Wrexham .....	1
<b>RICHARD.</b>		
a	Princess, Mr. Balgrie's, the Omniparty Plate at Kelso Spring .....	1
<b>ROBIN HOOD.</b>		
a	Bay horse, dam by Catterick, Mr. Skipworth's, a Stake at Beverley Spring ..	1
5	Maid Marian, Mr. Moss's, a Stake at Birmingham and Solihull .....	1
<b>ROWTON.</b>		
3	Lyster, Mr. Dockeray's, 52, and 50, at Hastings .....	2
3	Specimen, Mr. Sadler's, 45 at Bishop's Waltham, 49 at Winchester, 25 at Salisbury, a Piece of Plate with a Purse added at Hurstbourne Tarrant, and 65 at Egham .....	5
<b>ROYAL OAK.</b>		
a	Royal William, Mr. H. Tilly's, a Cup at Falmouth at Peuryu.....	1
<b>RUBENS.</b>		
a	Vandyke, Mr. Goodman's, 37 at the Hippodrome (May) .....	1
<b>RUBINI.</b>		
3	Red Rose, Mr. Hussey's, 90 at Abingdon.....	1
3	Tamburini, Duke of Richmond's, 80 at Goodwood (Mr. J. Day's), 60, and 50, at Warwick.....	3
<b>SADDLER (THE).</b>		
3	Provost (The), Col. Cradock's, 220 at Doncaster, and Cup Stakes of, 60 ga. at Northallerton .....	2
3	Shadow (The), Mr. Heseltine's, 110 at Liverpool Autumn, and 50 at Northal- lerton .....	2
<b>SAFEGUARD.</b>		
3	Master Teddy, Mr. Matthews', 85 at Abingdon .....	1



SANDBECK.

3	Bay filly, out of Darroletta, Mr. Vansittart's, 95 at Newton, and 64 at York October .....	2
3	Fitzwilliam, Mr. W. Simpson's, 40 at Beverley .....	1
4	Gangrene, Mr. Calton's, a Cup of 30 gs., and 42, at Burton Constable, a Stake at Scarborough, and a Stake at Belford .....	4
4	Humphrey, Mr. Marson's, 50 at Richmond, Mr. Milner's, and 70 at Lincoln Navigator, Mr. Oxley's, 30 at Scarborough .....	1

SARACEN.

6	Alumnus, Mr. Etwall's, 50 at Bibury Club .....	1
3	Catchfly, Mr. Pettifer's, 50 at Northampton .....	1
2	Mogul, Mr. Fowler's, 260 at Chester .....	1

SCPIO.

3	Sobiecki, Mr. Jackson's, 100 at Epsom .....	1
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SECOND.

6	Deceiver, Mr. Page's, a Stake at Beverley Spring .....	1
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SHAKSPEARE.

4	Anne, Mr. Adams's, 55 at Pytchley Hunt .....	1
5	Mervan, Captain Williamson's, 100 at Ascot .....	1

SHORTWAIST.

3	Chestnut Colt, dam by Bobadil, Mr. Goddard's, 42 at Bedford !.....	1
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SHRIGLEY.

5	The Fairy, Mr. T. Walter's, 50 at Ludlow, and 50 at Tenbury .....	2
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SILKWORM.

6	Brown Mare, Mr. Lagar's, a Stake at Ashby-de-la-Zouch .....	1
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SIR HARRY.

a	Solicitor, Mr. Price's, a Stake at Tenbury, ditto at Bishop's-castle .....	2
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SIR HERCULES.

3	Corsair (The), Lord Liebfield's, the 2000 gs. Stakes of 1050 at Newmarket First Spring, 700 at Ascot, and 600 at Newmarket First October .....	3
5	Cruiskeen, Lord Miltown's, the Staffordshire Stakes of 285 at Lichfield, Heaton Park Stakes of 395 at Liverpool Autumn, and the Cesarewitch Stakes of 715 at Newmarket First October.....	3
6	Gipsy, Lord Normanby's, 50 at Chesterfield .....	1
4	Hydra (The), Mr. Fairlie's, 200 at Bibury Club .....	1
6	Honest Ned, Mr. J. Phillips's, 40 at Haverfordwest .....	1
3	Jenny Jones, Mr. Corbet's, 50 at Ascot, 50 at Hertford; and 50, and 80, at Bedford .....	4
4	Paraguay, Mr. Shelley's, 50 at Epsom Spring .....	1

SKYLARK.

4	Perfidious (The), Lord Howth's, 80 at Croxton Park .....	1
4	Redwing, Count Bathyan's, 200 at Croxton Park .....	1
3	Wings, Mr. Jackson's, 50 at Stourbridge, and 29 at Burntwood .....	2

ST. NICHOLAS.

3	Appleton Lass, Mr. Hebden's, 70 at Hampton, and 50 at Hippodrome (June 17) .....	2
4	Barboni, Sir T. Stanley's, 45 at Chester .....	1
2	Dunstan, Mr. T. Critchley's, 140 at the Pottery, and 100 at Warwick .....	2
4	Gasparoni, Sir T. Stanley's, the Cheshire Stakes of 245 at Chester, and the Trade Cup of 100 with 260 at Manchester .....	2
3	Lady Abbess, Mr. F. Price's, 60 at Chester, 50 at Wrexham, and 80 at Holywell Hunt .....	3
4	March First, Mr. Faulconer's, a Stake at Rochester .....	1
5	Pocket Hercules, Mr. W. Ley's, Cup Stakes of 235 at Bibury Club, 50 at Devon and Exeter, and 40 at Plymouth and Devonport .....	3
4	St. Leonard, Mr. Ogden's, 50 gs. at Newton .....	1
4	Vengeance, Mr. Dawson's, 50 at Morpeth .....	1

ST. PATRICK.

3	Courier, Duke of Grafton's, 40 at Newmarket First Spring, and 50 at Newmarket Second Spring .....	2
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## WINNING HORSES, 1839.

a	Daniel, Mr. Smith's, 40 at Beccles .....	1
3	Drogheda, Duke of Grafton's, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring .....	1
3	Æther, Duke of Grafton's, the Albany Stakes of 250 at Ascot, 50 at Newmarket Second October, and 50 in the Houghton .....	3
2	Garryowen, the Hon. G. L. Byng's, 40 at Newmarket July, and 25 at the Houghton .....	2
4	Sir Francis, Mr. Pettit's, 200 at Newmarket First Spring, the Queen's Plate at Ascot, 50 at Newmarket July, and the Queen's Plates at Chelmsford, and Ipswich .....	5

## STARCH.

a	Confusion, Lord Waterford's, 80, and 45, at Eglinton Park .....	2
a	Pauline, Mr. Theobald's, a Stake at Epsom Spring, 65 at Gorbambury, 43 at Dove House, 50 at Canterbury, and 50 at Southampton .....	5
3	Zimmerman, Colonel Anson's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton .....	1

## STEPHEN.

a	Catamaran, Mr. Walmsley's, 45 at Tenbury, 55 at Dudley, 65 at Leominster, 59 at Hereford, 90, and £47 10s., at Sandbach, 65 at Redditch, a Tea Service of 50, and 50, at Brecon, two Stakes at Monmouth, and one at Welshpool .....	12
5	Sam Weller, Mr. E. Herbert's, 50 at Worcester Autumn .....	1

## STUMPS.

4	Brother to Goldicote, Mr. Smyth's, 75 at Yorkshire Union Hunt .....	1
4	Gimcrack, Lord Tavistock's, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring, and Cup Stakes of 70 at Yarmouth .....	2

## SULTAN.

5	Adrian, Lord Exeter's, 80 at Newmarket Second Spring .....	1
4	Alemdar, Lord Exeter's, 50 at Ascot .....	1
5	Corban, Lord Exeter's, 25 at Newmarket July .....	1
3	Clarion, Hon. S. Herbert's, 100 at Goodwood, 300 at Salisbury, 50 at Blandford, and Queen's Plate at Lichfield .....	4
a	Caliph, Captain Pettat's, 65 at Eglinton Park, 115 at Bibury Club, 53, and 55, at Brighton, 50 at Lewes, and 85 at Abingdon .....	6
3	Cæsar, Lord Jersey's, the Riddlesworth Stakes of 1800, and the Vacillation Stakes of 600, in the Newmarket Craven, and half of one of the Forfeits of the Clarendon Stakes in the Newmarket First Spring .....	2½
4	Kirtle, Mr. Wauchope's, a Stake at Paisley .....	1
3	Kremlin, Duke of Cleveland's, St. Leger of 225, and Cleveland Cup of 100 with 60 at Wolverhampton, and 50, and 110, at Doncaster .....	5
4	Nubian, Mr. Ramsay's, 60 at Edinburgh, 50 gs., and a Stake, at Paisley, 50 at the Western, and a Stake with a Whip added at Kelso .....	5
4	Romania, Mr. Hornsby's, 60 at Brighton, 35 at Lewes, and Queen's Plate, and Cup Stakes of 73, at Canterbury .....	4
4	Suleiman, Mr. Wauchope's, a Cup of 100 with 25 at Stirling .....	1

## TARRARE.

2	Launchaway, Mr. Balchin's, 45 at Gorbambury, and 56 at Brighton .....	2
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## TAURUS.

3	Assassin, Mr. W. Edwards', Nursery Stakes of 175 at Newmarket Houghton .....	1
4	Ann Boleyn, Sir J. Buller's, a Stake with 15 at Tavistock .....	1
2	Filly, out of Mona, Lord Tavistock's, 20 at Newmarket First Spring .....	1
3	Flambeau, Duke of Rutland's, 450, and 50, at Newmarket Craven, the Garden Stakes of 200 Newmarket Second October, 50, and 25, in the Houghton .....	5
3	Io, Lord Tavistock's, 50 at Newmarket First Spring, a Stake, and 110, at Epsom, and, Capt. Gardnor's, 55 at Egham .....	4
2	King of the Peak, Lord Tavistock's, 150 at Newmarket July .....	1

## TIRESIAS.

3	Cænis, Duke of Portland's, Column Stakes of 575 at Newmarket Craven, and 50, and 25, at Newmarket First Spring .....	3
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## THEODORE.

4	Heloise, Mr. Turner's, 50 at Yarmouth, a Stake at Norfolk and Norwich, and 50 at Beccles .....	3
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## TIGER.

Grey gelding, Mr. J. Lister's, a Cup at Falmouth and Penryn .....	1
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TOMBOY.		
2	Hoyden, Lord Stanley's, 150, and 20, at Liverpool July .....	2
TRANBY.		
4	I-am-not-aware, Col. Peel's, 50 at Huntingdon .....	1
TREASURER.		
a	Brown mare, dam by Sir Rowland, Mr. Lowe's, a Stake at Bretwood .....	1
TROY.		
6	Helen, Mr. Stanley's, 50 at Warwick .....	1
TRUMPETER.		
5	Bandboy, Capt. Gardnor's 50 at Egham .....	1
THE TULIP.		
2	Tuly, Mr. Price's, 40 at Holywell Hunt .....	1
VANISH.		
6	Sunbeam, Mr. Ramsay's, 75 at Eglinton Park, 50 gs. at Kelso Spring, Gold Cup of 100 guineas with 136, and 50, at Stirling, and the Paisley Cup of 100 with 40 at Paisley .....	5
VELOCIPEDE.		
3	Aeronaut, Lord Derby's, 225 at Chester .....	1
5	Chit Chat, Capt. Lamb's, the Queen's Plate at Chester .....	1
3	Carolina, Sir G. Heathcote's, 25 at Egham (received 100 as second for the Oaks) .....	1
2	Capote, Lord G. Bentinck's, 100, 525, 30, and 40, at Newmarket Houghton .....	4
5	Fieschi, Mr. H. Wormald's, a Cup of 55, and a Cup Stakes of 80, at Ripon ..	2
3	Lightfoot, Mr. Stephenson's, 85 at Catterick, St. Leger of 75, and 40, at York Spring, and St. Leger of 275 at Newcastle .....	4
3	Mickleton Maid, Mr. Bowes's, 70 at Richmond, 450 at Doncaster, and 50 at the Newmarket Houghton .....	3
6	Protestant, Mr. Owsley's, 34 at Ashby-de-la-Zouch .....	1
5	Quicksilver, Mr. Wilson's, 30 at Newmarket First Spring .....	1
6	The Skater, Mr. Dolphin's, 35 at Bilbury Old Club .....	1
5	Van Buren, Mr. H. Thompson's, a Piece of Plate, with 170, and the Challenge Whip of 100 with 70 at Yorkshire Union Hunt .....	2
3	Valaincourt, Sir G. Heathcote's, a Cup Stake of 100 at Egham .....	1
3	Velocity, Lord Stanley's, 90 at Manchester, St. Leger of 50, and 40, at Shrewsbury .....	3
5	Venilia, Mr. Nattles's, 20 at Plymouth, Devonport, &c. ....	1
a	Xarifa, Mr. G. Salvin's, 40 at Yorkshire Union Hunt .....	1
VOLTAIRE.		
3	Brown filly, out of Amulet, Mr. J. Smith's, two fifties at Stockton .....	2
3	Charles the Twelfth, Major Yarburgh's, the Trade Cup of 200 with 735 at Liverpool July, St. Leger of 2,875, and Gold Cup value 400 guineas, with 50, at Doncaster .....	3
5	Cowboy, Sir T. Stanley's, a Cup Stakes of 90, and 50, at Oswestry, Cup Stakes of 130, and 50, at Wrexham .....	4
3	Dean (The) Mr. E. Peel's, 150 at Pytchley Hunt (Mr. Collett's), 60 at Worcester, 105, and Cup Stakes of 60, at Stourbridge, St. Leger of 65, and 40, at Warwick, 35 at Shrewsbury, and 50 at Worcester Autumn .....	8
3	Fair Louisa, Mr. Haworth's, 60 gs. and 105, at Chesterfield .....	2
4	Harpurhey, Mr. Ogden's, the Breby Cup of 100 with 125 at Burton-on-Trent, 50, and 48, at Stourbridge .....	3
2	Viceroy, Mr. Shepherd's, 110 at Stockton, and 55 at York October .....	2
WAMBA.		
3	Caraguta, Captain B. Davies's, 50 at Brecon .....	1
3	Nell, Mr. Hughes's, two Stakes at the Glamorganshire, 48, and a Cup, at Brecon .....	4
WATERLOO.		
4	Guardsman, Mr. Dockeray's, two fifties at Gorbamby, 50 at Epsom, and 50 at Hastings .....	4
WAVERLEY.		
5	Bay Horse, Mr. Land's, a Purse at Ipswich .....	1

5	Brown gelding, Mr. R. Hudson's, a Stake at Winlaton .....	1
5	Jim Crow, Mr. Horton's, a Stake at Bloxwich, ditto at Oldbury, ditto at Redditch .....	3
4	Little Bird, Mr. R. Watson's, 50 at Durlam .....	1
3	Muckle Fun (late Item), Mr. W. Kirby's, two fifties at Ripon .....	2
5	Rubicon, Mr. G. Fean's, 24 at Beccles, and 29 at Eye .....	2
6	Swainby, Mr. Wascoe's, a Plate at South Shields, 45, and a Plate, at New-Castle .....	3
WHALEBONE.		
3	Bodice, Mr. Potto's, a Purse at Pontypool, 43 with the City Bowl at Salisbury, a Stake at Tiverton, 42 at Clitheroe, 39, and a Stake, at Bridgewater, and 45 at Monmouth .....	7
4	The Sea, Lord Howth's, 50 at Croxton Park .....	1
WHISKER.		
3	Catharina, Mr. Barrow's, 15 at Knighton, 35 at Bishop's Castle, 50 at King-ton, Cup Stakes of 60 gs. with 28 at Burnley, 60 at Shrewsbury, 50 at Walsall, 50 at Knutsford, and two Stakes at Welshpool .....	9
WINTERFIELD.		
3	Springfield, Mr. Collins's, 75 at Shiffnall .....	1
WOODMAN.		
3	Charity, Mr. Vevers's, 50, and 45, at Hereford .....	2
WORTHY.		
3	Wolverine, Sir J. Buller's, a Stake at Newton Abbott .....	1
WRANGLER.		
3	Warleigh, Mr. Taunton's, 37 at Plymouth and Devonport Spring, and 50, and a Stake, at Plymouth, Devonport, and Cornwall .....	5
ZINGANEE.		
4	Bay Hampton, Mr. Gough's, 31 at Swansea .....	1
4	Bay mare, Mr. Skerratt's, a Purse at Sandbach, and a Stake at Burntwood ..	2
6	Calmuck, Mr. Coleman's, the Gorbambury Stakes of 850 at Gorbambury ..	1
4	Chymist, The Duke of Grafton's, 80 at Epsom, and 43, and 49, at Hampton ..	3
4	Quo Minus, Mr. Rayner's, the Craven Stakes of 90 at Newmarket Craven ..	1
AUGUSTUS, OR TAURUS.		
2	Ten Pound Note, Mr. Rayner's, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring .....	1
BLACKLOCK, OR LANGAR.		
6	Sir Felix, Mr. Turner's, 50 at Sheerness, and 44 at Tunbridge Wells .....	2
CADLAND, OR CAIN.		
5	Finality, Mr. Robinson's, 45 at Wenlock .....	1
CETUS, OR ROWTON.		
3	Glenlivet, Lord G. Bentinck's, 500 at Epsom .....	1
EMILIUS, OR ISHMAEL.		
3	Ilderim, Lord Jersey's, Tuesday's Riddlesworth of 1400 at Newmarket Craven .....	1
MERLIN, OR MERCHANT.		
6	Mendizabel, Mr. Thornhill's, 40 at Newmarket Craven, 40 at the Second Spring, the Queen's Vase value 200 with 180 at Ascot, the Queen's Plate at Bedford, and 50 at Newmarket First October .....	5
MULATTO, OR STARCH.		
3	Bay colt, out of Young Petuaria, Lord Chesterfield's, 98 at Hampton .....	1
PHYSICIAN, OR GAINSBOROUGH.		
3	La Sage Femme, Mr. Bell's, 60 at Catterick, 115 at York August, and a Cup value 200 with 90 at the Liverpool Autumn .....	3
PHYSICIAN, OR JERRY.		
3	Chatterer, Captain Taylor's, 45 at Wolverhampton .....	1
ROLLER, OR DRONE.		
3	Argerio, Lord Miltown's, 100 at the Hippodrome, June 19 .....	1
STARCH, OR VOLTAIRE.		
3	Lollypop, Major Yarburgh's, the Shorts of 175 at York Spring, 350 at York August, and, Mr. Walker's, 35 at Nottingham .....	3

TOPSY-TURVY, or POTSHEEN.

a	Donation (late Fidelio), Lord Folkstone's, the Agricultural Stakes at Bibury Spring .....	1
	TRAMP, or ST. NICHOLAS.	
4	Barboni, Sir T. Stanley's, 45 at Chester.....	1
	TRAMP, or WAVERLEY.	
4	Don John, Lord Chesterfield's, 1500 at Newmarket First Spring .....	1
	TRAMP, or CLINKER.	
3	Quid, Mr. Allen's, the Silver Tea Service value 60 with 40 in specie at York October, and 30 at Northallerton .....	2
	VELOCIPEDA, or ACTÆON.	
4	Vertumnus, Mr. J. Walters's, 150 at Coventry .....	1

WINNING HORSES,

NOT INCLUDED IN THE PRECEDING LIST.

6	Aberystwith Lass, Mr. J. Davies's, a Stake at Aberystwith .....	1
6	Anna Maria, Mr. Ward's, the Galloway Stakes at Devon and Exeter.....	1
5	Balloon, Mr. Higgin's, the Farmers' Plate of 60 sovs at Bedford Spring ....	1
	Bay Doctor, Mr. Hodson's, the Hack Stakes at Carlisle .....	1
	Banker, Mr. Clifton's, 55, and 50, at Brighton .....	2
	Beggar Boy, Mr. Lowe's, 30 at Shifnall, and 80 at Newport .....	2
5	Ben Brace, Mr. Sutton's, 30 at Bridgewater .....	1
6	Bertha, Mr. Beauchamp's, a Silver Cup value 50 at Hampton Spring .....	1
	Betsey, Mr. Barker's, 41 at Birmingham and Solihull .....	1
a	Billy Whistle, Mr. W. Tebb's, a Stakes at Bedford Spring .....	1
	Blue Bell, Mr. Carlisle's, a Stake at Tiverton .....	1
5	Black Heddon, Mr. Humble's, 27 at Inglewood Hunt and Penrith Maeting..	1
a	Bolivar, Mr. Watson's, 45 at Dudley, &c., Mr. Jones's, 52 at Bridgnorth ..	2
a	Bonny Boy, Mr. Collett's, 100 at Worcester .....	1
a	Borak, Mr. J. Gripper's, 50 at Hertford.....	1
a	Brampton Junior, Mr. Maule's, 75 at Huntingdon Spring .....	1
a	Brown Gelding, Mr. Thomas's, a Purse at Bishop's Castle .....	1
	Brown Mare, Mr. Lattimer's, the Farmer's Cup at the Hoo .....	1
	Bugle, Mr. Johnson's, a Stakes at Uttoxeter.....	1
a	Bucephalus, Mr. Campbell's, 40 at Rugeley, and 15 at Stone .....	2
a	Cadland, Mr. Simmond's, 54 at Canterbury Spring, 209 at Canterbury August, and 45 at Isle of Thanet .....	3
	Cantatrice, Mr. Bruce's, a Stakes at Bibury Spring .....	1
	Carlow, Lord Desart's, 25 at Croxton Park .....	1
4	Caustic, Mr. Carlisle's, a Purse of Bodmin .....	1
a	Chelsing, Mr. Cater's, 35 at Hertford .....	1
	Chesnut Mare, Lord Waterpark's, 50 at Croxton Park .....	1
a	Cigar, Mr. A. Robertson's, 65 at Coventry, and a Stake at Hampton.....	2
	Claret, Mr. Jones's, 21 at Bishop's Castle .....	1
6	Clytha Lass, Mr. Edwards's, a Stakes at Abergavenny .....	1
a	Colonel, Mr. Edenborough's, a Cup at Chelmsford .....	1
	Colonel, Mr. Dyson's, 40 at Edinburgh .....	1
5	Conservative, Mr. Hillman's, the Farmers' Stakes at East Sussex Hunt ....	1
	Cottager, Mr. Leith's, the Easter Plate at Canterbury Spring .....	1
	Countess, Mr. Matthews's, 50 at Sheerness.....	1
6	Cricket Ball, Mr. Crofton's, 12 at Newton Abbott, and 25 at Plymouth, &c. ..	2
	Crusoe, Mr. Cust's, 65 at Hampton Spring .....	1
6	Defence, Mr. Bretherton's, 40 at Mold .....	1
	Defence, Mr. Houley's, 35 at Sandbach .....	1
4	Derby Frigate, Mr. Biddle's, the Hack Stakes at Burton-on-Trent.....	1
a	Derrynane, Mr. James's, 35 at Newcastle (Staffordshire) .....	1
	Dick, Mr. Savage's, 50 at Cheadle.....	1
	Duvernay, Mr. Shrimpton's, 40 at Sheerness .....	1

5	Edmund, Mr. Gibb's, 26 at Lee and Eltham .....	1
	Edward, Mr. Hodges's, a Stakes at Canterbury Spring .....	1
a	Elisa, Mr. Marshall's, a Stakes at Durham .....	1
a	Ellen Brown, Mr. E. Wilkins's, a Stakes at Tiverton, and a Stakes at Bridgewater .....	2
5	Esculapius, Mr. Hex's, 35 at Devon and Exeter .....	1
6	Exquisite, Mr. J. Flower, jun.'s, 50 at Norfolk and Norwich, and 50 at Beccles .....	2
	Fanny, Mr. Walter's, 20 at Cheadle .....	1
a	Flecknoe, Mr. Armstrong's, a Stakes at Dove House .....	1
a	Forester, Mr. Graham's, a Silver Cup with 25 in specie at Dudley, &c., and Mr. Arnold's, a Stakes at Uttoxeter .....	2
a	Frodsham, Mr. W. Jackson's, a Stakes at Carlisle .....	1
	Gem, Lord Cranston's, 50 at Croxton Park .....	1
a	Gleneagle, Capt. Sutton's, 23, and 23l. 10s., at Yorkshire Union Hunt .....	2
6	Glow-worm, Mr. Bodenham's, 21 at Kington .....	1
5	Gorsebush, Mr. Yarworth's, 37 at Hereford .....	1
a	Greyling, Mr. Oliver's, 23 at Bridgewater, a Cup with 35 in Specie, and 25, at Monmouth .....	3
3	Harriett, Mr. Longshaw's, a Silver Cup value 30gs. with 20 gs. added at Knutsford .....	1
5	Isla, Mr. Ellis's, 45 at Perth ..	1
6	Irishman, Mr. Power's, 31 at Hippodrome .....	1
5	Jenny Jones, Mr. Higgs's, 21 at Walsall, a Purse at Wem, and 50 at Stafford ..	3
a	King David, Lord Drumlanrig's, 50 at Marlow .....	1
a	Lady of the Lake, Mr. Kernison's, a Stakes at Yarmouth .....	1
	Lalla Rookh, Lord Drumlanrig's, a Stakes at Western Meeting .....	1
6	Lansquenet, Mr. Jaques's, 27 at Eccles, 32 at Rugeley, 21 at Stone, and 24 at Birmingham and Solihull .....	4
a	Lawsuit, Mr. Peirson's, 50 at Beccles .....	1
a	Leader, Mr. Whincup's, 43 at Stamford .....	1
a	Lottery, Mr. Brown's, 33 at Norfolk and Norwich .....	1
	Lottery, Count Bathany's, 50 at Croxton Park .....	1
a	Lottery, Mr. Land's, 16 at Beccles .....	1
	Mr. Lottery, Mr. Shank's, 200 at Paisley, and 16 at Bedford .....	2
	Louisa, Mr. Reading's, the Hurdle Race at Redditch .....	1
4	Maid of the West, Mr. Hox's, 20 at Tiverton .....	1
	Maid-of-all-Work, Mr. Green's, a Stakes at Redditch .....	1
4	Margaretta, Mr. Flower's, 50 at Norfolk and Norwich .....	1
5	Mischief, Mr. Garter's, 27 at Stone .....	1
a	Miss Fanny, Mr. T. Ashton's, 55 at Clitheroe .....	1
a	Miss Letty, Mr. Morris's, 26 at Welshpool .....	1
6	Momus, Mr. Adams's, 25, and 40, at Bath Spring .....	2
a	Moor, The, Mr. C. Vivian's, 38, and 24, at Tiverton, Mr. Hex's, 50, and 15, at Totnes and Bridgetown, 19 at Bridgewater, 34 at Bodmin, and 20 at Falmouth and Penryn .....	7
	Morgiana, Mr. Morant's, 90 at Brighton .....	1
a	Music, Mr. Court's, 16 at Wemm .....	1
a	Neptune, Mr. Atkinson's, 47 at Stockton ..	1
	Nimrod, Mr. Cunningham's, 50 at Canterbury .....	1
a	Norman, Mr. Brand's, a Match at the Hoo .....	1
a	Nottingham, Mr. P. Booth's, 65, and two other Stakes at Bedford Spring ..	1
5	O. Y. C. Mr. Aphn's, a Cup at Bicester .....	1
	Olympic, Capt. Weir's, a Cup at Tavistock .....	1
	Organize, Mr. Percival's, 140 at Sandbach .....	1
a	Paddy Carey, Mr. Potts's, a Cup at Salisbury, and 21 at Totness and Bridgetown .....	2
a	Paulina, Mr. Theobald's, a Stakes at Epsom Spring, 65 at Gorbamby, 43 at Dove House, 50 at Canterbury, and 50 at Southampton .....	5
5	Ploughboy, Mr. Williams's, 39 at Monmouth .....	1
a	Peeping Tom, Mr. S. Gardnor's, 39, at Birmingham and Solihull .....	1
5	Protegee, Mr. Friend's, 30 at Lichfield .....	1

6	Protestant, Mr. Owaley's, 34 at Ashby-de-la-Zouch .....	1
4	Rat-rag, Mr. Owen's, a Match at Haverfordwest .....	1
	Rocket, Lord Waterford's, received 25 at Croxton Park .....	1
a	Salperton, Mr. V. Stanton's, 50 at Cheltenham .....	1
	Sarah, Mr. Ormond's, 30 at Burntwood .....	1
4	Shall-I-come-soon-enough, Mr. Shelley's, 50 at Stafford .....	1
	Shepherd, Mr. Clarke's, 50 at Ipswich .....	1
6	Seventy-nine, Mr. Milbank's, 242 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i> at Knutsford .....	1
	Sir Harry, Mr. J. Brown's, a Cup at Redditch .....	1
a	Sledmere, Mr. Williams's, 75 at Hampton Spring, a Stakes, and 66, at Newton Abbott, and 25 at Plymouth, &c. ....	4
	Stainboro', Mr. W. Scott's, a Purse at Ashford .....	1
a	Stickler, Mr. Legg's, 30 at Salisbury, and 60 at Bicester .....	2
a	Stranger, Mr. Young's, 28 at Norfolk and Norwich .....	1
	St. John, Mr. Lowe's, Stakes at Newport .....	1
4	St. Patrick, Mr. Caune's, 40 at Plymouth, &c. ....	1
a	Talaman, Mr. C. Powell's, 90 at Abergavenny, 40 at Knighton, and 15 at Brecon .....	3
a	Tape Worm, Mr. Coldley's, 50 at Wemm .....	1
a	Tiny, Mr. Wilkinson's, 25 at Ipswich .....	1
5	Trim, Mr. Able's, 33 at Beccles .....	1
4	Vanguard, Mr. Woodhouse's, 31 at Ashby-de-la-Zouch .....	1
a	Walker, Mr. Phelps's, a Silver Cup with 6 in specie at Bridgewater .....	1
	Weathercock, Mr. Goodman's, the Grand Duke Stakes at Hippodrome ....	1
a	Wild Rose, Mr. Jones's, a Stakes at Abergavenny .....	1
a	Young Moggy, Mr. J. Gripper's, 20 guineas at Hertford .....	1
6	Young Tom, Mr. Jones's, 45 at Haverfordwest .....	1

WINNERS OF THE DERBY, OAKS, AND ST. LEGER  
STAKES,  
FROM THEIR COMMENCEMENT.

	Derby.	Oaks.	St. Leger.*
1778	- - -	- - -	Hollandaise
1779	- - -	Bridget	Tommy
1780	Diomed	Tetotum	Ruler
1781	Young Eclipse	Faith	Serina
1782	Assasin	Ceres	Imperatrix
1783	Saltram	Maid of the Oaks	Phenomenon
1784	Serjeant	Stella	Omphale
1785	Aimwell	Trife	Cowslip
1786	Noble	The Yellow Filly	Paragon
1787	Sir Peter Teazle	Annette	Spadille
1788	Sir Thomas	Nightshade	Young Flora
1789	Skyscraper	Tag	Pewett
1790	Rhadamanthus	Hippolyta	Ambidexter
1791	Eager	Portia	Young Traveller
1792	John Bull	Volante	Tartar
1793	Waxy	Cælia	Ninety-three
1794	Dædalus	Hermione	Beningbrough
1795	Spread Eagle	Platina	Hambletonian
1796	Didelot	Parisot	Ambrosio
1797	Br. c. by Fidget	Nike	Lounger

\* In 1776, a sweepstakes on exactly the same conditions as that which was afterwards named the St. Leger, was won at Doncaster by Lord Rockingham's br. f. by Sampson, and in 1777, by Mr. Sotheron's Bourbon: but the first St. Leger, so called at the time, was won by Hollandaise.

## WINNING HORSES.

	<i>Derby.</i>	<i>Oaks.</i>	<i>St. Leger.</i>
1798	Sir Harry	Bellissima	Symmetry
1799	Arolduke	Bellina	Cockfighter
1800	Champion	Ephemera	Champion
1801	Eleanor	Eleanor	Quiz
1802	Tyrant	Sootia	Orville
1803	W.'s Ditto	Theophania	Remembrancer
1804	Hannibal	Pelisse	Sancho
1805	Cardinal Beaufort	Meteora	Staveley
1806	Paris	Bronze	Fyldener
1807	Election	Briseis	Paulina
1808	Pan	Morel	Petronius
1809	Pope	Maid of Orleans	Ashton
1810	Whalebone	Oriana	Octavian
1811	Phantom	Sorcery	Soothsayer
1812	Octavius	Manuela	Otterington
1813	Smolensko	Musie	Altisidora
1814	Blucher	Medora	William
1815	Whisker	Minuet	Filho da Puta
1816	Prince Leopold	Landscape	The Duchess
1817	Azor	Neva	Ebor
1818	Sam	Corinne	Reveller
1819	Tirestas	Shoveler	Antonio
1820	Sailor	Caroline	St. Patrick
1821	Gustavus	Augusta	Jack Spigot
1822	Moses	Pastille	Theodore
1823	Emilius	Zinc	Barefoot
1824	Cedric	Cobweb	Jerry
1825	Middleton	Wings	Memnon
1826	Lapdog	Lilias (now Babel)	Tarrare
1827	Mameluke	Gulnare	Matilda
1828	Cadland	Turquoise	The Colonel
1829	Frederick	Green Mantle	Rowton
1830	Priam	Variation	Birmingham
1831	Spaniel	Oxygen	Chorister
1832	St. Giles's	Galata	Margrave
1833	Dangerous	Vespa	Rockingham
1834	Plenipotentiary	Pussy	Touchstone
1835	Mundig	Queen of Trumps	Queen of Trumps
1836	Bay Middleton	Cyprian	Elis
1837	Phosphorus	Miss Letty	Mango
1838	Amato	Industry	Don John
1839	Bloomsbury	Deception	Charles XII.



# Coursing Calendar,

## 1839-40.

### HOLYWELL HUNT.

*Oct. 7, 8, & 9.*—The TALACRE STAKES of 2 sovs. each.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Easterby's bk. and w. b. Eruca, beat Mr. Openshaw's brl. b. Deception.  
 Mr. W. Owen's bk. d. Guinea, beat Mr. Chew's bk. and d. Carpenter  
 Mr. Jackson's w. d. Snowball, beat Mr. Matthew's bl. b. Birdlime  
 Mr. T. Griffith's bk. d. Wanderer, beat Mr. James Hunt's f. d. Hottentot  
 Mr. Swan's bk. d. Knight Errant, beat Mr. J. H. Douglas's bk. d. Snap  
 Mr. G. Ogden's r. and w. d. Beaver, beat Mr. Gale's r. and w. b. Queen of Trumps  
 Mr. J. Jenkins's r. p. Glencoe, beat Mr. James Bake's f. b. Belvidera  
 Mr. Edwards's brl. b. Midnight, beat Mr. J. Simon's f. and w. d. Harkaway.  
*First Ties.*—Guinea beat Eruca Wanderer beat Snowball Beaver beat Knight  
 Errant Glencoe beat Midnight.

*Second Ties.*—Beaver beat Glencoe Guinea beat Wanderer.

*Deciding Course.*—Beaver beat Guinea, and won the stakes.

The MOSTYN STAKES of 5 sovs. each.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Easterby's bk. d. Earwig, beat Mr. J. P. Jackson's bk. d. Horab  
 Mr. Edwards's r. d. Marchant, beat Mr. J. Catherall's bk. d. Lidford  
 Mr. James Bake's r. d. Skimmer, beat Mr. G. Ogden's bk. and f. d. Talleyrand  
 Mr. Openshaw's brl. d. Zebra, beat Mr. Swan's bk. and w. d. Sergean  
 Mr. J. Jenkins's r. d. Glaucus, beat Mr. James Hunt's brl. b. Sylvian  
 Mr. Allen's w. and bk. b. Dart, beat Mr. J. Allanson's fwn. b. Zephyr  
 Sir E. Mostyn's bk. b. Fly, beat Mr. W. Upton's br. d. Varnish.  
 Mr. Chew's r. b. Frisky ran a bye, Harmony being disqualified.  
*First Ties.*—Marchant beat Earwig Frisky beat Skimmer Glaucus beat Zebra  
 Dart beat Fly.

*Second Ties.*—Marchant beat Frisky Glaucus beat Dart.

*Deciding Course.*—Glaucus beat Marchant, and won the stakes.

### CLITHEROE.

*Oct 10 & 11.*—TWO PIECES OF SILVER PLATE, viz.: THE BOROUGH CUP, value 50 gs.; and the HORROCKSFORD CUP, value 30 gs.; to be run for in two classes; the winner of each class to run up for the choice of Cups; the second dog in each class to receive 5 sovs.

FIRST CLASS.—ALL AGE-DOGS.

Mr. Slater's f. d. Sam Slick, beat Mr. Dutton's r. and w. d. Logic, by Spring  
 Mr. Polding's w. and bar. d. Eclipse, beat Mr. Arkwright's f. d. Doctor, by Doctor  
 Mr. Watson's brin. d. Trumper, beat Mr. Eden's f. and w. d. Ermine, late Hermione  
 Mr. Garforh's br. and w. b. Victoria, beat Mr. J. Forrest's bl. b. Phoenix  
 Mr. Turner's w. and r. d. Stopper, beat Mr. Hodgson's f. and w. b. Zitella  
 Mr. Robinson's f. b. S. H. Fly, beat Mr. Garnett's r. d. Chance, by Chance  
 Mr. Clegg's r. and w. d. Trimmer, beat Mr. Forrest's bl. d. Hector  
 Mr. Oddie's br. and w. b. Oiseau, beat Mr. E. Hodgson's f. b. Taglioni.  
*First Ties.*—Eclipse beat Sam Slick Victoria beat Trumper S. H. Fly beat  
 Stopper Trimmer beat Oiseau.

*Second Ties.*—Eclipse beat Victoria, and Trimmer beat S. H. Fly.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Clegg's r. and w. d. Trimmer, by Chance, out of Spot, beat  
 Mr. Polding's w. and bar. d. Eclipse, and won the cup.

## THE COURSING CALENDAR,

## SECOND CLASS.—PUPPIES.

Mr. Turner's br. and w. d. Tomboy, beat Mr. E. Hodgson's bl. d. Reveller  
 Mr. Stewart's r. d. Careless, beat Mr. J. Forrest's r. b. Nantwitch  
 Mr. Oddie's bl. and w. d. Young Smuggler, beat Mr. Aspinall's r. d. Brandy, by Tramp  
 Mr. Hodgson's bl. and w. b. Zafra, beat Mr. Forrest's bl. and w. b. Fountain Nymph  
 Mr. Arkwright's bl. and w. b. Mischief, beat Mr. Garforth's r. d. Millar, by Rocket  
 Mr. Dutton's bl. and w. d. Spring, beat Mr. Forrest's bl. and w. d. Flare Up  
 Mr. Robinson's bl. d. William, by Sultan, beat Mr. Turner's r. d. Spring  
 Mr. Eden's bl. and w. d. Edhem Bey, beat Mr. Garnett's bl. and w. d. Jonathan Wild  
*First Ties.*—Tomboy beat Careless Young Smuggler beat Zafra Spring beat  
 Mischief William beat Edhem Bey.

*Second Ties.*—Tomboy beat Young Smuggler Spring beat William.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Turner's br. and w. d. Tomboy, by Vandean, beat Mr. Turner's r. d. Spring, by Smoker, out of Queen, and won the cup.

Match, 10 sovs. Mr. Massey's black b. Racer, beat Mr. Garnett's Chance.

## THE BIGGAR CLUB (NEAR LANARK.)

Oct. 10 & 11.—SILVER FLASK, for dogs pupped in 1838.

Lord Douglas's bd. d. Hero, 14 months, beat Mr. A. Graham's y. d. Capilly, 17 ms.  
 Mr. Greenshield's r. b. Ruby, 16 ms., beat Mr. A. Graham's bc. b. Pousette, 17 ms.  
 Lord Douglas's w. bd. d. Hawthorn, 16 ms., beat Mr. Greenshield's bc. d. Hotspur, 18 ms.  
 Lord Douglas's bk. b. Echo, 16 ms., beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Davy, 17 ms.  
 Lord Douglas's bc. d. Edward, 18 ms., beat Mr. Greenshield's w. b. Echo, 16 ms.  
 Mr. Greenshield's r. d. Rival, 16 ms., beat Mr. A. Graham's y. d. Prince, 16 ms.  
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Beatoek, 18ms., beat Mr. Greenshield's r. b. Thistle, 16 ms.  
 Lord Douglas's bk. d. Annan, 18 ms., ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Hero beat Rnby (withdrawn), Hawthorn beat Rival, and Lord Douglas having withdrawn Hero, Echo, Edward, Beatoek, and Annan, named Hawthorne winner of the Flask.

## CHALLENGE CUP.

Lord Douglas's bk. d. Kent, beat Mr. Dixon's r. d. Clyde  
 Mr. Dickson's bk. b. Cora, beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butteryburn  
 Mr. Greenshield's bk. and w. d. Pilot, beat Mr. Dickson's w. and r. b. Duchess  
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Knight, beat Mr. A. Graham's w. b. The Queen  
 Lord Douglas's bk. and w. d. Merryman, beat Mr. Dickson's r. d. Spring.

*First Ties.*—Kent beat Cora Knight beat Pilot Merryman ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Lord Douglas's Kent beat Lord Douglas's Knight and Merryman (both withdrawn), and won the Challenge Cup.

## ARDROSSAN CLUB.

Oct. 17 & 18.—A CUP, for dogs of 1838.

Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought, beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Landseer  
 Mr. A. Graham's r. b. My-ain-thing, beat Mr. Carnie's bl. and w. b. Comet  
 Mr. Carnie's y. and w. d. Carron, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Castlehill (after an undecided course)  
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Glenkilloch, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Moustache (after an undecided course)  
 Dr. Brown's bd. and w. d. Young Dancer, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Storm  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. and w. d. Mirza, beat Lord Eglinton's d. d. Glencoe (after an undecided course)  
 Lord Eglinton's r. w. b. Maggy Lauder, beat Mr. Warner's bd. d. Sweeper  
 Dr. Brown's r. d. Couper, beat Mr. A. Graham's w. and y. b. Caledonia  
 Dr. Brown's w. b. Beas, beat Lord Eglinton's d. b. Bessy Bell  
 Lord Eglinton's d. and w. d. Waterloo, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. and w. d. Memnon  
 Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Fingal, beat Mr. Carnie's bd. d. Chance.

*First Ties.*—My-ain-thing beat Dreadnought Carron beat Glenkillock Mirza  
beat Young Dancer Maggy Lauder beat Couper Waterloo beat Bess  
Fingal ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—My-ain-thing beat Carron Waterloo beat Mirza Fingal beat  
Maggy Lauder (dr).

*Third Ties.*—Fingal beat My-ain-thing Waterloo ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Fingal beat Waterloo (dr.) and won the Cup.

The ARDROSSAN STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Maxwell's bk. and w. d. Mullendhu, beat Lord Eglinton's w. b. Swan  
Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Cowboy, beat Dr. Brown's bd. d. Whistler  
Mr. A. Graham's w. b. The Queen, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mignonette  
Mr. Carnie's r. b. Carniad, beat Mr. Maxwell's bk. b. Jean  
Dr. Brown's bd. and w. d. Jock, beat Lord Eglinton's bd. and w. b. Grace Darling  
Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Stewartfield, beat Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Deluge  
Dr. Brown's f. and w. d. Sport, beat Lord Eglinton's f. and w. d. Stargazer  
Mr. Carnie's r. b. Cora, beat Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. d. Indiana (late Venus)  
Capt. Morris's w. and bk. d. Glory, beat Dr. Brown's w. b. Dancer.

*First Ties.*—Cowboy beat Mullendhu The Queen beat Carniad Jock beat  
Stewartfield (after an undecided course) Cora beat Sport Glory ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Cowboy beat Jock The Queen beat Glory (after an undecided  
course) Cora ran a bye.

*Third Ties.*—Cora beat Cowboy (after an undecided Course) The Queen ran  
a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Cora beat The Queen, and won the stakes.

The HARBOUR STAKES, for dogs that never won a public prize.

Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Madcap, beat Lord Eglinton's r. and w. b. Moonlight  
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. d. Mosstrooper, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord  
Mr. H. Maxwell's r. b. M'Pherson, beat Capt. Graham's bd. d. Napoleon  
Dr. Brown's bd. d. Sweeper, beat Lord Eglinton's r. and w. d. Moses  
Dr. Brown's bk. and w. d. Ocean, beat Lord Eglinton's w. and d. b. Pussy  
Dr. Brown's w. and bk. d. Hornet, beat Mr. Maxwell's bk. d. Midnight  
Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark, beat Mr. Wilson's bd. and w. b. Mary  
Lord Eglinton's bk. b. Risk, beat Mr. Warner's bk. and w. b. Fly.

*First Ties.*—Madcap beat M'Pherson Sweeper beat Mosstrooper Skylark beat  
Ocean (after an undecided course) Hornet beat Risk.

*Second Ties.*—Madcap beat Sweeper Skylark beat Hornet.

*Deciding Course.*—Skylark beat Madcap, and won the stakes.

The SELLING STAKES.

Mr. Preston's bk. and w. d. Moorburn, beat Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. d. Cottager  
Lord Eglinton's bl. b. Dowager, beat Mr. Robertson's bd. d. Jupiter  
Lord Eglinton's r. b. Nightingale, beat Mr. Robertson's bd. b. Swift.

Mr. A. Graham's y. d. Prince, ran a bye.

*Ties.*—Moorburn beat Dowager Nightingale beat Prince.

*Deciding Course.*—Nightingale beat Moorburn (after an undecided course), and won  
the stakes.

CONSOLATION STAKES—First Class.

Mr. A. Graham's My Lord, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's Memnon  
Lord Eglinton's Deluge, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's Midnight  
Mr. Quin ns. Moses, beat Lord Eglinton's Risk  
Captain Pettat ns. Stargazer, beat Dr. Arthur ns. Jean (after an undecided course)

*Ties.*—My Lord beat Deluge, Moses beat Stargazer.

*Deciding Course.*—Moses beat My Lord, and won the stakes.

CONSOLATION STAKES—Second Class.

Mr. H. Maxwell's Mullendhu, beat Mr. A. Graham's Caedonia  
Dr. Brown's Old Dancer, beat Mr. J. O. Fairlie ns. Swan

## THE COURSING CALENDAR,

Mr. Miller vs. Indiana, beat Mr. Warner's Sweeper

Lord Eglington's Grace Darling, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's Moustache.

*Ties.*—Mullendhu beat Dancer, Indiana beat Grace Darling.

*Deciding Course.*—Indiana beat Mullendhu, and won the stakes.

## SOUTH LANCASHIRE CLUB (SOUTHPORT).

Oct. 23 and 24.—The ANNUAL DINNER STAKES, for all-aged dogs.

Mr. Upton's br. d. Vanish, beat Mr. Jenkins's r. d. Gordon Glenmore

Mr. F. Summer's r. d. Baronet, beat Mr. Robinson's r. d. Hero

Mr. Bake's r. and w. d. Skimmer, beat Mr. Edward's r. d. Merchant

Mr. King's f. d. Clasher, beat Mr. Hodgson's f. and w. b. Zitella

Mr. Badcock's bl. d. Sir Phillip, beat Mr. Machell's bd. and w. d. Young Logie

Mr. Arden's bl. b. Maiden Queen, beat Mr. Bake's r. and w. d. Bamboo

Mr. Williams' r. b. Venus, beat Mr. Clare's bl. d. Whey Joe

Mr. Marlow's f. and w. d. Elis, beat Mr. Allanson's f. b. Zephyr.

*First Ties.*—Vanish beat Baronet Clasher beat Skimmer Maiden Queen beat  
Sir Philip Elis beat Venus.

*Second Ties.*—Clasher beat Vanish, and Elis beat Maiden Queen.

*Deciding Course.*—Elis beat Clasher, and won the Stakes.

The ST. LEGER STAKES, for Puppies.

Mr. King's bd. d. Charles XII., beat Mr. Jenkins's r. d. Gulielme

Mr. Robinson's f. and w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Machell's r. d. Magic

Mr. Edwards' r. d. Miller of Mansfield, beat Mr. Hodgson's bl. and w. b. Zafrá

Mr. Williams' y. and w. d. Filho, beat Mr. Eden's r. d. Exquisite

Mr. Bake's r. d. Burgundy, beat Mr. King's bl. d. Bloomsbury

Mt. Machell's w. and r. b. May Queen, beat Mr. Badcock's bl. b. Gipsey

Mr. Robinson's r. d. Topper, beat Mr. S. H. Williams's bl. d. William

Mr. Upton's r. b. Speedy, beat Mr. Jenkins's r. d. Glencoe.

*First Ties.*—Fly beat Charles XII. Filho beat Miller of Mansfield May Queen  
beat Burgundy Topper beat Speedy.

*Second Ties.*—Fly beat Filho, and Topper beat May Queen.

*Deciding Course.*—Fly beat Topper, and won the Stakes.

The FLEETWOOD CUP, for all ages.

Mr. Kay's bl. b. Sarah, beat Mr. Hunt's bl. d. Bleacher (dr)

Mr. Gale's f. and w. b. Queen of Trumps, beat Mr. Ogden's w. and bl. d. Talleyrand

Mr. Eden's f. and w. d. Enterprise, beat Mr. Whitehead's r and w. d. Rock

Mr. Tunstall's r. d. Chasse, beat Mr. Bake's f. and w. d. Major

Mr. King's r. d. Clinker, beat Mr. Marlow's bl. b. Queen

Mr. Ogden's b. and w. d. Ergot, beat Mr. Walker's r. b. Mary

Mr. Bake's f. b. Belvidera, beat Mr. Edwards's bl. b. Midnight

Mr. Hunt's bd. b. Sylvian, beat Mr. Slater's r. d. Sam.

*First Ties.*—Sarah beat Queen of Trumps Chasse beat Enterprise Ergot beat  
Clinker Sylvian beat Belvidera.

*Second Ties.*—Sarah beat Chasse, and Sylvian beat Ergot.

*Deciding Course.*—Sylvian beat Sarah and won the Cup.

The CHURCH TOWN STAKES, for Puppies.

Mr. Bake's bl. d. Bluecap, by Priam, out of Lady, beat Mr. Edwards' bd. b. Moss  
Rose, by Pepper, out of Frisky

Mr. Whitehead's bl. and w. d. Pedlar, by Harlequin, out of Fly, beat Mr. Upton's  
bd. b. Myrtle, sister to Moss Rose

Mr. Slater's w. and r. d. Snap, by Royal Oak, beat Mr. Walker's w. and y. d. Minister,  
by Bolivar, out of Revenge's dam

Mr. Eden's f. d. Ensign, by Young Cato, out of Phoenix, beat Mr. Hunt's r. b.  
Honeysuckle, by Priam, out of Lady.

*Ties.*—Pedlar beat Bluecap (drawn), and Snap beat Ensign.  
*Deciding Course.*—Snap beat Pedlar, and won the Stakes.

SOUTHPORT STAKES for all-aged Dogs.

Mr. Hunt's Zephyr, beat Mr. Hodgson's Zinganees  
 Mr. Ogden's Talleyrand, beat Mr. Williams' Filho  
 Mr. Bake's Bamboo, beat Mr. Hodgson's Torello  
 Mr. Slater's Sam Slick, beat Mr. Whitehead's Rock.

*Ties.*—Talleyrand beat Zephyr, and Sam Slick beat Bamboo.  
*Deciding Course.*—Talleyrand beat Sam Slick, and won the Stakes.

ROSSALL STAKES, for all-aged beaten Dogs.

Mr. Robinson's Hero, beat Mr. Bake's Belvidera  
 Mr. Hodgson's Zitella, beat Mr. Slater's Sam  
 Mr. Gale's Queen of Trumps, beat Mr. Jenkins' Gordon Glenmore  
 Mr. Eden's Enterprize, beat Mr. Ogden's Talleyrand.

*Ties.*—Hero beat Zitella, and Enterprize beat Queen.  
*Deciding Course.*—Enterprize beat Hero, and won the Stakes.

CROSSLAND STAKES for beaten Puppies.

Mr. Machell's Magic, beat Mr. S. H. Williams' William  
 Mr. Hodgson's Zafra, beat Mr. Whitehead's Harkaway  
 Mr. Hunt's Honeysuckle, beat Mr. Upton's Speedy  
 Mr. Forrest's Fuzileer, beat Mr. Hunt's red dog

*Ties.*—Zafra beat Magic, and Honeysuckle beat Fuzileer.  
*Deciding Course.*—Honeysuckle beat Zafra, and won the Stakes.

A match for 20 sovs. a side, between Mr. King's black dog, of the Bush Inn, Manchester, and Mr. George Brennan's (of Dublin) white bitch, was run; best two out of three; and won by Mr. King's dog in gallant style, in two heats.

THE BIGGAR CLUB.

Oct. 24 and 25.—The Cup, presented by Lord Douglas.

Mr. Hutcheson's bk. d. Damper, beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Jenny  
 Mr. Pender's bd. and w. d. Nelson, beat Sir N. M. Lockhart's bd. b. Sleepy Maggie  
 Mr. Hutcheson's bk. d. Thacker, beat Sir N. M. Lockhart's w. d. Antelope  
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butteryburn, beat Mr. Dickson's r. d. Spring  
 Mr. Borron's r. d. Glasgow, beat Mr. Dickson's bk. b. Cora  
 Mr. Greenshield's bk. and w. d. Pilot, beat Mr. Sim's r. b. Speed  
 Mr. Anderson's bk. and w. d. Veloz, beat Mr. Greenshield's r. b. Ruby  
 Mr. Tod's bk. d. Jehu, beat Mr. B. Cochran's y. b. Nameless.

*First Ties.*—Damper beat Nelson Butteryburn beat Thacker (after an undecided course) Pilot beat Clagrow Veloz, beat Jehu.

*Second Ties.*—Butteryburn beat Damper Veloz beat Pilot.

*Deciding Course.*—Butteryburn beat Veloz, and won the Cup.

THE DOUGLAS WATER STAKES.

Lord Douglas's bd. d. Knight, beat Mr. Greenshield's bd. b. Leader  
 Mr. Dickson's w. and r. b. Duchess, beat Mr. Greenshield's r. b. Thistle (after an undecided course)  
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Barefoot, beat Mr. Greenshield's bl. d. Hotspur.  
 Lord Douglas's bd. b. Mastic ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Knight beat Thistle, and (Barefoot and Mastic being drawn) won the Cup.

The CHALLENGE CUP (three runs).

Mr. A. Graham, Challenger. Lord Douglas, Defender.  
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Castlehill ..... 1 1  
 Lord Douglas's bk. d. Fury ..... 2 2  
 Castlehill thus winning the Cup.

## THE RACING CALENDAR,

## ABERDEENSHIRE CLUB.

Oct. 22, 23, and 24.—CUP, value 25 sovs. for Puppies of 1838.

Mr. Gordon's (of Aberdour) w. and r. b. Albinia, beat Mr. Mitchell's b. and w. d. Brush

Mr. Mitchell's w. and r. b. Flora M'Ivor, beat Mr. Gordon's b. h. Ada

Mr. Prittie's b. b. Adelaide, beat Mr. Gibson's w. b. Regina

Mr. G. Russell's bl. and w. b. Ariel, beat Mr. Gibson's w. d. Jock Bly.

Ties.—Ariel beat Flora M'Ivor      Albinia beat Adelaide.

Deciding Course.—Albinia beat Ariel, and won the Cup.

CUP, value 25 sovs., for dogs of all ages.

Mr. Mitchell's bl. d. Stranger, beat Mr. Gordon's r. d. Aberdour

Mr. Gordon's b. b. Active, beat Mr. Mitchell's r. and w. d. Swift

Mr. Duff's (M.P.) y. and w. d. Ball, beat Mr. G. Campbell's (of Troup) w. d. Gale

Mr. Henderson's w. b. d. Wee Geordie, beat Mr. G. Campbell's b. b. Glee

Mr. Henderson's b. b. Queen of Beauty, beat Mr. Duff's (M.P.) r. and w. b. Needle

Mr. Henderson's b. and w. b. Lady Maria, beat Mr. Henderson's d. b. Highland Mary

Mr. Gibson's r. d. Grasper, beat Mr. Jamieson's r. and w. d. Glen

Mr. Jamieson's b. d. Harlequin, beat Mr. W. Gordon's r. d. Actæon

First Ties.—Active beat Stranger      Wee Geordie beat Ball      Grasper beat Queen of Beauty      Lady Maria beat Harlequin.

Second Ties.—Active beat Wee Geordie      Grasper beat Lady Maria.

Deciding Course.—Grasper beat Active (after two undecided courses), and won the Cup.

SWEEPSTAKES of 1 sov. each, for beaten dogs.

Mr. Gordon's Aberdour, beat Mr. Duff's Needle

Mr. Robinson's Sligo, beat Mr. Henderson's Highland Mary

Mr. Garden Campbell's Glee, beat Mr. Mitchell's Swift

Mr. Mitchell's Brush, beat Mr. W. Gordon's Actæon.

Ties.—Sligo, beat Aberdour (drawn lame)      Brush beat Glee.

Deciding Course.—Sligo beat Brush, and won the Stakes.

Had not Lady Maria met with a severe accident during her first run, there is no doubt she would have carried off the All-aged Cup, as she did last year.

## WINNARLEIGH.

Oct. 30.—The CUP; the second dog received 2 sovs.

Mr. W. Patten's bl. d. Blucher, beat Mr. Moore's bd. and w. b. Medusa

Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Landmark, beat Mr. Ford's bk. d. Harasser

Mr. E. Hornby's f. d. Husbandman, beat Mr. C. Bourne's bk. and w. d. Barry

Mr. W. A. Hinde's bk. and w. d. p. Hector, beat Mr. Thompson's bd. d. Terry Alt.

Ties.—Landmark beat Blucher      Husbandman beat Hector.

Deciding Course.—Landmark beat Husbandman, and won the Cup; Husbandman the SOVS.

## THE PATTEN STAKES.

Mr. H. Hornby's r. and w. d. Holywell, beat Mr. Ford's bd. and w. b. Faithful

Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Luther, beat Mr. Clarke's bd. d. Spring

Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. b. Havannah, beat Mr. Moore's bd. d. Musquito

Mr. Rawthorne's w. and bl. d. Rambler, beat Mr. W. A. Hinde's f. d. Rex.

Ties.—Holywell beat Luther      Havannah beat Rambler.

Deciding Course.—Havannah beat Holywell, and won the Stakes.

## THE PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Moore's bk. b. Margaret, beat Mr. Clarke's bd. d. Hamlock

Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Lord-Lieutenant, beat Mr. W. Hinde's bl. and w. b. Hag.

Mr. Walmsley's hd. d. Whip, beat Mr. C. Bourne's r. and w. d. Birdlime  
Mr. R. Hinde's bl. b. Tonge, beat Mr. Rawsthorne's f. d. Racer.

*Ties.*—Lord Lieutenant beat Margaret Whip beat Tonge

*Deciding Course.*—Whip beat Lord-Lieutenant, and won the Stakes.

#### WHITEHAVEN.

Oct. 28, 29.—The Cup.

Mr. H. Jefferson's f. & w. d. Joker, beat Mr. Mossop's bk. b. Swallow  
Mr. Hudson's f. and w. b. Bess, beat Mr. Fox's bk. and w. d. Fearnought  
Mr. Turner's r. d. Quaker, beat Mr. Brisco's f. and w. d. Sir Robert Peel  
Mr. Lindow's w. d. Limestone, beat Mr. Robert's br. and w. b. Flora  
Mr. Christian's bk. and w. d. Jerry, beat Mr. Reed's bk. d. Hector  
Mr. Clerk's bl. b. Musk, beat Mr. Roper's f. d. Bangor  
Mr. Brown's w. and bk. d. Bruce, beat Mr. Falcon's bk. d. Tramp  
Mr. J. S. Dickinson's r. d. York, beat Mr. Postlethwaite's f. and w. d. Ribton  
Mr. Harris's f. b. Victoria, beat Mr. W. Dickinson's r. d. Simon  
Mr. Thompson's bl. d. Blueskin, beat Mr. Harrison's f. b. Lady  
Mr. Salkeld's bd. d. Brandy, beat Mr. Jefferson's bk. d. Jim Crow  
Mr. Fox's bl. and w. d. Galloper, beat Mr. Jonathan Wood's Nina  
Mr. J. Bean's (Ulcoats) bk. b. Flounce, beat Mr. Bowman's br. and w. b. Flora.

*First Ties.*—Bess beat Joker Quaker beat Limestone York beat Bruce  
Victoria beat Blueskin. Galloper beat Brandy Jerry beat Musk  
Flounce ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Bess ran a bye Jerry beat Quaker Victoria beat York  
Flounce beat Galloper.

*Third Ties.*—Bess beat Jerry Victoria beat Flounce.

*Deciding Course.*—Bess beat Victoria, and won the Cup.

#### MATCHES.

Mr. Postlethwaite's f. and w. d. Ribton, beat Mr. Jefferson's Fairy  
Mr. Brown's w. and b. d. Bruce, beat Mr. Christian's r. and w. d. Jim Crow  
Mr. J. Roper's f. d. Bangor, beat Mr. Dalzell's f. b. Fly.

#### PUPPY MATCHES.

Mr. Fox's w. and lem. b. Gamut, beat Mr. Jefferson's bk. d. Jaffier  
Mr. Jefferson's f. d. Jarvie, beat Mr. Fox's f. b. Fenella.

#### MATCHES UNDECIDED.

Mr. I. Mossop's—agst. Mr. Henry Jefferson's—  
Mr. Benson's br. and w. d. Lanercost, agst. Mr. Brown's f. d. Bachelor.

#### SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Jefferson's bd. d. Hector, beat Mr. Lindow's bk. and w. d. Swift  
Mr. H. Jefferson's bk. and w. b. Kate, beat Mr. Brown's r. and w. d. Brilliant.  
Kate beat Hector, and won the Stakes.

#### COCKNEY (EVERLEIGH, WILTSHIRE).

Nov. 4 and 5.—The PUPPY CUP STAKES.

Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock, beat Mr. Patient's bk. d. Plaistow  
Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ruby, beat Mr. Chitty's r. b. Crucifix  
Dr. Scott's bk. b. Sister Bab, beat Mr. Baillie's f. b. Bertha  
Dr. Scott's r. b. Sprite, beat Mr. Patient's bl. and w. b. Belle  
Mr. Clarke's r. and w. b. Bulow, beat Mr. Spooner's r. d. Sailor  
Mr. Patient's bk. d. Plenipo, beat Mr. Chitty's f. d. Cæsar.

*First Ties.*—Shamrock beat Ruby Sprite beat Sister Bab Bulow beat Plenipo.

*Second Ties.*—Sprite beat Shamrock, and Bulow ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—No hare being found, the Stakes were divided.

#### The JENNER STAKES.

Dr. Scott's f. d. Solicitor, beat Mr. Patient's r. d. Pompous

Mr. Spooner's bl. b. Splendour, beat Mr. Baillie's bk. b. Fly  
 Mr. Baillie's r. b. Balsam, beat Mr. Patient's bl. b. Planet  
 Mr. Spooner's bl. d. Spanker, beat Mr. Chitty's bk. d. Caravan.

*Ties.*—Splendour beat Solicitor, and Balsam beat Spanker.

THE EVERLEIGH STAKES.

Dr. Scott's F. B. Susan, beat Mr. Baillie's bk. b. Beaden  
 Mr. Spooner's r. b. Sunflower, beat Mr. Chitty's r. b. Coral.

*Deciding Course.*—Susan beat Sunflower, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Spooner's bk. b. Susan, beat his r. p. by Critic  
 Mr. Spooner's r. b. Sunflower, beat his bk. b. Susan  
 Mr. Long's r. b. beat Mr. Baillie's r. b.  
 Dr. Scott's f. d. Solicitor, beat Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ebony.

Several other matches could not come off for want of hares.

MIDDLETON MEETING.

Nov. 4 and 5.—The GRIMESHILL CUP.

Hon. Mr. Chichester's r. d. Red Rose, beat Mr. H. Faucett's d. d. Tortoise  
 Mr. James Harrison's bk. and w. b. Fly, beat Mr. J. Bowness's bd. and w. b. Brenda  
 Mr. Boustead's bl. and w. d. Spring, beat Mr. Wilson's bk. d. Wellington  
 Mr. T. Bowness's bk. and w. d. Memnon, beat Mr. Rigg's bk. and w. d. Major.

*Ties.*—Fly beat Red Rose Spring beat Memnon  
*Deciding Course.*—Spring beat Fly, and won the Cup.

The MIDDLETON HALL CUP, for Puppies.

Hon. Mr. Chichester's bk. w. b. Minx, beat Mr. M. Moore's bk. b. Mrs. Squeer  
 Hon. Mr. Chichester's bk. w. d. Marske, beat Mr. Richardson's bd. d. Mira  
 Mr. Proctor's bk. d. Mohican, beat Mr. Rawnson's bd. d. Martlet  
 Mr. Wilson's f. d. Midshipman, beat Mr. George Dinsdale's r. d. Mango.

*Ties.*—Minx beat Marske, and Midshipman beat Mohican  
*Deciding Course.*—Midshipman beat Minx, and won the Cup.

The CLOSE FOOT STAKE, for all Ages.

Mr. Moore's bd. b. Miss Maylie, beat Mr. Wilson's r. d. Murat  
 Mr. J. Bowness's bk. b. Blue Bell, beat Mr. Bowness's r. and w. b. Marchioness.  
*Deciding Course.*—Blue Bell beat Miss Maylie, and won the Stake.

The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Proctor's bl. d. Mohican, beat Mr. Boustead's bk. b. British Queen  
 Mr. G. Dinsdale's r. d. Mango, beat Mr. Richardson's bd. d. Mira.

*Deciding Course.*—Mango beat Mohican, and won the Stakes.

The ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. T. Bowness' bk. w. d. Memnon, beat Mr. Faucett's bd. b. Miss Maylie  
 Mr. Wilson's bk. and w. d. Wellington, beat Hon. Mr. Chichester's r. d. Red Rose.

MID-LOTHIAN CLUB.

Nov. 5 & 6.—The SILVER COUPLES.

Mr. Ramsay's f. d. Bolam, beat Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. and w. d. Rasper  
 Mr. G. Wauchope's f. d. Woful, beat Mr. Aitchison's bl. d. Adam  
 Mr. Wauchope's bl. and w. d. Chesterfield, beat Mr. Walker's f. d. Wizard  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. d. Moss-trooper, beat Mr. Sharpe's bk. d. Sambo.  
 Mr. Graham Stirling bk. b. Virgin ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Bolam beat Virgin Chesterfield beat Woful Moss-trooper ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Moss-trooper beat Bolam Chesterfield ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Moss-trooper beat Chesterfield, and won the Couples.



**THE CUP, value Twenty guineas, for dogs of all ages.**

Mr. Walker's bk. d. Dashaway, beat Hon. J. Stuart's b. and w. d. Darnaway  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. b. Mignonette, beat Mr. Ramsay's bk. and w. d. Bury  
 Mr. Wauchope's bk. d. Drone, beat Mr. Trotter's w. d. Bolt  
 Mr. Hunter's bk. b. Hebe, beat Sir W. Baillie's r. d. Bolivar  
 Mr. Sharpe's f. d. Monarch, beat Mr. Walker's bl. b. Witch  
 Mr. Wardlaw Ramsay's bk. d. Rocket, beat Mr. Dewar's r. b. Fly  
 Mr. Graham Stirling's bl. d. Charlie, beat Mr. Aitchison's w. and bl. d. Achmet.  
*First Ties.*—Mignonette beat Dashaway Hebe beat Drone Monarch beat  
 Rocket Charlie ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Mignonette beat Charlie Monarch beat Hebe.

*Deciding Course.*—Mignonette beat Monarch, and won the Cup.

**THE CHAMPION CUP and STAKES of five sovs. each, for dogs of all ages.**

Mr. W. Ramsay's bl. d. Ranter, beat Mr. Trotter's f. d. Comus  
 Sir W. Baillie's bk. d. The Bravo, beat Mr. Graham Stirling's bk. b. Lady  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew, ran a bye.

*Ties.*—Mountain Dew beat Ranter The Bravo ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Mountain Dew beat The Bravo, and won the Champion Cup and Stakes.

**THE NEWBATTLE ABBEY STAKES of five sovs. each, h. ft. if declared before the drawing, for dogs of last year, 16 subs., three of whom declared.**

Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. and d. Memnon, beat Sir W. Baillie's bk. d. Bangour  
 Mr. Wauchope's bk. b. Clotho, beat Mr. G. Wauchope's bl. and w. b. Whisper  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Merrythought, beat Sir W. Baillie's y. d. Blucher  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Madcap, beat Mr. Wauchope's bk. d. Cerberus  
 Mr. Wauchope's r. d. Combat, beat Mr. Aitchison's bk. d. Dotheboys  
 Mr. Wauchope's bk. and w. d. Don John, beat Mr. Sharpe's f. d. Scud  
 Mr. Dewar's bk. d. Dominie Sampson, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Memnon beat Dominie Sampson Merrythought beat Clotho  
 Combat beat Madcap Don John ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Memnon beat Don John Merrythought beat Combat.

*Deciding Course.*—Memnon beat Merrythought (drawn), and won the Stakes.

**THE BUCCLEUCH STAKES of five sovs. each, h. ft., if declared before drawing, for dogs of all ages.**

Mr. Wauchope's bk. d. Chieftain, beat Mr. Walker's r. b. Queen Bee  
 Mr. Wauchope's bk. b. Vespa, beat Hon. J. Stuart's bk. b. Nimble  
 Mr. Wardlaw Ramsay's r. and w. b. Rosa, ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Chieftain beat Rosa (Vespa drawn), and won the Stakes.

**BENDRIGG (NEAR KENDAL) CLUB.**

*Nov. 6 and 7.—The Cup.*

Mr. R. Burrow's bl. and w. d. Bruiser, beat Mr. W. Atkinson's bl. and w. d. Tramp  
 Mr. T. Hind's f. d. Pickpocket, beat Mr. C. Carmatt's bl. d. Smoker  
 Mr. T. Parker's f. and w. d. Pleader, beat Mr. J. Machell's bl. and w. d. Dr. Fop  
 Mr. R. Easterby's bl. and w. b. Eruca, beat Mr. J. Benn's br. d. Blunder  
 Mr. R. Easterby's bl. d. Earwig, beat Mr. T. Walker's w. b. Lady  
 Mr. Henderson's bl. w. d. Wee Geordie, beat Mr. Cregg's f. and w. d. Spring  
 Mr. J. Harrison's r. d. Mystery, beat Mr. W. Thompson's br. b. Tidy  
 Mr. J. Thompson's bl. and w. d. Logic, beat Mr. J. Turner's bl. b. Twirl.

*First Ties.*—Pickpocket beat Bruiser Wee Geordie beat Earwig  
 Pleader beat Eruca Logic beat Mystery.

*Second Ties.*—Pleader beat Pickpocket Wee Geordie beat Logic.

*Deciding Course.*—Pleader won the Cup (Wee Geordie drawn), after an undecided course, both dogs being unsighted immediately after slipping.

**THE ST. LEGER STAKES, for puppies.**

Mr. J. W. Thompson's w. d. Teaser, beat Mr. J. Benn's br. d. Bloomsbury  
 Mr. I. Simpson's br. d. Edwin, beat Mr. Moor's br. b. Morleena

Mr. R. Easterby's br. b. Esperance, beat Mr. J. Matchell's w. and r. b. May Queen  
(drawn)

Mr. J. Thompson's r. d. Tam O'Shanter, beat Mr. Walsley's br. d. Whip.

*Ties.*—Edwin beat Teaser                      Esperance beat Tam O'Shanter.

*Deciding Course.*—Edwin beat Esperance, and won the Stakes.

**THE THREE-MILE HOUSE PUPPY STAKES.**

Mr. Eidsforth's br. b. Emma, beat Mr. W. Wilson's bk. and w. d. Saddler

Mr. Benn's br. and w. b. Violet, beat Mr. W. Atkinson's r. b. Mischief.

*Deciding Course.*—Violet beat Emma, and won the Stakes.

**THE BENDRIGG ALL-AGED STAKES:**

Mr. Easterby's bl. d. Earwig, beat Mr. J. W. Thompson's Tidy

Mr. Turner's w. and r. d. Stopper, beat Mr. Parkins's Promise

Mr. Cregg's f. and w. d. Spring, beat Mr. Rowley's Regina

Mr. Turner's br. and w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Benn's Bugle.

*Ties.*—Earwig beat Stopper                      Sly beat Spring.

*Deciding Course.*—Earwig won the Stakes, Sly being drawn after an undecided course

**THE PUPPY STAKES.**

Mr. Harrison's bl. d. Fifer, beat Mr. J. W. Thompson's Teazer

Mr. Benn's br. d. Bloomsbury, beat Mr. Walsley's Whip.

*Deciding Course.*—Fifer beat Bloomsbury, and won the Stakes.

**MATCHES.**

Mr. J. Lodge's br. b. Lady, beat Mr. Eidsforth's br. b. Emma

Mr. Harrison's br. d. Terry Alt, beat Mr. Hind's bl. and w. b. Smart

Mr. J. Thompson's bl. and w. d. Tramp, beat Mr. Porter's br. d. Jerry.

**SUTHERLAND.**

*Nov. 6 and 7.*

Mr. G. Ross's bl. d. Valentine, beat Mr. Reed's bd. b. Duchess

Mr. Craig's b. d. Vulcan, beat Mr. Reed's w. d. Spring

Mr. Paterson's w. and y. b. Duchess, beat Mr. Houston's y. d. Sunbeam

Mr. Reed's w. b. Vixen, beat Mr. Craig's bd. d. Rattler

Mr. Houston's b. d. Snowball, beat Mr. Craig's bd. d. Rapid

Mr. Reed's bd. d. Duke, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Duchess beat Vulcan                      Snowball beat Duke (drawn)  
Valentine beat Vixen.

*Second Ties.*—Duchess beat Snowball                      Valentine ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. G. Ross's bl. d. Valentine, beat Mr. Paterson's w. and y. b. Duchess, and won the Cup.

Mr. Bantock, of Dunrobin, Tryer.

**THE FLEETWOOD CUP.**

Mr. Eden's f. and w. d. Ermine (late Hermione), beat Mr. Slater's r. b. Smart

Mr. Ball's b. d. Lucifer, beat Mr. Birch's f. d. Dart

Mr. Garvin's bd. d. Joram, beat Mr. Williamson's b. and w. d. Scylla

Mr. Harriott's w. and bl. d. Bugle-eye, beat Mr. Redish's r. and w. d. Retainer  
(late Fylde)

Mr. Heyes's f. d. Hemlock, beat Mr. Harriott's bk. b. Helena (late Nip)

Mr. Rowley's bk. d. Emperor, beat Mr. Birch's bk. d. Bandy

Mr. Eden's r. b. Enchantress (late Lapwing), beat Mr. Slater's f. d. Sam Slick

Mr. Craven's bl. d. Carlos, beat Mr. Lees's r. d. Lolly.

*First Ties.*—Lucifer beat Ermine                      Joram beat Bugle-eye                      Emperor beat Hemlock  
Enchantress beat Carlos.

*Second Ties.*—Lucifer beat Snowball                      Emperor beat Enchantress.

*Deciding Course.*—Emperor beat Lucifer, and won the Cup.

**THE ROSSALL PUPPY CUP, value 32!**

Mr. Redish's bd. d. Rowton, beat Mr. Slater's w. and r. d. Snap



*Deciding Course.*—Mutineer, by Mr. Horrocks's Hindrance out of Medusa (late Hermione), beat Howqua, by Hæmus, out of a Gunshot bitch, and won the Cup; Howqua the Sovereigns.

The SEFTON STAKES of 2*l.* each, for all aged dogs.

Mr. Calvert's bk. d. Mango, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's f. d. Husbandman  
Mr. Unsworth's r. d. UMBER, beat Mr. Harper's bk. d. Horace  
Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Combat, beat Mr. Hornby's r. and w. d. Holywell  
Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Landmark, beat Mr. Swan's bk. d. Siroco  
Mr. Rigby's bk. d. Rector, beat Mr. Fellowes's w. and bk. d. Fogo.

Mr. Allison's r. d. Arbutus, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Mango beat UMBER Landmark beat Combat Arbutus beat Rector.

*Second Ties.*—Mango beat Landmark Arbutus ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Arbutus by Mr. Lamb's Laurel, out of Mr. Lloyd's Lightning, beat Mango, and won the Stakes.

The CROXTETH STAKES of 2*l.* each, for bitches.

Mr. Fellowes's f. b. Fancy, beat Mr. Allison's bk. b. Ada  
Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. b. Havannah, beat Lord Sefton's f. b. Maid of Honour  
Mr. H. Hornby's bk. b. Hyssop, beat Mr. Lloyd's bk. b. Laurine  
Mr. Clowes's bk. and w. b. Cripple, beat Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Birdlime.

*Ties.*—Fancy beat Havannah' Cripple beat Hyssop.

*Deciding Course.*—Fancy by Fop, out of Music, beat Cripple, by Topper, out of Cors and won the Stakes.

The WEST DERBY STAKES, of 2*l.* each.

Mr. Harper's bk. d. Horatio, beat Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Lathmon  
Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Cursitor, beat Mr. Kershaw's bk. and w. d. Kingsbury  
Mr. Swan's w. and r. d. Sirius, beat Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hermitage.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. d. p. Hyson ran a bye.

*Ties.*—Cursitor beat Horatio Sirius beat Hyson.

*Deciding Course.*—Cursitor beat Sirius, and won the Stakes.

The DITCH-IN STAKES of 2*l.* each, for all-aged beaten dogs.

Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Birdlime, beat Mr. Swan's bk. d. Siroco  
Mr. Unsworth's bk. and w. d. Unknown, beat Mr. Lloyd's bk. b. Laurine  
Mr. Rigby's bk. d. E. Rector, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's f. d. Husbandman  
Mr. Harper's bk. d. Horace, beat Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Cranberry.

*Ties.*—Unknown beat Birdlime Horace beat Rector.

*Deciding Course.*—Unknown, by Mr. E. Hornby's Hart, beat Horace, and won the Stakes.

The ACKER'S HOLT STAKES of 2*l.* each, for beaten puppies.

Mr. Blundell's f. b. Berry, beat Mr. Harper's r. b. Heroine.  
Mr. Fellowes's bk. d. Forester, beat Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Lord-Lieutenant (amiss)  
Mr. Unsworth's bk. d. Upholder, beat Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Lathmon.

Mr. Kershaw's r. d. Kenneth ran, a bye.

*Ties.*—Berry beat Forester Kenneth beat Upholder.

*Deciding Course.*—Kenneth, by Kinsman, out of Knavery, beat Berry, by Major, out of Bilberry, and won the Stakes.

The ALTAR HALL STAKES of 2*l.* each.

Mr. Calvert's bk. and w. b. Cobweb, beat Mr. Moore's bk. b. Margaret  
Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Courage, beat Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Luther.

*Deciding Course.*—Courage beat Cobweb, and won the Stakes.

The HILL HOUSE STAKES of 2*l.* each.

Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Countess, beat Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Crawl.  
Mr. Kershaw's bk. b. Knavery, beat Mr. Blundell's bl. d. Bluebeard.

*Deciding Course.*—Countess beat Knavery, and won the Stakes.

MATCH.

Mr. Fellowes's f. b. Faithful, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's r. and w. d. Hyacinthus (lamed)

THE BIGGAR CLUB MEETING, Nov. 8 and 9.

The SILVER SALVER.

Sir N. M. Lockhart's w. d. The Antelope, beat Mr. Woddrop's w. d. b. Kate Nickleby  
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Judy, beat Mr. Dickson's w. and r. b. Duchess  
 Lord Douglas's bd. and w. b. Mastic, beat Mr. Woddrop's bl. and w. d. Lottery  
 Sir N. M. Lockhart's bd. Sleepy Maggie, beat Mr. White's bk. d. Wellington  
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Knight, beat Mr. Dickson's bk. b. Cora  
 Mr. Hutcheson's bk. and w. d. Damper, beat Mr. Borron's r. d. Glasgow  
 Lord Douglas's w. and bd. d. Hawthorn, beat Mr. B. Cochrane's y. b. Mouse  
 Mr. Woddrop's bd. b. Medwyn, beat Mr. Sim's r. b. Speed  
 Lord Douglas's bk. d. Fury, beat Mr. Pender's bk. d. Nelson.

*First Ties.*—Judy beat The Antelope Mastic beat Sleepy Maggie  
 Damper beat Knight Hawthorne beat Medwyn.

Fury ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Judy beat Mastic Fury heat Damper  
 Hawthorn ran a bye.

*Third Ties.*—Hawthorn beat Fury Judy ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Judy beat Hawthorn, and won the Salver.

The BIGGAR STAKES.

Mr. Sim's r. b. Brocket Lassie, beat Mr. Woddrop's bl. and w. d. Lottery (after an undecided course)

Mr. B. Cochrane's y. b. Mouse, beat Mr. Dickson's w. d. Duke (after an undecided course)

Lord Douglas's bd. d. Barefoot, beat Mr. Woddrop's w. d. b. Kate Nickleby

Mr. Pender's bd. d. Nelson, beat Lord Douglas's bk. and w. b. Music  
 Mr. Hutcheson's w. and bk. d. Burke, beat Mr. Borron's r. d. Glasgow.

*First Ties.*—Mouse beat Brocket Lassie Barefoot beat Nelson  
 Burke ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Burke beat Mouse Barefoot ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Burke beat Barefoot, and won the Stakes.

The CHALLENGE CUP.

Mr. Dickson, Challenger, Mr. A. Graham, Defender.

Mr. Dickson's r. d. Spring, late Skirling ..... 1 1

Mr. A. Graham's w. b. the Queen ..... 2 2

M. Dickson's Spring thus winning the Challenge Cup.

ASHDOWN PARK MEETING, Nov. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

The Cup.

Mr. Hamersley's bk. b. Handmaid, beat Mr. Goodlake's f. d. Graduate

Mr. Morant's bk. b. the Mole, beat Mr. Pusey's bk. b. Platina

Mr. Cripps's bk. d. Comrade, beat Mr. Bennett's y. b. Brilliant

Mr. Agg's r. b. Amulet, beat Lord Talbot's bd. b. Thomasina

Mr. Baildon's bk. d. Burgundy, beat Mr. Locke's r. b. Lancet

Mr. Bowles's bk. b. Brocarde, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bk. d. Exile

Mr. Hamersley's w. b. Witch, beat Mr. Cripps's bk. and w. d. Caliph

Mr. Locke's r. b. Luna, beat Mr. Agg's bk. d. Ariel.

*First Ties.*—Brocarde beat Comrade The Mole beat Handmaid  
 Burgundy beat Witch Amulet beat Luna.

*Second Ties.*—The Mole beat Brocarde Burgundy beat Amulet.

*Deciding Course.*—Burgundy beat the Mole, and won the Cup.

The DERBY STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's bk. Gibraltar, beat Mr. Hamersley's r. Hot Water

Lord Talbot's bk. d. Tresham, beat Mr. Agg's bk. and w. Amato

Mr. Bowles's bk. Black Diamond, beat Mr. Baildon's r. Boz

Mr. Locke's r. Longwaist, beat Mr. Cripps's r. Colbrook  
 Lord Talbot's bk. Ischort, beat Mr. Bennett's f. Blemish  
 Mr. Baildon's r. and w. Bronte, beat Mr. Fleetwood's (Goodlake's) bk. Gnome.

*First Ties.*—Ischort beat Black Diamond Gibraltar beat Longwaist  
 Tresham beat Bronte.

*Second Ties.*—Tresham beat Gibraltar (a kit hare) Ischort ran a bye  
 Lord Talbot won the Stakes.

#### THE OAKS.

Mr. Baildon's f. Blush, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bk. Eyebrow  
 Mr. Bowles's f. Brimstone, beat Mr. Agg's f. Anemone  
 Lord Talbot's bk. Thanks, beat Mr. Goodlake's f. Garonne  
 Mr. Pusey's y. Pardalis, beat Mr. Hamersley's f. Hornpipe  
 Mr. Locke's w. Blonde, beat Mr. Morant's r. b. The Mine.

*First Ties.*—Brimstone beat Pardalis Blush ran a bye Thanks beat Blonde.

*Second Ties* —Brimstone beat Thanks Blush ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Blush beat Brimstone, and won the Oaks.

#### THE ALL-AGED CRAVEN STAKES, 3 SOVS. EACH.

Mr. Locke's bk. d. Laurel, beat Mr. Pusey's y. d. Petrel  
 Mr. Baildon's bk. d. Bradford, beat Mr. Bennett's f. d. Bravo  
 Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Gratilla, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bk. b. Ellen  
 Mr. Bowles's r. d. Benledi, beat Mr. Cripps's bk. d. Cetus.

*Ties.*—Benledi beat Gratilla Bradford beat Laurel.

*Deciding Course.*—Bradford beat Benledi, and won the Stakes.

#### THE ST. LEGER STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's Graduate, beat Mr. Pusey's w. Perdita  
 Lord Talbot's Top, beat Mr. Bowles's Ben Brace  
 Mr. Baildon's w. Bertha, beat Mr. Agg's the Abbess  
 Mr. Etwall's Benlomond, beat Mr. Locke's y. Lancet.

*First Ties.*—Top beat Bertha Graduate beat Benlomond.

*Deciding Course.*—Graduate won the Stakes, beating Top, the winner of the Great  
 Champion Puppy Stakes of last December.

#### THE CRAVEN PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's bk. Ganges beat Mr. Hammersley's Harefoot  
 Mr. Cripps's Cetus beat Mr. Locke's Linnet  
 Mr. Goddard's Galloper beat Mr. Agg's r. Amaryllis  
 Mr. Baildon's Boz beat Mr. Morant's Mischief.

*First Ties.*—Ganges beat Galloper Boz beat Cetus.

*Deciding Course.*—Boz beat Ganges (a kit hare), and won the Stakes.

#### THE LAMBOURN ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Agg's Ariel beat Mr. E. Cripps's Engineer  
 Mr. Hammersley's Hecuba beat Mr. Morant's Mistake.

*Deciding Course.*—Ariel beat Hecuba, and won the Stakes.

#### THE LAMBOURN PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's Gnome, beat Mr. Goddard's Fly  
 Mr. Morant's Mariner, beat Mr. Agg's Anemone

*Deciding Course.*—Mariner beat Gnome, and won the Stakes.

#### THE WEYLAND PUPPY STAKES (First Class).

Mr. Cripps's bk. and w. Cannibal, beat Mr. Morant's r. b. Moorhen  
 Mr. Goddard's y. Golden Locks, beat Mr. Bowles's bk. Black Diamond

*Deciding Course.*—Goldenlocks beat Cannibal, and won the Stakes.

#### THE WEYLAND PUPPY STAKES (Second Class.)

Mr. Agg's bk. Amato, beat Mr. Morant's bk. Mainmast  
 Mr. Goodlake's f. Garonne, beat Mr. Goddard's bk. Gridiron

*Deciding Course.*—Garonne beat Amato, and won the Stakes.

THE WEYLAND ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Bowles's Black Dwarf, beat Mr. Agg's bk. and w. Abbess  
 Lord Talbot's bl. Tiara, beat Mr. Goodlake's Black Prince.

*Deciding Course.*—Black Dwarf and Tiara ran a very fine course in the fog, which was not seen by the umpire, and Mr. Bowles and Lord Talbot divided the Stakes.

MATCH for £10.

Mr. Goodlake's Garonne beat Mr. Baildon's Blush.

THE MALLENY CLUB MEETING, Nov. 11.

PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. J. Gibson's w. b. Regina, beat Mr. Curror's b. and w. d. Brush  
 Mr. Jamieson's b. and w. d. Cote, beat Mr. C. Gibson's r. d. Smike  
 Mr. Scott's w. and bl. b. Miss Bray, beat Mr. Curror's r. and w. d. Toby (dr.)  
 Mr. Curror's b. and w. d. Bevis, beat Mr. Jamieson's b. b. Sylph  
 Mr. J. Gibson's b. d. Young Sailor, beat Mr. Henderson's w. and r. d. Rory  
 Mr. Mitchell's r. and w. b. Flora M'Ivor, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Flora M'Ivor beat Regina Cote beat Miss Bray  
 Young Sailor beat Bevis.

*Second Ties.*—Flora M'Ivor beat Cote Young Sailor ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Flora M'Ivor beat Young Sailor, and won the Stakes.

A CUP for dogs of all ages.

Mr. Mitchells's c. b. Brenda, beat Mr. Curror's b. and w. b. Betsy Baker  
 Mr. Scott's r. d. Alfred Jingle, beat Mr. Jamieson's r. and w. d. Glen  
 Mr. Scott's w. and r. d. Steam, beat Mr. Jamieson's b. d. Harlequin  
 Mr. Mitchell's r. and w. d. Swift, beat Mr. J. Gibson's w. d. Champion  
 Mr. Henderson's r. d. Vandyke, beat Mr. C. Gibson's w. d. Sultan.

*First Ties.*—Alfred Jingle beat Brenda Vandyke ran a bye  
 Steam beat Swift (after an undecided course).

*Second Ties.*—Alfred Jingle beat Vandyke Steam ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Alfred Jingle and Steam (Steam drawn), and Alfred Jingle declared the winner.

SWAFFHAM MEETING, Nov. 12, 13, 14, AND 15.

The Cup.

Lord Glentworth's bd. d. Lottery, beat Lord Rivers's w. d. Gordon (late Waverly)  
 Mr. Burroughes's bk. and w. d. Coxcomb, beat Mr. Squire's bk. d. Surprise  
 Earl Stradbroke's bk. d. Mealman, beat Mr. Gurney's dun d. p. Aristotle  
 Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kenwigs, beat Mr. Chute's bk. d. Hangman  
 Lord Rivers's bk. d. Godfrey, beat Mr. Buekworth's bk. and w. d. Briten  
 Mr. Gurney's bk. d. Abelard, beat Mr. Chute's bk. and w. d. Hurrah  
 Mr. Burroughes's w. d. Captain, beat Mr. Caldwell's f. d. Ringwood (late Norwood)  
 Mr. Villebois's bk. d. Negro, beat Mr. Grout's r. d. Duke.

*First Ties.*—Mealman beat Coxcomb Negro beat Lottery  
 Abelard ran a bye, Kenwigs (dr.) Captain beat Godfrey.

*Second Ties.*—Negro beat Captain Mealman beat Abelard.

*Deciding Course.*—Mealman beat Negro, and won the Cup.

DERBY STAKES, for dog puppies.

Mr. Grout's r. d. Denizen, beat Lord Glentworth's bk. d. Lightning  
 Lord Rivers's bk. d. Gregory, beat Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kitchen-boy  
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. d. Marquis, beat Mr. Gurney's bk. d. Atlantic  
 Mr. Burroughes's r. and w. d. Cannon-ball, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Denizen beat Marquis Gregory beat Cannon-ball.

*Deciding Course.*—Denizen and Gregory ran an undecided course, and divided the Stakes.

## OAKS STAKES, for bitch puppies.

Mr. Gurney's r. b. Anna, beat Mr. Grout's bk. and w. b. Duenna  
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. Midsummer, beat Mr. Burroughes's bk. and w. b. Camilla  
 Mr. Bagge's bk. and w. b. Kate, beat Lord Glentworth's bk. b. Luna  
 Lord Rivers's bk. b. Gravity, ran a bye

*Ties.*—Kate beat Anna                      Midsummer beat Gravity.

*Deciding Course.*—Midsummer beat Kate, and won the Stakes.

## MARHAM SMEETH STAKES, for bitch puppies.

Mr. Bagge's bk. b. Kaleidoscope, beat Mr. Squire's bk. b. Secret  
 Mr. Buckworth's bd. b. Brilliant, beat Mr. Burroughes's r. b. Clara  
 Brilliant received the Stakes after an undecided course with Kaleidoscope, who was drawn.

## NARBOROUGH AGED STAKES.

Mr. Burroughes's bk. d. Coriolanus, beat Lord Glentworth's f. d. Landrail  
 Mr. Buckworth's bk. d. Bacis, beat Mr. Squire's bk. b. Scandal  
 Coriolanus and Bacis ran an undecided course, and divided the Stakes.

## WEST-ACRE SWEEPSTAKES, for dog puppies.

Lord Rivers's bk. d. Gilbert, beat Earl of Stradbroke's r. d. Manchester  
 Mr. Gurney's r. d. Azrael, against Mr. Burroughes's r. d. Commodore, an undecided course (Commodore dr.)

*Deciding Course.*—Gilbert and Azrael ran an undecided course, and divided the Stakes.

## WEST-ACRE SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Burroughes's bk. and w. d. Courier, against Mr. Chute's bk. d. Hangman, Courier received after an undecided course

Lord Rivers's bk. b. Gazelle, beat Mr. Caldwell's f. d. Ringwood.

*Deciding Course.*—Courier beat Gazelle, and won the Stakes.

## MATCHES.

Mr. Chute's bd. b. Heroine, beat Mr. Buckworth's bk. b. Bicon  
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. Mildred, beat Mr. Burroughes's bd. and w. b. Caroline  
 Mr. Burroughes's r. d. p. Commodore, beat Mr. Gurney's r. d. p. Azrael  
 Mr. Burroughes's r. d. Comet, beat Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Keeper  
 Lord Rivers's r. d. Grasshopper, beat Mr. Grout's r. d. Dreadnought  
 Mr. Gurney's r. d. p. Ash, beat Lord Glentworth's bk. b. p. Linda  
 Mr. Grout's r. d. Drummer Boy, beat Mr. Buckworth's bd. d. Brass  
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. p. Motive, beat Mr. Grout's bl. b. p. Diadem  
 Mr. Grout's bk. and w. d. Drake, beat Lord Glentworth's r. d. Lucifer  
 Mr. Chute's bd. b. Heroine, beat Mr. Grout's bk. b. Dandizette  
 Mr. Gurney's bk. and w. d. p. Atlas, beat Mr. Burroughes's r. d. p. Comus  
 Lord Rivers's w. d. Gordon, beat Mr. Grout's f. d. Dart  
 Mr. Grout's bl. d. Dryden, beat Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Reefer  
 Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Ash, beat Mr. Grout's b. p. Diadem  
 Mr. Buckworth's r. b. p. Blast, beat Lord Glentworth's bk. d. p. Lotus  
 Mr. Grout's r. d. Duke, beat Mr. Villebois's bd. d. Nap  
 Mr. Gurney's bk. d. p. Acle, beat Mr. Bagge's r. d. p. Knave  
 Lord Rivers's bk. b. p. Grace, beat Lord Glentworth's bk. b. p. Luna  
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. Mildred, beat Mr. Gurney's bk. and w. d. p. Admiral  
 Mr. Buckworth's bk. and w. d. Boz, beat Lord Glentworth's bd. d. Lucksall  
 Mr. Gurney's bk. d. Ambassador, beat Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kneebone (late Ebony)  
 Mr. Gurney's bk. and w. d. p. Atlas, beat Mr. Grout's f. d. p. Doctor  
 Mr. Chute's bk. d. Hangman, beat Mr. Burroughes's bk. and w. d. Coxcomb  
 Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Abigail, beat Mr. Grout's bk. and w. b. p. Duenna  
 Lord Rivers's r. d. Grasshopper, beat Lord Glentworth's bd. d. Lottery  
 Mr. Burroughes's r. d. Comet, beat Mr. Chute's r. d. Hudibras.

## UNDECIDED MATCHES.

Mr. Villebois's b. d. Nap, against Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Reefer, late Nelson  
 Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Abigail, against Lord Rivers's bk. b. p. Grace (no course)



Mr. Buckworth's w. b. Brim, late Likely, against Mr. Grout's bk. b. Donna  
 Mr. Chute's bk. and w. b. Helicon, against Mr. Gurney's r. d. Accident  
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. p. Motive, against Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Abigail  
 Mr. Chute's r. d. Hudibras, against Mr. Burroughes's bd. and w. d. Croker  
 Mr. Grout's bk. b. Donna, against Mr. Chute's bk. and w. b. Helicon  
 Mr. Chute's bd. b. Heroine, against Mr. Caldwell's bk. d. Rex  
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. Mildred, against Mr. Gurney's bk. d. p. Atlantic  
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. p. Motive, against Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Ash  
 Mr. Grout's bk. and w. d. Drake, against Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Rufus  
 Mr. Grout's r. d. Drummer-boy, against Mr. Caldwell's bd. d. Rasper.

NEWMARKET NEW.—ALLINGTON HILL.

Nov. 13 and 16.

The ALLINGTON HILL STAKES, for bitch puppies.

Mr. Saberton's r. Saqui, beat Mr. Nash's br. Acid  
 Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. Busy, Mr. Fyson's br. Faustina  
 Mr. Dobede's b. and w. Darling, beat Mr. Gillett's r. Ginger Sal  
 Capt. Daintree's br. Keepsake, beat Mr. Harlock's bk. Hecuba  
 Mr. Dobede's r. Dewberry, beat Mr. Inskip's f. Idle  
 Mr. Inskip's f. Idle, beat Capt. Daintree's br. and w. Kitty Clover  
 Mr. Vipan's br. and w. Verbena, beat Mr. Finch's bk. and w. Garland  
 Mr. Edwards's br. Agnes Sorrel, beat Mr. Bryant's w. Effie Deans.

*First Ties.*—Dewberry beat Busy      Verbena agst. Saqui—undec. (S. dr.)  
 Keepsake beat Idle      Darling beat Agnes Sorrel.

*Second Ties.*—Dewberry beat Keepsake      Darling beat Verbena.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Dobede received the Stakes, his two puppies Dewberry and Darling being the last tie.

The CUP.

Mr. Vipan's bk. b. Victory, beat Mr. Nash's bk. b. Cruiskeen  
 Mr. Moody's r. b. Rebecca, beat Mr. Thorp's r. d. p. Nimble  
 Mr. Finch's bk. b. Graceful, beat Capt. Daintree's b. and w. b. Kitty Fisher  
 Mr. Edwards's f. d. Albert, beat Mr. Inskip's r. and w. d. Index  
 Mr. Saberton's bl. d. Selim, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. d. Damon  
 Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Euphrates, beat Mr. King's r. d. Rasper  
 Mr. Inskip's br. d. Ickwell, beat Mr. Dunn's bl. d. Blucher  
 Mr. Gillett's bl. d. Greenacre, beat Mr. Fyson's br. and w. d. p. Farmer

*First Ties.*—Ickwell beat Rebecca      Selim beat Greenacre  
 Victory beat Graceful      Euphrates beat Albert

*Second Ties.*—Euphrates beat Victory      Ickwell beat Selim.

*Deciding Course.*—Ickwell beat Euphrates, after a capital course, but all in favour of Ickwell, who won the Cup.

The CHIPPENHAM STAKES, for dog puppies.

Mr. Dobede's r. Duncan, beat Mr. Finch's r. Gallivant  
 Mr. Saberton's bk. Stoic, beat Mr. Gillett's f. Giles  
 Mr. Vipan's f. and w. Vincent, beat Mr. Moody's br. Rupert  
 Mr. Nash's bk. and w. Cedric, beat Capt. Daintree's br. and w. Kisel  
 Mr. Inskip's br. Intruder, beat Mr. King's r. Red Rover  
 Mr. Fyson's w. and b. Falcon, beat Capt. Daintree's r. King Pippin  
 Mr. Dobede's bl. Dunallen, beat Mr. Harlock's bl. Hector  
 Mr. Edwards's f. Assassin, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. Burwell.

*First Ties.*—Dunallen beat Cedric      Assassin beat Vincent  
 Falcon beat Intruder      Stoic beat Duncan.

*Second Ties.*—Assassin beat Dunallen      Stoic beat Falcon.

*Deciding Course.*—Stoic beat Assassin and won the Stakes.

## The PORT STAKES.

Mr. Gillett's br. b. Guitar, beat Mr. Saberton's bk. d. Snowball  
 Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Election, beat Captain Daintree's bk. and w. b. p. Kathleen  
 Mr. Saberton's bk. d. Sportsman, beat Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Everlasting  
 Mr. Nash's bk. b. Cobweb, beat Mr. Fyson's r. d. Fordham  
 Mr. Inskip's br. d. Inledon, beat Mr. Vipan's br. d. Vulcan  
 Mr. Finch's r. d. p. Giraffe, beat Mr. Dunn's f. and w. d. p. Bustle  
 Mr. Inskip's br. d. Impel, beat Mr. Dobede's r. d. Dandelion  
 Mr. Moody's br. d. Rioter, beat Mr. Edwards's br. b. p. A-la-Mode.

*First Ties.*—Impel beat Election  
 Guitar beat Rioter  
 Inledon beat Sportsman  
 Giraffe beat Cobweb.

*Second Ties.*—Impel beat Giraffe  
 Guitar beat Inledon.

*Deciding Course.*—Guitar beat Impel, and won the Stakes.

## The CHEVELEY STAKES.

Mr. Edwards's r. d. p. Autolicus, beat Mr. Fyson's br. and w. d. p. Frank  
 Mr. Inskip's r. d. Index, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. d. p. Flamingo  
 Mr. Dobede's bk. b. Demeaux, beat Mr. Vipan's w. b. p. Verity  
 Mr. Nash's bk. b. Cruiskeen, beat Mr. Saberton's w. b. p. Silkworm.  
*Ties.*—Demeaux beat Index. Autolicus beat Cruiskeen (drawn).

*Deciding Course.*—Demeaux beat Autolicus, and won the Stakes.

## MATCHES.

Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. Burwell, beat Mr. Bryant's bk. Electress  
 Mr. Gillett's w. and r. b. p. Georgiana, beat Mr. Nash's r. b. p. Cara  
 Mr. Dobede's w. b. Diana, beat Mr. Nash's bk. b. Camarine  
 Mr. Edwards's br. b. p. Acid, beat Mr. Fyson's br. b. p. Faustina.  
 Mr. Inskip's r. d. p. Imp, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. d. p. Flambeau  
 Mr. Inskip's br. d. p. Intruder, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. d. Damon.

## LANARKSHIRE AND RENFREWSHIRE CLUB, Nov. 14, 15, and 16.

The Cup, for Dogs pupped in 1838.

Mr. Raimes's bl. d. Spring, beat Mr. J. P. Duggan's bk. b. Cinderella  
 Mr. A. Graham's r. d. Prince Albert, beat Lord Eglinton's d. d. Glencoe  
 Lord Eglinton's w. and d. d. Waterloo, beat Mr. A. Graham's w. and y. b. Caledonia  
 Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought, beat Mr. Geddes' bd. d. Wellington  
 Mr. L. Ewing's f. d. Lofty, beat Mr. Raimes' bk. b. Cora  
 Marquis of Douglas' bk. w. d. Darnley, beat Mr. A. Pollok's bd. d. Sharp  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Moustache, beat Mr. Raimes' bk. and w. d. Captain  
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Curron, beat Lord Eglinton's r. w. b. Maggy Lauder  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Mary Craig (late Merrythought), beat Mr. A. Pollok's r. and w. d. Linkboy

Mr. H. Maxwell's w. and bk. d. Memnon ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Spring beat Prince Albert  
 Waterloo beat Dreadnought (dr.)  
 Lofty beat Darnley (after an undecided course)  
 Moustache beat Curron  
 Mary Craig beat Memnon (dr.)

*Second Ties.*—Waterloo beat Spring  
 Lofty beat Moustache  
 Mary Craig ran a bye.

*Third Ties.*—Waterloo beat Mary Craig  
 Lofty ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Waterloo beat Lofty, and won the Cup.

The POLLOCK STAKES, of Two Sovereigns each, for Dogs of all Ages.

Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark, beat Mr. J. P. Duggan's w. and bl. d. Harkaway (after an undecided course)  
 Mr. Geddes's f. d. Glory, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Cowboy (after two undecided courses)

Mr. J. Pollok's r. d. Rival, beat Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. b. Indiana (after an undecided course)

Mr. L. Ewing's bk. d. Lightning, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Stewartfield.

*Ties.*—Glory beat Skylark                      Lightning beat Rival.

*Deciding Course.*—Glory beat Lightning, and won the Stakes.

The PATERTON STAKES, of One Sovereign each, for Dogs of all Ages.

Mr. Geddes' y. b. Go, beat Mr. Raimes' bk. and w. b. Cora Senior (after two undecided courses)

Marquis of Douglas' bd. d. Cashier, beat Mr. A. Pollok's w. d. Hope

Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord, beat Mr. Ewing's bl. b. Imogene

Marquis of Douglas' bl. d. Comedian, beat Lord Eglinton's w. b. Swan (after an undecided course)

Mr. A. Pollok's bd. b. Match, Mr. H. Maxwell's w. d. Mantalini

Marquis of Douglas' f. b. Dewdrop, beat Mr. L. Ewing's bl. b. Lacerta

Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Jean, beat Mr. A. Pollok's bk. d. Gameboy

Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. w. d. Mullindhu, beat Lord Eglinton's r. and w. d. Moses

Mr. Raimes' bk. d. Atlas, beat Lord Eglinton's f. and w. d. Stargazer.

*First Ties.*—Go beat Cashier    My Lord beat Comedian (after an undecided course)

Match beat Dewdrop              Mullindhu beat Jean              Atlas ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—My Lord beat Go              Match beat Atlas              Mullindhu ran a bye.

*Third Ties.*—My Lord beat Mullindhu              Match ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Match beat My Lord (after an undecided course), and won the Stakes.

The POLLOCKSHAW'S STAKES of One Sovereign each, for Dogs pupped in 1838.

Mr. A. Graham's w. and y. d. Forester, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's f. b. Melicent (after a single-handed course by Forester, M. having remained in the slips)

Mr. H. Maxwell's r. b. Mrs. M'Pherson, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Silverlock

Mr. J. Pollok's r. b. Cora, beat Lord Eglinton's d. b. Bessy Bell (after an undecided course)

Mr. L. Ewing's bl. b. Irene, beat Mr. Raimes's bd. b. Iodine

Mr. Raimes' bl. b. Beauty, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Madcap

Lord Eglinton's r. and w. b. Moonlight, beat Mr. L. Ewing's w. b. Blanche

Mr. Downie's f. d. Rolla, beat Marquis of Douglas' bl. w. d. Chouringee

Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Davie, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. b. Mirza (after an undecided course)

Marquis of Douglas's bk and w. b. Dino, beat Mr. J. Pollok's bk. d. Peter.

Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. b. Rain ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Forester beat Mrs. M'Pherson    Cora beat Irene    Rolla beat Davie  
Beauty beat Moonlight                      Dino beat Rain.

*Second Ties.*—Forester beat Cora    Beauty beat Rolla    Dino ran a bye.

*Third Ties.*—Forester beat Dino              Beauty ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Beauty beat Forester, and won the Stakes.

The DARNLEY STAKES of One Sovereign each, for Dogs that never won a Public Prize.

Mr. L. Ewing's bk and w. d. Emperor, beat Mr. A. Pollok's r. d. Thorn

Mr. Downie's bk. and w. d. Major, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Jessie

Mr. Geddes's bk. and w. d. Purity, beat Mr. Ewing's bk. and w. d. Eclipse

Mr. Raimes's bk. d. Ajax, beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Jeanie

Mr. Downie's bd. and w. b. Myrtle, beat Marquis of Douglas' w. b. Hawk (after an undecided course)

*First Ties.*—Emperor beat Major              Ajax beat Purity              Myrtle ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Emperor beat Myrtle              Ajax ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Emperor beat Ajax, and won the Stakes.

## THE COURSING CALENDAR,

SPELTHORNE CLUB, Nov. 14 and 15.

## The PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Perkins's bk. d. Friday, beat Mr. J. Farnell's bk. d. Frank  
 Mr. C. Farnell's r. b. Fairy, beat Mr. Fagg's f. d. Smart  
 Mr. Thackrah's bk. and w. b. Thalia, beat Mr. Watson's bk. b. Faille  
 Mr. Ball's w. d. Banker, beat Mr. Thackrah's bk. b. Thais.

*Ties.*—Friday beat Fairy Thalia beat Banker.

*Deciding Course.*—Thalia beat Friday, and won the Cup, the latter the Sovereigns.

## The HEADLEY STAKES.

Mr. Balls' bk. b. Bounty, beat Mr. Perkins's r. d. Prospero  
 Mr. J. Farnell's bl. b. Fancy, beat Mr. C. Farnell's bk. d. Farmer.

*Deciding Course.*—Bounty beat Fancy, and won the Stakes.

## The EPSOM STAKES.

Mr. C. Farnell's bk. b. Fidget, beat Mr. Fagg's f. d. Fly Boy  
 Mr. Perkins's r. d. Priam, beat Mr. J. Farnell's bk. b. Fury.

*Deciding Course.*—Fidget beat Priam, and won the Stakes.

## The LEATHERHEAD STAKES.

Mr. Perkins's r. and w. d. Young Pilot, beat Mr. C. Farnell's bk. b. Frisky  
 Mr. Thackrah's bk. d. Thrasham, beat Mr. J. Farnell's r. d. Parchment.

The night coming on, the Stakes were divided between Young Pilot and Thrashem.

NORTHTHUMBERLAND CLUB, Nov. 14.

## The CUP.

Mr. J. Atkinson's bk. d. Topper, beat Mr. Anderson's bd. d. Thistle  
 Mr. Hetherington's bd. b. Fly, beat Mr. Humble's f. d. Wizard  
 Mr. Lee's w. and bl. d. Tom Cringle, beat Mr. Crawford's bl. and w. b. Fairy  
 Mr. Armstrong's bk. d. Tramp, beat Mr. J. Jobling's bk. and w. d. Thunder  
 Mr. Arthur's w. b. Smiling Beauty, beat Mr. J. Atkinson's bk. and w. d. Spanker  
 Mr. Gregson's bl. d. Spring, beat Mr. J. Jobling's r. and w. d. Swamper  
 Mr. Hetherington's bd. d. Frank, beat Mr. J. Jobling's w. d. Damon  
 Mr. Crawford's bk. b. ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Topper beat Fly Tom Cringle beat Tramp  
 Smiling Beauty beat Fly Frank beat Spring.

*Second Ties.*—Tom Cringle beat Topper Smiling Beauty beat Frank.

*Deciding Course.*—Tom Cringle beat Smiling Beauty, and won the Cup.

ALTHAM, Nov. 15.

Mr. Batty, of Skipton, Judge.

The ALTHAM CUP, value £100, for Sixteen Dogs; the Second to receive £10.

Mr. Robinson's w. and y. b. Fly, beat Mr. Hunt's f. d. Donald  
 Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer, beat Mr. Longshaw's bk. and w. d. Lucky  
 Mr. King's bk. b. Venus, beat Mr. Lille's bd. and w. d. Badger  
 Mr. Williams's f. b. S. H. Fly, beat Mr. Chew's bk. and w. d. Carpenter  
 Mr. Polding's bk. b. Enchantress, beat Mr. Smith's bk. d. Sultan  
 Mr. Edwards's r. d. Merchant, beat Mr. Hodgson's bk. and w. d. Zernekob  
 Mr. Whitworth's bl. b. Catherina, beat Mr. Upton's d. d. Vanish  
 Mr. Brookes's bl. and w. d. Saddler, beat Mr. Openshaw's bd. d. Zebra.

*First Ties.*—Fly beat Skimmer Enchantress beat Merchant  
 S. H. Fly beat Venus Saddler beat Catherina.

*Second Ties.*—Fly beat S. H. Fly Saddler beat Enchantress.

*Deciding Course.*—Saddler beat Fly, and won the Cup.

NOTTINGHAM CLUB, Nov. 15.

Mr. H. Hemsley's bl. d. Smoker, beat Lord Ranciffe's bl. and w. b. Skip  
 Mr. Woolley's bl. d. Vengeance, beat Mr. Neville's f. d. Nickleby  
 Mr. Hardy's d. and w. d. Smoker, beat Mr. Hodgkinson's r. b. Rosebud  
 Mr. Milward's bl. b. Fly, beat Mr. Lacey's r. d. Smoker  
 Mr. S. Hemsley's bl. and w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Godber's w. b. Webb  
 Mr. Harveyon's w. b. Nunn, beat Mr. Nixon's Bye  
 Mr. W. H. Malpas's bl. d. Trip, beat Mr. Smith's Bye  
 Mr. W. Parr's bl. b. Fly, beat Mr. Fisher's bl. b. Tawney.

*First Ts.*—Smoker (Hemsley's) bt. Vengeance Fly (Milward's) bt. Smoker (Hardy)  
 Fly (Hemsley's) beat Nunn Trip (Malpas's) beat Fly (Parr).

*Second Ties.*—Smoker (Hemsley) beat Fly (Milward) Trip beat Fly (Hemsley).

*Deciding Course.*—Smoker (Hemsley) beat Trip.

WORKINGTON, Nov. 18 and 19.

The Cup.

Mr. Postlethwaite's r. and w. d. Ribton, beat Mr. Jefferson's bk. d. Jim Crow  
 Mr. Thompson's (Sandford) b. w. d. Elis, beat Mr. Mossop's bk. and w. d. p. Fury  
 Mr. J. Dalzell's r. and w. b. Swallow, beat Mr. Roger's r. b. Tickler  
 Mr. Borradales's f. and w. d. Conrad, beat Mr. Christian's bk. and w. d. Jerry  
 Mr. Falcon's bl. d. Gelert, Mr. Salkeld's bd. d. Brandy  
 Mr. Harris's bd. d. Hector, beat Mr. Clarke's bl. b. Musk  
 Mr. J. Benn's f. and w. b. Bess, beat Mr. Brown's w. and bk. d. Bruce  
 Mr. W. Thompson's bl. d. Blueskin, beat Mr. H. Jefferson's bk. b. Jig  
 Mr. Bowman's bk. d. Jaffier, beat Mr. Leathe's bk. and w. b. Judea  
 Mr. J. S. Dickinson's r. d. York, beat Mr. Twentyman's bl. b. Nimble  
 Mr. Dickinson's r. d. Simon, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Ribton ran a bye  
 Swallow beat Elis  
 Gelert beat Conrad  
 Bess beat Hector  
 Blueskin beat Jaffier  
 Simon beat York.

*Second Ties.*—Swallow beat Ribton Simon beat Blueskin Bess beat Gelert.

*Third Ties.*—Swallow ran a bye Bess beat Simon.

*Deciding Course.*—Bess beat Swallow, and won the Cup.

The ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. H. Jefferson's w. and bk. b. Kate, beat Mr. Mossop's bd. b. Vesta  
 Mr. J. Benn's r. d. Quaker, beat Mr. Falcon's bk. d. Tramp.

*Deciding Course.*—Kate beat Quaker, and won the Stakes.

The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Christian's bk. d. Satan, beat Mr. Bragg's bd. b. Fly  
 Mr. Jefferson's r. and w. d. Jarvie, beat Mr. Mossop's f. b. Meg Merriles  
 Mr. Retson's bl. and w. b. Fan, beat Mr. Little's bd. d. Dan.

*Ties.*—Jarvie beat Satan Fan ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Fan beat Jarvie, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Benn's Hyton, beat Mr. W. Thompson's Our Sarah  
 Mr. Benn's Bangor, beat Mr. Christian's Lady  
 Mr. Bowman's Brandy, beat Mr. W. Thompson's York  
 Mr. Benn's Quaker, beat Mr. Falcon's Tramp.



The DOG PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Gibbes's Tomboy, beat Mr. Staniland's Mündig  
 Mr Hargreave's Viscount, beat Mr. Brooke's Starlight  
 Mr. Teal's Champion, beat Sir J. Johnstone's Ion  
 Mr. Hustler's Chartist, beat Mr. Cooke's Trudge.

*Ties.*—Viscount beat Tomboy Chartist beat Champion.

*Deciding Course.*—Chartist beat Viscount, and won the Stakes.

The BITCH PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Bingley's r. b. Wilful, beat Mr. Hustler's b. b. Celeste  
 Mr. Openshaw's r. b. Taglioni, beat Mr. Cook's b. b. Tingle  
 Mr. Staniland's br. b. Madam, and Sir J. Johnstone's r. b. Graceful, ran a dead heat.

*First Ties.*—Venus beat Taglioni Wilful ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Wilful beat Venus, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Brooke's Nimrod, beat Mr. Hustler's Skylark  
 Mr. Hargreave's Echo, beat Sir J. Johnstone's Isaac  
 Mr. Bingley's Gamesome, beat Mr. Cooke's Thrasham  
 Mr. Hargreave's Whiskey, beat Mr. Gibbes's Celerity.

*Ties.*—Nimrod beat Whiskey Echo beat Gamesome.

*Deciding Course.*—Nimrod beat Echo, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Sir J. Johnstone's Bittern, beat Mr. Hustler's Skylark  
 Mr. Staniland's Mündig, beat Mr. Brooke's Catharina.

*Deciding Course.*—Bittern beat Mündig, and won the Stakes.

HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB, Nov. 21, and 28.

The PUPPY CUP STAKES; the first dog to receive 30 sovs., the second 12 sovs., the third 8 sovs., and the fourth 5 sovs.

Mr. Clarke's r. b. Cameo, beat Mr. Cox's r. b. Elfine  
 Mr. Dingwell's bd. d. St. Andrew, beat Mr. Sperring's bk. b. Violet  
 Mr. G. Evans's r. and w. d. Abercrombie, beat Mr. Dingwell's f. b. Auricula  
 Mr. Parkinson's bk. b. Sister to Bab, beat Mr. Bragg's bd. b. Lady Nickleby  
 Mr. J. Graves's bl. d. Blue, beat Mr. Harvey's bk. and w. b. Half-and-half  
 Mr. Charrington's f. b. Comet, beat Mr. Sheppard's bk. and w. b. Bee's-wing  
 Mr. Collins's f. d. Cadet, beat Mr. T. Hodsdon's r. d. Critic  
 Mr. Moseley's w. d. Bloomsbury, beat Mr. Bragg's r. b. Miss Nickleby  
 Dr. Scott's y. and w. b. Sprite, beat Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ruby  
 Mr. Dyson's r. d. Crib, beat Mr. R. Coombe's w. d. Don John  
 Mr. Elmore's f. and w. d. Euclid, beat Mr. Pfeil's bk. d. Bob  
 Mr. J. Hodsdon's r. b. Victoria, beat Mr. J. Harvey's bk. b. Lucetta  
 Mr. Bacon's y. and w. d. Charles XII., beat Mr. Dingwell's f. d. Anson  
 Mr. W. Silcock's f. b. Madge, beat Mr. Minton's w. d. Windsor  
 Mr. Dansey's y. d. Dangerous, beat Mr. Brown's f. b. Kate Nickleby  
 Mr. Jessop's bk. b. Cara, beat Mr. Burford's bk. b. Fly.

*First Ties.*—Cameo beat St. Andrew Sprite beat Crib  
 Abercrombie beat Sister to Bab Victoria beat Euclid  
 Blue beat Comet Madge beat Charles XII.  
 Cadet beat Bloomsbury Cara beat Dangerous.

*Second Ties.*—Cameo beat Abercrombie Sprite beat Victoria  
 Cadet beat Blue Madge beat Cara.

*Third Ties.*—Cameo beat Cadet Sprite beat Madge.

*Deciding Course.*—Sprite beat Cameo, and won the Cup; Cameo the Goblet;  
 Cadet beat Madge, and won the third prize; Madge the fourth prize.

## FLEETWOOD AUTUMN, Nov. 25, and 26.

## The FLEETWOOD CUP.

Mr. Craven's Cara, beat Mr. Chaloner's Fly  
 Mr. Houghton's True Blue, beat Mr. Heyes's Hemlock  
 Mr. Parker's Pleader, beat Mr. M'Intyre's Donald  
 Mr. Rowley's Emperor, beat Mr. Turner's Stopper  
 Mr. Easterby's Rough Robin, beat Mr. King's Clinker  
 Mr. Polding's Eclipse, beat Mr. Coup's Fly  
 Mr. Robinson's Hero, beat Mr. Hind's Pickpocket  
 Mr. Fellowe's Frolic, beat Mr. Craven's Carlos.

*First Ties.*—Cara beat True Blue  
 Emperor beat Pleader

Rough Robin beat Eclipse  
 Hero beat Frolic.

*Second Ties.*—Emperor beat Cara

Rough Robin beat Hero.

*Deciding Course.*—Rough Robin beat Emperor, and won the Cup.

## The PRESTON PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Fellowe's Faithful, beat Mr. Robinson's Topper  
 Mr. Coup's Clayton Lass, beat Mr. Craven's Castle Carey  
 Mr. Rowley's Scramble, beat Mr. Polding's Fly  
 Mr. Parker's Promise, beat Mr. Fellowe's Forester  
 Mr. Houghton's Don John, beat Mr. Heyes's Hyllus  
 Mr. King's Hawk Eye ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Clayton Lass beat Faithful  
 Scramble beat Promise.

Don John beat Hawk Eye

*Second Ties.*—Clayton Lass ran a bye

Scramble beat Don John.

*Deciding Course.*—Scramble beat Clayton Lass, and won after a desperate course,  
 Clayton Lass falling twice.

## The ROSSALL STAKES.

Mr. Turner's Trimmer, beat Mr. Fellowe's Frisk  
 Mr. Rowley's Earl, beat Mr. King's Patty  
 Mr. M'Intyre's Firefly, beat Mr. Hinde's Trump  
 Mr. Heyes's Spot, beat Mr. Fellowe's Friendship.

*Ties.*—Earl beat Trimmer

Spot beat Firefly.

*Deciding Course.*—Spot beat Earl, and won the Stakes.

## The CHURCHTOWN STAKES.

Mr. Fellowe's Forester, beat Mr. Houghton's True Blue  
 Mr. Parker's Pleader, beat Mr. King's Clinker  
 Mr. Rowley's Earl, beat Mr. Heyse's Hemlock  
 Mr. Fellowe's Frolic, beat Mr. M'Intyre's Donald.

*Ties.*—Forester beat Pleader

Earl beat Frolic.

*Deciding Course.*—Earl beat Forester and won the Stakes.

## The SOUTHPORT STAKES.

Mr. Craven's Carlos, beat Mr. Chaloner's Topper  
 Mr. Fellowe's Faithful, beat Mr. Robinson's Topper  
 Mr. Hinde's Pickpocket, beat Mr. King's Patty  
 Mr. Chaloner's Sylvia, beat Mr. M'Intyre's Firefly.

*Ties.*—Carlos beat Faithful

Pickpocket beat Sylvia.

*Deciding Course.*—Pickpocket beat Carlos, and won the Stakes.

## The CROSSANDS PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Craven's Castle Carey, beat Mr. Easterby's Sister to Esperance  
 Mr. King's Hawk Eye, beat Mr. Parker's Promise.

*Deciding Course.*—Castle Carey beat Hawk Eye, and won the Stakes.



LOUTH, Nov. 26 and 28.

The GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES.

Mr. Dudding's bk. d. Dreadnought, beat Mr. Fowler's bk. tk. d. Magistrate  
 Mr. Fowler's bk. b. Bashful, beat Mr. Hutchinson's bk. d. Raven  
 Mr. Vipan's r. d. Voltaire, beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butterburn  
 Mr. Caldwell's bk. d. Kenwigs, beat Mr. W. Marshall's r. b. Ellen  
 Mr. Vipan's w. b. p. Verity, beat Col. Elmhirst's bk. d. Bashaw  
 Capt. Daintree's r. and w. d. p. King Cob, beat Mr. Foster's bk. d. Mark Anthony  
 Capt. Daintree's bd. and w. b. Kitty Fisher, beat Mr. Gunning's r. b. Blackstreets  
 Mr. Foster's r. d. Chasse, beat Mr. Hutchinson's c. d. Major  
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. p. Castlehill, beat Col. Elmhirst's bk. tk. b. Bella  
 Mr. Darley's f. and w. b. Delicate, beat Mr. W. Marshall's w. b. Echo.

*First Ties.*—Dreadnought beat Bashful  
 Kenwigs beat Voltaire  
 King Cob beat Verity  
 Chasse beat Kitty Fisher  
 Castlehill received—Delicate  
 drawn lame.

*Second Ties.*—Kenwigs beat Dreadnought  
 Castlehill ran a bye.  
 King Cob beat Chasse

*Third Ties.*—Kenwigs beat Castlehill  
 King Cob ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Kenwigs beat King Cob, and won 150 sovs.—King Cob 30 sovs.  
 —Castlehill 10 sovs.—Chasse and Dreadnought 5 sovs. each.

The CUP.

Col. Elmhirst's bk. tk. b. Magic, beat Mr. Heneage's w. b. Lunatic  
 Mr. Caldwell's bk. b. Reliance, beat Mr. Fowler's w. d. Venture  
 Mr. Foster's w. d. Freebooter, beat Mr. W. Marshall's bl. d. Eager  
 Mr. Dudding's bk. d. Dandy, beat Mr. Fowler's r. d. Tippoo  
 Mr. Darly's bd. b. Duchess, beat Mr. Dawson's bk. and w. p. d. Bouncer  
 Mr. Gunning's r. d. Cliff, by Mr. Golden's Bravery, beat Mr. G. Alington's bk. d. Major  
 Mr. Heneage's r. b. p. Lilac, by Mr. Golden's Blacklock, beat Capt. Daintree's f. d. Killaloe  
 Mr. Vipan's bk. d. p. Volens, beat Mr. Foster's r. d. Trustee.

*First Ties.*—Reliance beat Cliff  
 Lilac beat Magic  
 Volens beat Duchess  
 Dandy beat Freebooter.

*Second Ties.*—Dandy beat Reliance  
 Volens beat Lilac.

*Deciding Course.*—Dandy beat Volens and won the cup—Volens the sovs.

The DERBY STAKES.

Mr. Fowler's w. d. Dart, beat Mr. Gunning's f. d. Pop  
 Mr. Heneage's bk. d. Lofty, beat Mr. Vipan's w. d. Vanquish  
 Mr. Dudding's f. and w. d. Dusty, beat Col. Elmhirst's bk. d. Young Barrister  
 Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Rex to run a bye.

*Ties.*—Dusty beat Rex  
 Lofty beat Dart.

*Deciding Course.*—Lofty beat Dusty, and won the Stakes—Dusty 3 sovs.

The OAKS STAKES.

Mr. W. Marshall's bk. and w. b. Eva, beat Mr. Fowler's w. b. Fly  
 Mr. Foster's bk. b. Executrix, beat Mr. Caldwell's bk. b. Regina  
 Mr. Heneage's r. b. Lipsalve, beat Mr. Vipan's w. b. Venella  
 Mr. Dudding's w. b. Day Star to run a bye.

*Ties.*—Executrix beat Eva  
 Day Star beat Lipsalve.

*Deciding Course.*—Executrix beat Day Star, and won the Stakes—Day Star 3 sovs.

The WITHCALL ALL-AGED STAKES of 2 sovs. each, 4 subs.

Mr. Hutchinson's cr. d. Major, beat Mr. Darley's bd. and w. b. Victoria  
 Captain Daintree's bd. b. Keepsake, beat Mr. Dudding's bk. d. Defiance.

*Deciding Course.*—Major beat Keepsake, and won the Stakes.

The LOUTH ALL-AGED STAKES of 2 sovs. each, 4 subs.

Mr. Fowler's bk. t. d. Magistrate, beat Mr. Gunning's bk. d. Garrick  
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butterburn, beat Mr. Forster's bk. d. Marc Anthony.

*Deciding Course.*—Magistrate beat Butteryburn, and won the Stakes.

The WITHCALL WARREN STAKES, of 2 sovs. each, 4 subs.

Mr. Darley's f. and w. b. Destiny, beat Mr. Hutchinson's bk. d. Raven  
Mr. Dudding's w. b. Dainty, beat Mr. Gunning's bk. and w. b. Baroness.

*Deciding Course.*—Destiny beat Dainty, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Fowler's bk. b. Bashful, beat Mr. Caldwell's bk. d. Dreadnought  
Mr. Darley's bk. b. Dahlia, against Capt. Daintree's w. b. p. Kathleen—off.

SOUTH LANCASHIRE CLUB.—SOUTHPORT.—Nov. 27 and 28.

The FLEETWOOD CUP, for all-aged Dogs.

Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer, beat Mr. Chew's bl. and w. d. Spring  
Mr. King's f. d. Clasher, beat Mr. Ogden's r. d. Touchstone  
Mr. Easterby's bl. d. Earwig, beat Mr. Robinson's f. b. S. H. Fly  
Mr. Lucas's bl. d. Pluto, beat Mr. Mayall's r. d. Nelson  
Mr. Hodgson's br. and w. b. Zorillo, beat Mr. Marlow's bd. d. Rattler  
Mr. King's bl. b. Sarah, beat Mr. Parkinson's r. b. Venus  
Mr. Hunt's bd. b. Sylvian, beat Mr. Whitehead's r. and wh. d. Rock  
Mr. Robinson's w. and y. b. Fly, beat Mr. Edward's r. d. Merchant.

*First Ties.*—Skimmer beat Clasher  
Pluto beat Earwig  
Zorillo beat Sarah  
Fly beat Sylvian.

*Second Ties.*—Skimmer beat Pluto  
Fly beat Zorillo.

*Deciding Course.*—Skimmer beat Fly and won the Cup.

The HESKETH PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Rowley's f. b. Rebecca, beat Mr. Hodgson's r. d. Zinganee, by Shillelagh  
Mr. Hunt's b. d. Hugo, beat Mr. S. H. William's bl. and w. b. Harriet  
Mr. King's bl. d. Jerry, beat Mr. Williams's yel. and wh. d. Filbo  
Mr. Mayall's f. and wh. d. Don John, beat Mr. Bake's r. d. Burgundy  
Mr. Gawthorpe's r. d. Glencoe, beat Mr. Chew's b. d. Claret  
Mr. Tunstall's r. d. Thunder, beat Mr. Bake's b. d. Bluecap  
Mr. Robinson's bl. d. William, beat Mr. Fellowe's wh. d. Fidget  
Mr. King's bl. d. Royal, beat Mr. Whitehead's wh. and bl. d. Pedlar.

*First Ties.*—Rebecca beat Hugo  
Thunder beat Glencoe  
Don John beat Jerry  
William Beat Royal.

*Second Ties.*—Rebecca beat Don John  
William beat Thunder.

*Deciding Course.*—Rebecca beat William, and won the Stakes,

The CHURCHTOWN STAKES, for all aged dogs.

Mr. Chew's bk. and w. d. Carpenter, beat Mr. Ogden's r. and w. d. Beaver  
Mr. Easterby's bk. and w. b. Erico, beat Mr. Williams's r. b. Venus  
Mr. Edwards's bk. b. Maiden Queen, beat Mr. Parkinson's bd. b. Silk  
Mr. Gale's bk. and w. d. Liverpool, beat Mr. Gawthorpe's r. d. Glenmore  
Mr. Tunstall's r. d. Chasse, beat Mr. Gale's bk. w. b. Fly (sister to Liverpool)  
Mr. Ogden's bk. d. Black Diamond, beat Mr. Buckley's bk. b. Mona  
Mr. Marlow's f. and w. d. Elis, beat Mr. King's bk. and w. d. Kingston  
Mr. Walker's f. b. Mary, beat Mr. Bake's f. d. Brother to Burgundy.

*First Ties.*—Erico beat Carpenter  
Chasse beat Black Diamond  
Maiden Queen beat Liverpool  
Mary beat Elis.

*Second Ties.*—Maiden Queen beat Erico  
Chasse beat Mary.

*Deciding Course.*—Maiden Queen beat Chasse, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Easterby's Earwig, beat Mr. Gale's Fly  
Mr. Parkinson's Venus, beat Mr. King's Clasher  
Mr. Ogden's Touchstone, beat Mr. Robinson's S. H. Fly  
Mr. Marlow's Elis, beat Mr. Gawthorpe's Gordon Glenmore  
Mr. Hunt's Hugo, beat Mr. Fellowe's Fidget  
Mr. Forrest's Zinganee, beat Mr. Bake's Burgundy

Mr. Williams's Filho, beat Mr. Chew's Claret  
 Mr. King's Royal, beat Mr. S. H. Williams's Harriet  
 Mr. King's Kingston, beat Mr. Parkinson's Satin  
 Mr. Arden's Commodore, beat Mr. Rowley's Earl  
 Mr. Chew's Spring, beat Mr. Ogden's Elis  
 Mr. Hunt's Hawk-eye, beat Mr. Tunstall's Honeysuckle  
 Mr. King's Clinker, beat Mr. Tunstall's Mona  
 Mr. Parkinson's Silk, beat Mr. Ogden's Black Diamond  
 Mr. Parkinson's Venus, beat Mr. Hunt's Hypocrite  
 Mr. King's Hawk-eye, beat Mr. Robinson's Hero.]

LETCOMB BOWERS, Nov. 28 and 29.

The Cup.

Mr. Wasbrough's bd. b. Breeze, beat Mr. Ensworth's f. d. Eurus  
 Mr. Warman's y. b. Wreath, beat Mr. Morrell's b. d. Mountainpecker  
 Mr. Bennett's f. d. Buonaparte, beat Mr. Edmonds's f. d. Westcar  
 Mr. Bowles's r. d. Benledi, beat Mr. Spooner's bl. b. Splendour  
 Mr. Trinder's y. b. Titmouse, beat Mr. Stone's b. d. Ensign  
 Mr. Pusey's y. b. Petrel, beat Mr. Williams's bl. d. Whalebone  
 Mr. Goodlake's b. b. Gratilla, beat Mr. Flesher's b. b. Elastic  
 Mr. Harries' b. d. Black Prince, beat Mr. Walker's r. d. Sultan.

*First Ties.*—Wreath beat Breeze                      Petrel beat Titmouse  
                     Benledi beat Buonaparte                      Gratilla beat Black Prince.

*Second Ties.*—Wreath beat Benledi                      Gratilla beat Petrel.

*Deciding Course.*—Gratilla beat Wreath, and won the Cup—Wreath the Goblet.

The ASHDOWN PARK SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each—(First Class.)

Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock, beat Mr. Morrell's bl. d. Musician  
 Mr. Bowles's b. d. Black Dwarf, beat Mr. Bennett's w. d. Bravo.

*Deciding Course.*—Black Dwarf beat Shamrock, and won the Stakes.

The ASHDOWN PARK SWEEPSTAKES of 30s. each—(Second Class.)

Mr. Warman's y. b. Weapon, beat Mr. Spooner's y. b. Swallow  
 Mr. Goodlake's y. and w. b. Graceful, beat Mr. Williams's y. b. Whisker.

*Deciding Course.*—Graceful beat Weapon, and won the Stakes.

LETCOMB BOWERS STAKES, 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Morrell's b. d. Mountainpecker, beat Mr. Ensworth's f. d. Eurus  
 Mr. Spooner's bk. b. Splendour, beat Mr. Edmonds's f. d. Westcar.

*Deciding Course.*—Splendour beat Mountainpecker, and won the Stakes.

LETCOMB BOWER STAKES—(Second Class.)

Mr. Williams's bl. d. Whalebone, beat Mr. Stone's h. d. Ensign  
 Mr. Flesher's b. b. Elastic, beat Mr. Walker's r. d. Sultan.

*Deciding Course.*—Elastic beat Whalebone, and won the Stakes.

DERBYSHIRE.—SUDBURY.—Nov. 27 and 28.

The Cup.

Mr. Kershaw's f. d. Kouli Khan, beat Lord Talbot's r. b. Texas  
 Mr. Calvert's bk. d. Blucher, beat Mr. Cruso's w. and y. b. Moll  
 Mr. Cruso's w. and y. d. Topper, beat Mr. Baidon's bk. d. Bradford  
 Mr. Calvert's b. d. Mango, beat Mr. Cruso's w. and y. d. Toby  
 Lord Talbot's r. b. Tournament, beat Mr. Allsop's bk. and w. d. Albert  
 Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Martha, beat Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Cursitor  
 Mr. Swan's w. d. Sirius, beat Mr. Baidon's bk. d. Burgundy  
 Mr. Clowes's r. d. Consul, beat Mr. Harpur's bk. d. Horace.

*First Ties.*—Kouli Khan beat Blucher                      Martha beat Tournament  
                     Mungo beat Topper                      Consul beat Sirius.

*Second Ties.*—Mungo beat Kouli Khan Martha beat Consul.

*Deciding Course.*—Martha and Mungo divided.

The PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Courage, beat Mr. Allsopp's f. b. Adelaide  
 Mr. Calvert's bk. and w. b. Countless, beat Mr. Harpur's bk. b. Hopeful  
 Mr. Baildon's bk. and w. d. Bronte, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. d. Upholder  
 Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hagler, beat Mr. Allsopp's bk. and w. d. Atone  
 Mr. Baildon's f. b. Blush, beat Lord Talbot's bk. d. Tresham  
 Lord Talbot's bk. b. Thanks, beat Mr. Kershaw's bd. d. Korab  
 Mr. Swan's w. and r. d. Sandy, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. and w. d. Unknown  
 Mr. Clowes's bd. b. Cranberry, beat Mr. Kershaw's bl. b. Kerchief.

*First Ties.*—Countless beat Courage Thanks beat Blush  
 Bronte beat Hagler Sandy beat Cranberry.

*Second Ties.*—Countless beat Bronte Thanks beat Sandy.

*Deciding Course.*—Thanks beat Countless, and won the Cup,—Countless the Goblet.

The VERNON STAKES.

Lord Talbot's bd. b. Tailless, beat Mr. Swan's bk. and w. d. Sergeant  
 Mr. Clowes's bk. and w. b. Cripple, beat Mr. Allsopp's bd. d. Ardent  
 Mr. Calvert's r. d. Cowboy, beat Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hermitage  
 Mr. Cruso's w. and y. b. Tibb, beat Mr. Harpur's bk. d. Horatio.

*Ties.*—Cripple beat Tailless Cowboy beat Tibb.

*Deciding Course.*—Cripple beat Cowboy, and won the Stakes.

The SUDBURY STAKES.

Mr. H. Hornby's r. and w. d. Holywell, beat Lord Talbot's bl. b. Tiara  
 Mr. Swan's r. b. Squib, beat Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Cobweb  
 Mr. Kershaw's bk. b. Knavery, beat Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Contest.

*Ties.*—Holywell beat Squib Knavery ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Holywell beat Knavery, and won the Stakes.

The DOVERIDGE STAKES.

Mr. H. Hornby's Hyssop, beat Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Birdlime  
 Mr. Harpur's bd. b. Harriet, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. d. Upholder  
 Lord Talbot's bk. d. Tresham, beat Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Crawl  
 Mr. Calvert's bk. and w. d. Chieftain, beat Mr. Cruso's w. and y. b. Tibb.

*Ties.*—Harriet beat Hyssop Chieftain beat Harriet.

*Deciding Course.*—Harriet beat Chieftain, and won the Stakes.

The CONSOLATION STAKES.

Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hermitage, beat Mr. Swan's bk. and w. d. Sergeant  
 Mr. Cruso's Toby, beat Mr. Clowes's Cursor  
 Mr. Unsworth's Unknown, beat Lord Talbot's Texas  
 Mr. Calvert's Cobweb, beat Mr. Harpur's Horace.

*Ties.*—Hermitage beat Toby Cobweb beat Unknown.

*Deciding Course.*—Cobweb beat Hermitage, and won the Stakes.

LOWTHER, Nov. 28 and 29.

The THIMBY PUPPY STAKES of 2 sovs. each, the second dog to receive 4 sovs.

Mr. Christian's bk. d. Satan, beat Mr. Benn's r. d. Tam O'Shanter  
 Mr. Moore's bk. b. Margaret, beat Mr. Milburn's r. d. Liverpool  
 Mr. James's f. b. Catlody, beat Mr. Simpson's bd. b. Surprise  
 Mr. J. Elliot's bk. b. Pepper, beat Mr. Falcon's bd. and w. d. Rob Roy.

*Ties.*—Satan beat Margaret Catlody beat Pepper.

*Deciding Course.*—Catlody beat Satan, and won the Stakes.

The LOWTHER PUPPY STAKES of 2 sovs. each, the second dog to receive 4 sovs.

Mr. Eidsworth's bd. d. Edwin, beat Mr. Easterby's bar. b. Esperance  
 Mr. Jas. Thompson's f. and w. b. Tulip, beat Mr. Bainbridge's bk. b. Flora

Mr. Markham's bd. and w. b. Violet, beat Mr. Lowther's f. and w. b. Luna  
 Mr. Moore's f. d. Midshipman, beat Mr. Carmalt's f. d. Thrasher.

*Ties.*—Edwin beat Tulip Violet beat Midshipman.

*Deciding Course.*—Edwin beat Violet, and won the Stakes.

The **LOWTHER CUP**; the second dog to receive 7 sovs.

Mr. Donald's r. d. Lion, beat Mr. Carmalt's bl. b. Jenny Spinner.  
 Mr. Moore's bd. and w. b. Medusa, beat Mr. Falcon's bl. d. Gelert  
 Mr. Machell's f. d. Pickpocket, beat Mr. Lowther's bl. d. Trajan  
 Mr. Tomlinson's bk. d. Sacerdos, beat Mr. Harris's f. b. Victoria  
 Mr. Benn's f. and w. b. Bess, beat Mr. Henderson's bk. and w. b. Lady Maria  
 Mr. Thompson's f. and cr. b. Fly, beat Mr. H. Jefferson's bk. b. Jig  
 Mr. Jefferson's w. and y. d. Joker, beat Mr. Easterby's w. and f. d. Pleader  
 Mr. Bainbridge's f. b. Jessie, beat Mr. W. Watkins's w. and bl. d. Tom Cringle.

*First Ties.*—Medusa beat Lion Bess beat Fly, after two undecided Courses  
 Pickpocket beat Sacerdos Joker beat Jessie.

*Second Ties.*—Pickpocket beat Medusa Bess beat Joker.

*Deciding Course.*—Bess beat Pickpocket, and won the Cup.

The **KNIFE SCABB CUP**; the second dog to receive 7 sovs.

Mr. Reed's bk. d. Rector, beat Mr. Donald's bk. b. Lot  
 Mr. Todd's br. d. Brandy, beat Mr. James's bd. b. Sal  
 Mr. Henderson's w. bk. b. Wee Geordie, beat Mr. Postlethwaite's bk. d. Spanker  
 Mr. Jas. Thompson's w. l. d. Snowball, beat Mr. Lowther's bk. b. Transit  
 Mr. H. Jefferson's w. and bk. b. Kate, beat Mr. Richardson's bd. d. Claret, after two  
 undecided courses

Mr. Watkins' bk. and w. d. Twist, beat Mr. Blamire's bk. and w. d. Mango  
 Mr. Carmalt's bk. d. Smoker, beat Mr. Benn's bk. and w. d. Logic, after an undecided  
 course

Mr. Jefferson's bk. b. Flounce, beat Mr. M. Thompson's bk. and w. b. Lilla.

*First Ties.*—Brandy beat Rector Twist beat Kate  
 Snowball beat Wee Geordie Flounce beat Smoke.

*Second Ties.*—Snowball beat Brandy Twist beat Flounce.

*Deciding Course.*—Snowball beat Twist, and won the Cup.

DEPTFORD INN, Dec. 3, and 4.

The **CUP** and **SOVS.**

Mr. Bowles's y. b. Boscobel, beat Capt. Wyndham's bk. d. Whistler  
 Mr. Etwall's f. d. Enham, beat Mr. Locke's r. b. Luna  
 Mr. Bigg's r. b. Bliss, beat Mr. Bruncker's bl. and w. b. Brúcha  
 Mr. Goodlake's f. d. Graduate, beat Mr. Heathcote's r. b. Honey  
 Mr. Agg's bk. d. African (late Negro), beat Mr. Ley's bk. d. Eurocledon  
 Mr. Agg's bk. b. Ariel, beat Mr. Heathcote's r. d. Harvest  
 Mr. Bigg's bk. d. Blackwater, beat Mr. Etwall's bk. d. Expatria (late Hornsey)  
 Mr. Bowles's bk. b. Brocarde, beat Mr. Wyndham's bk. b. Wroth.

*First Ties.*—Brocarde beat Blackwater Graduate beat Enham  
 Boscobel beat African Ariel beat Bliss.

*Second Ties.*—Graduate beat Brocarde Boscobel beat Ariel.

*Deciding Course.*—Ariel was so severely injured the day before, that her owner  
 drew her, and as Boscobel was the joint property of Messrs. Goodlake and Bowles,  
 they divided the Cup and Sovereigns.

The **DERBY**, for **DOGS.**

Mr. Etwall's bd. Equerry, beat Mr. Bigg's bl. Banquetor  
 Mr. Bowles's bk. Diamond, beat Mr. Locke's bk. Lisbon  
 Mr. Goodlake's bk. Gibraltar, beat Mr. Wyndham's bk. Lizard  
 Mr. Locke's r. Lunardi, beat Mr. Heathcote's bk. Hericourt  
 Mr. Etwall's f. Earl of York, beat Mr. Heathcote's r. Haroal  
 Mr. Wyndham's r. Weller, beat Mr. Bowles's y. Beagle  
 Mr. Ley's f. Eccaleobean (Etwall's), ran a bye, Mr. Spooner absent.



RIDGWAY.—SOUTHPORT, Dec. 4, 5, and 6.

The ALL-AGED CUP.

Mr. Hargreave's Echo, beat Mr. R. Smith's Miss Linaker  
 Mr. Fellowes' Fancy, beat Mr. Slater's Smart  
 Mr. Denham's Tramp, beat Mr. J. Smith's Sampson  
 Mr. Garvin's Joram, beat Mr. Eden's Enchantress  
 Mr. Easterby's Earwig, beat Mr. Craven's Cara  
 Mr. Harriot's Harmless, beat Mr. Heyes' Hookey Walker (late Spot)  
 Mr. Turner's Stella, beat Mr. G. Andrew's Active  
 Mr. Hearsley's Verbina, beat Mr. Lee's Lolly.

*First Ties.*—Echo beat Fancy Earwig beat Harmless  
 Tramp beat Joram Verbina beat Stella.

*Second Ties.*—Tramp beat Echo Earwig beat Verbina.

*Deciding Course.*—Earwig beat Tramp, and won the Cup.

The PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Eden's Euclid, beat Mr. Knowles' Kenyon  
 Mr. Slater's Sheridan, beat Mr. Smith's Spring  
 Mr. Turner's Tomboy, beat Mr. Easterby's Eve  
 Mr. Fellowes' Forester, beat Mr. Lee's Luck's All  
 Mr. Lee's Lottery, beat Mr. Hargreave's Viscount  
 Mr. J. Ridgway's Stripling, beat Mr. Oddie's Young Smuggler  
 Mr. Slater's Snap, beat Mr. Harriot's Isabella  
 Mr. Heyes' Hylax, beat Mr. Fellowes' Fidget.

*First Ties.*—Sheridan beat Euclid Lottery beat Stripling  
 Tomboy beat Forester Hylax beat Snap.

*Second Ties.*—Tomboy beat Sheridan Hylax beat Lottery.

*Deciding Course.*—Hylax beat Tomboy, and won the Cup.

The RIDGWAY STAKES.

Mr. Ridgway's Rasper, beat Mr. Slater's Sam  
 Mr. Lee's Leicester, beat Mr. Harriot's Hope  
 Mr. Easterby's Rough Robin, beat Mr. Fellowes' Frolic  
 Mr. Andrew's Ace of Trumps, beat Mr. R. Smith's Fly  
 Mr. Eden's Enterprise, beat Mr. Kearsley's Vulcan  
 Mr. Hargreave's Whiskey, beat Mr. Craven's Carlos  
 Mr. Easterby's Eruca, beat Mr. J. Ridgway's Rhodope  
 Mr. Oddie's Tory, beat Mr. Belhouse's Brenda.

*First Ties.*—Leicester beat Rasper Rough Robin beat Ace of Trumps  
 Enterprise beat Whiskey Eruca beat Tory.

*Second Ties.*—Leicester beat Rough Robin Enterprise beat Eruca.

*Deciding Course.*—Enterprise beat Leicester, and won the Stakes.

The PRODUCE STAKES.

Mr. Eden's Edham Bey, beat Mr. Slater's Speckle  
 Mr. Fellowes' Forester, beat Mr. Belhouse's Bella.

*Deciding Course.*—Forester beat Edham Bey, and won the Stakes.

The MARTINDALE STAKES.

Mr. Heyes' Hemlock, beat Mr. Garvin's Joram  
 Mr. Harriot's Hope, beat Mr. Belhouse's Brenda.

*Deciding Course.*—Hemlock beat Hope, and won the Stakes.

The ROSSALL STAKES.—Last Tie.

Mr. Smith's Spring, beat Mr. Knowles' Bolivar.

The FLEETWOOD STAKES.—Last Tie.

Mr. J. Ridgway's Rasper, beat Mr. Garvin's Glide.

## The HOUGHTON STAKES.

Mr. Easterby's Eruca, beat Mr. Slater's Sampson  
 Mr. Eden's Engineer, beat Mr. Slater's Sorrel  
 Mr. Heyes' Hookey Walker, beat Mr. Harrison's Harmless  
 Mr. Easterby's Earwig beat Mr. Slater's Snap.

*Ties.*—Eruca beat Engineer Earwig beat Hookey Walker.

*Deciding Course.*—Eruca beat Earwig, and won the Cup.

## The SOUTHPORT STAKES.

Mr. Smith's Croker, beat Mr. Craven's Cara  
 Mr. Belhouse's Bella, beat Mr. Easterby's Engineer  
 Mr. J. Ridgway's Ellen, beat Mr. Eden's Eclair  
 Mr. Slater's Spring, beat Mr. Garvin's Gnat.

*Ties.*—Croker beat Bella Ellen beat Spring.

*Deciding Course.*—Ellen beat Croker, and won the Stakes.

## EAGLESHAM, Dec. 13, 14, 16 17, and 18.

## CALEDONIAN GOLD CUP.

Lord Ossulston's w. and b. d. Tillside Lass, beat Lord Douglas's bk. d. Squeezer  
 Mr. Fowler's bk. d. Magistrate, beat Mr. W. Ramsay's bl. d. Victor  
 Mr. Raimes's bk. d. Ajax, beat Mr. Elliot's bk. b. Taglioni (late Jig)  
 Dr. Brown's bd. d. Whistler, beat Mr. Pollok's bd. b. Match  
 Mr. Elliot's bd. and w. d. Tom Jones (late Brandy), beat Mr. Pollok's r. d. Rival  
 Mr. Mitchell's y. d. Simon, beat Mr. Piper's r. d. Chip  
 Mr. Mitchell's r. d. Grasper, beat Mr. Jamieson's d. and w. d. Glen  
 Lord Douglas's bk. d. Kent, beat Mr. Dickson's w. and f. d. Duke  
 Mr. Bainbridge's f. b. Jesse, beat Dr. Brown's bd. and w. d. Jock  
 Mr. Henderson's w. and f. d. Prince Albert (late Snowball), beat Lord Eglinton's bk.  
 and w. b. Indiana  
 Dr. Brown's bd. d. Chance, beat Mr. Duggan's w. and bl. d. Harkaway  
 Lord Eglinton's w. and d. d. Waterloo, beat Mr. Armstrong's bl. d. Mango  
 Mr. Fowler's bk. b. Bashful, beat Lord Eglinton's d. b. Bessie Bell  
 Marquis of Douglas's bd. d. Driver, beat Dr. Brown's bd. d. Sweeper  
 Sir W. A. Maxwell's bd. b. Mignonette, beat Mr. Henderson's bk. and w. b. Lady  
 Maria  
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes, O Yes, O Yes, (late Storm), beat Mr. Duggan's y.  
 and w. d. Dashaway  
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Knight, beat Mr. Elliot's br. and bd. d. Lien  
 Sir W. A. Maxwell's bd. d. Moustache, beat Mr. Turner's bk. and w. b. Sly  
 Mr. A. Graham's w. bd. d. Cacciatore, beat Sir W. A. Maxwell's f. b. Belle  
 Mr. Bainbridge's bk. b. Flora, beat Mr. Dickson's r. d. Spring  
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Stewartfield, beat Mr. Bainbridge's r. and w. d.  
 Ribton  
 Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought, beat Mr. Raimes's w. d. Gambler  
 Mr. Pollok's w. d. Hope, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Cowboy  
 Mr. Turner's w. and r. d. Stopper, beat Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. b. Cora  
 Mr. Armstrong's bk. and w. d. Doctor, beat Mr. Piper's f. d. Druid  
 Marquis of Douglas's w. d. Doctor, beat Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark  
 Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. d. Mullindhu, beat Mr. Elliot's w. and bl. d. Tom Cringle  
 Mr. Bainbridge's bk. b. Pepper, beat Mr. Downie's bd. and w. b. Myrtle  
 Lord Eglinton's r. and w. d. Moses, beat Marquis of Douglas's bl. d. Comedian,  
 Mr. Raimes's bl. b. Beauty, beat Mr. Walker's bl. d. Ruthvenfield  
 Mr. Mitchell's w. and r. b. Flora M'Ivor, beat Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. d.  
 Draffin  
 Sir W. A. Maxwell's y. b. Go, beat Mr. Turner's r. and w. d. Trimmer  
 Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. d. Rocket, beat Mr. Raimes's bk. d. Atlas



Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Fingal, beat Mr. Downie's r. b. Cora  
 Sir W. A. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew, beat Mr. Bainbridge's f. b. Ginger  
 Mr. Elliot's w. and bk. d. Twist, beat Mr. Duggan's bk. d. Glee  
 Sir W. A. Maxwell's f. d. Mighty (late Glory), beat Lord Ossulston's r. d. York  
 Lord Douglas's bd. and w. b. Mastic, beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Judy  
 Dr. Brown's r. d. Oscar, beat Mr. Williamson's bk. and w. d. Sylla  
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Jeanie, beat Mr. W. Ramsay's r. b. Rosa  
 Mr. Armstrong's y. d. The Shamrock, beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Cur Non  
 Mr. Fowler's y. d. Tippoo, beat Lord Eglinton's d. d. Glencoe.

*First Ties.*—Tillside Lass beat Magistrate  
 Whistler beat Ajax  
 Mr. Armstrong's Doctor, beat Marquis of Douglas's Doctor  
 Kent beat Grasper  
 Jesse beat Prince Albert  
 Waterloo beat Chance  
 Driver beat Bashful  
 Mignonette beat O Yes, O Yes, O Yes  
 Knight beat Moustache  
 Cacciatore beat Flora  
 Dreadnought beat Stewartfield  
 Hope beat Stopper  
 Simon beat Tom Jones  
 Mullindhu beat Pepper  
 Beauty beat Moses  
 Go beat Flora M'IVor  
 Fingal beat Rocket  
 Mountain Dew beat Twist  
 Mastic beat Mighty  
 Oscar beat Shamrock  
 Tippoo beat Jeanie.  
*Second Ties.*—Whistler beat Tillside Lass  
 Kent beat Simon  
 Waterloo beat Jesse  
 Driver beat Mignonette  
 Cacciatore beat Knight  
 Hope beat Dreadnought (drawn).  
 Mullindhu beat Doctor  
 Go beat Beauty  
 Fingal beat Mountain Dew  
 Mastic beat Oscar  
 Tippoo ran a bye  
*Third Ties.*—Whistler beat Kent  
 Waterloo beat Driver  
 Hope beat Cacciatore  
 Go beat Mullindhu  
 Tippoo beat Fingal  
 Mastic ran a bye.  
*Fourth Ties.*—Whistler beat Waterloo (drawn)  
 Hope beat Go.  
 Tippoo beat Mastic  
*Fifth Ties.*—Whistler beat Tippoo  
 Hope ran a bye.  
*Deciding Course.*—Whistler beat Hope, and won the Cup, and 100 sovs.

STONE, Dec. 19.

The Cup, value 20gs. ; the second dog to receive 5 sovs.

Mr. Williams's Wonder, beat Mr. Wright's Janette  
 Mr. Baddeley's Grasper, beat Mr. Dawson's Smoker  
 Mr. Wilday's Tempest, beat Mr. Fallow's Lady  
 Mr. Plant's Venus, beat Mr. Yates's Whip  
 Mr. Adie's Colwick, beat Mr. Chapman's Frolic  
 Mr. Borley's Port, beat Mr. Reason's Handy  
 Mr. Brindley's Topper, beat Mr. Bagshaw's Topper  
 Mr. Brindley's Chance, beat Mr. Wright's Mettle  
 Mr. Chapman's Creeper, beat Mr. Brindley's Spanker  
 Mr. Meeson's Moses, beat Mr. Brown's Meofond  
 Mr. Wilday's Hector, beat Mr. Gilbert's Joker  
 Mr. Dawson's Port, beat Mr. Brindley's Swift  
 Mr. Harding's Port Wine ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Topper beat Venus  
 Colwick beat Wonder  
 Port beat Creeper  
 Port (Mr. Borley's) ran a bye.  
 Moses beat Hector  
 Tempest beat Port Wine  
 Chance beat Grasper  
*Second Ties.*—Topper beat Chance  
 Moses beat Port  
 Tempest beat Port  
 Colwick ran a bye.  
*Third Ties.*—Moses beat Colwick  
 Tempest beat Topper.  
*Deciding Course.*—Moses beat Tempest, and won the Cup ; Tempest the Guineas.

## FLEETWOOD-ON-WYRE, Dec. 16.

The FLEETWOOD CUP, open to all dogs (value 20 sovs.); the second dog to receive 5 sovs.; the third 3 sovs.

Mr. Jolly's bd. b. Busy, beat Mr. Butcher's bar. and w. d. Wee Willie  
 Mr. Mayor's bk. d. Entwistle, beat Sir H. Fleetwood's bd. b. Fly  
 Mr. Winder's bk. d. Lever, beat Mr. Butcher's r. d. Spring  
 Mr. Simpson's bk. and w. d. Hector, beat Mr. Edmonstone's br. b. Fanny  
 Mr. Whiteside's bd. b. Violet, beat Mr. Winder's bk. d. Landmark  
 Mr. Dickinson's bl. d. Doctor, beat Mr. Mayor's f. and w. d. Spring  
 Mr. Wolfe's br. and w. d. Revenge, beat Mr. Simpson's bk. and w. b. Hannah  
 Mr. Fisher's f. b. Fly, beat Mr. Mayor's bd. b. Endure  
 Mr. Dickinson's bk. d. Clyde, beat Mr. Winder's bk. b. Butterfly  
 Mr. Kemp's bk. and w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Butcher's w. and bk. d. Fame  
 Mr. Dickinson's f. b. Spree, beat Mr. Burn's r. d. Paul Pry  
 Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. b. Howqua, beat Mr. Pattison's r. b. Countess  
 Mr. Simpson's r. b. Honeysuckle, beat Mr. Jolly's r. and w. b. Puss  
 Mr. Pattison's bk. and w. b. Puss, beat Mr. Wolfe's bar. d. Guide.

*First Ties.*—Entwistle beat Busy  
 Lever beat Hector  
 Violet beat Doctor  
 F. b. Fly beat Revenge.  
 Clyde beat bk. and w. b. Fly  
 Spree beat Howqua  
 Honeysuckle beat Puss

*Second Ties.*—Lever beat Entwistle  
 Violet beat Fly  
 Spree beat Clyde  
 Honeysuckle ran a bye.

*Third Ties.*—Violet beat Lever  
 Spree beat Honeysuckle.

*Deciding Course.*—Violet beat Spree, and won the Cup.

## ASKHAM, Dec. 11.

## The ASKHAM PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Parkinson's r. and w. d. Bendigo, beat Mr. Bowman's r. d. Magic  
 Mr. Copley's r. and w. b. Victoria, beat Mr. Mounsey's bd. b. Bessy Bedlam.

*Deciding Course.*—Victoria beat Bendigo, and won the Stakes.

## The SETRA PARK PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Pattison's f. d. Thrasher, beat Mr. Rimington's w. and f. d. Bolero  
 Mr. Gibson's r. d. Blister, beat Mr. Henderson's bd. d. Bloomsbury.

*Deciding Course.*—Thrasher beat Blister, and won the Stakes.

## The ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Chamber's bk. d. Smoker, beat Mr. W. Watkin's w. and bk. d. Wee Geordie  
 Mr. Burthwicke's r. d. Liverpool, ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Smoker beat Liverpool, and won the Stakes.

## COUNTY OF CORK CLUB, Nov. 21, and 28, Dec. 5, and 12.

## The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. French's d. Spy, beat Mr. Power's b. Taglioni  
 Mr. Hewitt's b. Gem, beat Mr. O'Brien's b. Nell  
 Mr. O'Brien's b. Nancy, beat Mr. Woodley's b. Rose  
 Mr. Hewitt's d. Turk, beat Mr. O'Brien's d. Rowdlum  
 Mr. Hewitt's b. Mayday, beat Mr. O'Brien's d. Peeler  
 Mr. Power's b. Kino, beat Mr. Leahy's b. Zeala  
 Mr. Maxwell's d. Bibo, beat Mr. Power's b. Kali.

*First Ties.*—Kino beat Turk  
 Spy beat Mayday  
 Gem beat Nancy  
 Bibo ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Spy beat Bibo  
 Kino beat Gem.

*Deciding Course.*—Gem beat Spy, and won the Stakes.

## MATCHES.

Mr. French's d. Killigrew, beat Mr. Power's b. Taglioni  
 Mr. French's b. Dart, beat Mr. Gregory's b. Albertazzi  
 Mr. O'Brien's d. Felix, beat Mr. Hewitt's b. Topaz  
 Mr. French's d. Killigrew, beat Mr. Power's b. Taglioni  
 Mr. Hewitt's b. Muslin, beat Mr. Woodley's d. Rocket  
 Mr. Blake's b. Eclair, beat Mr. Woodley's b. Rhoda  
 Mr. Courtenay's d. Fox, beat Mr. Blake's d. Tonnaire  
 Mr. Courtenay's d. Governor, beat Mr. Hewitt's b. Topaz  
 Mr. Blake's d. Oscar, beat Mr. Power's b. Taglioni  
 Mr. Power's b. Kali, beat Mr. O'Brien's d. Peeler  
 Mr. Courtenay's b. Lay, beat Mr. French's d. Killigrew  
 Mr. Hewitt's d. Turk, beat Mr. O'Brien's d. Felix  
 Mr. Hewitt's b. Gem, beat Mr. O'Brien's d. Peeler  
 Mr. Woodley's b. Rhoda, beat Mr. Hewitt's d. Turk  
 Mr. O'Brien's b. Nancy, beat Mr. Power's b. Kali.

## LANARKSHIRE AND RENFREWSHIRE CLUB, Dec. 19.

## COLLAR DOGS, 3 sovs. each.

Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord, beat Mr. J. L. Ewing's w. and bk. d. Emperor  
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butteryburn, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. b. Mignonette  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew, beat Mr. J. L. Ewing's bk. d. Lightning.

*Ties.*—My Lord beat Mountain Dew Butteryburn ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—My Lord and Butteryburn won the Champion Collar and Stakes.

The DARNLEY STAKES, of 1 sov. each, for Dogs that never won a Public Prize.

Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Jessie, beat Mr. J. L. Ewing's w. b. Blanche  
 Mr. J. L. Ewing's y. d. Lofty, beat Mr. Wilson's w. and bl. b. Mary  
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes, beat Mr. Geddes' w. and bk. b. Purity.

*Ties.*—Lofty beat Jessie O Yes ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—O Yes beat Lofty, and won the Stakes.

## THORNTON.—NEAR SKIPTON-IN-CRAVEN, Dec. 17.

## The CUP, value 50 sovs.

Mr. Hill's bk. d. Comet, beat Mr. Scott's Jerry  
 Mr. Birtwhistle's f. d. Dart, beat Mr. Slater's Shuffler  
 Mr. Bond's r. d. Punch, beat Mr. Redihoff's br. b. Rosin  
 Mr. H. Dobson's w. b. Whiskey, beat Mr. J. Allan's b. d. Dreamer  
 Mr. Aldersley's bd. b. Tumbler, beat Mr. Parkinson's f. d. Rasper  
 Mr. R. Tomlinson's bk. and w. d. Swift, beat Mr. Wood's b. d. Angler  
 Mr. Wilkinson's f. d. Joe Miller, beat Mr. Foster's bd. b. Hawker  
 Mr. Southwell's b. and w. d. Sportsman, beat Mr. Sagar's b. d. Crafty.

*First Ties.*—Punch beat Comet Dart beat Whiskey  
 Tumbler beat Joe Miller Sportsman beat Swift.

*Second Ties.*—Punch beat Sportsman Tumbler beat Dart.

*Deciding Course.*—After a severe course Punch beat Tumbler, and won the Cup.

## MATCH for 10 sovs.

Mr. Waterhouse's r. d. Brandy, beat Mr. Aldersley's Lightfoot.

## MATCH for 5 sovs.

Mr. Catlow's f. d. Red Rover, beat Mr. Geldard's b. d. Pippin.

RIPON, Dec. 17, 18, and 19.

## First Class.

Mr. R. Wilkinson's d. b. Dame, beat Mr. J. Cooper's Trapball  
 Mr. Turner's f. b. Sill, beat Mr. Wray's f. b. Gaylass  
 Mr. Wilkinson's bk. and w. d. Elis, beat Mr. Wrath's Darkstone  
 Mr. Wilson's f. and w. d. Slashing Harry, beat Mr. Thompson's r. and w. d. Staker.  
*Ties.*—Dame beat Sill Ellis beat Slashing Harry.

*Deciding Course.*—Dame beat Elis, and won the Stakes.

## Second Class.

Mr. Heslington's f. b. Hoptimus, beat Mr. Thornton's bk. and w. b. General  
 Mr. Thornton's r. d. Spring, beat Mr. Ibbotson's bl. b. Jessy  
 Mr. Cook's bn. d. Nimrod, beat Mr. Colley's d. Dickey Misfortune  
 Mr. Meek's bk. and w. d. Mack, beat Mr. Gregg's bl. and w. b. Venus.

*Ties.*—Spring beat Hoptimus Mack beat Nimrod.

*Deciding Course.*—Mack beat Spring, and won the Stakes, 8 sovs.

## Third Class.

Mr. Fall's f. b. Miss, beat Mr. Stockdale's bk. and w. d. Bullet  
 Mr. Wilson's bl. d. Swift, beat Mr. Stephenson's bl. and w. b. Lovely  
 Mr. Wilkinson's bn. d. Traveller, beat Mr. Colley's bk. d. Lottery.  
 Mr. Wilson's bl. and w. d. Bluecap, beat Mr. Myers's bl. b. Fawn.

*Ties.*—Miss beat Swift Traveller beat Bluecap.

*Deciding Course.*—Traveller beat Miss, and won the Stakes, 8 sovs.

## MILBURN.—NEAR PONTELAND, Dec. 19.

Mr. Elliott's b. Beeswing, beat Mr. Ramshaw's Tip  
 Mr. Elliott's Favourite, beat Mr. Carr's Sport  
 Mr. Anderson's Pont Miller, beat Mr. Gray's Roger  
 Mr. Dolman's Spring, beat Mr. Pickering's Doctor  
 Mr. Elliott's Flora, beat Mr. Anderson's The De'il-may-care  
 Mr. Wheatley's Topper, beat Mr. Watson's York  
 Mr. White's Swallow, beat Mr. Gray's Mohawk  
 Mr. T. Coe's Jarvis Gustavus, beat Mr. J. Smith's f. Bitch.

*First Ties.*—Beeswing beat Favourite Topper beat Flora  
 Pont Miller beat Spring Swallow beat Jarvis Gustavus.

*Second Ties.*—Beeswing beat Pont Miller Swallow beat Topper.

*Deciding Course.*—Beeswing beat Swallow.

## MORPETH CLUB, Dec. 20.

## A SILVER CUP AND SOVEREIGNS.

Mr. Crawford's bd. b. Sylph, beat Mr. Braithwaite's bk. d. Jew  
 Mr. J. Jobling's br. b. Madame Fly, beat Mr. Hall's f. d. Don Juan  
 Mr. Thompson's w. d. Spring, beat Mr. Fenwick's bl. d. Pilot  
 Mr. Straker's bk. b. Queen, beat Mr. Crawford's bl. and w. b. Fairy  
 Dr. Hedley's bk. b. Flit, beat Mr. J. H. Jobling's br. and w. b. Lily  
 Dr. Hedley's bk. d. Young Peel, beat Mr. Anderson's w. b. Smiling Beauty  
 Mr. R. F. Johnson's b. b. Vestris, ran a bye  
 Mr. Lowes's bd. and w. b. Laura, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Sylph beat Vestris Flit beat Queen  
 Spring beat Madame Fly Laura beat Young Peel.

*Second Ties.*—Spring beat Sylph Flit beat Laura

*Deciding Course.*—Flit beat Spring, and won the Cup and Sovs.

CLYDESDALE.—Dec. 16 and 17.

The DOUGLAS STAKES, value 140 sovs.

Mr. Wauchope's bk. d. Cerberus, beat Mr. A. Graham's y. d. The Bleacher  
 Lord Eglinton's d. and w. d. Waterloo, beat Mr. Wauchope's bk. and w. d. Don John  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. and w. d. Mustapha, beat Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w.  
 d. Croll

Lord Douglas's bk. d. Annan, beat Mr. Wauchope's bd. d. Cetus  
 Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Fingal, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. d. Mosstrooper  
 Marquis of Douglas's w. and bk. d. Darnley, beat Mr. Wauchope's r. d. Combat  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Moustache, beat Mr. A. Graham's Prince Albert  
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Glenkillock, beat Lord Douglas's bd. d. Beatock  
 Mr. Jardine's y. and w. d. Carron, beat Mr. A. Graham's br. and w. d. Blantyre-farm  
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Castlehill, beat Mr. Wauchope's bl. and w. d.  
 Chesterfield

Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Spankaway, beat Mr. A. Graham's w. and bd. d. Cacciatiere.

<i>First Ties.</i> —Waterloo beat Cerberus	Mustapha beat Annan
Darnley beat Fingal	Moustache beat Glenkillock
Carron beat Castlehill	Spankaway beat Landseer.

<i>Second Ties.</i> —Waterloo beat Mustapha	Carron beat Spankaway.
Moustache beat Darnley.	

*Third Ties.*—Waterloo beat Moustache (after an undecided course) Carron ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Carron beat Waterloo, and won the Stakes.

The EGLINTON STAKES, value 80 sovs.

Mr. A. Graham's w. y. b. Caledonia, beat Mr. Wauchope's bk. and w. b. Claret  
 (after an undecided course)

Mr. A. Graham's y. b. My-ain-thing, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's br. and w. b. Millicent  
 (after an undecided course)

Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. b. Mirza, beat Lord Eglinton's r. and w. b. Maggy Launder  
 Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. b. Dino, beat Mr. Wauchope's r. b. Camarine.

*First Ties.*—Mirza beat Caledonia      Dino beat My-ain-hing.

*Deciding Course.*—It having been agreed to run off the last tie to-day, and the Marquis of Douglas's Dino being taken away, Mr. H. Maxwell claimed the Stakes.

The EAST KILBRIDE STAKES.

Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O yes! O yes! O yes! beat Lord Eglinton's d. d. Glencoe.  
 Lord Eglinton's r. and w. d. Moses, beat Marquis of Douglas's bk. d. Draffan.

*Deciding Course.*—O Yes, O Yes, beat Moses, and won the stakes.

The BRANDON STAKES.

Mr. Maxwell's Mantalini, beat Lord Douglas's Kent  
 Lord Eglinton's Swan, beat Marquis of Douglas's Doctor  
 Mr. A. Graham's My Lord, beat Lord Eglinton's Moonlight  
 Marquis of Douglas's Dewdrop, beat Mr. Downie's Carronade  
 Mr. A. Graham's Butteryburn, beat Lord Douglas's Knight  
 Lord Eglinton's Indians, beat Mr. Downie's Van.

*First Ties.*—Mantalina beat Swan      My Lord beat Dewdrop  
 Butteryburn beat Indiana (after an undecided course)

*Second Ties.*—My Lord beat Mantalina Butteryburn ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. A. Graham's My Lord beat Butteryburn and won the Stakes.

The CLYDE STAKES.

Lord Eglinton's Bessy Bell, beat Mr. A. Graham's Jenny  
 Mr. Downie's Rollo, beat Lord Douglas's Hero  
 Mr. Maxwell's Mullandhu, beat Mr. A. Graham's Jeanie  
 Marquis of Douglas's Chouringee, beat Mr. A. Graham's Jessy  
 Lord Douglas's Music ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Bessy Bell beat Hero (after an undecided course.)

Mullandhu beat Music      Chouringee ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Chouringee beat Bessy Bell      Mullandhu ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Maxwell's Mullandhu beat the Marquis of Douglas's Chouringee, and won the Stakes.

**MATCHES.**

Mr. Jardine's The Camel, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's Mosstrooper  
 Mr. H. Maxwell's Madcap, beat Mr. A. Graham's Cacciatore  
 Mr. A. Graham's Glenkilloch, beat Mr. Geddes's Glory  
 Mr. A. Graham's My-ala-thing, beat Mr. Duggan's Sam Weller  
 Mr. Geddes's Go, beat Mr. Jardine's John Harvey.  
 Lord Eglinton's Skylark, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's Mustapha  
 Mr. Duggan's Dashaway, beat Mr. A. Graham's Castlebill.

**SOUTHPORT.—MR. CHEW'S MEETING.—Jan. 2 and 3.**

The GREAT FLEETWOOD STAKES, value 160 SOVS.

The winners of the first class to receive 2 sovs. each; the second class, 3 sovs each; the third class, 5 sovs. each; and the winner of the fifth class, 60 sovs.—the second, 20 sovs. The winner to pay 7 sovs., and the second, 3 sovs., to be added to a Stake of 2 sovs. each, for the first 16 beaten dogs.

Mr. Barge's bk. b. Maiden Queen, beat Mr. Hey's r. and w. d. Hookey Walker  
 Mr. Blackburn's r. b. Fly, beat Mr. John's r. d. Glaucus  
 Mr. Thomas's f. d. Achilles, beat Mr. Robinson's w. and f. b. Fly  
 Mr. Arden's f. and w. d. Commodore, beat Mr. Marlow's f. and w. d. Ellis  
 Mr. Slater's r. b. Smart, beat Mr. Bake's r. b. Venus  
 Mr. Easterby's bk. d. Earwig, beat Mr. Chew's bk. and w. d. Spring  
 Mr. Machell's bk. and w. d. Bedford, beat Mr. Hunt's br. b. Hopeless  
 Mr. Beardaley's bk. b. Smut, beat Mr. Duckworth's f. b. Stella  
 Mr. Tootell's w. and bk. b. Eruca, beat Mr. King's bl. d. Alfred  
 Mr. Hunt's bl. and w. d. Hawk-eye, beat Mr. Travis's bl. b. Violet  
 Mr. Chew's bl. and w. d. Saddler, beat Mr. Thomas's r. d. Chasse  
 Mr. Ogden's r. d. Touchstone, beat Mr. Gale's bk. and w. d. Lucky  
 Mr. Machell's r. d. Magic, beat Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer  
 Mr. Easterby's bk. and w. d. Emperor, beat Mr. Hines's bk. d. Nimrod  
 Mr. Eden's r. and w. b. Enchantress, beat Mr. Houghton's r. d. Ranger  
 Mr. Hey's w. and br. b. Clayton Lass, beat Mr. Bennett's r. d. Rubens.

*First Ties.*—Maiden Queen beat r. b. Fly      Eruca beat Hawk-Eye  
                          Commodore beat Achilles      Touchstone beat Saddler  
                          Earwig beat Smart      Magic beat Emperor  
                          Bedford beat Smut      Clayton Lass beat Enchantress.

*Second Ties.*—Maiden Queen beat Commodore      Eruca beat Touchstone  
                          Bedford beat Earwig      Clayton Lass beat Magic.

*Third Ties.*—Maiden Queen beat Bedford      Eruca beat Clayton Lass.

*Deciding Course.*—Maiden Queen beat Eruca, and won the Stakes.

The ROSSALL PUPPY STAKES for Sixteen Puppies, under 2 years old, at 2 sovs. each.—The first to receive 24 sovs., and the second 8 sovs.

Mr. Bake's f. and w. b. Swallow, beat Mr. Edwards's bk. and w. d. Emerald  
 Mr. Machell's f. and w. b. Tulip, beat Mr. Mayall's f. and w. d. Don John  
 Mr. Chew's bk. d. Beppo, beat Mr. Slater's w. and f. d. Snap  
 Mr. King's bk. d. Hawk-Eye, beat Mr. Rowley's r. d. Scramble  
 Mr. Rowley's f. b. Rebecca, beat Mr. Hunt's br. h. Hannah  
 Mr. Chew's br. d. Claret, beat Mr. Gale's f. d. Drunkard  
 Mr. Craven's r. b. Castle Carey, beat Mr. Robinson's bk. d. William  
 Mr. Houghton's r. and w. d. Don Juan, beat Mr. Thomas's r. b. Fairy.

*First Ties.*—Swallow beat Tulip      Rebecca beat Claret  
                          Beppo beat Hawk-Eye      Castle Carey beat Don John.

*Second Ties.*—Beppo beat Swallow      Rebecca beat Castle Carey.

*Deciding Course.*—Beppo beat Rebecca, and won the Stakes.

**THE CONSOLATION STAKES.**

Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer, beat Mr. Chew's bk. and w. d. Spring  
 Mr. Marlow's f. and w. d. Elis, beat Mr. Robinson's w. and f. b. Fly

Mr. Gale's bk. and w. d. Lucky, beat Mr. John's r. d. Glaucus  
 Mr. Hunt's bd. d. Hopeless, beat Mr. Thomas's r. d. Chasse  
 Mr. Heyes's r. and w. d. Hookey Walker, beat Mr. King's bl. d. Alfred  
 Mr. Bake's r. b. Venus, beat Mr. Bennett's r. d. Rubens  
 Mr. Houghton's r. d. Ranger, beat Mr. Travis's bl. b. Violet  
 Mr. Hind's bk. d. Nimrod, beat Mr. Duckworth's f. b. Stella.

*First Ties.*—Elis beat Skimmer Hopeless beat Lucky  
 Venus beat Hookey Walker Nimrod beat Ranger.

*Second Ties.*—Hopeless beat Elis Venus beat Nimrod.

*Deciding Course.*—Hopeless beat Venus, and won the Stakes.

The SOUTHPORT STAKES.

Mr. Mayall's r. d. Nelson, beat Mr. Thomas's br. and w. d. Fly  
 Mr. Bennett's bk. d. Sky Rocket, beat Mr. Chew's bk. and w. d. Carpenter  
 Mr. King's bk. and w. b. Patty, beat Mr. Ogden's w. and bk. d. Talleyrand  
 Mr. Bake's f. b. Belvidera, beat Mr. Hunt's bl. d. Hugo

*Ties.*—Sky Rocket beat Nelson Patty beat Belvidera.

*Deciding Course.*—Sky Rocket beat Patty, and won the Stakes.

The CHURCHTOWN STAKES.

Mr. Rowley's r. d. Earl, beat Mr. T. O. Thomas's w. b. Terryalt  
 Mr. Marlow's bl. d. Saddler, beat Mr. Robinson's r. d. Hero  
 Mr. Craven's bl. d. Cara, beat Mr. Ogden's f. d. Ergot  
 Mr. Easterbery's r. b. Regina, beat Mr. King's bk. b. Venus.

*Ties.*—Earl beat Saddler Cara beat Regina.

*Deciding Course.*—Cara beat Earl, and won the Stakes.

MATCH for 40 sovs. ; best of three Courses.

Mr. Paulden's bl. b. Enchantress, beat Mr. G. Allenson's f. b. Zephyr, in two courses.

ARDROSSAN CLUB.—Jan. 9 & 19.

The AVESHIRE OPEN CUP, value 45 sovs. ; with 10 to second dog, and 5 each to two others.

Sir W. Maxwell's bd. b. Mignonette, beat Mr. H. Brown's r. d. Couper  
 Mr. Geddes's f. d. Glory, beat Mr. Warner's b. b. Bessy Bell  
 Dr. Brown's bd. d. Chance, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes  
 Sir W. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew, beat Mr. Walker's bl. b. Witch  
 Mr. Geddes's y. b. Go, beat Mr. Duggan's f. d. Sam Weller  
 Dr. Brown's bd. d. Whistler, beat Mr. Walker's bk. d. Dashaway  
 Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. b. Indiana, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord.  
 Lord Eglinton's r. and w. b. Moonlight ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Glory beat Mignonette Chance beat Mountain Dew  
 Go beat Indiana Moonlight beat Whistler.

*Second Ties.*—Chance beat Glory Go beat Moonlight.

*Deciding Course.*—Chance beat Go, and won the Cup.

The CHAMPION COLLAR, with a Stake of 35 sovs.

Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark, beat Sir W. Maxwell's bk. d. Mosstrooper  
 Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought, beat Sir W. Maxwell's bk. b. Madcap  
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Cowboy, beat Dr. Brown's bd. d. Sweeper.  
 Mr. A. Graham's r. d. Prince Albert ran a bye.

*Ties.*—Skylark beat Cowboy Prince Albert beat Dreadnought.

*Deciding Course.*—Prince Albert beat Skylark, and won the Collar and Stakes.

MATCHES.

Lord Eglinton's Waterloo, beat Lord Eglinton's Fingal  
 Sir W. Maxwell's Madcap, beat Lord Eglinton's Grace Darling  
 Sir W. Maxwell's Mosstrooper, beat Lord Eglinton's Spankaway.

## WINCHBURGH.—Jan 10.

Mr. Mitchell's br. w. b. Flora M'Ivor, beat Mr. Raimes's r. b. Whimay  
 Mr. Raimes's bl. b. Beauty, beat Mr. Curror's bk. and w. b. Bevis  
 Mr. Raimes's w. d. Gamboler, beat Mr. Henderson's bk. b. Queen of Beauty  
 Mr. Henderson's bk. w. b. Lady Maria, beat Mr. Raimes's bk. d. Ajax  
 Mr. Mitchell's bl. d. Stranger, beat Mr. Piper's y. d. Druid  
 Mr. Henderson's w. d. Prince Albert, beat Mr. Raimes's bl. d. Spring  
 Mr. Mitchell's r. and w. d. Steam, beat Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. b. Cora.

*First Ties.*—Flora M'Ivor beat Beauty                      Captain beat Stranger  
                     Lady Maria beat Gamboler,                      Steam beat Prince Albert

*Second Ties*—Lady Maria beat Flora      Steam beat Captain aft. two undecided courses

*Deciding Course.*—Lady Maria beat Steam, and won the Collar and Stakes.

## NORTHUMBERLAND CLUB.—AT WHITFIELD.—Jan. 10.

The Cup, value 80gs.

Mr. N. Armstrong's bk. w. d. Doctor, beat Mr. Gregson's bl. and w. d. Talisman  
 Mr. Crawford's bd. b. Sylph, beat Mr. T. Spoor's bk. and w. d. Tippler  
 Mr. Lee's w. and bl. d. Tom Cringle, beat Mr. J. Arthur's bk. d. Tramp  
 Mr. J. Bell's r. d. Skip, beat Mr. Anderson's bl. d. Eagle  
 Mr. Hetherington's bd. d. Frank, beat Mr. Crawford's bk. b. The Queen  
 Mr. Armstrong's bl. b. Sylvia, beat Mr. Gregson's bl. b. Puss  
 Mr. Anderson's y. d. Shamrock, beat Mr. Crawford's d. b. Norna  
 Mr. Humble's f. b. Witch, beat Mr. Gregson's bk. and w. d. Twist.

*First Ties.*—Sylph beat Doctor                      Frank beat Sylvia  
                     Skip beat Tom Cringle                      Shamrock beat Witch.

*Second Ties.*—Skip beat Sylph                      Frank beat Shamrock.

*Deciding Course.*—Skip beat Frank, and won the Cup.

MATCH for 20 sovs.; one course.

Mr. Armstrong's bl. and w. d. Bran, beat Mr. Anderson's w. d. Wee Geordie.

MATCH for 50 sovs.; best of three courses.

Mr. Armstrong's bl. and w. d. Bran .....	1	1
Mr. Spoor's bl. and w. d. Tippler .....	2	2

MATCH for 20 sovs.; one course.

Mr. Anderson's w. d. Wee Geordie beat Mr. Robson's r. d. Clipper.

## SHERWOOD CLUB.—Jan. 14

Mr. R. Clifton's bl. d. Whistler, beat Mr. Nevill's bk. d. Negro  
 Mr. Browne's r. d. Nimrod, beat Mr. Malpas na. w. b. Nun  
 Mr. Turner's bl. d. Blucher, beat Mr. Hardy's bl. b. Ellen  
 Mr. Parr's bk. d. Tinker, beat Mr. Foster's r. b. Rose.  
 Mr. Nevill's r. d. Nimrod, beat Mr. Butt's bk. d. Roller  
 Mr. Brewster's r. b. Kate, beat Mr. Harrison's bk. b. Harriet  
 Mr. Hemsley na. bk. b. Fan, beat Mr. Godber's bk. d. Hamlet.

*First Ties.*—Whistler beat Nimrod                      Nimrod beat Kate.  
                     Tinker beat Blucher                      Fan ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Tinker beat Whistler                      Fan beat Nimrod.

*Deciding Course.*—Fan beat Tinker, and won the Stakes.

## ADLINGTON HALL.—NEAR MACCLESFIELD.—Jan. 20.

A PURSE OF SOVS.

Mr. Harrison's b. d. Toper, beat Mr. Hinshall's Ranter  
 Doctor Vawdery's r. d. Duke, beat Mr. Brook's Madam  
 Mr. Cooke's b. d. Harkaway, beat Mr. Gaskell's b. p. Philip



Mr. Twiford's b. and w. d. Fencer, beat Mr. Howard's fal. b. Vick  
 Mr. Hinshall's b. d. Ranger, beat Mr. Bagshaw's b. d. Sweep  
 Mr. Foster's bd. b. Victoria, beat Mr. Brooks's Stafford  
 Doctor Vawdrey's b. b. Fan, beat Mr. Shuttleworth's r. and w. d. Hector  
 Mr. Longshaw's r. b. Jessy, beat Mr. Bramall's b. b. Nell.

*First Ties.*—Duke beat Toper Victoria beat Ranger  
 Harkaway beat Fencer Jessy beat Fan.

*Second Ties.*—Harkaway beat Duke Victoria beat Jessy.

*Deciding Course.*—Victoria beat Harkaway, and won the Purse.

**THE GREAT FLEETWOOD CUP.**

Mr. Redish's r. b. Rose, by Streamer, beat Mr. Ball's bk. d. Lucifer  
 Mr. Hodgson's bd. and w. b. Zorillo, beat Sir P. H. Fleetwood's r. and w. b. Hannah  
 Mr. Garvin's br. d. Jorom, beat Mr. Edcn's f. and w. d. Enterprise  
 Mr. Slater's r. d. Sorel, beat Mr. Williamson's bk. and w. d. Sylla  
 Mr. Harriott's br. d. Hope, beat Mr. Easterby's w. and bk. b. Eruca  
 Mr. Rowley's bk. d. Emperor, beat Mr. Harrison's dun d. Ginger  
 Mr. Swan's w. d. Sirius, beat Mr. Radcliffe's br. and w. d. Rattler  
 Mr. Lee's r. and w. d. Leicester, beat Mr. Craven's bl. b. Cara.

*First Ties.*—Rose beat Zorillo Sorel beat Jorom  
 Emperor beat Hope Leicester beat Sirius.

*Second Ties.*—Sorel beat Rose Leicester beat Emperor.

*Deciding Course.*—Leicester beat Sorel, and won the Cup

**THE ROSSALL PUPPY CUP.**

Mr. Slater's f. d. Sheridan, beat Mr. Craven's r. b. Castle Cary  
 Mr. Williamson's bl. b. Cruiskeen, beat Mr. Lee's bk. and w. d. Luck's all  
 Mr. Birch's bl. d. True Blue, beat Mr. Ball's bk. d. Bittern  
 Mr. Redish's br. d. Rowton, beat Mr. Harrison's r. and w. d. Topper  
 Mr. Heyes's w. and f. d. Hylax, beat Mr. Swen's r. and w. d. Sandy  
 Mr. Garvin's bk. and w. d. Gale, beat Sir P. H. Fleetwood's Bart.  
 Mr. Fellow's w. and bk. d. Fidget, beat Mr. Rowley's f. b. Rebecca  
 Mr. Harriott's bk. and w. b. Isabella, beat Mr. Hodgson's r. d. Zingsnee

*First Ties.*—Sheridan beat Cruiskeen Rowton beat True Blue  
 Hylax beat Gale Fidget beat Isabella.

*Second Ties.*—Sheridan beat Rowton Hylax beat Fidget.

*Deciding Course.*—Hylax beat Sheridan, and won the Cup.

**THE UNION STAKES.**

Mr. Fellow's f. and w. d. Rough Robin, beat Mr. Rowley's r. d. Scramble  
 Mr. Birch's f. d. Dart, beat Mr. Hancott's bk. d. Hornsea  
 Mr. Hodgson's f. and w. b. Zatella, beat Mr. Swann's bk. and w. d. Sergeant  
 Mr. Ball's br. b. Cheshire Witch, beat Mr. H. Hey's br. and w. d. Doctor  
 Mr. Lee's r. and w. d. Lamboo, beat Mr. Williamson's r. b. Savourneen Deelish  
 Mr. Easterby's bk. d. Earwig, beat Mr. Fellow's f. b. Fancy  
 Mr. Eden's r. b. Enchantress, beat Mr. Slater's w. and r. d. Snap  
 Mr. Oddie's bl. d. Carlos, beat Mr. Garvin's bl. b. Glide.

*First Ties.*—Dart beat Rough Robin Cheshire Witch beat Zatella  
 Earwig beat Lamboo Carlos beat Enchantress.

*Second Ties.*—Dart beat Cheshire Witch Earwig beat Carlos.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Easterby's Earwig, beat Mr. Birch's Dart, and won the Stakes.

**THE BOLD STAKES**

Mr. Rowley's bk. d. Napoleon (late Tory), beat Mr. Harrison's dun d. Ginger  
 Mr. Harriott's bk. d. Hornsea, beat Mr. Williamson's bk. and w. d. Sylla  
 Mr. Eden's r. d. Eclair, beat Mr. Swan's bk. and w. d. Sergeant  
 Mr. Redish's bk. and w. d. Rubens, beat Mr. Fellow's f. b. Fancy  
 Mr. Easterby's w. and bk. b. Eruca, beat Mr. Ball's bk. d. Lucifer  
 Mr. Hodgson's br. and w. b. Zorillo, beat Mr. Lee's r. d. Lolly.

## THE COURSING CALENDAR,

*First Ties.*—Napoleon beat Hornsea Rabens ran a bye (Eclair killed)  
Zorillo ran a bye (Eruca dr.)

*Second Ties.*—Napoleon beat Rubens Zorillo ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Zorillo beat Napoleon, and won the Stakes.

## The CHAMPAIGNE STAKES.

Mr. Swan's w. and r. d. Sandy, beat Mr. Oddie's f. d. Careless  
Mr. Fellow's bk. d. Friendship, beat Mr. Harrison's br. b. Whitefoot  
Mr. Hodgson's bk. and w. b. Zafra, beat Mr. Redish's r. b. Ruby  
Mr. Craven's r. b. Castle Carey, beat Mr. Lee's bk. and w. d. Lottery  
Mr. Slater's w. and r. d. Snap, beat Mr. Ball's bl. and w. d. Blueskin  
Mr. Rowley's f. b. Rebecca, beat Mr. Hancott's f. d. Hannibal.

*First Ties.*—Sandy beat Friendship Rebecca ran a bye.  
Castle Carey beat Zafra.

*Second Ties.*—Castle Carey beat Sandy Rebecca ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Castle Carey beat f. b. Rebecca, and won the Stakes.

## The CLARET STAKES.

Sir P. H. Fleetwood's, Bart., r. b. Hannah, beat Mr. Easterby's f. d. Hemlock  
Mr. Craven's bl. b. Cara, beat Mr. Eden's f. and w. d. Enterprise  
Mr. Swan's w. d. Sirius, beat Mr. Williamson's bl. b. Cruiskeen  
Mr. Lee's bk. d. Luck's-all, beat Mr. Harriott's br. d. Hope.

*Ties.*—Cara beat Hannah Sirius beat Luck's-all.

*Deciding Course.*—Sirius beat Cara, and won the Stakes.

## HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB.—Jan. 20 and 23.

## MATCHES.

Mr. A. Attwood ns. Mr. Spooner's Squib, beat Mr. Sherrotts ns. Mr. Spooner's  
Spanker  
Mr. Whittington's Garrick, beat Mr. Moseley's Fly  
Mr. Chertington's Comet, beat Mr. Attwood's Gipsy  
Mr. Moseley's Bloomsbury, beat Mr. Burford's Colonel  
Mr. Spooner's Sultan, beat Mr. Collin's Cadet.

## A SWEEPSTAKES for four Dogs.

Mr. Coombe's bk. b. Industry, beat Mr. Moseley's wh. Bloomsbury  
Mr. Thompson's r. b. Gipsy, and Mr. Sheppard's r. b. Madge, ran an undecided  
course, after which Madge was drawn.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Coombe's Industry beat Mr. Thompson's Gipsy, and won  
and the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 16 dogs, at 25s. each; the winner of the main to receive 10 sovs.  
the second dog 5 sovs.

Mr. Parkinson's bk. b. Sister Bab, beat Mr. T. Hodgson's r. d. Critic  
Mr. Harvey's bk. d. —, beat Mr. Bowle's bk. d. Black Dwarf  
Mr. Attwood's y. d. Whalebone, beat Mr. Partridge's bl. d. Bachelor  
Mr. J. Hodgson's r. b. Victoria, beat Mr. Sperring's f. b. Fly  
Mr. Brown's bd. b. Sylph, beat Mr. Elmore's bl. d. Excellent  
Mr. Clarke's y. b. Cameo, beat Mr. Hitchcock's bk. b. Skip  
Mr. Coombes's f. b. Imogene, beat Mr. Nightingale ns. Mr. Goodlake's y. b. Golden  
Fleece

Captain Beat ns. Mr. Spooner's bk. d. Spot, beat Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Gangea.

*First Ties.*—Sister Bab beat Harvey's bk. d. Victoria beat Whalebone  
Cameo beat Sylph Imogene ran a bye, (Spot drawn.)

*Second Ties.*—Victoria beat Sister to Bab Imogene beat Cameo.

*Deciding Course.*—Imogene beat Victoria, winning 10 guineas and Victoria 5 sovs.

## MATCHES for from 50 sovs. to 5 sovs, a-side.

Mr. Spooner's Sector, beat Mr. Chitty's bk. b. Cara  
Mr. Matson's r. d. Saladin, beat Mr. Parkinson's r. b. Rosebud

Mr. Spooner's f. d. Spartan, beat Mr. Collin's r. d. Stamp  
 Mr. Elmore's w. d. Euclid, beat Mr. Sherrott's (Mr. Chitty's) f. d. Cæsar  
 Dr. Scott's bk. b. Creole, beat Mr. Norton's f. d. Spring  
 Mr. Lorton's bk. d. Spider, beat Mr. Sperring's r. b. Violet  
 Mr. Clark's Cecrops, agat. Mr. Hodsdon's r. d. Brilliant. After twice being slipt,  
 and given no course, the third was undecided.

MATCH for 5 sovs.

Mr. Moseley's w. d. Bloomsbury, beat Mr. Burford's r. b. Fly.

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**CHESTERFORD CLUB.—Jan. 21 and 22.**

The Cup.

Mr. Dunn's br. d. Dreadnought, beat Mr. Webb's f. b. Witch  
 Mr. Enson's bk. d. Emerald, beat Mr. Fitch's bk. d. Falcon  
 Mr. Maulkin's bk. b. Ida, beat Mr. Spicer's bk. b. Catch  
 Mr. Edward's br. d. Abraham Newland, beat Mr. W. Taylor's w. d. Trump  
 Mr. Finch's bk. b. Graceful, beat Mr. J. Taylor's f. d. Perch  
 Mr. Gillett's bk. d. Grandee ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Ida beat Grandee  
 Abraham Newland beat Emerald. Graceful beat Dreadnought

*Second Ties.*—Abraham Newland beat Ida Graceful ran a bye

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Finch's Graceful beat Mr. Edwards' Abraham Newland, and won the Cup.

ELMDON STAKES, for Bitch Puppies.

Mr. Spicer's bk. Fly, beat Mr. Finch's bk. and w. Garland  
 Mr. Webb's br. Wapiti, beat Mr. Emson's bl. Esmeralda  
 Mr. J. Taylor's bk. Pink, beat Mr. Maulkin's f. Jo  
 Mr. Edwards' br. Acid, beat Mr. Gillett's w. and r. Georgiana

*Ties.*—Fly beat Acid Wapiti beat Pink

*Deciding Course.*—Fly beat Wapiti, and won the Stakes.

AUDLEY END STAKES, for Dog Puppies.

Mr. Fitch's w. Fleur-de-Lis, beat Mr. W. Taylor's w. Timid  
 Mr. Edwards' f. Antar, beat Mr. Finch's r. Giraffe  
 Mr. Gillett's r. Gulliver, beat Mr. Maulkin's f. Ion  
 Mr. Webb's r. Whirlwind ran a bye.

*Ties.*—Fleur-de-Lis beat Gulliver Antar beat Whirlwind.

*Deciding Course.*—Antar beat Fleur-de-Lis, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Finch's r. d. p. Giraffe, beat Mr. Dunn's f. b. Dolittle  
 Mr. Dunn's f. d. Duncan, beat Mr. Maulkin's br. d. Ickleton  
 Mr. Gillett's bk. d. p. Gladiator, beat Mr. Edwards's f. d. Anecdote  
 Mr. Edwards's f. d. Albertazzi, beat Mr. Spicer's bk. b. Catch  
 Mr. Gillett's bk. and w. b. p. Garland, beat Mr. Maulkin's f. b. p. Jo  
 Mr. Finch's w. and r. Georgiana, beat Mr. Fitch's bk. d. Falcon  
 Mr. Edwards' b. r. p. Alamode, beat Mr. Maulkin's f. d. p. Ion  
 Mr. Edwards' br. b. p. Acid, beat Mr. Fitch's r. b. p. Flirt  
 Mr. Emson's br. d. Essex, against Mr. Spicer's bk. d. Nelson (no course)  
 Mr. J. Taylor's bk. b. b. Pink, against Mr. Edwards's br. b. p. Acid (no course)  
 Mr. J. Taylor's f. d. Perch, against Mr. Maulkin's r. and w. b. Imogene (ditto).

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**GRIMSTHORPE.—Jan. 22 and 23.**

Mr. J. Carter's Victoria, beat Mr. J. Calthorp's Lady  
 Mr. J. Goodale's Raven, beat Mr. C. Bowman's Proprietor  
 Mr. Fisher's Tawny, beat M. J. Raten's Ranger  
 Mr. Goodale's Twilight, beat Mr. Warsop's Jane  
 Mr. Sharpe's Bowler, beat Mr. N. C. Stevenson's Captive

Mr. B. Ferraby ns. Driver, beat Mr. Jameson's Unknown  
 Mr. Warsop's Weston, beat Mr. Banks's Fly  
 Mr. J. T. Sharpe's Jupiter, beat Mr. F. Denahire's Spring  
 Mr. W. Crane's Nell, beat Mr. Thisleton's Malibran  
 Mr. Bank's Spring, beat Mr. J. Carter's Dainty  
 Mr. W. Cook's Unknown, beat Mr. Muntóns n. Alonzo  
 Mr. J. Calthorp's Fly, beat Mr. Warsop's Jack.

*First Ties.*—Victoria beat Raven  
 Tawny beat Twilight  
 Driver beat Bowler  
 Weston beat Jupiter  
 Nell beat Spring  
 Fly beat Unknown.

*Second Ties.*—Tawny beat Victoria  
 Fly beat Nell.  
 Weston beat Driver

*Third Ties.*—Weston beat Tawny  
 Fly ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Warsop's Weston beat Mr. J. Calthorp's Fly, and won the Cup  
 Fly, as second dog, 5 sovs. ; and Tawny, as third dog, 2 sovs.

#### FLEETWOOD.—Jan. 23.

The Cup, value 18 sovs. ; the second dog to receive 6 sovs.,

Mr. Dickenson's b. b. Spree, beat Mr. Jolly's bk. and w. b. Smart  
 Mr. Kemp's f. b. Queen of Trumps, beat Mr. Whitton's bk. d. Bluecap  
 Mr. Whiteside's b. b. Violet, beat Mr. Birley's f. d. Blythe  
 Mr. Wolfe's b. and w. d. Revenge, beat Mr. Mayor's bl. d. Doctor  
 Mr. Kirkham's bk. and w. b. Stella, beat Mr. Simpson's b. d. Hector  
 Sir P. H. Fleetwood's bk. b. Flirt, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's r. and w. d. Hyacinthus  
 Mr. Winder's bk. d. Lever beat Mr. Butcher's w. d. Snowball  
 Mr. Neeve's f. d. Smoker, beat Mr. Alger's b. d. Augustus.

*First Ties.*—Spree beat Queen of Trumps  
 Flirt beat Stella  
 Violet beat Revenge.

*Second Ties.*—Violet beat Spree  
 Lever beat Flirt.

*Deciding Course.*—Violet beat Lever, and won the Cup.

The ROSSAL STAKES, value 12 sovs., the second dog to receive 4 sovs.

Mr. Whiteside's bk. b. Bell, beat Mr. Wolfe's r. d. Quan  
 Mr. Jolly's r. and w. b. Puss, beat Mr. Simpson's f. and w. d. Wilderry  
 Mr. Dickinson's bk. d. Cato, beat Mr. Hornby's bd. d. Terryalt  
 Mr. Pattison's bk. b. Puss, beat Mr. Bonny's bd. b. Fly  
 Mr. Bourne's bk. b. Butterfly, beat Mr. Bonny's bd. d. Guido  
 Mr. Fisher's bk. d. Barry, beat Mr. Thomson's bk. and w. b. Heedless  
 Mr. Hornby's bd. and w. d. Wee Willie, beat Mr. Simpson's bk. and w. d. Ben  
 Mr. Fisher's f. and w. b. Fly, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Fly beat Bell  
 Puss beat Cato  
 Puss beat Butterfly  
 Wee Willie beat Barry

*Second Ties.*—Puss beat Fly  
 Wee Willie beat Barry

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Jolly's Puss beat Mr. Hornby's Wee Willie, and won the Stakes.

#### HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB, Dec. 5.

Mr. Sperring's bk. b. Violet, beat Mr. Partridge's bk. d. Jack Ketch  
 Mr. Leigh's (Capt. Best's) bk. b. Beduty, beat Mr. T. Hodson's r. d. Brilliant  
 Mr. Harvey's bk. and w. b. Half-and-half, beat Mr. Sheppard's bk. b. Beeswing  
 Mr. Moseley's w. d. Bloomsbury, beat Mr. Burford's bk. b. Fly  
 Mr. Collins's bk. b. Clara, beat Mr. S. Taylor's bk. d. Chase  
 Mr. Elmore's r. d. beat Mr. Clark's r. b.  
 Mr. Pfeil's f. d. Priestess, beat Mr. Dunsie's bk. and w. b. Violet  
 Dr. Scott's bk. b. Sister to Bab, beat Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock  
 Mr. Sherrott's (Capt. Best's) f. b. Belle, beat Mr. Charrington's (Spooner's) bk. b. Susan  
 Mr. J. Harvey's bk. d. Spot, beat Mr. Evans's (Mr. Spinnall's) f. b. Woiky  
 Mr. R. Taylor's bl. b. Nimble, beat Mr. A. Attwood's (Martinson's) br. b. Merry  
 Mr. Williams's (Mr. Sheppard's) bk. b. Babel, beat Mr. Newman's buff d. Buff

Mr. Chitty's f. b. Crucifix, beat Mr. Whittington's r. d. Carriek  
 Mr. Hodsdon's r. b. Victoria, beat Mr. Silcock's (Thompson's) r. b. Swelta  
 Dr. Scott's f. b. Susan, beat Mr. Cox's (Mr. Spooner's) w. d. Lancet  
 Mr. Attwood's bk. d. Chase, agst. Mr. Hare's bk. d. Brigand (no course).

Second Class.

Mr. Sheppard's bk. b. Fly, beat Mr. Wareham's f. b. Sherry  
 Mr. Harvey's bk. d. Homer, beat Mr. Evans's (Sheppard's) f. b. Hanway  
 Capt. Best's r. d. Billy, beat Mr. Spooner's r. d. Squib  
 Mr. Silcock's bk. d. Barrister, beat Mr. Goddard's bk. and w. b. Hebe  
 Mr. Pfeil's r. b. Phœbe, beat Mr. R. Taylor's w. d. Snowball  
 Mr. Rangecroft's w. and bk. d. Rex, beat Mr. Dyson's bk. and w. b. Regina  
 Mr. Moseley's bl. b. Fly, beat Mr. Burford's bl. and w. d. Skim  
 Mr. Gardner's bk. and w. b. Lilly, beat Mr. Moseley's w. d. Pilot  
 Mr. Taylor's bl. b. Nimble, beat Mr. R. Taylor's bl. d. Hestor  
 Mr. T. Hodsdon's r. d. Critic, beat Mr. J. Hodsdon's r. d. Brilliant  
 Mr. A. Attwood's bk. and w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Charrington's f. b. Comet  
 Mr. R. Coombes's bk. b. Industry, beat Mr. Harvey's (now Mr. Hodsdon's) Cæsar  
 Mr. J. Harvey's bk. d. Confidence, beat Mr. Evan's w. and y. Blucher  
 Mr. Newman's bl. d. Mars, beat Mr. E. Evan's bk. d. Conrad  
 Mr. Whittington's r. d. Garrick, beat Mr. Sherrot's r. d. Critic  
 Mr. T. Hodsdon's r. d. Whalebone, beat Mr. Whittington's f. b. puppy  
 Mr. Moseley's w. d. Bloomsbury, agst. Mr. Shephard's f. b. (undecided).

NEWMARKET (ALLINGTON HILL) NEW.—FEB. 5, 6, 7.

ALLINGTON HILL STAKES, for bitch puppies.

Mr. Gillett's r. and w. Georgiana, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. Busy  
 Mr. Saberton's bk. Susan, beat Mr. Inskip's br. I-wish-you-may  
 Captain Daintree's Kix Vix-y, beat Mr. Bryant's w. Effie Deans  
 Captain Daintree's br. Keepsake, beat Mr. Vipan's w. Verity  
 Mr. Dobede's r. Dewberry, beat Mr. Nash's br. Acid  
 Mr. Saberton's w. Silkworm, beat Mr. Finch's bk. and w. Garland  
 Mr. King's w. and bl. Roxana, beat Mr. Edwards's br. A la Mode  
 Mr. Vipan's w. Violante, beat Mr. Inskip's f. Idol.

First Ties.—Roxana beat Kix Vix-y  
 Dewberry beat Susan  
 Violante beat Silkworm  
 Keepsake beat Georgiana.

Second Ties.—Keepsake beat Dewberry  
 Violante beat Roxana.

Deciding Course.—Violante beat Keepsake, and won the Stakes.

THE CUP.

Captain Daintree's r. w. d. p. King Cob, beat Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Euphrates  
 Mr. Saberton's bl. d. Selim, beat Mr. Vipan's bk. d. p. Volens  
 Mr. Edwards's f. d. p. Antar, beat Mr. Dunn's bl. d. Blucher  
 Mr. Moody's br. b. Rebecca, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. b. p. Fliigil  
 Mr. King's r. d. p. Red Rover, beat Mr. Inskip's br. d. Ickwell  
 Mr. Fyson's bk. d. Favorite (late Damon), beat Mr. Vipan's bk. d. Victory  
 Mr. Dobede's bk. and w. d. p. Douro, beat Mr. Gillett's br. b. Guitar  
 Mr. Finch's bk. d. Grandee, beat Mr. Nash's br. d. Critic.

First Ties.—Favorite (late Damon) beat Rebecca  
 Douro beat Grandee  
 Selim beat King Cob  
 Red Rover beat Antar.

Second Ties.—Favorite beat Red Rover  
 Selim beat Douro.

Deciding Course.—Favorite beat Selim, and won the Cup.

The CHIPPENHAM STAKES, for dog puppies.

Mr. Edwards's f. Assassin, beat Mr. Gillett's bl. Gladiator  
 Mr. Fyson's r. Follett (late Duncan), beat Mr. Bryant's f. Enoch  
 Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. Burwell, beat Mr. Dobede's r. Dandelion  
 Mr. Dunn's f. and w. Bustle, beat Mr. Bryant's bk. and w. Euclid  
 Mr. Dobede's bl. Dumallin, beat Mr. Finch's r. Gulliver  
 Mr. Inskip's br. Intruder, beat Mr. Saberton's w. Slyboots

Mr. Inskip's r. Imp, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. and w. Flamingo  
 Captain Daintree's r. King Pepin, beat Mr. Vipan's f. Vincent.

*First Ties.*—Assassin beat Follett King Pepin beat Intruder  
 Dunallen beat Burwell Bustle beat Imp.

*Second Ties.*—Dunallen beat Assassin King Pepin beat Bustle.

*Deciding Course.*—Dunallen beat King Pepin and won the Stakes.

#### THE PORT STAKES.

Mr. Inskip's bk. d. Impetus, beat Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Everlasting  
 Captain Duintree's w. d. Keel, beat Mr. Finch's bk. b. Graceful  
 Mr. Dobede's w. b. Diana, beat Mr. Moody's br. d. Rioter  
 Mr. Vipan's r. d. Voltaire, beat Mr. Gillett's bl. d. Greenacre  
 Mr. Edwards's br. d. Abraham Newland, beat Mr. Saberton's bk. d. p. Stoic  
 Mr. Vipan's r. and w. b. p. Verbena, beat Mr. Inskip's r. and w. d. Index  
 Mr. Saberton's bk. d. Sportsman, beat Mr. Gillett's f. d. p. Giles  
 Mr. Dobede's bk. b. Demeaux, beat Mr. Fyson's w. d. p. Falcon.

*First Ties.*—Diana beat Keel Sportsman beat Voltaire  
 Abraham Newland beat Impetus Verbena beat Demeaux.

*Second Ties.*—Verbena beat Abraham Newland Diana beat Sportsman.

*Deciding Course.*—Verbena beat Diana, and won the Stakes.

#### THE RUTLAND STAKES.

Mr. Dobede's r. d. p. Dandelion, beat Mr. Gillett's br. b. Guitar  
 Mr. Saberton's w. d. p. Slyboots, beat Mr. Inskip's r. and w. Index  
 Mr. Vipan's bk. d. p. Volens, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. b. p. Fliigel.

*Ties.*—Slyboots beat Volens Dandelion ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Slyboots beat Dandelion, and won the Stakes.

#### MATCHES.

Mr. Nash's bk. b. Cruiskeen, beat Mr. Moody's br. d. Rioter  
 Mr. Inskip's bk. b. p. Icaria, beat Mr. Gillett's br. b. p. Grial  
 Mr. Edwards's br. b. Agnes, beat Mr. Nash's br. d. Critic  
 Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. d. p. Busy, beat Mr. Inskip's br. b. p. I-wish-you-may  
 Mr. Dunn's bl. d. Blucher, beat Mr. Vipan's bk. d. Victory  
 Mr. Edwards's br. b. p. A la Mode, agst. Mr. Fyson's bk. b. p. Fliigel (undecided)  
 Mr. Inskip's f. b. Idle, agst. Mr. Fyson's bk. w. d. p. Flamingo (no course)  
 Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Euphrates, beat Mr. Nash's bk. b. Cruiskeen.

#### CLYDESDALE CLUB.—Feb. 3 and 4.

##### THE CUP.

Lord Douglas's bk. d. Kent, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord  
 Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. d. Draffen, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. d. Mullanthu  
 Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark, beat Lord Douglas's bd. and w. b. Mastic  
 Mr. Geddes's y. b. Go, beat Mr. A. Graham's w. and bd. d. Cacciatore (after an unde-  
 cided course)

Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. b. Mignonette, beat Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. b. Indiana.

*First Ties.*—Draffen beat Kent Skylark beat Go Mignonette ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Draffen beat Mignonette Skylark ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Draffen beat Skylark, and won the Cup.

##### THE CHAMPION COLLAR.

Lord Eglinton's r. and w. b. Moonlight, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain  
 Dew

Marquis of Douglas's bd. d. Clyde, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes! O Yes!  
 O Yes!

Mr. Jardine's y. and w. d. Carron, ran a bye.

*Ties.*—Carron beat Moonlight Clyde ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Carron beat Clyde, and won the Collar.

The EAST KILBRIDE STAKES.

Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Glenkilloch, beat Mr. Jardine's y. and w. d. Cringet  
Mr. Duggan's w. and r. d, Dickens, ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Glenkilloch beat Dickens, and won the Stakes.

The HAMILTON STAKES.

Mr. Geddes's f. d. Glory, beat Marquis of Douglas's f. b. Dew-drop  
Lord Eglinton's dun b. Bessy Bell, beat Mr. A. Graham's w. and y. d. Forester  
Lord Douglas's w. and bd. d. Hawthorn, beat Mr. Duggan's f. d. Sam Weller (after  
an undecided course)  
Lord Douglas's bd. d. Knight, beat Lord Eglinton's bd. and w. b. Grace Darling  
Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butteryburn, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's w. d. Mantilini.

*First Ties.*—Glory beat Bessy Belly      Hawthorn beat Butteryburn  
Knight ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Glory beat Knight      Hawthorn ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Hawthorn beat Glory (after an undecided course), and won the  
Stakes.

The CAMBUSLANG STAKES.

Mr. A. Graham's r. d Prince Albert, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's f. b. Milicent  
Lord Douglas's b. d. Hero, beat Mr. Geddes's dun and d. w. Gemmel (late Dash-  
away), after an undecided course  
Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought, beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Landseer  
Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mars, beat Lord Eglinton's bk. b. Sleet.

*Ties.*—Prince Albert beat Hero      Dreadnought beat Mars.

*Deciding Course.*—Prince Albert beat Dreadnought, and won the Stakes.

The CLYDE STAKES.

Lord Douglas's bd. d. Barefoot, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Jessy (after an unde-  
ecided course)  
Lord Douglas's bd. d. Beatoek, beat Lord Eglinton's dun d. Glencoe  
Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Jeanie, beat Lord Douglas's bk. d. Annan  
Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Glenkilloch, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's Daphne.

*Ties.*—Barefoot beat Jeanie      Beatoek beat Glenkilloch.

*Deciding Course.*—Barefoot and Beatoek won the Stakes.

EVERLEIGH.—Feb. 3, 4, and 5.

The ALL-AGE CUP.

Mr. Clarke's r. d. Cecrops, beat Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock  
Mr. Bailey's f. b. Bertha, beat Mr. Russell's f. b. Fan  
Mr. Elmore's r. d. Brilliant, beat Mr. Jones's y. and w. b. Fly  
Mr. Elmore's y. b. Cameo, beat Mr. Chitty's (Mr. Bailey's) w. b. Bulow  
Mr. Hunt's r. b. Victoria, beat Mr. Dingwall's bk. b. Aurora  
Mr. Palmer's f. d. Hawk, beat Mr. Charrington's w. b. Comet  
Mr. Beat's (Spooner's) br. d. Sevella, beat Mr. Miller's (Sherrott's) bk. and w. d.  
Wonder

Mr. Walker's (Elmore's) f. b. Elegant, beat Mr. Patient's (Dingwall's) r. d. Artist.

*First Ties.*—Cecrops beat Bertha      Victoria beat Hawk  
Cameo beat Brilliant      Sevella beat Elegant.

*Second Ties.*—Cameo beat Cecrops      Sevella beat Victoria.

*Deciding Course.*—Cameo beat Sevella, and won the Cup, Sevella the Goblet.

The JENNER STAKES.

Mr. Charrington's bd. b. Chance, beat Mr. Dingwall's f. d. Anson  
Mr. Elmore's r. d. Whalebone, beat Mr. Jones's r. b. Nun  
Mr. Spooner's bd. b. Star, beat Mr. Palmer's bl. b. Nonsense  
Mr. Miller's r. d. Spring, beat Mr. Bailey's r. b. Balsam.

*Ties.*—Whalebone beat Chance      Star beat Spring.

*Deciding Course.*—Whalebone beat Star, and won the Stakes.

## The ENFOSD STAKES.

Mr. Elmore's r. d. Critic, beat Mr. Danger's f. b. Victory  
 Mr. Clarke's r. b. Elfin, beat Mr. Plimmer's r. and w. d. Claret (after an undecided course).

*Deciding Course.*—Elfin drawn, and Critic won the Stakes.

## The UNITED CLUB STAKES.

Mr. Elmore's f. and w. d. Euclid, beat Mr. Dingwall's r. d. Artist  
 Mr. Jones's y. and w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Russell's f. b. Fan  
 Mr. Humphries's bl. b. Hebe, Mr. Danger's f. b. Victory  
 Mr. Jones's r. b. Nun, beat Mr. Bailey's r. b. Balsam.

*Ties.*—Fly beat Euclid, Hebe was drawn, after two undecided courses with Nus, and Fly being also drawn, Nun won the Stakes.

## MATCHES.

Mr. Elmore's f. b. Elegant, beat Mr. Dingwall's r. d. Artist  
 Mr. Miller's bk. and w. d. Wonder, beat Mr. Plimmer's r. and w. d. Claret  
 Mr. Clarke's r. b. Elfin, beat Mr. Charrington's bd. d. Critic  
 Mr. Palmer's f. d. Hawk, beat Mr. Charrington's f. b. Comet  
 Mr. Elmore's b. d. Brilliant, beat Mr. Bailey's f. b. Bertha  
 Mr. Miller's bl. d. Beelzebub, beat Mr. Danger's f. b. Victory  
 Mr. Beaven's bl. and w. d. Plunder, beat Mr. Elmore's r. d. Critic.

## CHATSWORTH (SOUTH LANCASHIRE).—Feb. 5 and 6.

## The CHATSWORTH CUP, for all-aged dogs.

Mr. Gale's bk. d. Chasse, beat Duke of Devonshire's bk. b. Fly  
 Mr. King's bk. b. Venus, beat Mr. B. Robinson's r. b. S. H. Fly  
 Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer, beat Mr. Edwards's r. d. Merchant  
 Mr. Slater's r. d. Sorel, beat Mr. Hunt's bl. and w. d. Hawk-eye  
 Mr. Bennett's bk. d. Skyrocket, beat Mr. E. Whitehead's bl. and w. d. Pedlar  
 Mr. Ogden's r. d. Touchstone, beat Mr. Walker's f. b. Mary  
 Mr. Chew's bl. and w. d. Saddler, beat Mr. Parkinson's f. and w. d. Elis  
 Mr. Thomas's f. d. Traveller (late Achilles), beat Mr. Robinson's bk. b. Linnet.

*First Ties.*—Venus beat Chasse Skimmer beat Sorel  
 Touchstone beat Skyrocket Saddler beat Traveller.

*Second Ties.*—Skimmer beat Venus Touchstone beat Saddler.

*Deciding Course.*—Touchstone beat Skimmer, and won the Cup.

## The DEVONSHIRE PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Chew's bk. d. Hector, beat Mr. Hodgson's bk. and w. b. Zafra  
 Mr. J. Robinson's bk. and w. d. Marmion, beat Mr. Bennett's r. b. Nimble  
 Mr. Edward's w. and y. b. Elegance, beat Mr. E. Whitehead's f. d. Jerry  
 Mr. B. Robinson's br. and w. b. Harriet, beat Mr. King's bk. d. Jerry  
 Mr. Slater's f. d. Sheridan, beat Mr. Forest's bk. and w. b. Fountain Nymph  
 Mr. Hunt's r. b. Honeysuckle, beat Mr. Bake's bl. d. Bluecap.  
 Mr. Thomas's r. b. Fairy, beat Mr. Bennet's r. d. Avis  
 Mr. Edwards's r. d. Eclipse, beat Mr. Chew's bd. d. Claret.

*First Ties.*—Marmion beat Hector Harriet beat Elegance  
 Sheridan beat Honeysuckle Fairy beat Eclipse.

*Second Ties.*—Marmion beat Harriet Sheridan beat Fairy.

*Deciding Course.*—Marmion beat Sheridan, and won the Cup.

## The BURLINGTON CUP, for all-aged dogs.

Mr. Bake's r. b. Venus, beat Mr. Parkinson's bd. d. Silk  
 Mr. Chew's bk. and w. d. Spring, beat Mr. Bennett's bk. and w. d. Charles XII.  
 Mr. Robinson's f. and w. b. P. E. Fly, beat Mr. Hunt's bl. d. Hugo  
 Mr. Arden's f. b. Zephyr, beat Mr. J. Robinson's bk. d. Blackbird  
 Mr. Arden's bk. b. Maiden Queen, beat Mr. Hodgson's br. and w. b. Zorillo  
 Mr. Whitehead's r. d. Rock, beat Mr. Thomas's r. d. Chasse  
 Mr. Ogden's r. and w. d. Beaver, beat Mr. King's r. d. Tanner  
 Mr. Slater's r. b. Smart, beat Mr. Upton's bd. d. Vanish.



*First Ties.*—Venus beat Spring Zephyr beat Fly  
 Maiden Queen beat Rock Beaver beat Smart.  
*Second Ties.*—Venus beat Zephyr Maiden Queen beat Beaver.  
*Deciding Course.*—Venus beat Maiden Queen, and won the Cup.

The CAVENTISH STAKES.

Mr. J. Robinson's b. d. Clytus, beat Mr. Edmonds's r. d. Cannon Ball  
 Mr. King's r. d. Royal, beat Mr. Thomas's r. d. Thunder  
 Mr. Bake's f. w. d. Commodore, beat Mr. Ogden's b. d. Black Diamond  
 Duke of Devonshire's r. d. Bluecap, beat Mr. Gale's b. w. d. Moonlight  
 Mr. Slater's r. w. d. Snap, beat Mr. Hodgson's f. w. b. Zorillo  
 Mr. Hunt's f. w. d. Elis, beat Mr. Bake's Belvidera.

*First Ties.*—Royal beat Clytus Commodore beat Bluecap Snap beat Elis  
*Second Ties.*—Commodore beat Royal Snap ran a bye.  
*Deciding Course.*—Snap beat Commodore, and won the Stakes.

The EDENSOR STAKES, for beaten dogs.

Mr. Thomas's Traveller, beat Mr. Chew's Spring  
 Mr. Hunt's Hawk-eye, beat Mr. Robinson's S. H. Fly  
 Mr. Walker's Mary, beat Mr. King's Tanner  
 Mr. J. Robinson's Linnet, beat Mr. Edwards's Merchant.  
*Ties.*—Traveller beat Mary Linnet beat Hawk-eye.  
*Deciding Course.*—Traveller beat Linnet, and won the Sakes.

The DERBYSHIRE STAKES, for beaten puppies.

Mr. Chew's Hector, beat Mr. Forest's Mountain Nymph  
 Mr. Hodgson's Zafra, beat Mr. King's Jerry  
 Mr. Ardern's Eclipse, beat Mr. Hunt's Honeysuckle.  
*Ties.*—Zafra beat Hector Eclipse ran a bye.  
*Deciding Course.*—Eclipse beat Zafra and won the Stakes.

ASHDOWN PARK.—Feb. 4, 5, and 6.

The Cup.

Mr. Agg's Amulet, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Eyebrow  
 Mr. Bowles's bk. Brocarde, beat Lord Stradbroke's bk. b. Mildred  
 Mr. W. Etwall's f. d. Wardan (late Ekedlictu), beat Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Gratilla  
 Mr. Cripps's br. d. Colbrook, beat Lord Lisburne's w. and bk. d. Rifle  
 Mr. Etwall's f. d. Enham, beat Mr. Baidon's f. b. Blush  
 Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kenwigs, beat Lord Rivers's r. d. Grasshopper  
 Mr. Goodlake's y. d. Golden Lion, beat Mr. Agg's w. and f. d. Argus  
 Lord Stradbroke's r. b. Madam, beat Mr. Bowles's r. d. Ben Brace.

*First Ties.*—Amulet beat Wardan Kenwigs beat Golden Lion  
 Enham beat Brocarde Madam beat Colbrook.  
*Second Ties.*—Kenwigs beat Amulet Enham beat Madam.  
*Deciding Course.*—Enham beat Kenwigs and won the Cup, Kenwigs the scovs.

The CLARET STAKES.

Lord Stradbroke's r. d. Musquito, beat Mr. Baidon's bk. Burgundy  
 Mr. Bowles's r. b. Boscobel, beat Lord Lisburne's f. Lottery  
 Mr. Agg's r. h. Ada, beat Lord Rivers's bk. d. Gregory  
 Mr. Goodlake's f. Graduate, beat Mr. E. Cripps's w. b. Eglantine.

*Ties.*—Graduate beat Ada Boscobel beat Musquito.  
 Graduate and Boscobel divided the Stakes.

The CRAVEN STAKES (First Class).

Mr. Bowles's r. d. Benledi, beat Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Melton  
 Mr. Etwall's bd. d. Equerry, beat Lord Lisburne's bk. and w. d. Locket  
 Mr. Goodlake's f. b. Garonne, beat Mr. Agg's r. d. Ajax.

*Ties.*—Benledi beat Bronti Equerry beat Garonne.  
 Equerry and Benledi divided the Stakes.

## THE COURSING CALENDAR,

## The CLARET STAKES (Second Class).

Mr. Bowles's Black Diamond, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Emilia  
 Mr. Pusey's y. Petrol, beat Lord Lisburne's r. d. Lightfoot  
 Mr. Baidon's bk. d. Bradford, beat Lord Rivers's bk. b. Grace  
 Lord Stradbroke's bk. b. Muslin, beat Mr. Etwall's bk. d. Euroclidon.

*Ties.*—Petrel beat Bradford                      Muslin beat Black Diamond.

*Deciding Course.*—Muslin and Petrel divided the Stakes.

## The LANBORNE STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Gratilla, beat Mr. Baidon's r. d. Bucellas  
 Mr. Bowles's bk. Black Dwarf, beat Mr. Agg's r. b. Arabella  
 Mr. Pusey's bk. d. Prad, beat Mr. Baidon's f. b. Blush  
 Mr. Goddard's bk. d. Galloper, beat Lord Lisburne's r. b. Lucy.

*Ties.*—Prad beat Galloper                      Gratilla beat Black Dwarf.

*Deciding Course.*—Gratilla and Prad divided the Stakes.

## The WEYLAND STAKES.

Mr. Goddard's y. b. Fly, beat Lord Rivers's bk. d. Gilbert  
 Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Ganges, beat Mr. Agg's r. d. Adrian.

*Deciding Course.*—Fly beat Ganges, and won the Stakes.

## The SCRUB STAKES.

Lord Rivers's bk. Gregory, beat Mr. Bowles's y. Ben Brace  
 Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Melton, beat Mr. Agg's w. d. Argus.

*Deciding Course.*—Gregory and Melton divided the Stakes.

## The ASHDOWN PARK STAKES.

Lord Rivers's bk. d. Godfrey, beat Mr. Agg's bk. African (late Negro)  
 Lord Stradbroke's bk. Mildred, beat Mr. Bowles's bd. Breeze

*Deciding Course.*—Godfrey and Mildred divided the Stakes.

## MATCHES.

Lord Rivers's bk. b. Gipsy, beat Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kimberley.  
 Lord Rivers's bk. d. Godfrey Pineapple, beat Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Ganges.

## NORTH BERWICK AND DIRLETON CLUB, Feb. 4 and 5.

## The DIRLETON PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Raimes's r. b. Whimsey, beat Mr. Mitchell's bd. b. Maggy Lauder  
 Mr. Gibson's b. d. Young Sailor, beat Mr. Wauchope's r. b. Camarine  
 Mr. Raimes's bd. b. Iodine, beat Mr. Sawyer's r. d. Busker  
 Mr. Sawyer's r. b. Gipsy, beat Mr. Piper's f. d. Druid.

*Ties.*—Whimsey beat Young Sailor                      Gipsy beat Iodine.

*Deciding Course.*—Whimsey beat Gipsy, and won the Cup.

## The NORTH BERWICK CUP, for dogs of all ages.

Mr. Wauchope's b. d. Cerberus, beat Mr. Sheriff ns. y. and w. d. Glen  
 Mr. Sawyer's bd. d. Spring, beat Mr. Todd ns. w. and f. d. Prince Albert  
 Mr. Raimes's b. d. Captain, beat Mr. Gibson's r. d. Grasper  
 Mr. Raimes's b. and w. b. Cora, beat Mr. Mitchell ns. r. d. Alfred Jingle  
 Mr. Mitchell's bl. d. Stranger, beat Mr. Wylie ns. w. b. Fame  
 Mr. Wauchope's b. b. Clotho, beat Mr. Willie ns. bd. d. Billy  
 Mr. Mitchell's w. and r. b. Flora M'Ivor, beat Mr. Sheriff ns. w. and b. d. Cote  
 Mr. Wauchope's b. and w. d. Den John, beat Mr. Wylie ns. b. d. d. Tiger  
 Mr. Wauchope's b. d. Chieftain, beat Mr. Piper's f. d. Chip  
 Mr. Mitchell ns. w. and r. d. Steam, beat Mr. Sheriff ns. b. d. Harlequin  
 Mr. Todd ns. b. and w. b. Lady Maris, beat Mr. Wauchope's f. and w. d. Carver  
 Mr. Raimes's b. d. Atlas, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Cerberus beat Spring  
 Captain beat Cora  
 Stranger beat Clotho  
 Flora M'Ivor beat Don John  
 Steam beat Chieftain  
 Atlas beat Lady Maria.

*Second Ties.*—Captain beat Cerberus Atlas beat Steam Stranger beat Flora M'Ivor.

*Third Ties.*—Captain beat Atlas (dr). Stranger ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Stranger beat Captain, and won the Cup.

HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB, Feb. 13.

The SECOND CLASS for 10s. each.

Mr. Silcock's w. and r. d. Byron, beat Mr. Clark's f. b. Elegante  
 Mr. Taylor's bl. d. Nimble, beat Mr. Attwood ns. bl. d. Dart.

*Deciding Course.*—Nimble beat Byron, and won the Stakes.

FIRST CLASS for 20s. each.

Captain Best's r. d. Billy, beat Mr. Dansie's bk. b. Hebe  
 Mr. Sheppard's r. b. Madge, beat Mr. Elmore's r. d. Whalebone.

*Deciding Course.*—Billy beat Madge, and won the Stakes.

FIRST CLASS for 20s. each.

Mr. Collins's f. d. Cadet, beat Mr. Spooner's w. b. Star  
 Mr. Moseley's w. d. Bloomsbury, beat Mr. Chitty's r. b. Cara.

*Deciding Course.*—Cadet beat Bloomsbury, and won the Stakes.

MATCH for 6 sovs.

Captain Best's f. b. Belle, beat Mr. Sheppard's w. and r. b. Miss Brunton.

MATCH for 10 sovs.

Mr. Harvey's bk. d. Confidence, beat Mr. Whittington's r. d. Garrick  
 Mr. Charrington ns. bk. b. Creole, beat Mr. Sherrott ns. w. b. Star.

MATCH for 2 sovs.

Mr. Newman's d. Buff, beat Mr. Elmore's f. b. Elegante.

BARTON-UPON-HUMBER, Feb. 11, 12, and 14.

The GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES.

Mr. J. Nevill's bk. d. Negro, beat Mr. Hutchinson's bd. b. Violet  
 Mr. Richardson's bk. and w. d. Marmion, beat Mr. Teal's jun. r. and w. b. Myrtle  
 Mr. Helmsley's bl. d. Smoker, beat Sir H. Boynton's r. t. d. Patch  
 Mr. Foster's bk. b. Executrix, beat Mr. King's bk. t. d. Mat  
 Mr. Foster's r. d. Chasse, beat Mr. Dudding's bk. d. Dandy  
 Mr. Abbott's bk. b. Jewess, beat Col. Elmhirst's bk. b. Madame  
 Sir H. Boynton's bk. and w. d. Bachelor, beat Mr. Fowler's f. and w. b. Harkaway  
 Mr. Darley's bl. d. Dulcimer, beat Mr. J. Neville's bk. and w. b. Lady  
 Mr. Craven's bk. and w. b. Eruco, beat Mr. Fowler's f. d. Tippoo  
 Mr. Craven's f. b. Rebecca, beat Mr. Hutchinson's c. c. d. Major  
 Mr. King's bd. and w. b. Clayton Lass ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Dulcimer beat Rebecca  
 Jewess beat Bachelor  
 Smoker beat Executrix

Clayton Lass beat Chasse  
 Negro beat Marmion  
 Eruco ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Dulcimer beat Negro Smoker beat Jewess Clayton Lass beat Eruco.

*Third Ties.*—Smoker beat Clayton Lass Dulcimer ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Dulcimer beat Smoker, and won the Stakes.

The Cup.

Mr. I. Burkhill's bl. b. Kats Nickleby, beat Mr. Benson's bd. b. Lass of the Isle  
 Mr. Uppley's r. b. Tidy, beat Mr. G. C. Healey's f. and w. b. Amelia  
 Mr. Richardson's bl. d. Jim Crow, beat Mr. Dudding's f. and w. d. Defiance

Mr. B. Nicholson's bd. d. Hit or Miss, beat Mr. Gunning's f. and w. d. Caledonia  
 Mr. W. Richardson's f. b. Ready, beat Mr. P. Richardson's bk. b. Lobelia  
 Mr. Gunning's f. d. Nelson, beat Mr. W. Richardson's br. and r. d. Resolution  
 Mr. Dudding's bk. and w. d. Pilot, beat Mr. Healey's bd. d. Roxby  
 Mr. Richardson's bk. b. Clementina, beat Mr. Darley's f. and w. b. Destiny.

*First Ties.*—Tidy beat Kate Nickleby Ready beat Nelson.  
 Jim Crow beat Hit-or-Miss Pilot beat Clementina.

*Second Ties.*—Tidy beat Jim Crow Pilot beat Ready.

*Deciding Course.*—Tidy beat Pilot and won the Cup, Pilot the Sovereigns.

#### The DERBY.

Mr. Fowler's f. d. North Star, beat Mr. Gunning's f. d. Norwood  
 Mr. Dudding's r. d. Douro, beat Mr. Darley's r. d. Don.

*Deciding Course.*—Douro beat North Star, and won the Stakes.

#### The OAKS.

Mr. Dudding's w. b. Day-Star, beat Mr. Uppley's w. b. Her Majesty  
 Mr. Richardson's bk. b. Prunella, beat Mr. Fowler's b. and w. b. Patty.

*Deciding Course.*—Day-star beat Prunella, and won the Stakes.

#### The APPLEBY-CAR STAKES.

Mr. King's bk. d. Hawk-eye, beat Mr. Richardson's bk. b. Grasshopper  
 Mr. Dudding's bk. and w. d. Defiance, beat Mr. Fowler's Magistrate.

*Deciding Course.*—Defiance beat Hawk-eye, and won the Stakes.

#### The ANCHOLME STAKES.

Mr. Dudding's w. b. Dainty, beat Mr. Nicholson's bl. b. Graceful  
 Mr. Fowler's f. and w. b. Harkaway, beat Mr. W. Richardson's f. d. Marquis.

*Deciding Course.*—Harkaway beat Dainty, and won the Stakes.

#### The CONSOLATION STAKES.

Mr. Foster's bk. b. Executrix, beat Mr. King's bk. d. Mat  
 Mr. Benson's bd. b. Lass of the Isle, beat Mr. Richardson's bk. b. Lobelia.

*Deciding Course.*—Executrix beat Lass of the Isle, and won the Stakes.

#### MATCH, for 20 sovs.

Mr. Hutchinson's cr. d. Major, beat Mr. Dudding's bk. d. Dandy.

### WINCHBURGH CLUB, Feb. 18.

#### The PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Raines's r. and w. b. Whimsey, beat Mr. Henderson's bd. d. Wee Geordie  
 Mr. Jamieson's bk. and w. d. Cote, beat Hon. C. Hope's bd. b. Maggie Lauder.

*Deciding Course.*—Whimsey, beat Cote, and won the Stakes.

#### The ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Scott's w. and r. d. Steam, beat Mr. Mitchell's bl. d. Stranger  
 Earl Roseberry's bk. d. Young Sailor, beat Mr. Raines's bk. d. Atlas  
 Mr. Raines's bk. and w. d. Captain, beat Mr. Mitchell's cr. b. Brenda  
 Mr. Scott's r. d. Alfred, beat Mr. Henderson's f. and w. d. Prince Albert  
 Mr. Raines's bk. and w. b. Cora, beat Mr. Henderson's bk. and w. b. Lady Maria  
 Mr. Mitchell's w. and r. b. Flora M'Ivor, beat Mr. Raines's bl. b. Beauty.

*First Ties.*—Young Sailor beat Steam Brush beat Cora  
 Captain beat Alfred Flora ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Flora beat Young Sailor Captain beat Brush.

*Deciding Course.*—Flora M'Ivor beat Captain, and won the Stakes.



## ALTCAR.—Feb. 21 and 22.

## The CUP and SOVEREIGNS.

Mr. R. T. Parker's bk. d. Priam, beat Mr. Alison's f. d. Arbutus  
 Mr. Rigby's bk. d. Rector, beat Mr. Harpur's bk. d. Horatio  
 Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hagler, beat Lord Talbot's bd. b. Thomasine  
 Mr. N. Blundell's r. b. Branda, beat Mr. Unsworth's r. d. Umber  
 Mr. E. Moore's bd. and w. b. Medusa, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. b. Handcuff  
 Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Luno, beat Mr. Fellowes's w. and f. d. Rough Robin  
 Mr. R. Congreve's bd. d. Claret, beat Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Contest  
 Mr. Swan's w. and y. d. Sandy, beat Mr. Kerahaw's f. d. Kouli Khan.

*First Ties.*—Rector beat Priam  
 Brenda beat Hagler

Medusa beat Luno  
 Claret beat Sandy.

*Second Ties.*—Rector beat Brenda  
 Claret beat Medusa.

*Deciding Course.*—Rector beat Claret, and won the Cup—Claret the Sovereigns.

## The SEFTON STAKES, for dogs.

Mr. Kerahaw's bk. d. Kneebone (late Sam Slick), beat Mr. Swann's w. d. Sirius  
 Mr. E. Hornby's bl. d. Hyson, beat Mr. Clowes' bk. d. Courage  
 Lord Talbot's bk. d. Tschort, beat Mr. Congreve's bk. d. Caffre  
 Mr. Unsworth's bk. and w. d. Unknown, beat Mr. Harpur's bk. d. Harbinger.

*Ties.*—Kneebone beat Hyson  
 Tschort beat Unknown.

*Deciding Course.*—Tschort beat Kneebone, and won the Stakes.

## The Croxteth STAKES, for bitches.

Mr. Fellowes's f. b. Fancy, beat Mr. Moore's bk. b. Margaret  
 Mr. Congreve's bk. b. Celeste, beat Mr. Lloyd's bk. b. Luna  
 Lord Talbot's r. b. Top, beat Mr. Clowes's w. and bk. b. Cripple  
 Mr. N. Blundell's r. b. Busy, beat Lord Sefton's bk. b. Suffolk Lass.

*Ties.*—Celeste beat Fancy  
 Busy beat Top.

*Deciding Course.*—Busy beat Celeste, and won the Stakes.

## The WEST DERBY STAKES.

Mr. N. Blundell's r. b. Berry, beat Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Cursor  
 Mr. H. Hornby's r. and w. d. Holywell, beat Mr. Harpur's bk. and w. d. Hippodrome  
 Lord Talbot's bk. b. Thanks, beat Mr. Unsworth's bd. and w. d. Upas  
 Mr. Swann's bk. d. Saul, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. d. Halo.

*Ties.*—Berry beat Holywell  
 Thanks beat Saul.

*Deciding Course.*—Berry beat Thanks, and won the Stakes.

## The SAPLING STAKES.

Lord Talbot's bk. b. Taffety, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's bd. b. Highland Lassie  
 Mr. Swann's bd. and w. b. Sheba, beat Mr. Congreve's bk. b. Clap-trap.

Taffeta and Sheba divided the Stakes.

## The DITCH IN STAKES.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. d. Hyson, beat Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hagler  
 Mr. Fellowes's f. b. Fancy, beat Lord Talbot's bd. b. Thomasine  
 Mr. Swann's w. d. Sirius, beat Mr. Clowes's w. and bk. b. Cripple  
 Mr. Unsworth's bd. and w. d. Upas, beat Mr. Harpur's bk. d. Horatio.

*Ties.*—Hyson beat Fancy  
 Sirius beat Upas.

*Deciding Course.*—Hyson beat Sirius, and won the Stakes.

## The ALTCAR HILL STAKES.

Lord Talbot's r. d. Tippoo, beat Mr. Fellowes's f. b. Faithful  
 Mr. Harpur's bk. d. Harbinger, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. d. Upholder  
 Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. b. Handcuff, beat Mr. R. T. Parker's bl. and w. d. Pilot  
 Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Charm, beat Mr. H. Hornby's bd. d. Hermitage.

*Ties.*—Tippoo beat Harbinger  
 Charm ran a bye—Handcuff drawn.

*Deciding Course.*—Tippoo beat Charm, and won the Stakes.

[The ACKERS HOLT STAKES.

Lord Talbot's gr. d. Tartarus, beat Mr. Lloyd's f. d. Llew  
Mr. Fellowes's w. and f. d. Rough Robin, beat Mr. Harpur's bl. and w. d. Hippo-  
drome.

*Deciding Course.*—Tartar beat Rough Robin, and won the Stakes.

The HILL HOUSE STAKES.

Mr. Clowes's r. d. Consul, beat Mr. Swan's bk. d. Skyrocket  
Mr. Kerahaw's bd. d. Korah, beat Mr. E. Hornby's r. and w. d. Hyacinthus.

*Deciding Course.*—Korah beat Consul, and won the Stakes.

GISBORNE, Feb. 13, and 14.

The RIDDLEDALE CUP, for 40 sovs. the first, 15 sovs. for the second, and 5 sovs. for  
the third.

Mr. Hodgson's f. and w. b. Zitella, beat Mr. Hind's f. and w. b. Columbia  
Mr. Machell's bl. and w. d. Bedford, beat Mr. Forrest's w. and bd. d. Eclipse  
Mr. Thomas's r. d. Chasse, beat Mr. S. H. Williams's r. b. Fly  
Mr. B. Robinson's f. and w. b. P. E. Fly, beat Mr. Craven's r. b. Castle Carey  
Mr. Hardman's bl. d. General Chasse, beat Mr. Oddie's bl. b. Enchantress  
Mr. Rowley's bl. d. Emperor, beat Mr. Hargreave's r. b. Fly  
Mr. B. Robinson's f. b. S. H. Fly, beat Mr. Nicholl's bl. b. Gadfly  
Mr. Easterby's bd. d. Joram, beat Mr. Hind's bl. d. Dart  
Mr. Hodgson's br. and w. b. Zorillo, beat Mr. Oddie's bl. and w. d. Smuggler  
Mr. Thomas's f. d. Traveller (late Achilles), beat Mr. R. Robinson's f. b. The Witch  
(late Vulture)

Mr. Machell's Ribton, beat Mr. P. Houghton's bd. d. Nelson  
Mr. Forrest's w. and r. d. Stopper, beat Mr. Craven's bl. b. Cara.

*First Ties.*—Bedford beat Zitella  
Chasse beat P. E. Fly  
Emperor beat General Chasse  
Joram beat S. H. Fly  
Zorillo beat Traveller  
Ribton beat Stopper.

*Second Ties.*—Bedford beat Chasse Zorillo beat Ribton Emperor beat Joram.

*Third Ties.*—Emperor beat Bedford Zorillo ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Emperor beat Zorillo, and won the Cup.

The GISBORNE PUPPY CUP, 12 sovs. for the first, 3 sovs. for the second.

Mr. Tunstall's r. b. Fairy, beat Mr. Openshaw's r. d. Taglioni  
Mr. Tunstall's r. d. Thunder, beat Mr. Hodgson's bl. and w. b. Zafra  
Mr. Rodgett's r. b. Fly, ran a bye.

*Ties.*—Fly beat Fairy Thunder ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Thunder beat Fly, and won the Cup.

SPELTHORNE CLUB, Feb. 19.

The CUP and GOBLET.

Mr. C. Farnell's bl. b. Fanny, beat Mr. Wilshin's bd. b. Bell  
Mr. H. Farnell's bl. b. Frantic, beat Mr. Perkins's r. and w. d. Young Pilot  
Mr. Batt's w. b. Columbine, beat Mr. Fagg's bk. b. Promise  
Mr. Nash's r. and w. d. Prince Albert, beat Mr. J. Farnell's bk. d. Frank  
Mr. Watson's bk. d. Friday, beat Mr. Thackrah's bk. d. Thrashem  
Mr. Batt's bk. b. Bounty, beat Mr. H. Farnell's f. d. Horsa  
Mr. Perkin's bk. and w. b. Phebe, beat Mr. J. Farnell's bk. d. Farmer  
Mr. C. Farnell's bk. b. Fidget, beat Mr. Sullivan's bk. b. Thais.

*First Ties.*—Fanny beat Frantic  
Prince Albert beat Columbine  
Bounty beat Friday  
Fidget beat Phebe.

*Second Ties.*—Prince Albert beat Fanny  
Bounty beat Fidget.

*Deciding Course.*—Bounty beat Prince Albert, the former winning the Cup, the latter  
the Goblet.

## NORTHUMBERLAND CLUB (AT CAMBO), Feb. 24.

A Cup, value 80 guineas.

Mr. T. Hedley's r. d. Skip, beat Mr. Gregson's bd. b. Gruel  
 Mr. Armstrong's bl. and w. d. Doctor, beat Mr. Arthur's bl. b. The Queen  
 Dr. Hedley's bl. b. Trim, beat Mr. Anderson's bl. d. De'il-may-care  
 Mr. B. Johnson's bd. w. d. Tom Jones, beat Mr. E. Hall's bl. d. Claret  
 Mr. Hetherington's bd. d. Frank, beat Mr. Gregson's bl. d. Spring  
 Mr. Crawford's bl. and w. b. Fairy, beat Mr. J. Bell's bl. d. Spring  
 Mrs. E. Arthur's bl. b. Sylvia, beat Mr. Humble's bd. b. Sylph  
 Mr. Anderson's y. d. Shamrock, beat Mr. Elliott's r. d. Tippler.

*First Ties*—Doctor beat Skip                      Fairy beat Frank  
    Tom Jones beat Trim                      Sylvia beat Shamrock.

*Second Ties*.—Doctor beat Tom Jones                      Sylvia beat Fairy.

*Deciding Course*.—Sylvia beat Doctor, and won the Cup.

## LIVERPOOL WATERLOO MEETING.—March 4 and 6.

The WATERLOO CUP.—A subscription of 25 sovs. each, 32 subs.; the winner to receive 300 sovs., the second 100 sovs., a winner of three courses 30 sovs., of two 20 sovs., of one 10 sovs., and the dog which is beaten in the first ties for the cup by the winner of it an additional 10 sovs.; a bonus of 170 sovs. to be reserved for the 16 beaten dogs in the first round.

Mr. Bold Robinson's r. b. Empress, beat Mr. Eden's bk. d. Skyrocket (after an undecided course)

Mr. Allen's r. w. b. Lady, beat Mr. J. King ns. r. d. Streamer  
 Mr. Moore's bd. d. Mutineer, beat Mr. Williamson's bl. b. Cruiskeen  
 Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Fingal, beat Lord Talbot's r. d. Tippoo  
 Mr. Easterby's bk. d. Emperor, beat Mr. H. Hornby's w. and bd. d. Helmsman  
 Mr. John Robinson's f. d. Dart, beat Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer  
 Mr. Calvert's bk. d. Mango, beat Mr. Swann's Maiden Queen  
 Mr. Harriott's bk. and w. b. Isabella, beat Mr. Reid ns. w. and bd. b. Clayton Lass  
 Mr. Harper ns. bk. and w. b. Countess, beat Earl Stradbroke's bk. d. Marquis  
 Mr. N. Blundell's r. b. Busy, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes! O Yes! O Yes!  
 Mr. Elliott's bd. and w. b. Violet, beat Mr. Barge's bk. d. Kenwigs (after an undecided course)

Mr. Fowler's bk. b. Executrix, beat Mr. Kearsley's w. and f. b. Fly  
 Mr. Easterby's bk. d. Earwig, beat Mr. Craven ns. w. and f. d. Hylax  
 Mr. Elliott's bk. and w. d. Twist, beat Mr. Machell's r. d. Magic  
 Mr. Slater's r. d. Touchstone, beat Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark  
 Mr. James Ball's r. b. Rose, beat Mr. Edwards ns. bl. d. Ambassador (late Selim).

*First Ties*.—Lady beat Empress (after an undecided course)  
    Isabella beat Mango                      Fingal beat Mutineer, (after an undecided course)  
    Countess beat Busy                      Executrix beat Violet  
    Emperor beat Dart                      Earwig beat Twist                      Rose beat Touchstone.

*Second Ties*.—Fingal beat Lady                      Countess beat Executrix  
    Emperor beat Isabella                      Earwig beat Rose.

*Third Ties*.—Emperor beat Fingal                      Earwig beat Countess.

*Deciding Course*.—Earwig beat Emperor, and won the Cup, Emperor the Sovereigns.

The WATERLOO PURSE.—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, sixteen subs.; the winner to receive 100 sovs., the second 42 sovs.; a winner of two courses 5. sovs. each, and a winner of one course 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Ball's bk. d. Victory, beat Mr. Eden's f. and w. d. Enterprise  
 Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Martha, beat Mr. Machell's r. and w. d. Bendigo  
 Mr. Fowler's f. d. Major, beat Mr. Blundell's r. b. Brenda  
 Mr. Hey's ns. r. b. Castle Carey, beat Lord Talbot's bk. d. Tschort  
 Mr. Unsworth's bl. d. Rector, beat Mr. Kershaw's r. d. Kenneth  
 Mr. Easterby's f. b. Rebecca, beat Mr. E. Hornby's brin. b. Hempseed



Mr. Swan's r. and w. d. Sandy, beat Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Mealman  
Mr. J. King's bk. and t. d. Mat, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord.

*First Ties.*—Martha beat Victory Rebecca beat Rector  
Castle Carey beat Major Sandy beat Mat.

*Second Ties.*—Castle Carey beat Martha Sandy beat Rebecca.

*Deciding Course.*—Castle Carey beat Sandy, and won the Purse, Sandy the Sovereigns.

The ALTCAR PURSE of 170 sovs. being a bonus from the Waterloo Cup for the beaten dogs in the first class for it.

Mr. J. King ns. r. d. Streamer, beat Mr. Eden's bk. d. Skyrocket  
Lord Talbot's r. d. Tippoo, beat Mr. Williamson's bl. b. Cruiskeen  
Mr. J. Bake's r. d. Skimmer, beat Mr. H. Hornby's w. and bd. d. Helmsman  
Mr. Swann ns. bk. b. Maiden Queen, beat Mr. Reid ns. w. and bd. b. Clayton Lass,  
(after an undecided course)

Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Marquis, beat Mr. Graham's bk. d. O Yes! O Yes! O Yes!  
Mr. Kearsley's w. and f. b. Fly, beat Mr. Bagg's bk. d. Kenwigs  
Mr. Craven ns. w. and f. Hylax, beat Mr. Machell's r. d. Magic  
Lord Eglington's r. b. Skylark ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Tippoo beat Streamer Maiden Queen beat Skimmer  
Marquis beat Fly Hylax beat Skylark.

*Second Ties.*—Maiden Queen beat Tippoo Marquis beat Hylax.

*Deciding Course.*—Lord Stradbroke's Marquis beat Mr. Swan ns. (Mr. Ardern's)  
Maiden Queen, and won the purse.

MID-LOTHIAN SPRING, Feb. 25 and 26.

The PUPPY STAKES, of 1 sov. each, with 10 added from the fund, by dogs not exceeding twenty months.

Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Money, beat Mr. Sharpe's bk. b. Sambo  
Mr. H. Dundas's r. b. The Duchess, (late Whimsy), beat Mr. Ramsay's f. d. Bolam  
Duke of Buccleuch's r. and w. d. Mountain, beat Mr. Trotter's bl. and w. b. Rennet  
Mr. Dewar's w. and bk. d. D. I. O. ran a bye.

*Ties.*—Money beat D. I. O. The Duchess beat Mountain.

*Deciding Course.*—Money beat The Duchess, and won the Stakes.

The CLUB CUP, value 20 gs., by dogs of all ages.

Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. d. Rocket, beat Mr. Dewar's bk. and w. b. Delight  
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Merrythought, beat Mr. H. Dundas's w. and r. d. The Duke, (late Prince Albert)

Mr. Sharpe's f. d. Monarch, beat Mr. Trotter's w. d. Champion  
Mr. Wauchope's bk. d. Cerberus, beat Mr. Aitchison's bl. d. Adam  
Mr. Walker's f. b. Wizard, beat Lord J. Scott's bl. and w. b. Busk (drawn)  
Duke of Buccleuch's f. d. Young Lowther, beat Mr. Ramsay's bl. d. Baron  
Mr. G. Wauchope's bl. w. b. Whisper, beat Sir W. Baillie's bk. d. Bangour  
Mr. Hunt's bd. d. Spring, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Rocket beat Spring Wizard beat Cerberus  
Merrythought beat Monarch Young Lowther beat Whisper.

*Second Ties.*—Merrythought beat Rocket Young Lowther beat Wizard.

*Deciding Course.*—Merrythought beat Young Lowther, and won the Cup.

The CHAMPION CUP and STAKES of 5 sovs. each, by dogs of all ages.

Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew, beat Sir W. Baillie's bk. d. The Bravo  
Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. and w. d. Rasper, beat Duke of Buccleuch's bk. d. Marquis.

*Deciding Course.*—Mountain Dew beat Rasper, and won the Cup and Stakes.

The MAXWELL CUP, added to a Sweepstakes of 1 sov. each, by dogs of all ages; the second dog to receive 5 sovs. out of the Stakes.

Mr. Wauchope's f. and w. d. Carver, beat Mr. Walker's r. b. Queen Bee  
Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. d. Round Robin, beat Mr. Walker's bl. b. Witch.

Mr. Sharpe's f. d. Scud, beat Mr. G. Wauchope's f. d. Woful  
 Mr. W. Ramsay's bl. d. Rob the Ranter, beat Mr. Wauchope's bk. and w. d. Don John

Mr. Walker's bl. and w. d. Warlock, beat Mr. Dewar's r. b. Fly  
 Mr. Dewar's bk. d. Dominic Sampson, beat Mr. Wauchope's r. b. Cymarine  
 Mr. Walker's bk. d. Dashaway, beat Mr. Hunter's bk. b. Hebe  
 Mr. Sharpe's bl. b. Wings, beat Mr. Walker's r. d. Bedouin  
 Mr. W. Ramsay's bl. and w. d. Victor, beat Duke of Buccleuch's r. b. Gipsy  
 Mr. Wauchope's bk. b. Clotho, beat Lord J. Scott's w. b. Camden (drawn)  
 Sir W. Baillie's f. d. Blucher, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Blucher beat Carver  
 Scud beat Round Robin  
 Rob the Ranter beat Warlock

Dashaway beat Dominic Sampson  
 Victor beat Wings  
 Clotho ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Blucher beat Clotho  
 Rob the Ranter beat Scud.

*Third Ties.*—Rob the Ranter beat Blucher  
 Victor ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Victor beat Rob the Ranter (drawn), and won the Cup and Stakes.

#### MATCH.

Mr. Sharpe's f. d. Menarch, beat Mr. Wauchope's bk. and w. d. Don John.

### MIDDLETON, Feb. 24 and 25.

#### The GRIMESHILL CUP.

Mr. Harrison's bk. and w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Thompson's bk. and w. d. Bedford  
 Mr. W. M. Moore's bk. b. Margaret, beat Mr. J. Bowness's f. and w. b. Tulip  
 Mr. Moore's bd. and w. b. Medusa, beat Mr. Boustead's bl. and w. d. Spring  
 Mr. J. W. Fawcett's f. w. d. Touchstone, beat Mr. Rigg's bk. and w. d. Bruiser.

*Ties.*—Fly beat Margaret  
 Medusa beat Touchstone.

Fly and Medusa divided the Stakes.

#### The MIDDLETON HALL STAKES.

Mr. Rawson's bd. d. Martlet, beat Mr. Dinsdale's r. d. Mango  
 Mr. Wilson's bk. b. Luna, beat Mr. J. H. Moore's r. b. Medea  
 Mr. T. Bowness's bk. and w. d. Memnon, beat Mr. Rigg's bk. and w. d. Blast  
 Mr. J. Bowness's bk. and w. d. Marske, beat Mr. R. Bowness's bk. b. Victoria.

*Ties.*—Luna beat Martlet  
 Marske beat Memnon.

*Deciding Course.*—Marske beat Luna, and won the Stakes.

#### The PARK STAKES.

Mr. Moore's bl. d. Mohican, beat Mr. T. Bowness's y. and w. b. Marchioness  
 Mr. J. Bowness's bd. d. Mers, beat Mr. Wilson's bd. b. Miss Maylie.

*Deciding Course.*—Mers beat Mohican (lame), and won the Stakes.

#### The CLOSE FOOT STAKES.

Mr. Harrison's bk. and w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Robinson's bk. b. Lily  
 Mr. W. M. Moore's bk. b. Margaret, beat Mr. Fawcett's f. and w. d. Touchstone.

*Deciding Course.*—Margaret beat Fly and won the Stakes.

#### The FRITH STAKES.

Mr. Rigg's bk. and w. d. Bruiser, beat Mr. Thompson's f. and w. b. Tulip  
 Mr. T. Bowness's bk. d. Comet, beat Mr. Wilson's bk. b. Victoria.

*Deciding Course.*—Bruiser beat Comet, and won the Stakes.

#### MATCHES.

Mr. J. Moore's r. d. Medea, beat Mr. Robinson's bd. and w. b. Brenda  
 Mr. Rawson's bd. d. Martlet, beat Mr. Dinsdale's r. d. Mango  
 Mr. Thompson's f. and w. b. Tulip, beat Mr. Robinson's bk. b. Lily  
 Mr. Thompson's bd. and w. b. Brenda, beat Mr. Rigg's bk. and w. d. Bruiser  
 Mr. Rigg's bk. and w. d. Blast, beat Mr. T. Bowness's bk. and w. d. Memnon  
 Mr. T. Bowness's d. Memnon, beat Mr. Rigg's d. Blast.

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WHITEHAVEN.—March 2.

The CUP and SOVEREIGNS.

Mr. Brisco's w. and f. d. Joker, beat Mr. Jefferson's r. d. Jarvis  
Mr. Salkeld's bl. and w. d. Dusty, beat Mr. Postlethwaite's r. and w. d. Brilliant  
Mr. Ritson's bk. and w. d. Jerry, beat Mr. Borrodaile's w. and bk. d. Tom (after an undecided course)  
Mr. Fox's f. b. Fenella, beat Mr. Brown's bk. and w. d. Bruce  
Mr. Mossop's f. and w. d. Joker, beat Mr. Jefferson's bk. b. Flounce  
Mr. H. Jefferson's bl. and w. d. Johnny Raw, beat Mr. Hudson's r. d. Sportaman (after an undecided course).

*First Ties.*—Joker beat Dusty Fenella beat Jerry  
Joker beat Johnny Raw.

*Second Ties.*—Mr. Brisco's Joker beat Fenella Mr. Mossop's Joker ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Mr. Mossop's Joker, beat Mr. Brisco's Joker, and won the Cup, the other the Sovereigns.

MATCHES.

Mr. Jefferson's f. d. Julian, beat Mr. Fox's f. and w. b. Flounce  
Mr. Fox's bk. and w. b. Fury, beat Mr. Mossop's f. b. Meg Merriles  
Mr. Ritson's l. and w. b. Fan, beat Mr. Fox's bl. and w. d. Galloper.

NOTTINGHAM CLUB, March 2.

The SILVER CLARET JUG.

Lord Ranciffe ns. bk. d. Trip, beat Mr. Woolley's r. b. Rapid (drawn)  
Mr. Malpas's bk. and w. b. Skip, beat Mr. S. Helmsley's bk. and w. b. Fly  
Mr. Parr's bk. d. Tinker, beat Mr. Hodgkinson's r. b. Rosebud  
Mr. Neville's bk. d. Negro, beat Mr. Lacey's r. d. Smoker  
Mr. Godber's w. b. Crisp, beat Mr. Hardy's dn. and w. d. Smoker  
Mr. H. Helmsley's bk. and w. b. Lady, beat Mr. Fisher's r. b. Lady.

*First Ties.*—Trip beat Skip (drawn lame) Mr. H. Helmsley's Lady beat Crisp  
Negro beat Tinker.

*Second Ties.*—Lady beat Negro Trip ran a bye,

*Deciding Course.*—Trip beat Lady, and won the Jug.

STONE, March 5.

Mr. Brindley's Flirt, beat Mr. Shaw's Swallow  
Mr. Miller's Shamrock, beat Mr. Brindley's Topper  
Mr. Brooke's Port, beat Mr. Collett's Joker  
Mr. Bagshaw's Bonus, beat Mr. Key's Trusty  
Mr. Collett's Jenny Jones, beat Mr. Dawson's Boney  
Mr. Williamson's Wonder, beat Mr. Brindley's Sweep  
Mr. Willday's Tempest, beat Mr. Brindley's Swift  
Mr. Reade's Smack, beat Mr. Tait's Rocket  
Mr. Collett's Peter, beat Mr. Adey's Colwick  
Mr. Brindley's Betty, beat Mr. Meeson's Meaford  
Mr. Meeson's Janette, ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Shamrock beat Flirt Grasper beat Port  
Bonus beat Jenny Jones. Tempest beat Wonder  
Betty beat Janette. Peter beat Smack.

*Second Ties.*—Shamrock beat Grasper Bonus beat Tempest Betty beat Peter.

*Third Ties.*—Bonus beat Shamrock Betty ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Bonus beat Betty, and won the Stakes—Betty the Purse.

MATCH 20 SOVS.

Mr. Reade's Patch, beat Mr. Adey's Colwick.

## HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB.—Feb. 27, March 2, 5, and 12.

The ALL-AGE CUP (in specie), by fifty-six dogs, at £2 10s. each; the first dog to receive £40, second £18, third £12, fourth £7; 4th ties, three losers £5 each, £15; 3d ties, seven losers £2 10s. each, £17 10s.; expences £30 10s.; making £140, the sum subscribed.

Mr. Dansie's bk. b. Fancy, beat Mr. Baildon's r. d. Boz  
 Mr. Dingwall's r. d. Archduke, beat Mr. Clark's y. d. Cecrops  
 Mr. Newman's buff d. Buff, beat Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ruby  
 Mr. Goodlake's f. d. Graduate, beat Mr. Bank's f. b. Comet  
 Mr. Dingwall's bk. b. Ada, beat Mr. Harvey's bk. d. Confidence  
 Dr. Scott's r. d. Saladin, beat Mr. Whittington's f. d. Mars  
 Mr. Bank's br. b. Dart, beat Mr. Dyson's br. d. Jim Crow  
 Mr. Grove's bk. b. Gaylass, beat Captain Best's f. b. Belle  
 Mr. Bowles's bl. b. Birdlime, beat Mr. Hitchcock's bk. d. Driver  
 Mr. Bayley's w. b. Bulow, beat Mr. Matson's bk. d. Go-it  
 Mr. Bank's bk. and w. d. Spring, beat Mr. Mousley's w. d. Bloomsbury  
 Mr. Baildon's bk. d. Burgundy, beat Mr. G. Harvey's bk. d. Homer  
 Mr. Comport's f. d. Comus, beat Mr. Burford's bk. and w. d. Spring  
 Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock, beat Mr. Partridge's bl. and w. d. Balloon  
 Mr. Baildon's f. b. Blush, beat Mr. Williams' w. b. Queen  
 Mr. Matson's w. and r. d. Snowball, beat Mr. Clark's y. b. Cameo  
 Mr. Bank's bk. and w. d. Pelham, beat Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ebony  
 Captain Best's r. d. Battledore (late Sultan), beat Mr. Grave's f. b. Imogene  
 Mr. Taylor's bl. b. Nimble, beat Mr. Dingwall's w. and f. b. Albania  
 Dr. Scott's y. and w. b. Sprite, beat Mr. J. Hodgdon's y. b. Victoria  
 Captain Best's f. d. Lancer, beat Mr. Bowles's f. d. Bargemaster  
 Captain Best's r. d. Billy, beat Mr. Minton's r. b. Maria  
 Mr. Bowles's y. b. Boscobel, beat Mr. Partridge's bl. and w. d. Bachelor  
 Mr. Baildon's bk. b. Bashful, beat Mr. T. Hodsdon's r. d. Brilliant  
 Mr. Bank's bk. and w. b. Bona Dea, beat Mr. Elmore's bk. b. Envy  
 Mr. Dingwell's bk. d. Atlas, beat Mr. Pfeil's r. b. Phœbe  
 Mr. Attwood's r. d. Whalebone, beat Mr. R. Taylor's bl. d. Spring  
 Mr. Pfeil's bk. d. Nelson, beat Mr. Rangecroft's w. and bk. b. Young Flixer.

*First Ties.*—Comus beat Shamrock  
 Gaylass beat Dart  
 Graduate beat Buff  
 Sprite beat Nimble  
 Bulow beat Birdlime  
 Bashful beat Lancer  
 Boscobel beat Billy  
 Archduke beat Fancy  
 Blush beat Snowball  
 Ada beat Saladin  
 Battledore (late Sultan) beat Pelham  
 Nelson beat Whalebone  
 Burgundy beat Spring  
 Bona Dea beat Atlas  
 Blush beat Archduke  
 Ada beat Battledore (late Sultan)  
 Nelson beat Burgundy

Boscobel beat Bona Dea.

*Third Ties.*—Boscobel beat Gaylass  
 Nelson beat Blush,  
 Graduate beat Ada  
 Bashful ran a bye.

*Fourth Ties.*—Boscobel and Graduate being joint property of Messrs. Bowles and Goodlake, Graduate was drawn and Boscobel ran a bye.  
 Nelson beat Bashful.

*Deciding Course.*—Nelson beat Boscobel, and won the Gold Cup, Boscobel the second prize, Bashful the third, and Graduate the fourth.

## WINCHBURGH.—March 3.

## CHAMPION COLLAR and STAKES.

Mr. Henderson's Prince Albert, beat The Hon. John Hope's Maggy Lauder  
 Mr. Henderson's Wee Charlie, beat Mr. Mitchell's Flora M'Ivor  
 Mr. Mitchell's Stranger, beat Mr. Henderson's Lady Maria.

*Ties.*—Wee Charlie ran a bye  
 Stranger beat Prince Albert (lame).

*Deciding Course.*—Wee Charlie beat Stranger (after an undecided course), and won the Collar and Stakes.



Mr. Geddes's y. b. Go, beat Mr. Hunt's r. and w. b. Zorrilla\*  
 Mr. King's bk. d. Mat,\* beat Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. d. Daraley  
 Mr. Pollok's bd. b. Match, beat Mr. Armstrong's bl. d. Mango\*  
 Lord Douglas's bk. d. Kent, beat Mr. Fowler ns. bk. b. The Jewess\*  
 Mr. Hunt's r. b. Empress,\* beat Mr. W. Ramsay's bl. and w. d. Victor.  
 Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Fingal ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Waterloo beat Hawthorn  
 Draffan beat Memnon  
 Go beat The Nun  
 Kent beat Fingal  
 O Yes! O Yes! O Yes! beat Carrow  
 The Bravo beat Mountain Dew  
 Mat beat Match  
 Empress ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—O Yes! beat Waterloo (after  
 a tremendous course)  
 Mat beat Go.  
 The Bravo beat Draffan  
 Empress beat Kent

*Third Ties.*—O Yes! beat the Bravo  
 Empress beat Mat

*Deciding Course.*—Empress beat O Yes! and won the Cup.

#### † CALEDONIAN PLATE.

Mr. Downie ns. b. bl. b. Wings, beat Mr. Raimes's r. b. Whimsy  
 Mr. Henderson's A. bd. d. Wee Charlie, beat Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. b. Merrythought  
 Mr. Dingwall's bl. and w. b. Ariel, beat Mr. C. Dunlop ns. y. and w. d. Cringet  
 Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Spankaway, beat Mr. Henderson's B. bk. and w. b. Lady Maria  
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Landseer, beat Mr. Craig ns. bl. and w. b. Polly  
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Castlehill, beat Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought  
 Mr. Slater's r. b. Smart\*, beat Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. d. Mostrooper  
 Dr. Brown's bd. d. Whistler, beat Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. d. Rocket  
 Mr. Dingwall's r. d. Archduke, beat Mr. Duggan's bk. and w. d. Dodger  
 Mr. Geddes's r. d. Glasgow, beat Mr. Henderson's A. f. and w. d. Prince Albert  
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Hero, beat Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. b. Dino  
 Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. d. Robert, beat Dr. Brown's w. d. Dancer  
 Marquis of Douglas's bd. d. Driver, beat Lord Douglas's bd. and w. b. Mastie  
 Mr. Slater's bk. b. Maiden Queen\*, beat Mr. Raimes's bk. d. Captain  
 Mr. Downie's r. b. Cora, beat Mr. Bake's r. d. Touchstone\*  
 Mr. Bake's r. b. Venus\*, beat Mr. C. Dunlop ns. r. d. Grasper.

*First Ties.*—Wings beat Wee Charlie  
 Spankaway beat Ariel  
 Landseer beat Smart  
 Castlehill beat Whistler  
 Glasgow beat Archduke  
 Hero beat Robert  
 Maiden Queen beat Driver  
 Venus beat Hera.

*Second Ties.*—Spankaway beat Wings (drawn  
 after an undecided course, on  
 account of a severe accident)  
 Maiden Queen beat Venus  
 Glasgow beat Landseer  
 Castlehill beat Cora.

*Third Ties.*—Glasgow beat Spankaway  
 Maiden Queen beat Castlehill.

*Deciding Course.*—Glasgow beat Maiden Queen, and won the Plate.

#### The CALEDONIAN PURSE.

Dr. Brown's w. b. Bess, beat Mr. Dingwall's bk. d. Atlas  
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Knight, beat Mr. Pollock's f. d. Craighton  
 Sir W. A. Maxwell's bd. b. Mignonette, beat Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. d. Round Robin  
 Sir W. A. Maxwell's bd. d. Moustache, beat Mr. W. Ramsay ns. f. and w. d. Carver  
 Mr. A. Graham's r. b. My Ain Thing, beat Mr. Dingwall ns. Mr. Elmore's r. d. Cereops

Lord Eglinton's bd. and w. d. Grace Darling, beat Mr. A. Graham's w. and r. d. Forrester

Dr. Brown's r. d. Couper, beat Lord Douglas's bd. d. Beatoock  
 Mr. Geddes's f. d. Glory, beat Mr. Walker's bk. d. Dashaway.

*First Ties.*—Knight beat Bess  
 Glory beat Couper  
 Moustache beat Grace Darling  
 Mignonette beat My Ain Thing (after  
 an undecided course.)

*Second Ties.*—Mignonette beat Knight (after an undecided course)  
 Glory beat Moustache.

*Deciding Course.*—Glory beat Mignonette, and won the Purse.

The EAGLESHAM (CONSOLATION) STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. and w. d. Memnon, beat Mr. Dingwall's bk. b. Ada  
 Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. b. Merrythought, beat Mr. Henderson's B. bk. and w. b  
 Lady Maria

Mr. Walker's bk. d. Dashaway, beat Mr. Slater's r. b. Smart\*  
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Cacciatore, beat Mr. Downie's r. b. Cora.

*Ties.*—Memnon beat Dashaway                      Cacciatore beat Merrythought.

*Deciding Course.*—Memnon beat Cacciatore, and won the Stakes.

The POLNOON CASTLE (CONSOLATION) STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. King's r. d. Traveller,\* beat Mr. Dingwall's bl. and w. b. Ariel  
 Mr. A. Graham's w. and r. d. Forester, beat Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. d. Moss-  
 trooper

Mr. Armstrong's bk. d. Tramp,\* beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Glenkilloch  
 Mr. Henderson's bd. d. Wee Charlie, beat Mr. C. Dunlop ns. y. and w. d. Cringet.

*Ties.*—Traveller beat Forester                      Wee Charlie beat Tramp.

*Deciding Course.*—Wee Charlie beat Traveller, and won the Stakes.

CHAMPION COLLAR AND STAKE.

Lord Douglas's bd. d. Barefoot, beat Mr. Hutcheson's bk. d. Dampier (after an unde-  
 cided course)

Marquis of Douglas's f. b. Dewdrop, beat Mr. Pender's f. d. January

Lord Douglas's bk. d. Annan, beat Mr. Hutcheson's bk. d. Thacker

Mr. Borson's bd. b. Bess, beat Mr. Dickson's r. b. Bess

Mr. White's bk. d. Wellington, beat Mr. Dickson's r. d. Clyde

Mr. Anderson's bk. and w. d. Veloz, beat Mr. Dickson's bk. b. Cora

Lord Douglas's bk. d. Kent, beat Mr. Geddes's bk. d. Bob

Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butteryburn, beat Marquis Douglas's bk. and w. d. Darnley

Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord, beat Mr. Hutcheson's w. d. Burke

Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Glenkilloch, beat Lord Douglas's w. and bd. d. Hawthorn  
 (after an undecided course).

Mr. Borson's w. and y. b. Britannia (late Caledonia) ran a bye.

*First Ties.*—Dewdrop beat Barefoot

Kent beat Butteryburn

Annan beat Bess

Britannia beat My Lord

Veloz beat Wellington

Glenkilloch ran a bye.

*Second Ties.*—Dewdrop beat Annan

Britannia beat Glenkilloch

Kent beat Veloz (after an undecided course).

*Third Ties.*—Dewdrop beat Britannia

Kent ran a bye.

*Deciding Course.*—Kent beat Dewdrop and won the Collar and Stake.

The CHALLENGE CUP; the best of three heats.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane, challenger; Mr. Dickson, holder and acceptor.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane's bd. and w. d. Swallow . . . . . 1 1

Mr. Dickson's r. d. Spring . . . . . 2 2

MATCH BETWEEN WATERLOO AND CARRON.—April 4.

Best of three runs, for 200 sovs.

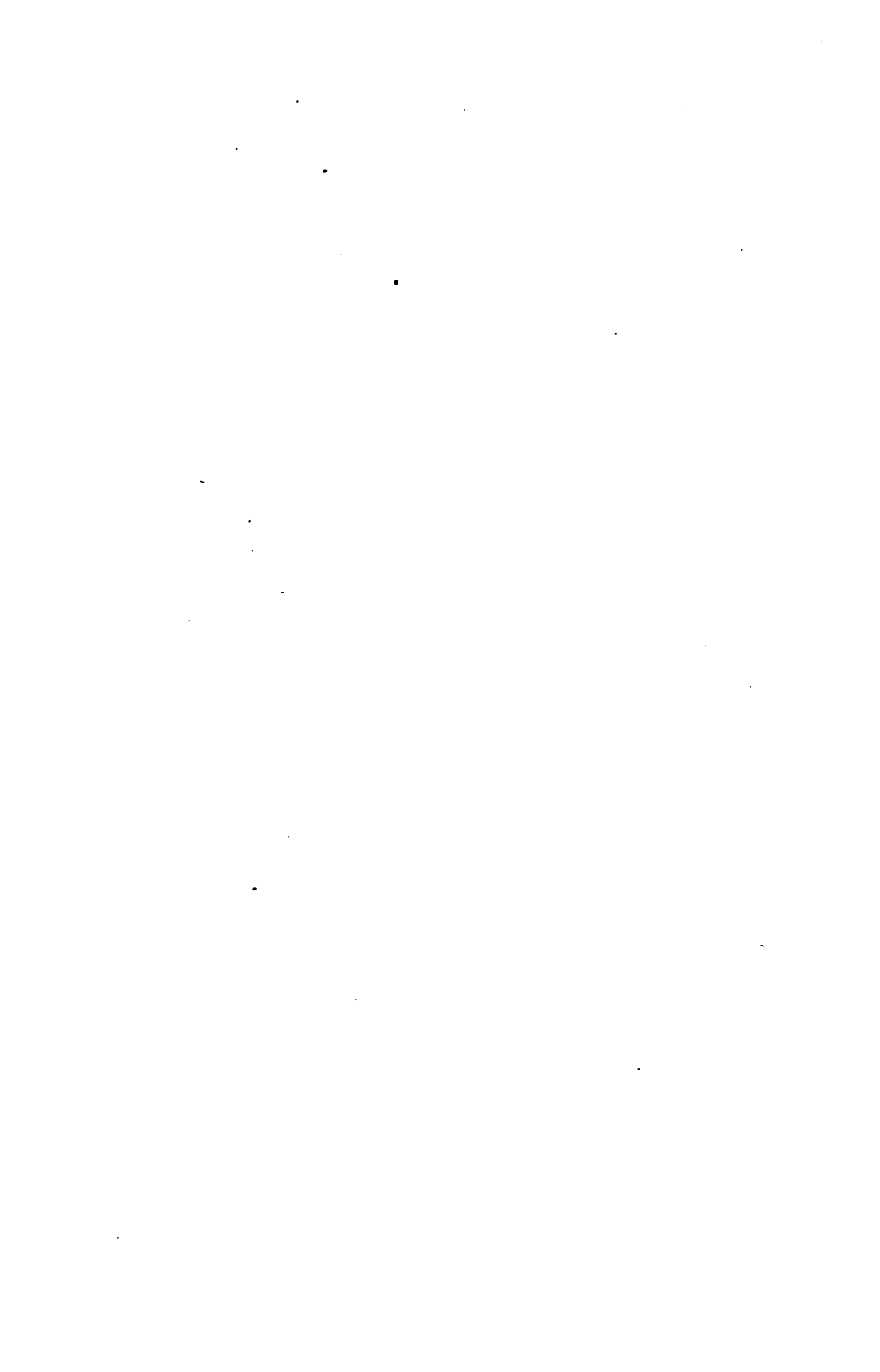
Lord Eglinton's d. and w. d. Waterloo . . . . . 1 2 1

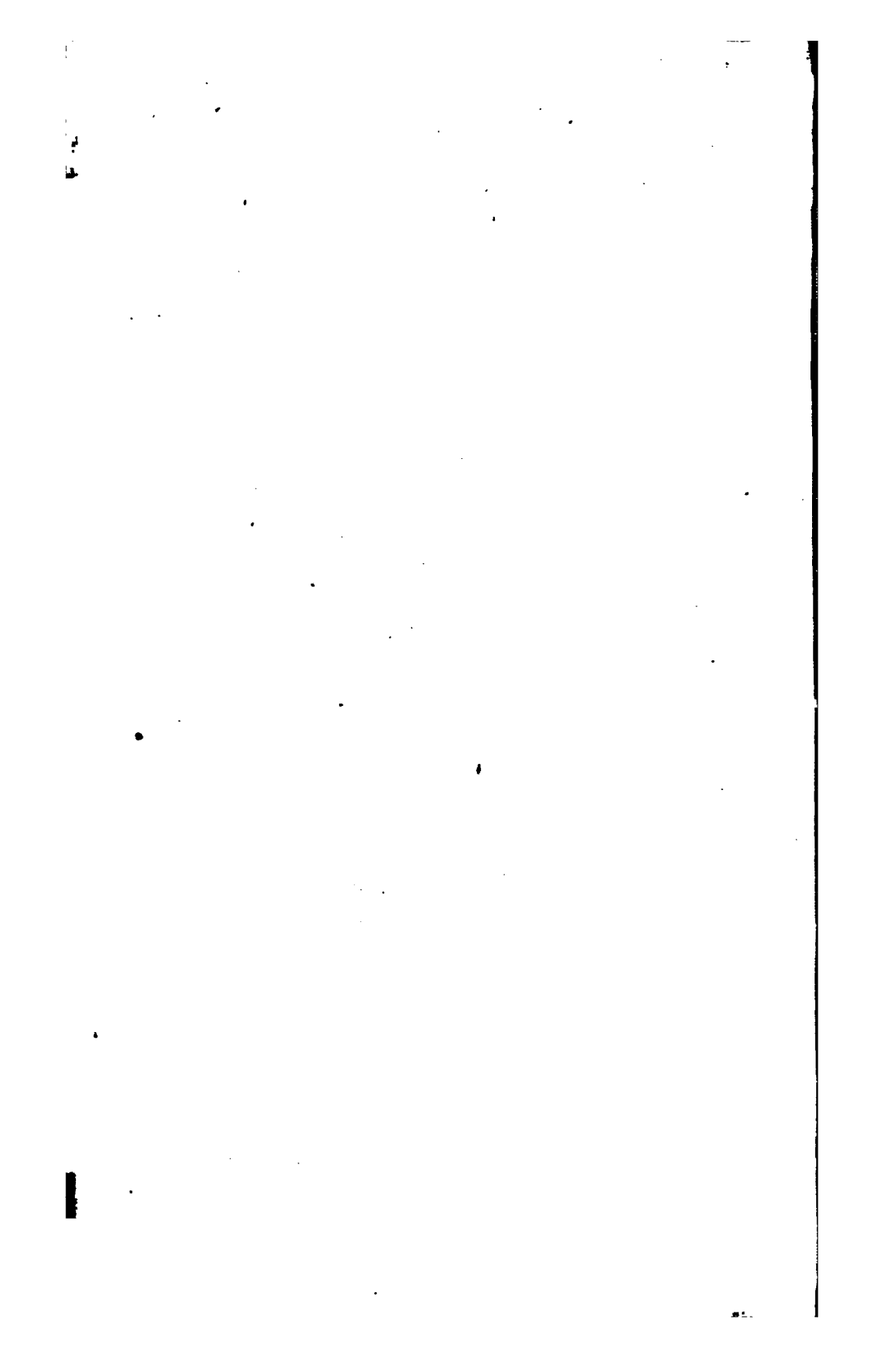
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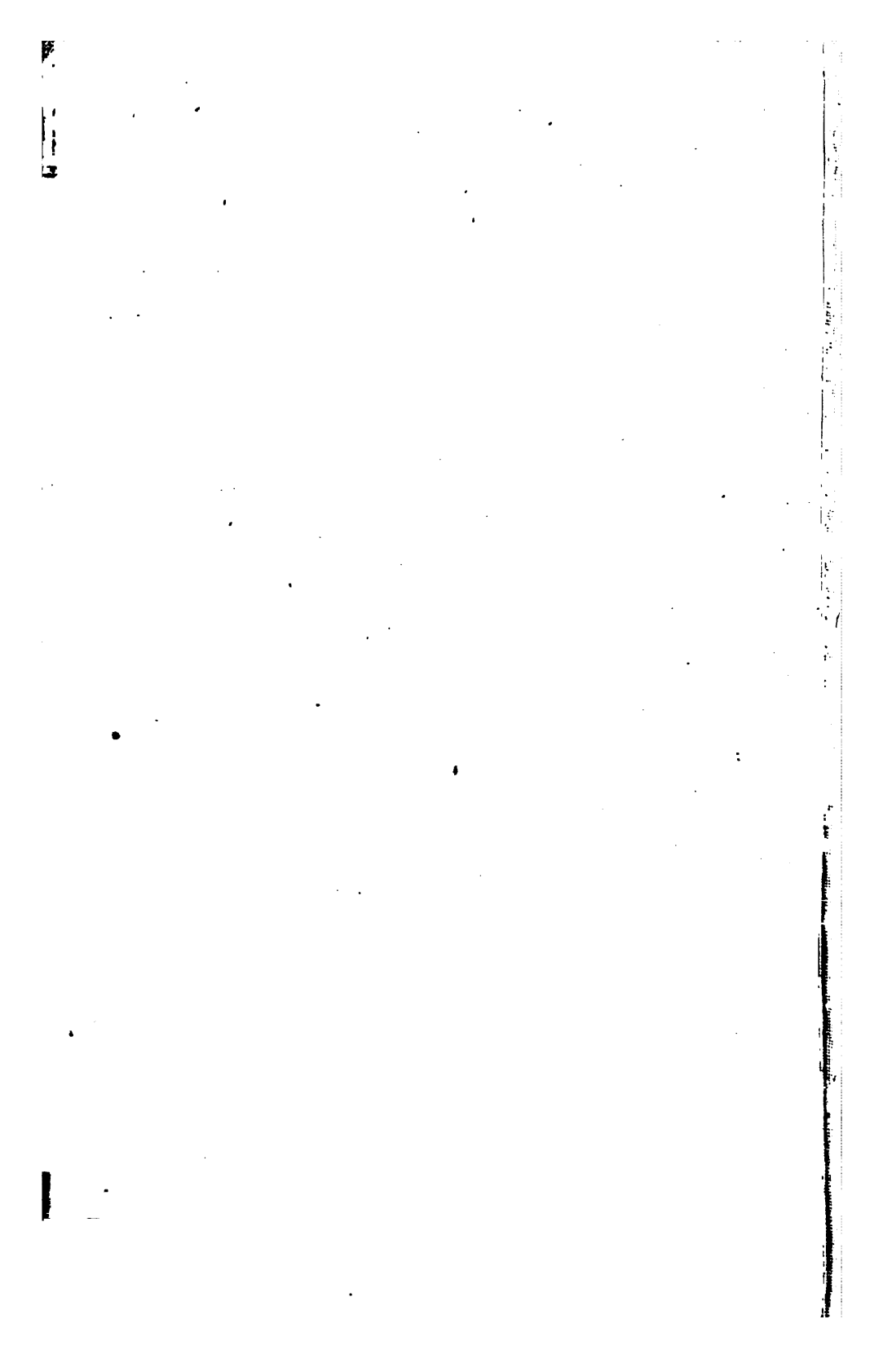


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