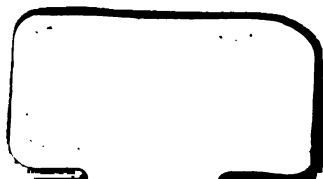


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William Mortimer

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Sports and Pastimes



1899

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE TWENTIETH.



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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. W. MORTIMER, THE MASTER OF THE OLD SURREY.

WHAT hunting memories does not the name of this celebrated pack evoke? Its origin, lost in dim antiquity, points to a time when there was gorse at Kennington, and a common at Sydenham—when city dignitaries, grave merchants and men on 'Change, used to mount their rough nags at some convenient stables, and (the scarlet coat with its green collar being concealed by an over garment) trot by Southwark Park, admiring the Bishop of Winchester's fine herd of deer, and indulging in an olla podrida of conversation, in which the price of stocks and the price of hunters were strangely mingled. The kennels were in Bermondsey in those days, and Peckham Rye was the nearest meet to Cheapside! In times somewhat later the immortal Jorrocks flourished—when hunting days began with an early breakfast at the Greyhound at Croydon, and sometimes finished with a dinner at the Cock at Sutton—when each man, as Mr. J——'s humorous biographer tells us, 'shouted in proportion to the amount of his subscription, and craned and rode, and rode and craned in a style that would gladden the eyes of a director of an insurance office.' But this is only good-humoured satire. There were sportsmen then as now, though the old fashion was somewhat different from the present;—'vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,'—and neither Mr. Surtees nor ourselves would willingly cast a sneer at the pluck and perseverance displayed in those primitive times.

To write a history of the Old Surrey would require a volume. Sufficient here for our brief notice if we take the present century for a starting-point, in the early part of which Mr. Snow was the master, to be succeeded by Colonel the Hon. G. Nevill, who resided near Godstone, and had the kennels there. In 1812 Mr. Maberly took them; and building kennels close to Addington Park, put the pack under archiepiscopal protection. It was Sir Edmund Antrobus who in 1836 removed the kennels to their present quarters—Coulston; and it was in 1843 he gave up the kennel management to Mr. Castendieck, though continuing the joint mastership down to 1847, Mr. Mortimer taking the field management in the absence of Sir Edmund. In 1847 a committee of three was formed, viz., Mr. Thomas Hood, Mr. Mortimer, and Mr. H. Nicholl; and in 1859,

on Mr. Hood's retirement, the two other gentlemen became joint masters, Sir Edmund Antrobus having given the hounds and horses for the benefit of the Old Surrey country. It was not until the month just closed upon us that Mr. Nicholl withdrew from the duties of joint mastership, carrying with him the respect and goodwill of all his brother sportsmen. The name of Mortimer is entitled to respect in Surrey annals, for the present master's father and four of his uncles at the same period largely contributed to its support. Born at Lewisham Hill in 1809, Mr. Mortimer was entered early, for the little fair-haired boy who one December day in 1819 rode his pony twenty miles to cover, and hunted him all day, has hunted with the old pack exclusively ever since; and he is now its master. A thorough lover of foxhunting, with sound judgment, activity, and clearness of perception in the management of a hunting establishment, always at the cover side to the minute, throughout the day, be the sport bad or good, as light-hearted as a boy, and not easily beaten by his field, though on the wrong side of sixty, he has reached a green (and scarlet) old age with honour. It is not every one who will take a bad country on precarious subscription, and try and manage an awkward field for the sake of pure sport alone; and Mr. Mortimer has an arduous task to perform. But he does not flinch, and the Old Surrey has never had a more popular master.

To mention the pack without alluding to 'old Tom Hills' would be impossible. It was 'sixty years since' when Tom first became associated with the Old Surrey, and for fifty years he was its efficient and zealous huntsman. There are those alive, perhaps, who remember Tom in the days of his key-bugle, when he got his hounds out of cover, and they went away to the tune of 'Young May Morn,' or some other stirring air! It would sound queerly in modern ears, and the bugle must have been a nasty thing to carry round the neck, or 'nastier still to fall upon,' as Lord Amherst remarked at the presentation about three years ago to Tom of his picture, painted by Sir Francis Grant. That was a memorable day in Surrey annals—the presentation, for the hunt had gathered together to a man and a woman to do old Tom honour. The movement had been set on foot, on Tom's retirement, by Mr. Hine-Haycock, of Little Heath, Charlton, the energetic Honorary Secretary of the Hunt; and the presentation took place at Titsey Park, the seat of Mr. Leveson-Gower, at the hands of Lord Amherst. Gentle and simple were there gathered together to pay a fitting compliment to an old and valued servant. Sir Francis Head, in a letter read to the meeting, said the picture was presented by 'an English nobleman to a noble Englishman.' The expression sounds a little inflated, but it is truer than some presentation compliments we read and hear of. Nothing is nobler, we are taught to believe, than duty, and Tom Hills had done his. He may never have heard Pope's hackneyed lines, but we may apply them to him—

'Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.'

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

www.libtool.org **BUCKS**

‘At length,’ said our friend, when we met him after an absence of some weeks, ‘we are drawing near the end of our tether for the present, and town quarters will become of more importance in the eyes of many of your readers than country ones.’

‘Quite so,’ we replied, ‘and just at the present time, when so many men wish to combine the amusements of both, it will be better to select some county which allows a gallop without interfering with after pursuits, parliamentary or otherwise, and perhaps there is no better one than Bucks for our purpose—’

‘Very good; it is in many parts a capital county to ride over, is convenient, and divided between two or three different packs, as I have told you before. The Bicester, although nominally an Oxfordshire pack, take a great slice of Bucks, their portion being all the country between Buckingham, Aylesbury, and from there up to Thame. Then the late Duke of Grafton and Lord Southampton for many years hunted the southern part of Northamptonshire and the northern of Bucks, Whittlebury Forest being in the centre, and this country is the hereditary hunting-grounds of the Fitzroy family; but I have already told you all about the Duke of Grafton’s country.’

‘I forget at the present moment about the division of the part now held by Mr. Selby Lowndes.’

‘It occurred thus, the country was divided in 1842, or, more properly speaking, a portion of it was lent by Lord Southampton to Mr. Lowndes, of Whaddon Hall, on an understanding that if one of the Dukes of Grafton took the hounds, it was to be surrendered, or if Mr. Lowndes gave it up, that it should also be returned to the Grafton family; and about this time, or possibly a little later, he also held a portion of the Oakley country on the same conditions. Then the River Ouse divided the two countries, that is, Lord Southampton’s and the newly formed one of Mr. Lowndes, whose pack went by the name of the Whaddon Chase hounds, from Whaddon having been formerly a Royal Chase. Some of the best meets of the latter are Whaddon, Swanbourne Station, Drayton Cross Roads, Salden Mill, Aston Abbots, and Nash, Bradwell, Padbury, and Wing.’

‘Mr. Lowndes may thus be said to have made his own country?’

‘Yes; and a very good one it is, although only about fifteen miles long and four or five wide; it has lots of grass, and draws south as far as Mentmore.’

‘I have heard the Creslow spoken of as a very favourite meet.’

‘And justly so. It is an old manor house about six miles from Aylesbury, beautifully situated on the top of a high hill, overlooking the fine grass vale, and close by is the Creslow Spinny: this is the

‘ extreme meet on the south. Christmas Gorse is a favourite draw, as is also High Havens, Mrs. Villiers’ Gorse, and Liscombe. Pilch is considered a good covert, as the country all round is vale, and there are no other coverts near ; but a man must be well mounted to get across it, as it abounds in big doubles and brooks.’

‘ Mr. Lowndes takes a very high rank in the science of hunting, does he not ?’

‘ Decidedly so ; he is a perfect houndsman, possesses a great knowledge of the animal he hunts, and as a huntsman in his younger days was very quick, and is still a famous sportsman, all for business. In point of costume he is not much of a dandy, and can hunt without chewing a toothpick or bringing out his greenhouse with him. Although not now a hard rider, it is admitted that he knows all about hunting as well as any man, and no one can say that there is anything effeminate about him from the crown of his head to the soles of his boots. He hunted this country up to 1853, when Lord Southampton, in conformity with the arrangement before-mentioned, resumed it, and Mr. Lowndes took the North Warwickshire, and afterwards, in 1855, the Atherstone, which he had four seasons. He was assisted in the field and kennel by William Dickens, who followed him to the Atherstone. The kennels were then at Winslow.’

‘ Such a country would be sure to have good men in it.’

‘ You are right ; a big country as a rule makes good men, and hunting with him at this time were, Mr. P. Duncombe of Great Brickhill, Mr. Trower, a capital old sportsman, who began hunting with the late Lord Verulam’s harriers, and Colonel George Fitzroy of Grafton Regis, who thoroughly understands hunting, and who took the command of the Duke of Grafton’s hounds in his absence, and once, when the hounds met at the Creslow in a very thick fog, had it put to the vote by a show of hands, if they should put in to draw. The show was in favour, as, save five or six, all hands were held up. George Carter exclaiming, “ Lord have mercy on us !” In a few moments the hounds eat up a leash of foxes, and a fourth went away across Creslow from the Home Covert, and they raced him to ground in twelve minutes. Before leaving Creslow Grounds the fog dispersed, and it was quite clear. Mr. George Payne was out that day on Oak Stick.

‘ Mr. Robins of Watford, another veteran, was also well known with the Old Berkeley. Rev. Mr. Crockford was a good sportsman, and “ Cook of Winslow ” was a very jolly fellow, and a general favourite. The Hon. Augustus Villiers ; the Rev. Adam Baynes of Adstock was a staunch supporter, and made Pilch Covert ; Mr. Shedden of Hastowe, Mr. Bailey of Shenley, Mr. Newcomb, the Rev. John Pretymann of Shennington was a good sportsman, and devoted to field sports ; Mr. Broadhead, the Rev. Mr. Ellman of Carlton, Mr. Clode of Hanslope, a first-rate sportsman, Mr. Bennett of Mount Hill, Mr. Levi of Newport, so well known with the Oakley, who on a five-and-twenty pound hack could always hold his own, and beat every other man, and very lately, in a run with the Baron

‘ from Addington, went like a boy. Tom Wesley of Newport
 ‘ Pagnell also went famously. The Rev. Richard Lowndes, uncle of
 ‘ the Squire, was a good sportsman and most amiable man. His
 ‘ brother Robert was fond of hunting, and always had a good
 ‘ horse. There were also Mr. Charles Lowndes of North Crawley,
 ‘ and Captain Tom Lowndes, a first-rate sportsman, who always
 ‘ turned out nicely. In 1853, Lord Southampton resumed the whole
 ‘ country, and I cannot tell you of whom his field were composed,
 ‘ better than by quoting some lines written in “Bell’s Life” by a
 ‘ poet of the period.

‘ “ The meet was a large one, and brilliant the scene ;
 ‘ Twenty couple of hounds, so even and clean ;
 ‘ Six men all in scarlet, with quick little Simpson,
 ‘ And just in the rear stood the noble Southampton ;
 ‘ The men were so neat, and all so well mounted,
 ‘ One hundred and fifty the field must have counted,
 ‘ Besides second horsemen seen straggling about,
 ‘ Who can but admit this a princely turn-out ?
 ‘ Amongst them I see Grafton’s eldest son Euston ;
 ‘ Captain Lowndes was not there, neither was Grimston ;
 ‘ Percy Barrington was, though, and likewise Joe Bailey,
 ‘ With Elliot and Anderson, and bold Morris Mowbray,
 ‘ Harvey-Farquhar, and Fitzroy, Smith, Duncan, and Levi ;
 ‘ Cooke and Jackson were out with that trim little Dansey,
 ‘ Some fellows from Oxford, with Symonds and Tollit ;
 ‘ Harry Poole he was there, but not his friend Quallett ;
 ‘ Many others were there well worthy attention,
 ‘ But already I have taken too much your attention.”

‘ During his career Lord Southampton, who did everything in the
 ‘ most liberal way, had several servants ; he would have a new hunts-
 ‘ man almost as often as some would have a new hat. Amongst
 ‘ these I remember Harry Taylor, Butler, so many years with Mr.
 ‘ Foljambe, Ben Morgan, Simpson, and Tom Smith, who after he
 ‘ left the first time kept a station on the Manchester and Sheffield
 ‘ line, and being sent for in 1856, on Simpson leaving, was so de-
 ‘ lighted to return that he vowed he would eat the first fox he killed ;
 ‘ but he remained only one year, and then went to Brocklesby. Old
 ‘ George Beers was at three different periods his lordship’s huntsman.’

‘ Mr. Lowndes returned to these hounds afterwards, did he not ?’

‘ Yes, in 1862, when he bought Lord Southampton’s bitch pack
 ‘ and moved the kennels to Whaddon. His field, like the Baron’s,
 ‘ is composed almost entirely of men hunting from London ; and as
 ‘ there must be quite ten strangers to one sojourner in the land, this
 ‘ makes the Squire look out sharp for subscriptions, as there are so
 ‘ many who like to see hunting for nothing, as little boys do Punch
 ‘ and Judy at the corner of a street. At the same time, the following
 ‘ have helped to compose his field, which is usually rather a long one :
 ‘ Lord Garlies, Mr. St. Quentin of Lathbury, Mr. John Fowler of

‘ Woburn, Sir John Karslake, who knows hunting as well as anybody, Mr. J. Hubbard of Addington Manor, Mr. Edward Clayton of Buckingham, Mr. Cavendish of Thornton Hall, Mr. Knapp of Little Linford House, Colonel Hanmer of Leighton, Mr. J. Mansell of Shenley House. Then from London we pretty regularly get Hon. Robert Grimston, Mr. Edgar Hibbert, Mr. C. Weguelin, Mr. Poole Ward, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Charles Smith, Mr. Whittall, Mr. Arthur Byass, Colonel Hunt, Mr. Bentinck of the Guards also has a cottage at Bletchley, and Messrs. Praed, Gipps and Iveson come over from Bicester. Messrs. Duncan and Maule, from Newport. Also the two Messrs. Bailey, who are almost Siamese twins, one being rarely seen without the other; to one of whom, when alone on his way to meet the hounds, a cheeky little boy once said, “I say! where’s t’other other?”

‘ From Buckingham, Mr. James Randall, Mr. Bruxner, and Mr. Henry Brassey. Mr. H. B. Arnaud from Padbury Lodge. Mr. Bentinck from Bletchley. Mr. Hubbard of Addington, Mr. John Lane of Winslow. Mr. Joseph Anderson from Leighton. Perhaps one of the best runs the Squire ever had in this country was from Wing Gorse (which is now ploughed up), to Eythorp, where the fox ran the hounds clean out of scent, there being no check of any kind throughout, and the Hon. R. Grimston and Dickens, at the early part of the run, were alone well with the hounds. At the end they made a sad example of all the horses, and the Squire said that his hounds had beaten all the hard riders, and would do so again when there was a scent; but it was retorted that the old Wing fox had beaten his hounds and would do so again, scent or not.’

‘ The district you are speaking of is included in Baron Rothschild’s hunt, is it not?’

‘ Yes; but the Vale of Aylesbury, which is a tract of country bounded on the east by the Chiltern Hills, and on the west by the Clayden Woods, by Winslow on the north, and Wendover on the south, is more especially renowned for the runs of these famous stag-hounds. It is all rich grass land with large enclosures and big blackthorn fences, many of them doubles, and there are numerous brooks, the two largest being the Rowsham and the Hardwicke.’

‘ Has the Vale been hunted long?’

‘ Not previously to 1839, as there were no coverts, although the Bicester hounds now and then forced a fox out of the Claydon Woods, and the Duke of Grafton’s occasionally drew Creslow and High Havens, yet the Old Berkeley never went below the hills which overhang Tring and Wendover; so that thousands of acres heard nothing in the shape of hunting beyond the music of the Whitecross Green Harriers, then kept by Tom Grace of Culverton. Then Barons Lionel and Nathaniel de Rothschild started the thing. A capital pack of hounds and some deer were bought of Sir Charles Shakerly at Congleton, and with them came their huntsman, a son of Roffey, who was with Mr. Jolliffe.

‘ The country round Mentmore was very different then to what it

' is now, as the Barons did not at that time own an acre there, whereas they have now at least twenty thousand. Cheddington Field, which you see from the railway, was a regular swamp, and would not bear a horse, save over two tracks, which a stranger would be little likely to find. The Baron has spent an immense sum of money in draining it. At the present time it is as good and sound ground as any in the country.'

' I suppose in those days Mentmore was not what it is now ?'

' It was not even built, and their first kennel was near the Tring station. Now there is as beautifully situated a residence there as the heart of man could desire. Baron Meyer de Rothschild, the proprietor of Mentmore, than whom no one used to go harder in his young days, and still gets to the end of the longest runs, is always out, and takes a great interest in everything appertaining to the hounds.'

' Do the meets vary much with deer-hounds ?'

' The Baron's country extends from Winslow to Marsh Hill, below Aylesbury, and from Mentmore to the Claydon Woods ; and Golby's Farm, Hardwicke, Wingrave, Rowsham, Littlecote, Oving Hill, Pitchcot, and Aston Abbots are considered their best meets. The worst country is round Leighton and Ivinghoe, about Eaton Bray, the railways and canal spoiling the run of the deer. The former parts are all grass, with big strong fences and lots of doubles, requiring a good and bold yet quiet and handy horse to get over them. Roffey was succeeded by William Barwick, from Lord Fitzwilliam, who was a very good man in the kennel, but no rider to hounds, and was accordingly held in great contempt by Tom Ball, the first whip, who had lived with Mr. Grantley Berkeley and Lord Suffield when he had the Quorn.'

' I have heard you speak highly of him before.'

' Yes ; he was a most resolute, determined rider, a perfect wonder, and that in the days before every brook was bridged and every field had four gates, and the Vale was brought into its present state ; he used frequently to take the deer alone.'

' Did he not eventually hunt the hounds ?'

' Yes ; in 1849 he took the horn, and his whip was Zach Boxall, a hard man, but very inferior to Tom Ball as a horseman. He now has the care of Mr. H. Chaplin's hunters and steeplechase horses.'

' In 1858 Tom Ball lost his place, and took a public house at Leighton Buzzard, where he died about five years ago, and then Fred Cox, his whip, and ere that under old George Carter at Tedworth, and with the Cottesmore and Puckeridge, became huntsman. Cox is a light weight, good rider, thoroughly knows his work, and is very civil and obliging, a good man in the kennel and in the field. Mark Howcott, from the West Norfolk, became whip. He is a native of Brixworth, and a very hard-bitten fellow. Speaking of the servants, also, I must not pass over the Baron's excellent

‘ second horseman, Joseph Barker, now stud-groom, whose stable management does him great credit.’

‘ Of course the riding division muster strongly with these hounds?’

‘ They always have been, and still are, really good men who hunt in the Vale, and a more jovial set than those to be found at their fixtures in early days could not easily be found—all hard men and full of fun. Amongst them, occasionally, but not exactly regulars, were Lords Alford and Charles Russell, who went wonderfully well when they did come. Then the Hon. Robert Grimston, who, in spite of some very bad falls, was never happy unless he could be first, and still goes as boldly, and is as fond of the sport as ever he was. The Hon. Captain Robert Boyle, an uncle of the present Lord Cork, went very nicely, and Mr. “Jemmy” Fielding, a Sussex man, whose horses stood at Tring. Mr. Tom Crommelin was a very neat man, and his little bay mare Butterfly was quite a picture. He lived with his friend Mr. Sheddon at Hastowe. Mr. W. Learmouth, who lived at Wing Cottage, went capitally. He was a very natty man, and wore black boots, but placed his hat very much on the back of his head, and looked as if he wanted a martingale; and with him was his friend Mr. Bainbridge the banker, and they kept their horses together under one groom. “Squeaker Lee,” a solicitor in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, who died of consumption, was a very game fellow, and kept on hunting long after he was physically unfit; he used to ride very well on an old white horse called Napoleon, who lived to a great age, and once belonged to Colonel Charitie. Then there was Mr. Sam Baker, who went well on The Corporal, and who lived with Mr. Hall at Hastowe, and afterwards at the White Hart at Aylesbury, where they got together a nice lot of horses, and Cook of Winslow, who lived at the Bell, was always well mounted.

‘ Mr. Bosville, a brother of Lord Macdonald, the present Sir Francis Grant, Mr. M’Geachy Alleyne, Mr. D’Arcy and Mr. Pettit from Leighton Buzzard. Mr. Philip Dansey of Horwood is a very old sportsman, who rode capitally, and is well known as a great breeder of Alderneys. Once at a party at Colonel Gilpin’s, with his usual pleasantry, he sung a song, in which he introduced the following verse:—

“Of all the days that are in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that’s to me the day the best,
That follows after Sunday:
For then I’m drest in scarlet best
To hunt with Baron Meyer;
He is the darling of my heart,
And he hunts in our shire.”

‘ Mr. Cheslyn Hall was very cheery out hunting, rode without fear, and got great prices for his horses; but he came to pecuniary grief, and brought others with him.

‘ Then there was Ginger Stubbs, who was always fonder of riding

‘over very big places than going steadily through a run; Mrs. Theobald, very light-hearted and not a bit afraid; Nelly Holmes, who was very affable and rode beautifully; with Polly F——y, and one or two others of the light division. At this time several of the leading London dealers and steeplechase riders, among them Captain Beecher, who, although a great man between the flags, could not ride a yard to hounds, considering the reputation he made; but his father, who always wore leather breeches and top-boots, Sundays included, went well; and the way he once got rid of an importunate female creditor is not forgotten by his old acquaintances. The following anecdote, showing Beecher’s natural propensity for riding, is worthy of record: He was once moralizing to a friend, and expressing his regret at his very wild and unsatisfactory course of life, but said that he derived great comfort from having in a general way been most dutiful to his parents, excepting only on one occasion, when his conscience seriously reproached him for having used most improper language to his father, which at times made him very miserable. He dwelt so strongly on this matter that his friend asked him what this subject was that caused him so much uneasiness, when he told him that his father had given him permission, when a youngster, to ride The Bull about the farm, provided he never took him out hunting. One day, however, the hounds crossed the farm when he was mounted, and he rode him a sharpish burst, and killed him. His father was very angry, and some high words ensued, in which he swore at his father, and used expressions which had since, on reflection, caused him much uneasiness. John Elmore, who latterly only rode after some jumping powder, and then on a very clever old horse he bought at Northampton; and with him Billy Philpot, commonly called Philkins, than whom nobody went better; George Elmore, *alias* Young Leary, was very good; but Henry Elmore, though not an elegant horseman, was the hardest of the family. Old Tilbury was devoted to hunting, and nobody went out more in his time, but he was not quite the shape for riding, and used to roll about in his saddle and fall off terribly.’

‘Was not Mr. Anderson amongst them?’

‘Yes; and he then went famously on certain horses, no man better for a quarter of an hour, particularly when on Melon, or Jerry, a rat-tailed horse he bought of Mr. Fielding; his son then did and still goes capitally; and with them was his prime minister, Mr. Weston, called “Old Time of Day,” and who has seen as many runs both with fox and stag hounds as any man of his time; and the wonderful old Billy Bean, whom the “Druid” has described so well in “Scott and Sebright,” who did such extraordinary things over the Harrow country with his own little pack. He was particularly good on a horse that would bear being laid hold of; but Billy was very jealous, and would shut his best friend out of a run if he could. With him we must also class Jem Mason, who often came down to ride for Mr. Sam Baker. One of his best performances was in a run from Wing to Castlethorpe—

‘ 1 hour and 40 minutes—on Willesden, his own property. Alfred Dyson, who was afterwards master in the Isle of Wight, was a capital sportsman, and very popular. Mr. Fitz-Oldaker, a regular attendant, was always in front, the keenest of the keen, and still one of the very few who will now stay out until moonlight. George Darby, who has rare hands, still as fond of stag-hunting as ever he was. Also John Bolton Hall of Weedon, on the Absentee, and Bob Adamson, the wine merchant, on Oak Stick, whose wife bought the celebrated Ten-and-Sixpence as a foal on board an Irish steamer for that sum. Also Mr. Hancorn on a little roan which carried his head in the air and jumped all the big brooks; and John Brown of Tring, of whom some very strange anecdotes are related.’

‘ I have heard that Captain Skipworth used to come up from Lincolnshire, and go well during Tom Ball’s time.’

‘ You are right; and one day, when riding a horse called Insanity, from his wild behaviour, he got such a lead through Tom’s going back to pick up his horn, which he had dropped a few yards, and the field, thinking there was a big one in front, turned with him. This gave the captain a lead, which he did not fail to improve, and so impressed was a noble lord from the Pytchley with the performance that he came up and wanted to buy the horse at the finish. As he had shouted out in no very courteous manner earlier in the run, “ Now then, farmer! go on, farmer!” the captain took a rise out of him, and was just about to ask him a price that would have opened his eyes and put all dealing out of the question, even had the horse been his own, when a friend, quite unconscious of the joke, rode up and spoil it. The horse was a roarer, and would not have been badly sold at thirty pounds.

‘ Some ten years later Mr. Oliver Massey, who lived at Wing, and his son Augustus, who died at an early age, were going, as was Mr. Davidson, who did well on Brick, and Mr. Peter Rolt, well known in the racing and steeplechase world, with Mr. John Sadlier, the Irish M.P., and his friend Jemmy Rhodes, a very jolly fellow who did not pretend to ride. One day two or three thrusting fellows had a cut at the Rowsham Brook, which their horses refused, when up came Rhodes on his old mare, and pretended to ride at it, but turned her round near the brink. “ D——n your impudence!” said one of them. “ I have just as much right to ride at the Rowsham as any one else,” replied he, to the great amusement of everybody. About this time Mr. Watson, now well known with the Pytchley, distinguished himself on a chesnut horse which was a wonderful timber jumper. Mr. William Chaplin, since so well known with the Quorn, and Mr. Tailby, also went very well. At a still later period the Hon. George Glyn, who succeeded Mr. Brand as whipper-in of the Liberal pack, Mr. Waring, the Contractor, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Charles Bevill, a grand horseman, who has now given up, and his son, who cares more for racing, Mr. John Green of Woburn, Mr. Straw of Aston Abbots, a very good sportsman, Mr. George Brettle of Oving House, who went well, especially

‘on The Count, and who says he has never had any hunting since he left the Vale; Sir Hugh, now Lord Cairns, who was the Lord Chancellor to whom a native, who did not know him, hallooed, “Stop, you d——d fool!” to the great amusement of those who did; and Mr. Glasse, Q.C., who, from his great love of horses, was most properly called Cheval Glasse.’

‘Amongst so many good men there must have been some hard-riding and sporting farmers that you can tell me of.’

‘Very true; there are and have been some capital fellows; amongst them the brothers Lucas of Rowsham, and Morris of Bedgrove; he was capital at water, and used to say that he liked brooks because there were no binders to catch his horse’s legs.

‘Will Golby of Weedon Hill, who goes capitably, and John and Bill Eustace, of Wingrave, Holdam of Burcot, Eliot of Hulcot, Marks of Denham Hill, Thomas Bell of Weedon Hill, noted for his capital ale, William Howland of Hardwicke, a good sportsman, who goes well; and I must not forget Mr. Perrin, who is most hearty and hospitable. He once gave a hunting breakfast, when the table literally groaned under nothing but the flesh of the unclean beast, in all sorts of shapes, to the astonishment of his baronial visitors, and to the amusement of others, the more especially when he innocently said to them, “Come, gentlemen, you don’t seem to be doing anything. Pray don’t spare it; there is plenty more in the house.” Before, however, speaking of the men now going I must not forget the greatest character I have met in my life—I mean the Rev. Kit Erle of Hardwicke, who was, I think, even more eccentric than Loraine Smith. From the time he was at New College he took great interest in hunting, and was exceedingly fond of horses—particularly thoroughbreds—which he would keep to look at. He had them turned out on his lawn, and would say to his man, “Hi, Miller, hi! bring out Proserpine,” and after having looked at her would send for another. In his garden was a rookery, in which he took great delight, and would say, “Those are the sermons for me; hark, do you hear what they are saying? Cave! Cave! be cautious.” He sometimes said to Cox, “Come up and have a glass of sherry at my house quietly. I should like you to meet there, but you know the confounded bishop would kick up such a row.” He never did any duty. His curate dined with him on Sunday, but it was understood that there was no claret for him if his sermon exceeded twenty minutes. In his pew there were prayer-books of all languages but the English. Of port wine he was very fond, and used to say that if he were put into gaol, and it were cut off, he should die in three days. His whole house was a curiosity, every room being crammed with pictures and prints hung by dog-chains of various lengths and in no sort of order, a bishop being hung side by side with a ballet-girl. He had dozens of spectacles, and although he wore two pair round his neck he was always saying, “Oh, dear! where are my glasses?”

‘ He was also very charitable, his hand being always in his pocket. On Good Friday he gave away some hundreds of cross-buns, and would remark, “ That’s Christianity ; it’s better than all the sermons.” Perhaps his greatest delight was to good-naturedly banter his Hebrew friends ; and he would say, “ The Jews like being chaffed ;” and once said to one who had been in the habit of wearing a very broad-brimmed hat, and who came out hunting, much to his surprise, in a narrow brim, “ Why, —, you have circumcised your hat !” and on another occasion, when the same gentleman made some remark on his reverence’s old coat, he retorted, “ Well, will you buy it ?” One day, eating some chicken and ham in a large coffee-room, pointing to it, he said to a very learned member of the same persuasion, “ I wonder this does not convert you.” He carried his eccentricities to the end, as by his special desire he was buried with a copy of Homer in his right hand, Anacreon in his left, and the Psalms of David on his head.’

‘ I have heard great accounts of the runs with these stag-hounds.’

‘ Yes ; there have been runs in the vale, some of which are great historical facts, as, for instance, that of nearly twenty-four miles over the Brill Hill, straight through the big Wootton House Woods, when Roffy killed his horse Little Billy, and was not prosecuted, as huntsmen now are, by a fussy, meddlesome society. In 1842, the Wosterton Hind, who was killed, and whose head was stuffed, and is now at Mentmore, gave them another ; after running about twenty minutes they came down to the Rowsham Brook ; the Hon. Robert Grimston on a mare he called Miracle, and Bill Golby both got over. Tom Ball, Baron Nathaniel, and Mr. Oldaker got in, and two fields further on, Golby’s horse stopped. Tom Crommelin, on Nonsense, shirked the brook, and by going down the road got a nick, and never lost the lead again. Tom Ball got his mare out of the brook, and caught and passed Mr. Grimston, but he never reached Mr. Crommelin ; that was a great day. A year or two afterwards there was a great run to Oxford, when Mr. Frederick Knight, M.P., on The Tory, and Mr. Crommelin had the best of it. Another from Tring Windmill to Oving, when Tom Ball and Mr. Grimston were alone for the last half-hour, and Tom’s horse fell at the foot of Oving Hill, where he left him, and ran up the hill on foot, and took the deer in Sir Thomas Aubrey’s stable-yard. Lord Clanricarde was out in this run, and Tom Ball and Mr. Grimston took the hounds home together. Then the run from Wing to Castlethorpe in one hour and forty minutes, when Jem Mason, on Willesden, was never headed from first to last, and Mr. Grimston and Zach Boxall the only others who were placed. The great run from Hardwicke to Black Grove, when the present Sir Robert Peel was out, and Lady Peel went right well all through, also took place in Tom Ball’s time. But it is quite impossible to enumerate half the first-class gallops seen with the Baron’s hounds, not one of the worst being over Brill Hill, the season before last, and that from Helsthorpe to Cuddesden,

'near Oxford, when Cox did not get home with the hounds before one in the morning.'

'Who are the men going at the present time?'

'The field consists chiefly of those who come down by the express train, to which there is a drop carriage attached, and return to their dinners in town, and is composed of Members of Parliament, when the House is sitting, men of business, officers doing duty, barristers and solicitors out on the quiet to get a little fresh air, and others who make London their home. Their requirements have caused to spring up a suburb of Leighton Buzzard, where after the meeting of Parliament more hunters are stabled than in any other place except Melton. So that there are at least a dozen strangers to one steady sojourner in the country. Amongst the regular men at the present time are Baron Ferdinand from Wing Cottage, who is very keen, Mr. Nathaniel Rothschild, M.P. for Aylesbury, and his brother Leopold. Mr. Cazenove is one of the few residents in the country, having built a fine mansion at Lillies. Lord Langford, Major Whyte Melville, the Poet Laureate of the Vale, a nice quiet rider, with beautiful hands, The Hon. Robert Grimston, Sir F. De Vœux, Sir Henry Hoare, M.P., who always rides nice horses, The Hon. Crespigny Vivian, The Hons. Harry and Robert Bourke, Mr. C. Weguelin, Mr. Edgar Hibbert, Captain Smith, late of the Carbineers, so well known in Leicestershire, and his brother, Mr. Charley Smith, who also goes very well. Mr. John Foy, a very good sportsman, Captain Anderson of Leighton, Mr. Robert Gillespie, a very good man to hounds, but not so well mounted as he ought to be, Mr. W. M. Redfern, who hunted many years from Market Harborough, Mr. Coveney, who hunts constantly, with the Surrey Stag-hounds, the Queen's and the Essex, never goes near foxhounds, and always rides in trousers. Mr. Edward Drake is one of the finest riders over the Vale, and his brother George also keeps up the family reputation.'

'What about accommodation in this country?'

'Well, although perhaps it can scarcely be said to come under the head of country quarters, seeing that most of those who hunt in this country have season-tickets from Euston Square, still the accommodation of the horse is quite as important as that of the master, so we will touch on it. First, there is Buckingham, from which town you can get capital hunting, and it is much frequented, as from it you can reach the Bicester, Mr. Lowndes, and the Duke of Grafton. The White Hart, some years ago, had a very indifferent reputation, and there is still room for improvement. The stabling is good. The best accommodation for horses is at Plester's, near the railway station.

'Winslow is good to meet the Bicester, the Baron's, and Mr. Lowndes, to whom you must, on being asked for it, pay a pony, and look pleasant for your privilege. The Bell is the only middling good inn here.

'Bletchley is much the best place for a Londoner to keep his horses.

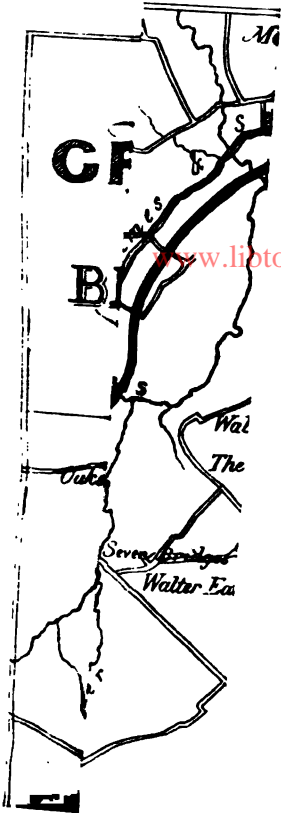
' In my opinion no other, save perhaps Linslade, can be compared with it. The hotel accommodation is not bad. The stabling is good, with lots of boxes. From here you can reach the westerly meets of the Oakley.

' From Aylesbury you can reach four packs of fox-hounds, besides the Baron's stag-hounds. There is only one hotel, the George. I remember, when the White Hart (now pulled down) was kept by Mr. John Fowler, 1850, a grey horse belonging to Charles Simmonds being brought up-stairs after dinner, first led over a flight of chairs, and then ridden over the table by a now reverend gentleman, then known as "Captain Barlow" of Brasenose. At Linslade the visitor will find famous ranges of stabling at the Railway Hotel, kept by Mr. James Sherman, the most civil of landlords, and a host in every sense of the word; and I must not omit his factotum, Miss Lucy Parker, who can attend to a dozen persons at once, all in a hurry to get off by the next train.'

THE GREATWOOD RUN.

WE can hardly doubt that the accompanying map, which records one of the finest lines ever run over by fox-hounds, will prove acceptable to every reader of 'Baily's Magazine.' The interest with which this remarkable chase has been regarded, not only in Wiltshire, but in every other hunting county, as well as the numerous, and in most cases unsatisfactory, accounts, that have been published, of it, render it imperative on us to accord to the Beaufort hounds the same tribute that we offered to the celebrated Waterloo run with Mr. Anstruther Thomson's hounds in 1866. When a leading journal publishes a sensation article on the subject, written on the *ignotum pro magnifico* principle, and describing the run as having taken place in *Monmouthshire*, it is time that sportsmen at a distance should have the opportunity of knowing for themselves both where they went and how they went.

Ash Wednesday, then, the 22nd February, 1871, was ushered in by a frost of six degrees, with an easterly wind, which chopped round in the morning to the south-west. The meet was at Swallett's Gate, a turnpike in the middle of the Christian Malford country, distant about half a mile from the Dauntsey station of the Great Western Railway. The drag conveying the Badminton party, and the hounds' van, were left at Sutton, the former containing the Duke, Lord Worcester and two of his brothers, Colonels Bourke and Ewart, Granville Somerset, Percy Barker, George Fordham, and one or two more. Of some two hundred and fifty at the cover side we may particularise among the heavy weights Jack Savile, who rode a roan stallion once in the possession of Mr. Anstruther Thomson, Peter Miles, and Granville Somerset on their respective 'Specula-



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'tions,' T. Hill on Black Draught, and T. Canning, mayor of Bristol. Of the middle weights may be mentioned C. Bill and T. Donovan, who selected two youngsters for their mounts, Captain Coote, who was as usual on a good-looking one, and also mounted Alfred Grace on Freemason, Percy and Eustache Chaplin, Harry Candy, Colonel Bourke, who rode a mare of his own breeding, *the chronicler*, on old Dannyman, Mr. Maudsley, and Mr. Jenkins (better known as Mr. P. Merton) on Giffard, a horse belonging to Mr. Walter Powell of Dauntsey. The Duke rode Dyrham, a stout bay, and Heber Long, the first whip, was on a capital mare bred at Badminton, and got by Grey Prince. Lord Worcester, the huntsman, was on the pick of his excellent stud, Beckford, a flea-bitten grey, who will never forget the 22nd of February, even if his master should. We omit any mention of the second horses out, as it may at once be said that nobody who got near the end ever had his second horseman within hail, owing to the pace and to the straightness of the run.

The draw was at Grettenham Great Wood, a cover bordering on the Great Western line, between the Wootton Bassett and Dauntsey stations. They drew the upper side of the wood without finding, till they reached the east end, whence they went away, leaving a good many in the wood who had not heard the cheering note of the whistle, which is always used in this country when a fox breaks cover. He set his head pretty straight for Brinkworth, but when close to the brook was headed back—to the disgust of many who had been with them over this stiff line of country—and returned to the west side of the wood, going straight through it, and on over the railway and canal to the reservoir cover. Thence he crossed the road, just touched Fastern Wood, and making his original point, recrossed the canal and line, leaving Greatwood to his left. Just beyond the point where he was first headed, the two brooks, viz., the Brinkworth and Thunder Brook (sometimes called the Back Brook) run in close proximity. It was the latter of these that Greville Nugent, Cecil Howard, Jonas Hunt, Coote, and Jenkins charged successfully, leaving many immersed in the same, while others, including the huntsman, crossed the Brinkworth bridge just before jumping into the road, whereby they were equally enabled to be with the hounds up to Brinkworth village, behind which occurred a check of about eight minutes. The pace from the time of crossing the line up to the check was very good, and quite equal to any part of the run, the whole line being grass, and the time (including the time spent in cover) fifty-five minutes, distance ten miles. The check allowed some stragglers time to put in an appearance by the time Lord Worcester had cast the hounds, and hit off a line towards Somerford Common, a large wood in the far-famed Bradon country. Opinions differ as to whether the fox was changed here, our own being in favour of that view, first, because the fox seen to make for Somerford did not appear to have done much work, and secondly, because a well-known farmer, Mr. Ruck, who subsequently viewed

this fox near Red Lodge, declared that it was the same he had seen the week before, when hunted by the V.W.H. hounds in their great run from Oaksey to Blunsdon, both which points are shown in our map. Now if Mr. Ruck's vision was correct, there is every probability that this fox hailed from Bradon, and not from Greatwood, confirmatory proof of which is furnished by the fact that a week later the V.W.H. hounds had another run from Red Lodge over the Tadpole country, in which their fox ran field for field for a long distance the same line as we are now describing. Henceforward this animal must be regarded as an institution in the country, and there are not wanting some who insist that Reynard originally hailed from Devonshire, and was turned down in Tadpole Gorse by Mr. Cradock.

But we must resume our account of the hounds, who, now fairly landed in the enemy's country, held the line right through Somerford Common, leaving Webb's Wood well to their right, ran hard past Larker's Coppice, and just touched Gospel Oak, at the corner of the Red Lodge covers. Here he made a strange turn short to the left, pointing as if for Minety station, but, changing his mind, set his head straight for Burry Hill Gorse, crossing the railway and then the high road about a mile on the Swindon side of the Minety station. The turn above alluded to suited the Macadamites to a T, and enabled them to watch the hounds as they streamed up to the road, Sexton, Sentinel, and Ganymede being to the fore. The first-named is a son of Sulphur, whose doings were duly noted in 'Baily's Magazine' of February, 1866. Sentinel is a six-season hound by Mr. Foljambe's Barrister out of the Beaufort Sentiment, and Ganymede, who as well as his brother Galloper did good work throughout the day, is by Mr. Lane Fox's Gainer out of his Stately.

Forward was still the word, when, after ascending Burry Hill and threading the gorse at the top, a very slight check occurred ere they held the line into the famous Tadpole Vale which comprises the finest bit of the V.W.H. country. Here the pace improved materially, and leaving Purton Stoke to their right, they passed Bradon Lodge, and ran across the flat Whitehall Meads, crossed the Severn and Wilts Canal, and instead of making for the Tadpole Gorse, which some believed to be his point, he left it a good way on his right and ran on nearly to Seven Bridges, whence, turning to the left, he bore up for Cricklade. Leaving this town to his left, the field were somewhat astonished to find a river staring them in the face, which the fox and hounds had crossed. No bridge appearing in sight, Lord Worcester unhesitatingly plunged in, and though the spot he selected proved deep in the centre, he got out with a struggle, and was followed by about a dozen of the field. The river referred to was the Isis, which subsequently joins the Thames, but here winds along to the south and south-east of the Thames and Severn Canal. Hounds had now a good lead of the diminished field, and few saw anything of the leading ones, who ran very hard to the right of the canal bank, the tow-path of which the

horsemen were but too glad to occupy, until a turn for Castle Eaton was made. Here the Isis was recrossed, the hounds swimming it close to the village, and the field using the bridge, except Candy and Byng, who, being already wet through, had another swim for it, and a narrow escape, too, for their horses were carried a considerable way by the stream. At Castle Eaton the hounds were cheered on to the line under the rectory garden wall, and ran through some gardens and farm-yards, where Hannibal, Cottager, Nathan, and Seagull did some capital work, and held the line up to within half a mile of Kempsford. Here the horses in nearly every instance had had enough, and Grace and Candy, leaving theirs at a farmhouse, followed the chase on foot. Luckily for the survivors, the hunting here became slow, and continued so till the finish. Lord Worcester got off Beckford, who was led by Mr. Pitman for some distance. The latter gentleman subsequently proposed confiding the good steed to the care of a rustic, who admitted that he was 'not much of a jockey,' but ultimately forgot to return Mr. P.'s hunting-whip, which will no doubt be retained as a trophy of the Greatwood run. From Kempsford they passed Hannington Wick on their right, went nearly up to Crouch Gorse at the top of the hill, which they left on their left, and ran to ground in a drain on the farther (or Swindon) side of Highworth. Well as the hounds had deserved blood, the size of the said drain prevented the enjoyment of the '*otium cum dig.*,' and we cannot but think that our readers' sympathies will be with the fox, and that they will rejoice that such a gallant animal lives to fight (or run away) on a future occasion. To the huntsman, doubtless, it was a great disappointment not to handle the prey, which had been viewed just previously only a short distance before his hounds; but he has at least the consolation of knowing that it was reserved by fate for him to hunt the Badminton hounds in such a run as the last three generations of Blue Coats have desired to see, but have not seen.

The time from find to finish was three hours and a half, over a distance of twenty-eight miles as hounds ran, the farthest point as the crow flies measuring fourteen. After running for some distance on foot, Lord Worcester accepted the offer of Mr. Hynam, a farmer from the neighbourhood of Lye Grove, and mounted the latter's steed, a rare good cob, owned, we fancy, by Mr. Anstey, of Brinkworth. Taking the slow hunting between Castle Eaton and the finish into consideration, the pace of the run is admitted to have been very good, especially between Greatwood (the second time) and Brinkworth, and also over the Tadpole Vale. Had the finish been fast, we believe there would not have been two left to tell the tale; as it was, the gathering at Highworth was a very select one at first, though increased by stragglers as time wore on. To Lord Worcester the very highest credit is due, for our readers will know how much more work a *riding* huntsman's horse does, than that of the best of the field. He was with his hounds as long as old Beckford had any 'go' left in him, though the old horse, after

some gruel at Highworth, freshened up on the road to Swindon (seven miles off), whither the Badminton portion of the field made their way. There, after refreshing the inner man, they took train for Chippenham (telegraphing to Sutton for the drag and hounds' van to meet them there), and arrived at Badminton between nine and ten o'clock. The rest of the field were scattered over the country in all directions, post-chaises being in requisition to take the gentlemen home whose horses were left in the farmhouses and inns. Happily, we hear of no fatal effect to any steed that took part in the run, though one evinced his appreciation of *quantum suff.* by lying down in the road near Cricklade.

Our readers may easily understand that to imitate Judge Clarke, and endeavour to place a first, second, and third among the riders in the Greatwood run is a task for which we have no relish, and which we shall decline to attempt. Those who are sportsmen enough themselves to separate the doings of the individual horsemen from the general question of *sport*, will be satisfied with a record which is free from all comparisons. It was a run in which, as a rule, the hardest riding men beat themselves or their horses, while some of those who never took a liberty were fortunate enough to see the finish. Hence its merits, as a riding run, must be judged as much by the absence of the absentees, as by the presence of the select few who reached Highworth. Mr. Jenkins went straight and well, jumping the brooks as they came, falling but once during the run, and finishing comparatively fresh; but he had the great pull of not having ridden the first ring from and through Greatwood, owing to not knowing of the find at first. Mr. A. Grace likewise was out of this part of the run, owing to a mistake at the first fence, and he did not show prominently till later on, when he went exceedingly well over the Tadpole Vale, and past Kempsford, after which his horse was '*dead settled*.' Captain Candy and Mr. Byng rode with great pluck, and as forward as the wet state of their clothes would allow, for they fathomed four brooks, and were not to be recognized even by their own maternal relatives. The latter young gentleman was hunting for the first time in England; let us volunteer him a little bit of advice. Let him not desert the hunting-field next season because he finds that every day's sport does not equal his first experiences.

The loss of their second horses was of course an irreparable one to such good heavy weights as Peter Miles and Jack Savile, while C. Bill got planted in a brook called, we fancy, the county ditch, where Mr. Percy Chaplin did the Good Samaritan (let the *Humane Society* note this fact), and accompanied him to Castle Eaton. Here they were joined by Mr. Maudsley (who had gone well till his horse stood still), and by the chronicler, finding refuge in the house of the parson, one of a rare good sort, who dispensed open-handed hospitality, though admitting his doubts as to the ecclesiastical propriety of a fox paying visits in the neighbourhood on Ash Wednesday! Colonel Bourke and Joe Dancey, of the 1st Life Guards, and

Mr. Percy Barker also went well, the latter being about the only man who knew the country towards the end of the run; and Mr. Eustache Chaplin got through on the same horse which carried him through the whole of the good 'Easton Gray' day, earlier in the season; curiously enough, this gentleman was also out in the great Waterloo run above mentioned. Colonels Ewart and Dickson, with Messrs. Luce, Wild, and Pitman, were also at the finish, and so was Heber Long, the first whip, who never rode better in his life—and that is saying a good deal. The Duke, and two of his younger sons, with Granville Somerset, got to Highworth some time after the run had actually ceased, but joined the cavalcade to Swindon, as before mentioned. It is but due to Hamblyn, the kennel-huntsman, to state that only two hounds of the whole of his famous dog-pack were absent at the finish, both of whom, it was well known, had been short of work.

Our chronicle has far exceeded the limits which we had prescribed, and we feel that to non-hunting readers so many particulars must prove somewhat tedious; nevertheless if there be but one real sportsman whose imagination has been enlightened, or whose heart has been stirred by the details of this wonderful fox-chase, we shall feel that we have not described the Greatwood run in vain.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLUES.

THEIR march is o'er no withered plain piled high with gory dead,
 No vineyard bleeds before its time beneath their onward tread,
 No summer breadth of golden corn lies trampled in their track,
 Nor over blighted hearths and homes the war cloud lowers black.
 For them the Father of our streams meets with a fuller flow
 The teeming tide that labours up from ocean waves below,
 For them, in silvery state, he hangs a moment on the flood,
 And opens wide his watery lists that ne'er shall flow with blood;
 The tributary urn forgets his leaning arm a while,
 And all along his broad expanse the patriarch seems to smile.
 From Isis swells a prouder stream to bear her sons to-day,
 And Camus lingers slower past her willows far away,
 And waits, of every wandering breeze inquiring, half forlorn,
 The news of triumph or defeat on airy pulses borne.
 Stirr'd are the hearts of England's youth, and flushed is manhood's face;
 And age, delighting to recal each feature of 'the race,'
 Dwells on the annals of the past, seen through a mist of years
 In hues as bright as those to-day the thrilling pageant wears.
 And many a maiden hand has bound the glories of the 'blue'
 In hair that steals a comelier grace from each contrasted hue;

The purple, that with raven's wing in sheeny lustre vies,
 And lends a prouder radiance to the depth of ebon eyes ;
 Or azure, like the smiles of heaven when storms are put to flight,
 That best accords with sunny locks and sister orbs of light.
 And silken favours for the fray when loving fingers bind,
 Is there no magic in their touch to nerve the champion's mind ?
 And doth not each, like knight of old, arm bolder for the strife
 Beneath her eyes whose glances rule the current of his life ?
 What though no guerdon or reward his glorious toil may claim,
 No monumental brass record the ' nothing of a name ;'
 Shall not the crown from Honour won, unseen by mortal gaze,
 Illumine with undying light the future of his days ?
 Shall not the victor's palmy wreath by hoary Thames decreed
 Vie with the evergreen renown of old Olympian meed ?

* * * * *

Four winding miles of ringing cheers, such as the victor's way
 Rose from a thousand tongues to greet on Rome's triumphal day ;
 The giddy span that sways beneath its crowds aloft in air,
 The dusky barge that ill befits its burden of the fair ;
 The fairy fleet beneath whose keels the sportive ripples glance,
 Like darting dragon-flies that lead their many-coloured dance ;
 Such sights beneath the watery smiles of April's flying gleams
 Reflected in his bosom sees the Father of our streams ;
 And every vantage point that marks the limits of his reign
 Is clustered o'er like some lone rock uprising from the main,
 Around whose crags the seamews wheel, their solitary home,
 White with a myriad brooding forms, as with the ocean's foam :
 From terraced lawn whose crowded slope no glimpse of green reveals ;
 From dizzy roof, from osier isle, the rolling thunder peals,
 A nation's voice, that best her sons with ancient valour fires,
 And points a bright example from the prowess of their sires.
 Before yon prows whose whitening track the mimic billows crown
 Flash like a smile the azure blades—the purple darker frown ;
 And anxious eyes are strained to catch the issue of the strife,
 As those who hang upon the pulse of some suspended life.

* * * * *

Then whether Granta's halls again with triumph's note shall ring,
 Or magic wires to Oxford spires the joyous message bring,
 Speed on your course, oh ! youthful flower of England's manly pride,
 With compass ruled by Honour's star, your tutelary guide ;

And be the day of yearly strife marked with a whiter stone
 That sees your rival barks engage in Glory's cause alone ;
 Sole relic of a reign of sport too nobly bright to last,
 Ere ends were sold for lust of gold, and cunning ruled the cast ;
 Type of an age whose tastes severe and simpler pleasures pall
 On minds who scoff at Chivalry, nor heed her trumpet call :
 Long may your sons in years to come the glorious toil renew,
 Long on their blades the rival shades of each time-honoured blue
 Glance like a meteor flash, to show the paths of old renown,
 That lead to heights whence Fame to all extends her glowing crown.

AMPHION.

A RACE MORNING.

I AM such an enthusiast when horse-racing is concerned, that even the minor details connected with the great sport are inexpressibly dear and interesting to me. I dwell, as it were, over every note of the overture, and find therein a depth of enjoyment very nearly equal to that produced by the regular 'business' itself. Quite apart from the music, such as it is, that the ring affords, quite apart from the delights of a desperately-contested struggle, a brilliant bit of horsemanship, more delightful even than a twenty-to-one chance successfully landed, or a triumph of judgment brought off by a bare head through Johnny or Jemmy's fine riding, there are a thousand and one attractions that the sport of king's possesses enjoyed by me to the fullest extent. The very railway journey to one of the great places of sport—Doncaster, York, Newmarket, or where not—is a thing to be dreamt of for nights previous to its occurrence, to be anticipated with a keen longing such as children are wont to feel in contemplation of some promised holiday. The meeting with the old familiar faces on the platform of Great Northern or Eastern Counties ; the greetings with comrades of the quill, or the shining lights of the Turf world ; the few minutes' conversation with this famous trainer or that masterly jockey ; the rush to hear 'the latest' from some late stayer at the Victoria whose 'cabby's skill and nerve have been taxed to the utmost to bring him through the blocked and narrow city lanes ere the fatal hour has chimed ; the finesse and diplomacy to enable eligible people to attain your carriage and exclude outsiders—all these items combine to form a whole that it likes me to dwell upon in these dull winter days when naught is left for the mind to feed upon but memories of the past. Even now I seem to hear the cries of the newsboys, persevering to the last, with their vociferous proffers of 'Pall Mall, Ev'ing Stan'ard, Echo, Baily's 'Mag'zine, pack o' cards, sir !' and in my nostrils there is a sweet savour as of fragrant, well-kept, evenly-lighted cabanas, puffed into a

glow as the wayfarers snuggle themselves into comfortable angles, and muffle their legs in clustering wrappers as the warning whistle rings out, and the heavy train slowly begins its long but not unpleasing journey.

The seventy or two hundred miles, as the case may be, fairly covered, the pleasures of the day are not yet over. To many the arrival at the station where the journey terminates is looked forward to with dismay. There is the scramble for luggage to be gone through, the fierce hand-to-hand fight with a multitude of savage men and boys to be fought, portmanteaus to be rescued from their dingy hands, hat-boxes ravished from your grasp to be recovered and identified, and, above all, cabs to be secured in the teeth of hundreds of hardy and acute wayfarers well versed as to the points for which to make, as to the porters who may most judiciously be fee'd. As a rule, a hater of a crowd and a scramble, and apt under such afflictions to wax wroth and spiteful—to tread on neighbouring corns and indent convenient ribs, at race times I cheerfully put up with trifling inconveniences, and can find time, even in the rush for a Doncaster fly, to take pleasure in the bits of character to be gleaned by the man of tranquil mind.

It is on the morning after his arrival, however, that the voyager begins to taste the real enjoyments of the situation. It is something to wake up in a room that, although strange, is clean, and tidy, and bright, and to recollect little by little the why and the wherefore of the change of chamber. The bedroom-window is flung wide open, and if the Fates are propitious and the morning fine, forthwith rushes in a perfect glory of sunbeams, in whose train follows such a burst of pure fresh country air, born of hills, and meadows, and gardens, that in a moment blue devils are put to rout, and the glooms and melancholy contracted of town life crushed for the time being altogether. Not alone are the light and the atmosphere novel and delightful. I am amongst a chorus of sounds long unheard and now recognised again with proportionate pleasure. Above my head a martin, unconscious that his natural foe is so close at hand, twitters to his mate as she presses close her pure white eggs in the mud-built nest. Higher by twenty times the wild and strong-winged swifts are wheeling in giddy flights, screaming the while like a legion of feathered demons. Sparrows there are in town enough and to spare, but somehow their country cousins talk in a fresher and more cheery language, and London streets would scarcely have afforded me a glimpse of yonder bonnie chaffinch, who will speedily be house-building with the scrap of grey lichen he carries in his bill. From the village smith's hard by there is a pleasant ring of metal, and the roar of the bellows betokens that trade is already brisk. The patois of the labourers going afield, as they stop to exchange greetings in the street below, is very grateful to ears long used to the despicable intonation of cockney lips. Over the way the good man is sharpening his scythe preparatory to a sweeping onslaught on the long rich grass in yonder paddock, where the corn-

crake is pouring forth the monotonous, measured, grating, and still not unlikeable cry that has earned him his name. The hens, not unmarked of their lord and master—yon noble fellow with the comb of fire and the strut of a Spanish gallant!—collect the early morning meal, conversing meanwhile in that monosyllabic language of theirs which is so expressive of calm gratification. To the right, on the ridge of the stable already well warmed by the glance of the sun, the pigeons sit in a long line, now quarrelling for precedence and exchanging wing buffets, then ceasing to struggle, and proclaiming peace aloud by outbursts of conciliatory coos. The clang of distant hoofs betokens that already Mr. Goodbin the trainer is returning from the heath with his blooming charges. He is, however, exceptional in his love for very early hours; and if the fancy takes me sixty minutes hence there will still be opportunity for seeing dozens of horses, old and young, going through their morning exercise. In goodness' name, let clothes be donned hastily as they may, it were sin to make an elaborate toilet when the freshest bloom is on the morning. Let me steal down stairs without disturbing the remainder of the household (how that man next door does snore!), draw back the bolts, and step forth into a paradise of sweets, to which honeysuckle, cabbage-roses, pinks and sweetwilliams—never forgetting that delicious bed of mignonette, and the divine spicy odour of the gay-hued stocks—contribute as well as the late mown hay, and countless other perfumes that the summer breeze has caught up in its early morning ramble. After all I am not first up. Good morning to you, Mr. Tom, of the tabby coat, and barred chest, and curving tail! A moment later, and you had sprung from your treacherous ambush behind the privet hedge and rendered a rising family of sparrowkins fatherless. And good morning to you, terrier Spot, whose pretty tricks and cajoleries I shall, alas! never look upon more. How deserted is the long hilly street—not more than three or four people to be seen from one end of it to the other. A man unknown who, winter and summer alike, wears a heavy fur cap, and is, it may be presumed, a distinguished member of the family of horse-watchers. A member of the Jockey Club, known and respected for his honourable and blameless life in connection with the Turf. To his companion the same compliment may hardly be extended. Half way up the street may be recognised the form of the industrious and good-natured 'Judex,' like myself bound heathwards for an early peep at something of Bloss's, or Tom Jennings', or Gilbert's; and his subscribers will all be 'on' next week, I well know, if this acute dweller in Cottonopolis can find out anything worth backing for Goodwood Stakes or Ebor Handicap. The clock in front of the betting-rooms tells me that I have plenty of time for my stroll ere breakfast, and there is no necessity to quit for an instant the lazy, lingering, shuffling pace so favourable to observation of men and things. Now men begin to appear apace, and I am very far from being quite alone in the street this fine morning. One yard door

on the right is a tolerably sure find about this time for John of Danebury, and young John, and Mr. Megson (who will tell you an interesting story about Weathergage if you catch him in the humour), and two or three more who follow the fortunes of the great Stockbridge stable. Early though it be, Mr. George Angell has been out before me, and walks briskly down the hill; and as Parry and Wilson are riding down from the racecourse at the same time, it is not hard to tell what has just taken place. This plainly-attired gentleman, standing so completely at ease with his hands in his pockets, is blessed or cursed with the ability to consume a leg of mutton at a single sitting; and the voluble 'party' just beyond him, all check and fancy buttons, descended from the seat of a hansom cab to take his position as a distinguished member of the ring, and possessor of goodness knows how many thousand pounds. It is very early in the morning, and yet the 'lads' are, with few exceptions, afield. You, my friend, with the white hair and crimson face, did not confine yourself to lemonade last night, as your red eyes and quivering lips attest. A little loo, I fancy, and a great deal of brandy and water helped you to consume a few hours that would otherwise have hung heavily; but the bitter penalty for such enjoyment will be exacted to the extreme, and the west wind that is blowing in your face cannot restore the tone stolen away by late hours and debauchery. The gentleman just before me, and although his back be turned no one could mistake him for anything else than a gentleman, is deep in conversation with a short, thick-set ruffian, who, if the gallows always had its due, would years ago have 'danced on nothing.' The first-named is a peer of the realm, and bears a title distinguished beyond most others. His companion would put the 'Heathen Chynee' to rout in point of knavery; and he probably first saw the light in a workhouse or a prison. Of such, however, is Turf life. The equality and fraternity engendered by association with the racehorse afford charming reflection to the quiet observer. Better still, close by is a Duchess who by-and-by will offer to sell you a race-card and bestow a gracious smile into the bargain.

Upon my word, the morning air is so delightful and invigorating where I now stand that there is no necessity to leave the main street of the little town to acquire an appetite. Yonder comes Mr. Savile's team from their early work. You would know them half a mile away by noticing that 'used up' grey, Wellow, who is never absent at such times. The Prince's boys look so neat and dapper in their smart coats and well-brushed hats that they invariably attract a stranger's attention, and their appearance to-day in such array betokens that the excellent owner of Typhœus and Mac-Alpine has arrived at head-quarters. Here come the Heath House team, almost strong enough numerically to mount a regiment. How well they look; and what a master of his art is Mat when he gets a sound-limbed horse to work upon! Thicker and faster come the long lines of beautiful thoroughbreds, until the clang of their

hoofs falls as continuously as if an army was marching past. By this time, too, the pathway has more than a sprinkling of lookers-on. Here comes Bob Pettingall, of facetious renown, accompanied by that unsuccessful wonder, *Tempus Fugit*. And here, too, comes an individual who has ~~really and truly~~ made a small fortune by the questionable occupation of horse-watching. Some of the smaller fry of betting men are hurrying towards the butcher's and fishmonger's, where they will do their own marketing in a very free-and-easy style, marching unconcernedly afterwards towards their lodgings with a chop or steak or sole wrapped up in paper. Disregard of conventionalities is eminently the characteristic of these worthies. Now the tradesfolks begin to take down their shutters, serenely heedless of the horses and the visitors, and, as it seems to me, of their customers also. Of all independent, cool, take-it-or-leave-it shopkeepers, those at head-quarters bear away the bell without an effort. Now the pork merchant's depôt opens wide as they will go its portals, and a crowd of buyers hungry for breakfast demand vociferously pounds and half-pounds of the savoury sausages for which Newmarket has earned such universal, and, let me add, such undeserved reputation. Never will I admit that that sausage shall honestly lay claim to perfect merit into whose composition sage has not entered to a discreet extent. Fortunately for the vendors, the world and the writer are at issue on this point, and unless you have ordered these delicacies overnight it is just possible that you must go without them altogether. The demand exists beyond race time; and no later than last winter one bookmaker, holding them in kindly remembrance, forwarded such a prodigious order that, as some men assert, the price of pork rose at once in the neighbourhood.

The clock in front of the Subscription Rooms progresses steadily towards nine o'clock. The postman has nearly accomplished his task. The correct cards are in process of being distributed at the doors of the various lodgings; but, alas! there are as yet no newspapers to be had. We must wait until within half an hour of noon before knowing how they betted in town yesterday; whether the pious Emperor has said his prayers lately; whether Mr. Gladstone has lost his temper, or another royal marriage is in course of arrangement. In this respect we are sadly behind the rest of the world on a race morning. Here come Sir Joseph's horses off the Heath, Wells in a many-coloured garb bestriding that beautiful horse, Rosicrucian—a warning that breakfast-time is close at hand. Let me e'en follow the example of the strong-stomached gentlemen mentioned above, and see what my landlady has provided for the most cheerful meal to which race-goers sit down.

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A BURST WITH THE BARON.

MARCH 9th, 1871.

LIKE birds on the wing from Helsthorp hounds flew ;
 Wing and Wingrave, twin villages, soon fade from view,
 Aston Abbotts is gained, and Cublington passed :
 The pace is too good, it can't possibly last.
 The willows give warning of Littlecott brook,
 The less will you like it, the more that you look,
 Already some hounds up the further bank scramble,
 At the spot that is clear 'twixt the thorn and the bramble.
 O'er the grass slopes of Dunton, and Hogston's fair mead,
 Little Gaylass and Flasher strive hard for the lead,
 And Stately and Finisher do all they know,
 And Governess, teaching the way we should go.
 Hodge, driving his team, now sees with surprise
 One horseman alone—" Where be t'others ?" he cries,
 As reeling and rolling, with horse sore distressed,
 The rider still urges him on to his best.
 But the nag's neck is stiff, his mouth it is dead,
 And caught by a binder, he lands on his head,
 When the puff is all out, pluck alone will not tell,
 Slips back and gets cast in the ditch where he fell.
 Hounds keep on their course, and the pace does not slack ;
 But where are the thrusters who follow this pack,
 In their boots and their breeches who take such a pride,
 Who do not ride to hunt, but go hunting to ride ?
 All curse their bad luck—for excuses they look—
 This " Stuck in a double,"—that " Got in the brook."
 Some " made a bad turn,"—this " the deep tried to shirk."
 That went whilst he could with " a horse short of work ;"
 But the truth be it spoken—though softly, my friend—
 They were not in the hunt from beginning to end.

A SPORTING STORY.

www.librolibrary.org
BY OLD CALABAR.

CHAPTER XIX.—A FRENCH SPORTSMAN.

‘If you please, sir, Mr. Barrels is waiting to see you.’

This was addressed by the butler to Forrester, as that gentleman was indolently lounging in his easy arm-chair, cigar in mouth, and the morning paper on his knee; opposite to him was his French guest manufacturing a cigarette.

‘Your pardon,’ said his host; ‘I am just going to see the keeper for an instant, as to what beat he will take to-day. I am not able to accompany you myself, as I expect my friends, D’Arcey and Brag, here to-day.’

The sly fellow had determined to send him out with the keeper first to ascertain if he was a ‘safe gun.’

‘All rights, mon ami!’ returned his guest, sending forth an immense volume of smoke from his nostrils—(Jules prided himself on his English)—‘all rights. I will just finish this leetle smoke, and attendre the keepair in de twinkle of one post-bed!’

Poor Jules! his English was not—as a countryman of his once told him—of the ‘premiere force,’ and he always put the cart before the horse.

‘You dam ass!’ was the polite rejoinder. ‘What you know about de language Inglis? I speak like native.’

It may be remarked here, that, some time previous to that we are writing of, in the vicinity of Leicester Square, Jules told the waiter he was a proficient in the English tongue, and asked him for some ‘water of life.’

‘What, sir?’ demanded the astonished man.

‘Water of life, you stupeed John Bull.’

‘Very sorry, sir; don’t sell that water here—leastways, I know master has none of it in yet; coming next week, sir.’

‘None of it in? Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! de man not know his own Inglis—de proprietaire, he have got tons of de water of life. Look at de messieurs dere,’—pointing to some gentlemen—‘they drinks it: *eau de vie*, stupeed!—water of life, you know.’

‘If you had spoken your own language, sir,’ replied the man, ‘I should have understood you; better have some cognac—it’s better than the water of life.’

Jules, nevertheless, managed to make himself comprehended—was a good fellow, a perfect gentleman, a capital and amusing companion, a very fair shot, and an indefatigable fagger, tolerably good-looking, and waltzed to perfection; he was not a first-rate horseman, but like most other men when they take an idea into their head, hard to disabuse them of it.

So it was with Jules; he imagined he was a tip-top rider, and

nothing would convince him to the contrary. We shall have occasion, as we proceed, to notice his prowess in the hunting field.

'Well, Barrels,' said Forrester, on entering the hall where his keeper was waiting for him, 'I have sent for you this morning to take the French gentleman out shooting. You had better walk the lower beat to-day—then you can give him an hour or two in the furze bottom with the rabbits. I shan't be able to go myself. No dogs will be wanted, for he will use his own pointer.'

'Yes, Captain, that ar a dog. I thought I'd ha' bust when I seed him. I knowed you wouldn't go, Captain.'

'Why not, Barrels,—why not?'

'It would have been too much for your nerves, Captain. I ain't a married man, and if I'm blowed to bits it don't much signify. Howsomever, I will show him some game, if he can only kill it.'

An hour after this saw Barrels and Jules Fontaine, le chasseur intrépide, amongst the turnips.

Le beau Polydore was a curious animal, large-headed, immense flegs, big-boned, lumbering, slow as a top, and an inveterate potterer.

'There, keepaire,' said his owner, fondly regarding the old dog as he went skirting along a hedge-row, 'fine dog that—nevaire miss de game, and for hare he is superbe!'

It is extraordinary the fondness Frenchmen have for hares; one or two a day is the height of their ambition; partridges are a minor consideration with them; as long as they can get a 'beau lièvre' they are content.

'Mon Dieu! but, keepaire, while we talk Polydore he arrête; de game is there!'

Excitedly he walked up—whirr! went a covey, and down came a brace. 'Apporte, Polydore, apporte!' and away went the old dog, retrieving the birds beautifully. 'There, mon ami!'—thrusting the birds into his ample carnassière—'you no do bettair in England than that!'

'Let me carry the game, mossoo; you'll soon be tired with that great bag of yourn with the green fringe.'

'All rights, keepaire, you shall carry de game, whilst I kill it.'

Presently the old dog came to a point at the far end of the field with his head turned towards the hedge.

'You stop here, keepaire; I know what that is: Polydore, he nevaire miss de hare.'

And away he went, at a sort of half walk and run. Going up cautiously to the dog, he looked about, and presently discovered poor puss in her form; to level his gun and blaze away as she sat, was the work of a moment; rushing to the hedge, he dragged her out, with her head literally blown off. Casting her on the ground, he commenced dancing a species of war dance, in which the beau Polydore clumsily joined, barking with delight and wagging the stump of his tail with joy.

'Darned if there bain't a accident,' muttered Barrels; 'his gun

'are a bust, or a bit of the cap blowed into his hi. I hates them French guns, and caps, too; give me a good breech-loader—quick and safe them be. Dammee if I knows what to think of it—the chap's mad like!'

Walking up, he saw the unfortunate hare headless.

'Here, mon brave, un coup magnifique! She no hurt: her heads be clean gone, but de body is whole.'

'You don't mean, mossoo, you shot her a-zetting?'

'But I do, my friends!—hares are more easy killed that way. Mon Dieu! but she is a fort gros lièvre—énorme! You no kill hare, chez vous, like that? Ha! ha! Jules, he always kill de game posant, if he has de chance. Mais non donc non,' as another covey went away, from the talking; 'but you have de partridge here en masse, en confusion, my friends.'

Jules blazed away, and proved himself a very fair shot, though he would bowl over puss sitting if he got a chance, for the temptation was too strong to be resisted; if he missed, Polydore was off for half an hour having a hunt on his own hook, Jules contentedly smoking cigarettes and making them for the keeper, till his dog returned. He was much delighted with his day's sport; and when they all met at dinner, expressed himself so.

'Parbleu, Capatain, but I nevaire see de game en masse comme ici. Polydore and I have had de famous time of it!'

'Polydore, Monsieur Fontaine, is your French pointer, is he not?' demanded D'Arcey.

'Yes, sar,' he returned. 'I bought him at Avranches, when he was quite a leetle pup. I broke him myself, and taught him to retrieve, as you call it.'

The ladies now left the room, and the gentlemen sat at their wine, with open windows, for the weather was beautiful and warm.

'Talking of dogs,' said their host, 'it puts me in mind of an adventure that once happened to me when quite a youngster. They asked in London then, as they do now, large prices for dogs. I took it into my head that it was the correct thing to have a bull-dog at my heels; so I came up to town and went to a well-known fancier's. I hunted about a long time before I could hit on his diggins, which was somewhere by the back of Clerkenwell Sessions House. Though I have forgotten the name of the particular filthy and dirty court, I have not forgotten its whereabouts, or the visit in question. At last I discovered his abode, and was told that the redoubtable fancier lived in the top story; it was only a low two-storied house, so I mounted up the old rickety stairs, which creaked and trembled at every step I took. On knocking at a door, a gruff voice told me to enter, which I did, and found I was in the sleeping apartment of the fancier and prizefighter, who was in bed with his better-half—which bed, by-the-by, was on the floor in one corner of the room—and, if my memory serves me right, there were two or three children in it as well.

'Running about were some fancy pigeons, and small toy dogs were

' in cages every here and there ; the growling and snarling put me
' very much in mind of a visit to the Zoological Gardens in the
' Regent's Park about feeding time ; and the stench that assailed me
' was by no means pleasant ; some stuffed specimens of diminutive
' abortions of terriers, gin-poisoned, decorated vacant corners. After
' having stated my mission, I was requested to return in half an
' hour, when I found every vestige of the bed gone, though where
' it had been stowed I know not.

' A pretty good sized rat-pit was fixed in readiness in the centre of
' the room.

' On either side of the miserable-looking fire-place was a small
' cupboard, and in each of them a badger ; some rats in a large wire
' cage, and a game cock in another, occupied a prominent position,
' besides all sorts of small birds in different prisons, which were
' wretchedly small for the poor little things.

' On telling him the particular sort of animal I wanted, he requested
' me " to step up the ladder after him into the cock-loft and look
' " out one."

' On getting up a fearful row ensued, and I really thought I should
' be torn to pieces. Bull-dogs and huge mastiffs, with glaring and
' bloodshot eyes, were straining at their chains to get at me ; it was
' more like the infernal regions than anything else, and the stench
' was sickening, so I turned round and beat a hasty retreat, accom-
' panied by the man, but not before I had observed that there were
' about fifty dogs of one sort and the other, with chains certainly not
' more than two feet long ; these were fastened by rings to the floor,
' and each animal was furnished with a cement barrel or potato-
' basket to sleep in. The only light that was admitted came through
' the crevices of the old and broken tiles.

' Turning to his wife, he said, " Go up, missus, and bring the white
' " and mealey eye'd 'un down. I take it the young gent—as I see is a
' " real tip-top gent—aint quite used to it."

' She presently descended with two dogs under her arms, which
' were growling and struggling to get at one another.

' They were pitted and fought in the most savage manner, but
' were separated by the fancier—his fair partner assisting by biting
' one of the tails to make them leave go, whilst the fancier had the
' foot of another in his mouth.

' Not being to my mind, a brace of brindles were next substituted,
' which did not suit ; and finally I left without being a purchaser, the
' animals were not what I wanted, and the prices exorbitant. In vain
' did the fancier offer to bate his price—and the badgers as well with
' a little 'un, and prove to me his dogs were the " correct ammer." I
' could not be had ; so, giving him a crown for his trouble, took my
' departure.

' I shall never forget this visit, though many years ago ; the misery
' of the place, the dirt and filth, I see it all again most vividly in my
' mind's eye—and I am quite content to view it so.

' About five years ago I went with some well-known men to judge

‘ the sporting classes of dogs at a certain exhibition. I had not been much in England for twenty years and more, and had nearly forgotten all my youthful acquaintances.

‘ The very first person I stumbled against was the ever-to-be-remembered dog-fancier. I knew him on the instant; there he was as busy as a bee in shirt sleeves, a large frill to the said shirt, a dirty white-watered silk waistcoat, and still more dirty and greasy black cloth continuations; yes, there he was, the fancier of bygone days lording it at a dog-show: time, close quarters, bad air, hard drinking, training, fighting, and late hours had not affected him; he was as hearty as “a brick, and as jolly as a sand-boy,” and from his general appearance I should say had yet many days in store for him.

‘ Now then, as I see you are drinking no wine, suppose we go out on the lawn under the chestnut trees, and have our grog and cigars there?’

They were soon seated beneath the glorious old trees in indolent enjoyment.

‘ Continuing the subject of dogs,’ remarked D’Arcey, ‘ it is wonderful to me how good dogs can be bought at the prices they are advertised for in many of our sporting papers; but I suppose the owners sell at a loss rather than keep them on; an acquaintance of mine told me the other day he had spent a thousand pounds and more in the purchase of show dogs, many hundreds in expenses and entries, and though he had taken an immense lot of cups and other prizes, yet their value did not come up to the entries and travelling expenses, and the sale of his pups as a rule hardly covered the outlay on them. Now you constantly see a good pointer or setter advertised for five pounds. I will prove to you that at that rate it is impossible to sell at a profit. I have made a small calculation in my note-book. I will read it to you, and remember I have put all at a low figure.

	£.	s.	d.
A pup’s cost, till he is six months old, at 1s. a-week for his keep	1	6	0
Tax after six months	0	5	0
Breaking, say	2	10	0
Keep after he is six months, at 2s. a-week, till he is a year old	2	12	0
Physic and sundries, say	0	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£7	3	0

‘ So you see that at one year old a young dog will cost you seven pounds three shillings. I have said nothing of the price of the pup if you buy it. I suppose you have it given, or you breed it; in that case if you have no stud dog I have said nothing of the expense of your bitch visiting a first-class dog—I give all this in gratis; now if you sell your dog at two years old I put the feeding still at two shillings a week, and tax at five, which will give five

‘ pounds nine shillings, and this added to seven pounds three will make a sum total of twelve guineas.

‘ The breaking especially I have put at a very low figure; therefore a man cannot sell a moderate dog at a reasonable rate at two years old under fifteen pounds, which would give him two pounds eight shillings profit for all his risk and trouble. If you go in for a young one of fashionable blood, I am quite certain that one six weeks old cannot be got under five guineas, and then only as a great favour.

‘ For myself I do not believe in many of our show dogs; I always breed what I want, and no more; my dogs are all good, and known to be so; and I would not give a button for a pup of fashionable blood unless I knew that both dog and bitch were first class in the field, and that their ancestors had been so before them; in-breeding for any length of time is a fatal mistake, and that is where the late Mr. Edge latterly failed.

‘ But see, whilst I have been talking, Brag has gone to sleep. What a thing it is to put on flesh!’

‘ Don’t you believe it, old boy,’ said that gentleman, who had only been dozing, and had heard every word—‘ don’t you believe it; I am only four or five pounds heavier than I was five years ago; run you, D’Arcey, to-morrow morning half a mile, and take you five to four in ponies I beat you.’

‘ Ponies?’ interrupted the French guest; ‘ ponies! Leetle orse you mean?’

‘ It is only a term in betting,’ explained Forrester. ‘ You must know that the English turfites are as mysterious in their language as they are in their actions—at least a great many of them are.’

‘ Well,’ continued Brag, ‘ if ponies will not suit you, I’ll take the same odds in monkeys.’

‘ I should be worse than a monkey if I did,’ answered his friend; ‘ for if I accepted, you might write me down an ass; not but what I could beat you, and easily too, but I don’t bet, and do not wish to take your money.’

‘ And quite right too,’ answered a voice; it was his wife’s, still as beautiful as she was some few years back. ‘ Mr. Brag, I am ashamed of you, trying to inveigle my husband into a bet. I thought you had given all that up long ago. You are all to come to tea immediately. Oh, I had almost forgotten to tell you, Mr. Brag,’ she added, maliciously, ‘ that the nurse has gone out for an hour or two, the baby won’t be quiet, and your wife says you are to come to her immediately, and nurse it a little.’

‘ Ha, ha, ha!’ chorused the other gentleman; ‘ away with you, Brag! put on your waterproof apron, and turn your hand to making pap, which is a proper thing for a pap-a to do.’

‘ Knock that gentleman down, Fontaine, for making such a joke,’ said Forrester.

‘ Me knock him down! nevair! Bon garçon! too good fellow for that. Allons! let us go to de ladies.’

CHAPTER XX.—MOSSOO DOES A BIT OF CUB-HUNTING.

What means this 'early rising movement' at Forrester's? Neat and dapper housemaids are fluttering along the passages with hot-water jugs in their hands. Brag's voice is heard calling out for his man to get his tub ready for him.

'Where the deuce is Holeman? I have rung half-a-dozen times. Now the infernal bell-pull has come down: why can't Forrester have proper bells instead of these wretched old-fashioned things?'

'Never mind, my boy!' cries Forrester, bobbing his head out a few doors off; 'lots of time. I'll ring my bell: I dare say your man is not yet up.'

'I say, Forrester, lend me one of your razors, will you?' demands D'Arcey, sticking his head out of another door; 'some one has been cutting string or cord with mine.'

'Nevaire shave, my friends,' strikes in the illustrious Frenchman, poking his bullet head out too, which was covered with black but closely-cropped hair; 'wear the beards and moustache au naturel; no trouble then. Sacré! I can no find my boots.'

'Hang your boots!' exclaims a young man in a flowered-silk dressing-gown, rushing into the lobby with a pillow in his hand, which he hurled at the black head, and caused it to bob back again in considerable haste with another sacre-e-e-e! 'I never heard such an infernal row as you fellows are all making in my life. Why don't you have your cub-hunting at a reasonable hour?'

This was Gus Forrester, a relative of the captain's, who had just returned from India on leave, and was up to all kinds of mischief. Yes; the cause of all this hubbub, this early rising is that Mossoo is to be initiated in the mysteries of cub-hunting. He had been with his host and some of the others a few days previous to look at the hounds, and expressed a great wish to see how cub-hunting was managed.

'Heavens! D'Arcey, what's that?' exclaimed his better half, starting up in bed as a fearful noise and din like the braying of a dozen jackasses met her ears, and so startled her worthy husband that he inflicted a heavy gash in his chin.

'Goodness gracious!' ejaculated Mrs. Forrester at the same instant, which caused the captain to turn round so quickly that in his haste he dabbed his shaving-brush, well-covered with lather, slap into his mouth, 'what is that dreadful noise?'

'Gracious goodness, Bouncer! have you tumbled down in a fit in your bath?' shrieked his wife, jumping up. 'You know I always said you smoked too much.'

'All right, my dear!' returned Bouncer from his bath-room; 'go to sleep again if you can; it's only Fontaine blowing his infernal *cors de chasse*.'

'Damn that Frenchman!' muttered the lazy Gus, as he turned in his bed and pulled the clothes over his head. 'I'll be even with

‘him. I’ll fill his cursed trumpet with tar or poison: dash me if I’ll give him another of my No. 1 cheroots.’

‘Hold hard, Fontaine!’ bawled out Forrester from his dressing-room door. ‘For God sake stop that! you’ll frighten all the ladies to death and arouse the whole country.’

‘All right, my friends,’ said his French guest, opening his door, and cautiously peering forth, in full expectation of a salute from another pillow; ‘but what am I to do? I cannot get my boots, so I am just having one leetle practice to get my lip in.’

‘There, Bouncer, make haste, do,’ as a shrill cry was heard from the adjoining room. ‘There’s dear baby awake; I must go and take it from the nurse and give it to you for a little; you are the only one who can quiet it.’

‘Oh, hang it, my dear, you know I’m late; going cub-hunting, you know. Give it some Dalby’s, or soothing syrup, you know.’

Order was restored after a bit, and one by one they showed themselves in the breakfast-room.

Have any of my readers seen a French gentleman got up for the *chasse à cheval*? To those who have not I will just give a slight description of Monsieur Jules Fontaine, beginning with his head, which was covered with a black velvet hunting-cap; a scarlet and orange silk neckerchief encircled his throat, tied in a bow, with very long ends hanging down; his coat, too short for a coat and too long for a jacket, was of green velveteen, much braided and with enormous white pearl buttons; waistcoat a sort of plaid, cotton cord breeches, and Napoleon boots. An immense hunting-whip he carried in one hand, and in the other, far dearer to him than almost anything else, his beloved *cors de chasse*, an enormous instrument, with its numerous coils of glittering brass, looked like some terrific serpent.

‘Dash it, monsieur,’ said Gus, who had put in an appearance, and had been busily occupied with the cherry brandy, and was now devoting his attention to the marmalade, ‘you are not going to carry that thing cub-hunting, are you?’

‘Ci, mon chere, ci, in this way,’ and, suiting the action to the word, slung his immense instrument by a green cord round his shoulders.

‘My dear Fontaine,’ interposed Forrester, ‘none of us use horns; it is not the custom in England, except the huntsman, who only carries a very small one: such things are of no service in an English hunting-field.’

‘Vraiment, my friends; well, then, I will not play mine, but I must carry it;’ and Forrester, seeing it was of no use arguing the question, submitted.

‘But where,’ he demanded, ‘are your red coats and top-boots—why are you all in gaiters and shooting-coats?’

‘Oh,’ said D’Arcey, ‘no one puts on a pink for cub-hunting. You will only see the huntsman and whips in old rusty ones; devilish little red about them now; perhaps they may be dressed

'like us. You must know this is not regular hunting, only teaching the young idea how to shoot, or rather hunt.'

'Put your horn on the sideboard, Monsieur Fontaine,' interrupted Mr. Gus, 'it will be safer there. Allow me to take it.' Such polite attention as this did not escape the keen eye of the host, but he said nothing. 'Have some jumping powder, monsieur,' continued the volatile young man, helping himself largely to cherry brandy as he spoke; 'capital thing to hunt on.'

'You'll want a "pick me up" presently, my boy,' remarked Brag, 'if you go on at that rate.'

'I've had one already,' returned the other. 'Half a wine-glass of Worcester sauce, and fill with cold water, directly you awake, is the finest thing out. Bass for breakfast, cold brandy pawnee at tiffin, and sherry and orange bitters (hang your gentian!) at five o'clock, puts a capital twist on for dinner.'

'Ah, you won't go on long like that amongst the niggers,' said Forrester. 'We tried it—did we not, D'Arcey?—and had to drop it, and quickly too. You'll be invalided home next time, my boy, with a liver as large as a quartern loaf, and as yellow about your gills as a carp; most of you youngsters never will learn till it is too late. But come, it's time to be moving.'

The Frenchman was to ride a steady old nag of D'Arcey's, the rest were on their hacks; but Mossoo had so earnestly asked for a real English hunter that he was accommodated.

There was a broad grin on all the menservants' faces as the 'chasseur intrépide' mounted his steed. A long-necked pair of Latchfords decorated his heels, and with his horn at his back, and one hand placed on his thigh, was exactly the figure the late John Leech has so admirably portrayed in his inimitable sketches.

Mounted, and with one of Gus's No. 1's in his mouth, for he had got a cheroot out of that gentleman, he looked a figure of fun.

'We shall be the talk of the county, Forrester,' observed D'Arcey, as they rode along.

'Never mind,' answered the other, 'it's early and few people about. I will explain it to all who are with us this morning, and that will not be many, for though most of us like hunting, there are few who care about this early work.'

It was a glorious morning, calm and balmy as June. Not a breath stirred. The dewdrops were glittering in the sun like diamonds on the hedges. Now and then a cottage was passed, and in the neat garden belonging to it might be seen the labourer, before going to his day's work, having a turn at his own ground, or leaning over his pigstye in his shirt-sleeves, smoking his morning pipe, and thinking how many score he could make of his grunter 'come Christmas.' One and all they passed seemed struck with the unwonted appearance of Monsieur Jules Fontaine, but only touched their hats and wondered on.

At length they reached the meet, to which D'Arcey had quietly cantered on before them, so that the appearance of the French gentle-

man should excite no wonderment or merriment; but nevertheless a smile was on the countenances of all, and some turned away to hide their laughter.

'Morning, Captain Forrester,' said a burly yeoman, coming up. 'A famous entry of young uns, bain't they?'

'Indeed they are, Farmer, and do credit to those who bred them and those who walked them. There,' continued the captain, pointing with his whip to a magnificent young hound, whose glossy hide shone again, the tan marks glittering like burnished gold in the morning sun, 'There is one, if only half as good as he looks, will be a plum amongst plums.'

'Thank'ee kindly, Captain; that's one I walked. You know I always do a couple, and do 'em well. Nothing like plenty of good milk and liberty. They furnishes like magic, the bitches especially. But I say, Captain, is that the French gentleman?'

'Yes, Farmer, yes. Not a word, you know; he is easily offended. He is a good fellow, but not up to this—follows the customs of his own country, you know. Put the others up to it, will you?'

'All right, Captain, all right. I'll make them fly. Mum's the word.'

'Forrester, my friends,' demanded his French guest, 'where are all the superbe hunters I thought to see? De hontsman he is on one leetle poney, and the whips too. None of you have your hontaires.'

'No, my boy. Hedges too blind to bring out valuable horses, and ground too hard yet. This is only teaching young hounds.'

'Well,' returned the other, 'in the picture-shops in Peeksadelly I always see the chasseurs mounted on splendid horses.'

'So you will, Fontaine, later in the season, when we commence regular work—tip-top animals, in tip-top condition too.'

'Ah!' sighed the Frenchman, 'I shall be in La Belle France by that time.'

'Not a bit of it, old fellow,' returned his host. 'You must pass the season with us to see how you like our way of hunting. But see, the hounds are moving—we must be jogging on. Keep near me, for I know the country.'

It was a fine large cover they were to try, in which were one or two litters of cubs. Forrester and his guest took their stations outside to see if one should by chance break. The hounds were busy, and before long an old vixen broke close by them. Jules' horn was to his lip in an instant to sound the 'bien aller.' The temptation was too strong to be resisted.

'Don't blow, for God's sake!' cried Forrester. 'It's the old vixen. She's as weak as water; they would run into her in two minutes.' He might have saved himself the trouble, for Master Gus, whilst the horn was on the sideboard, had stuffed it up with bits of muffin and bread and butter. 'Keep quiet, there's a good fellow. Stay here till I just tell that man yonder there to turn his sheep over her line. If they get on it such a morning as this nothing will stop them, for we can't ride a yard yet with the hedges so blind.'

Presently a hat held up, which caught the quick eye of Forrester, told him a young one had broken cover.

‘Come along,’ he said to his companion, ‘you will see it all now;’ and giving his horse his head he cantered away, followed by his guest, who, as we have said before, was not a first-class horseman. The long-necked spurs, which he kept pressed against the sides of his steed, irritated him, and his canter soon became a hand-gallop.

‘Take your heels from his sides!’ roared out Forrester, who saw what had happened. ‘Don’t touch him with the spur, he won’t bear it.’ But his friend either did not or would not understand him. The calf of his leg was turned to the flap of the saddle, which forced his toes out and his heels in. He was riding short, too. This gave him no power, and he bumped and bumped away, scoring the sides of the old horse at every stride.

‘He’s away with Mossoo,’ cried out Gus to D’Arcey, as the latter burst out of cover to get to the hounds, who were streaming away. ‘What a seat! Look at him! This beats cock-fighting and all creation into chalks! Oh that we had him out pig-sticking!’

‘It’s no laughing matter,’ returned the other. ‘He may be seriously hurt. There he goes at that double. He’ll come to grief, and my poor nag too. What an ass I was to lend it to him!’

The old horse approached the formidable fence at a stretching gallop. In vain did his rider tug at him; the spurs had set his mettle up, and he charged it full tilt, and cleared it splendidly, shooting his rider clean on to his ears; but in some miraculous manner he shifted himself back into his saddle.

‘By heavens! he’ll be amongst the dogs presently!’ cried Brag. ‘Ride, some one! All of you ride, and try and stop him!’

‘He’ll stop himself presently,’ observed the old huntsman, bustling along with his loose and careless seat. ‘He comes off at that bank, for a sov.’

But no; the old horse approached it at the same reckless pace, for he was mad with the spur. He jumped on the bank, which placed the Frenchman on his tail; then he popped down into the lane, which sent him into his seat again. In his stride he took the opposite bank, shifting and shaking his terrified rider fearfully. In fact, Mossoo ‘rode his horse all over.’ He was next discovered flying across a fallow at a furious pace, and the cors de chasse was flying about and banging against him.

“ ‘Away went Gilpin, and away went Gilpin’s hat and wig,’ ”

shouted out young Forrester, as he saw Mossoo’s cap fly off. ‘It’s better fun this than cub-hunting, a deal.’

‘By heavens! he will be dashed to bits!’ said the really alarmed Forrester. ‘He can’t take that fence at the pace he is going.’

The old horse was approaching a high, stiff flight of bullock rails. His rider had thrown himself along the horse’s back, clasping his neck with his arms. Bang went the old nag at the timber, which he

struck on rising. There was a dull sickening sort of thud, and the next instant horse and rider came heavily to the earth.

All his friends were ghastly pale, for it was a fearful fall. 'He's killed!' burst from their mouths; but before any of them could get near, the old horse had picked himself up, stood still and trembling, with his bridle trailing on the sward. The unfortunate Frenchman was motionless.

'I'm afraid it's all up, Forrester,' said D'Arcey, as he turned him over, and exposed his deathlike countenance. From his mouth the blood slowly oozed, as it did from a gash in his cheek.

'Not a bit of it, D'Arcey,' exclaimed Brag. 'His pulse is going. Poor fellow! his horn was enough to have killed him. Look, it is as flat as a pancake!'

And so it was. He had fallen on it and doubled it up as close as a sheet of note-paper. By degrees he came round, and took a nip of brandy; and it was discovered he had only broken his collar-bone.

'It is nothing, my friends,' he said, 'only de collar-bone—a bagatelle. I once was thrown, and stuck in de hedge, heels up in de air, for two hours, and they were obliged to cut me out. This is nothing. Mais, parbleu! my cors de chasse! She spoilt for evaire. C'est un malheur terrible!'

[To be concluded in the next number.]

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN BRITTANY.

'Vive la chasse!

Elle surpasse

Tous les plaisirs

Qui charment nos loisirs.'

TELLIER's 'Chansonnier du Chasseur.'

THE hunting record of a winter—one of unusual severity—passed in the Black Mountains of Brittany, among the wolves, boars, and foxes of that forest land, may haply be interesting to many who love wild sport, but scarcely know to what extent it may be enjoyed in a country within so short a distance of our own metropolis—not even a twenty hours' journey from the Hampshire coast. The rivers of Norway, once teeming with salmon, have been fished bare by Anglo-Saxon rods; while the prairies of the Far West and the ravines of the Rocky Mountains have been ransacked by hunters armed with Lancaster guns and Eley's ammunition; but, if wild sport was the object, a fair share of it might certainly be obtained at a far less cost of time, trouble, and expense among the rough game of Lower Brittany.

Before entering, however, into details of the chasse, let me endeavour to present the reader with a sketch of Carhaix and the

surrounding district, not a cover of which, within a certain distance of the town, but holds a fox, a wolf, or a tusky boar; and in some of them, such as those of Laz, Kœnig, and Kilvern, each and all of those beasts, besides deer and smaller game, may always be found. And yet this country, so near home, is far less known by Englishmen than the jungles of Oudh or the wilds of Namaqua Land.

Within two leagues of the trackless forests which cover the Black Mountains of Brittany, and at a point where the confines of the three departments of Morbihan, Côtés-du-Nord, and Finistère are defined, stands the old Celtic city of Carhaix. A noble cathedral of Gothic architecture, the work of English hands in the sixteenth century, crowns the summit of the hill; two hospices, the one devoted to the spiritual, the other to the material wants of the public, especially those of invalid soldiers, occupy a conspicuous position with their lofty and whitewashed walls; and, like other Breton towns, it has its Hôtel de Ville, Gendarmerie, and a respectable French hôtel. A handsome bronze statue, the *chef d'œuvre* of Marochetti, is erected in the Champ de Bataille, in honour of La Tour d'Auvergne, the premier grenadier of France, and a native of Carhaix, who died gallantly on the battle-field of Oberhausen in the year 1800. But the traveller must go farther back than the present century to appreciate the merits of Carhaix. Surrounded by woods, and, till lately, approached only by a precipitous and rugged route, it stands on a high and bold eminence overlooking the country far and wide, and by its isolation seems to have bidden a successful defiance to the inroads of commerce and civilization. It is essentially a town of past ages: just what it might have been and probably was sixteen hundred years ago, when the Romans expelled our Celto-Breton ancestors at the point of the sword, and maintained in its stronghold the headquarters of their army.

The inhabitants of the more accessible towns of Brittany imagine Carhaix and its environs to be a region of wolves and savages, wild, fierce, and irreclaimable; but, after an agreeable sojourn of six months, passed in daily association with the peasantry, I discovered nothing in them to warrant such a fancy; but found them, on the other hand, inoffensive and indolent, and scrupulously honest, although in a state of squalor and poverty that beggars description. It is a fact that the wandering Jew, who pervades all climates, seeks no resting-place here; here, poverty is everywhere too apparent, and scares him from the threshold with its threadbare mien; the waters of the Pactolus are wanting here to tempt his thirsting soul; and he turns aside from granite rocks and sterile wastes, from a soil that blooms with the bracken, the broom, and the furze, from a people that are literally clad in sackcloth and ashes, to wander on in search of other lands more productive and less poverty-stricken, and consequently more congenial to his taste and desires than old Armorica. It is equally remarkable that

gipsies are totally unknown in this district; the educated Bretons alone, who call them Bohemians, being aware of their Ishmaelitish existence in other countries. Their absence may fairly be attributed to one of two causes: either to the persecution they have long endured from an ordonnance of the States of Orleans, which enjoined that 'all impostors and vagabonds, styled Bohemians, should quit the kingdom under pain of the galleys;' or, more probably, I think, to the impossibility of defending their unhoused beasts from the attacks of wolves, which, sometimes in pairs and sometimes in packs, according to the severity of the weather, are a scourge to the whole country. Is it a wonder, then, that between gendarmes by day and wolves by night the gipsy shuns the danger? Our own laws are not favourable to the vagrants, but they find means to evade them in England, and would doubtless do so in Finisterre, if the gaunt wolves, hungry and devastating, and coming as they do in the gloom and darkness of night, did not strike terror to their souls.

For many a league round the city of Carhaix the poorer peasants occupy but one wretched cabin in company, if they are lucky enough to have them, with their pig and cow: a child of the tender age of five or six years is deemed, and is, I am convinced, a sufficient protection to the flock by day; for it was by no means an uncommon thing for me, in my hunting excursions, suddenly to come upon a mere infant in charge of a little black sheep or dwarf cow, in the deepest recesses of a forest or wild broom field, and at the next moment to start and reassure myself on seeing the fresh and unmistakable print of a huge wolf's foot impressed on the clay before me. As long as daylight lasts the child is safe, and so is the flock; for the cowardly villain will not venture to approach them; but the moment the sun sets he skulks from his lair, and at once becomes a daring and destructive enemy; the very houses of the peasantry are not then secure from his attack.

The family of a peasant, consisting of his wife and frequently several children, live huddled together in one dark cabin in a state of indescribable filth and misery; the cabin is built with mud or stone and thatched with broom; a small aperture is left in the upper part of the door to admit air and light; while, the fire being kindled, the smoke oozes out as it can through all parts of the roof; and the whole cabin resembles at a distance a huge charcoal-heap in an active state of combustion. In nooks of the wall, as high up as the building will admit, rude berths are constructed, which serve the purpose of beds, the means of access to which, from their lofty position and square contracted entrance, rather resemble the contrivance of a jackdaw's brain than that of a human being. Still, the high perch and the narrow aperture have their advantages, though at first sight the stranger would be puzzled to know how; but let him cast his eye upon the floor of the house, and he will see that the pig, the black sheep, and the little black cow wallow in a mire of Augean filth, if not of magnitude;

on inquiry, too, he will find that, ever and anon, the wolf not only knocks at the door, but walks in; that, if he cannot gain admittance by fair means he will by foul; he scratches a hole in the broom-roof, and, bailiff-like, descends upon his victims. This is no imaginary danger; the thing has occurred over and over again to the Sabôtiers of Dualt and Howel-goed, vast forests in the neighbourhood of Carhaix. The *garde-du-forêt* of the former, a fine intelligent Breton, pointed out to me a spot in which he said a 'wolf tragedy' had occurred within the last two years.

Before, however, I narrate the story, which I will endeavour to do in the garde's own words, I will presume on the reader's indulgence, and describe as concisely as I can the Forest of Dualt. As its name implies in the Breton and Welsh language 'black rock,' it is, indeed, one pile of granite tors, far wilder and more imposing than those of Dartmoor, rising one above the other in endless variety; huge solitary slabs standing, like giants on guard, in an upright and menacing attitude; while others form cromlechs and dolmens, under which a she-wolf might lay up her young, or a Druid deposit the last relics of his race. As we sat together on a block of sparkling granite, the garde, François Postollec, called my attention to a Sabôtier's cabin built upon the edge of a clump of beech-trees, and surrounded, like Robinson Crusoe's hut, with a strong stake fence.

'Ah, well, poor Antoine needs those barriers,' said he; 'for the wolves have robbed him already, and they'll rob him again this winter, I fear, in spite of his palisade.'

'What!' cried I, 'are the wolves so daring as to attack a man's dwelling-place?'

'Attack it!' said he; 'a hungry wolf, liked a wicked man, has no conscience when the night favours him. It was only last January that they carried off or killed every live animal he possessed. A heavy snow-storm had fallen on the mountains, and for several nights in succession a pack of five or six wolves kept sentry at Antoine's hut, pacing round it, and uttering the most dismal howls. Antoine and his wife, however, were determined to save their little stock; they lighted a good fire, and sat up by turns to keep it burning; but at length, on a dark and tempestuous night, when the wind was whistling and the hail beating against their door, exhausted by watching, they both dropped asleep, and the wood fire soon became extinguished. At that instant a desperate rush was heard in the roof; and before Antoine could arm himself with a pike, five gaunt wolves dashed in upon the floor one after the other, and, seizing his three sheep, tore and devoured them in his presence. A little dog, too, which they valued above all, was snapped up and swallowed at a gulp. Antoine is a brave man, but his heart beat audibly as, from his bed, he stretched out his hands to strike a light; the flint and steel were true, the resin-candle was quickly ignited, and, almost as rapidly as they had entered, the villains sprung over an old armoire, and disappeared through the roof. They come and go

‘like a hurricane,’ added he; ‘and, like it, leave desolation behind them.’

Wolves in England are a mere tradition of the Heptarchy; but in this mountain tract of Brittany they still abound; nor, until the country is reclaimed from its present condition of heath and woods, will it be possible to dislodge them from the fastnesses in which they now skulk and claim as their own. But the beast of the present day is a cowardly one, compared with that of former times. During the War of the League, a period of desolation and brigandage throughout that region, we are told by the old chronicler, in fearfully vivid language, that the wolves got the upper hand of men, and absolutely hunted them into the very towns. The belief in the *Loup-garou* or demon-wolf is still a prevailing superstition among the Breton peasantry; and many a tale is told over their wood embers of the human suffering and bloodshed caused by that ferocious brute. Times, however, have changed for the better in that respect. Man, instead of being hunted himself, now hunts the wolf in that country with considerable success. His hounds, trained to the scent, rouse him from his lair; and the hunter, well-mounted and armed with a carbine at his saddle-bow, heads him at down-wind points of the chase, and drops him with a ball.

It is only during a long-continued season of snow that the wolf, pinched by hunger, hardens his heart, and becomes at once both a daring and destructive brute. At such a time it has been found necessary to light fires nightly at all the road entrances into Carhaix, Callac, Gourin, Rostrenan, and other small towns in that vicinity, in order to save the cattle and even the dogs from the rapacity of the hungry wolves. Two or three wolves will tear and eat up the latter, no matter of what size, as rapidly as a pack of foxhounds will dispatch a wild fox.

It was a wet, stormy morning in November, an hour at least before daybreak, when the Count de St. Prix rung out a blast on his horn in the streets of Carhaix that made the window-frames of the old town rattle in their sockets; and scarcely had the echoes of its last-prolonged note died on the ear, when a wild response from other horns in the distance repeated the glad summons, and invited all, who were disposed to come, away to the chase. St. Prix, on whom the rulers of France had long conferred the honourable office of *Louvetier* or wolf-hunter for Lower Brittany—in this case the right man in the right place—had arrived at the Hotel La Tour d’Auvergne on the previous night; and, as I had been introduced to him by my old friend the Baron de Keryfan, we soon fraternized together as fellow-worshippers of Diana—men of kindred feeling and like sympathy.

From him I gleaned that a wolf infesting the covers of Kergloff had of late become unusually destructive to the poor peasants’ cattle, and had, even in daylight, snatched up many a country cur before the very face of its owner. Consequently such strong representations had been made by the Mayor of the Commune to him, as *Louvetier*,

that, notwithstanding his experience told him at once it was a she-wolf, with a litter hard by, he deemed it expedient to bring his hounds to the spot, and make a show at least of hunting, and, if possible, of driving the destructive beast from that district. To kill her, however, he had no intention; indeed, his solicitude for a she-wolf is quite equal, if it does not surpass, that of the most zealous fox-preserved, who, when he sees hounds running short in April, is on tenter-hooks for the safety of what he has reason to believe is a little vixen.

But in this district St. Prix need not be so particular; the wolves preserve themselves, and will continue to do so without man's favour, so long as the vast granite tors and interminable forests that now bristle over the backbone of Brittany can give them so wide a range and so safe a retreat.

I had just finished my last touch of chin-tonsure, when Keryfan, fully equipped for the chase, that is to say, picturesquely attired in a goat-skin jacket, leggings of the same, and a huge French horn slung over his back, burst into my room, chaunting a hunting song, and looking from head to foot far more like Robinson Crusoe than a Breton gentleman.

'Ah,' said he, taunting me good-humouredly, 'you will not see the rendezvous this day if you sacrifice so much time to the Graces.'

'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' I remonstrated; 'let me finish my wash, and I will be with you in ten minutes. In the meantime, order a cup of coffee for me, do; and ask Marseillier to fill my holsters with bread, brandy, and cigars.'

'I've stock enough for a dozen in mine,' said Keryfan, who, however wild in his passion for the chase, never neglected the commissariat department either for himself or friends.

Another long twang from St. Prix's horn under my bedroom window, and the impatient snort of his famous old Irish mare, brought my toilet somewhat abruptly to a close; and descending to the porte-cochère, where three or four mounted chasseurs had assembled, I was not a little shocked to find that I had been detaining the whole party, St. Prix deeming it his duty, as a matter of etiquette, to wait for a stranger especially invited, and himself to conduct him to the rendezvous.

The hounds had been sent on the night before to M. Trevenec's château, standing on the outskirts of Kergloff; so we pricked along merrily to the meet, Keryfan and St. Prix incessantly smoking cigars, which, in spite of a strong wind and heavy rain, they kept alight by common lucifer matches adroitly ignited on their saddles, and conveyed in the hollow of one hand to the fragrant weed—a feat of legerdemain that, at the pace we were going, Woudin himself would have been puzzled to execute.

The ceremonious greeting, the bowing, the hat-lifting, and even the cheek salutations that ensued between my companions and the Breton gentlemen already assembled at the cover side, was a sight I

shall never forget—a scene it was worthy of Louis Quatorze's court; I thought it would never end. Getting alongside of Keryfan soon afterwards, I ventured, knowing my man full well, to chaff him on the subject.

'You must not think I envy you, Keryfan, the hug you received from that weather-beaten old gentleman. Why, he's as wiry as a Scotch terrier, and hirsute as Esau himself.'

'C'est mon oncle, Frank,' he responded, with perfect good-humour, by way of explanation.

But I firmly believe he was no more his uncle than his aunt—not he. There was a great deal too much ceremony between them for so near a relationship.

Sixteen couple of hounds, wire-haired, but not rough, standing four or five-and-twenty inches high, with plenty of bone for their bulk, were held in couples on a plot of greensward hard by; while two keen-eyed peasants, acting as piqueurs, had each a single hound in a long leash—the tufters of the chase. One of the men, clad from head to foot in a brown goat-skin suit, gave a cheering account of the game before us.

'I have tracked in,' he said, 'at least three, if not four, full-grown wolves; one, by his long claws, is an old wolf; the rest I think are cubs.'

'And I,' said the other, 'have gone the circuit of Kergloff twice, and will swear not a wolf has left the cover this day.'

'Bravo!' cried St. Prix; 'let go the tufters, and, Keryfan, do you and your friend get down-wind with all speed; and, hark ye, if the old wolf breaks, let her go, and stop the hounds, or she'll carry them to Llanderneau. We have a good day's work before us, that's certain.'

In one minute the two tufters were throwing their tongues vigorously and freely; and, at a signal from St. Prix's horn, the whole pack were at once uncoupled and clapped into cover. I have heard 'Jack Russell's' hounds find their fox in the rocky depths of Hawkridge Wood; and Trelawny's pack view theirs among the cliffs of Skerraton, waking a thousand echoes with their frantic tongues; but never have I listened to such a crash as that which now greeted my ears, and sent the blood whizzing through my veins. Fancy sixteen couple of deep-mouthed hounds uniting in one grand peal of music, and sending forth such a salvo that, if the oaks of the forest were 'listening oaks,' as Horace describes them,* they must have quivered to their heart's core. Then the fanfare of horns might have been heard in High Olympus, and must have struck mortal terror into every wolf within a league's distance. A pair of ravens made themselves scarce at once; while the green wood-peckers, the magpies, and the jays positively screeched with fear. It

* 'Auritas quercus;' elegantly translated by Conington as 'the listening oaks.'

was the din of war—a sylvan war, to be sure, but a bloody one for the wolves, as the sequel will soon show.

For one hour the hounds ran as if glued to their game; and ever and anon a roebuck, on the wings of terror, bounded into the open, less dreading the face of man than the storm in its rear; but as yet not a wolf had appeared beyond the cover's edge. Talk of a fox's craftiness, I believe a wolf to be infinitely more wary, more wily, and more ingenious than the other in the presence of danger. Here were sixteen couple of high-couraged hounds tearing the earth up in pursuit of a wolf, and failing to force him beyond the precincts of his cover, the first line of his defence.

At length away breaks the old one—she could stand it no longer—and happily at a point where Keryfan was posted; so he dropped his rifle, took off his hunting cap, and gave the old jade a rattling view holloa as she lopped speedily forward into the open plain. St. Prix, had he the power, would have knighted him on the spot. Then the hounds were turned, and, almost in their first swing, they hit on the line of another wolf that had evidently accompanied its dam to the very edge of the cover, but dared not break away. Again, they were hard at him; and soon it became my turn to catch a view of the gaunt beast. I had ridden about a hundred yards into the cover, and, posting myself in an open space under a huge beech-tree, I listened with breathless delight to the cry, which I knew, from the hounds' tongues being turned towards me, was getting nearer and nearer every moment. I could hear my heart beat as the dry wood cracked under the tread of the brute, now within twenty yards of my horse's head; but whether he caught a glimpse of me, or merely from habit avoided the open space, he turned abruptly to the left, and, as he did so, revealed his grey hide, broadside on. At that instant I touched the trigger, my *balle-mariée* crashed through both shoulders, and he rolled over like a rabbit head-foremost into the scrub.

Then there was a grand 'mort' sounded by the horns, in which the hounds, after worrying the wolf, joined in wild strain their pæans of triumph over the fallen foe. The brute was a full-grown one; and nothing surprised me more than the disproportion between him and the biggest hound in point of bone and power; the arm just below the elbow was nearly double the size of the other, while his canine teeth, when extracted, measured more than two inches in length, and were so strong and keen that a horse would stand but a poor chance when seized in the throat by such weapons.

(To be continued.)

'OUR VAN.'

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THE INVOICE.—March Mosaics.

How the War Month, reversing the old saying, came in after the mildest fashion, roaring 'as gently as any sucking dove,' beguiling people to lounge on the Ladies' Mile and to take chairs in the Row, seducing us into a temporary doubt whether an English Spring was such a disagreeable time after all, with the air full of the scent of violets (there was very little scent of any other sort in the shires), and the voice of the singing bird heard in the land,—and how after this brief Carnival the impostor came out in true Lenten colours and summoned the wind and the dust from the four corners of heaven to vex the bodies and try the tempers of men,—is not all this written in our memories? The change was very strongly impressed on our attention on a certain day in the early part of the month when we ascended the steep hill from the summit of which the patron saint of Lincoln is said to overlook his diocese, and set our face resolutely in the teeth of a nor'easter to find out Grand National Hunt diggings and pry into the nakedness (if such there was) of the land. We had left 'ethereal mildness' behind in Piccadilly, and found the inhabitants of old Lendum battling with the nor'easter aforesaid. Not that *they* much cared. A blaze of loyalty was keeping them warm, and their souls were occupied with flags and evergreens, and discussions as to whether Strongbow should be illuminated and the Prince of Wales received with a guard of honour; for our young Prince was to be the guest of Mr. Chaplin on this Grand National occasion, and the old mansion of the Chantrey, which in days of yore had resounded to other strains, was now to be musical with the laughter of fair women and brave men, and the city (particularly the female part of its population) was evidently going as clean out of its mind as it was possible for a staid cathedral city to go. Gas, we should say was, on Monday afternoon, the 6th ultimo, the question of the day in Lincoln. Ambitious innkeepers who had fixed stars and Prince of Wales' feathers to their balconies had received a depressing intimation from gasometer authorities that they were not certain of being able to supply them, and this, added to the ubiquitous nor'easter, which took care to blow out the stars as soon as they were lighted, damped their loyal ardour considerably. But a good deal can be done with bunting backed up by a Volunteer band; and the whole of Lincoln having descended into the streets, apparently enjoyed itself very much. True, they did not see the Prince, who, after shaking hands with the Mayor at the station, drove up to Mr. Chaplin's the back way; but they saw the flags, and cheered the band, and 'jollied' the unfortunate men who tried to light the gas stars; so, on the whole, they spent a not unpleasant evening. But we are slightly anticipating. We were climbing the hill on that Monday afternoon, our steps bent towards Burton, said to be 'about two miles,' but magnified by the drivers and our own legs to nearer four. An agreeable walk, with the fine expanse of the Lincolnshire vale like a map at our feet, and the Lincolnshire Handicap in our mind's eye, Horatio. For there was Carholme and the celebrated mile beneath us; and we fancied we heard the shouting, and we distinctly saw the winner. But let us press on past Lord Monson's snug mansion of Burton Hall (the noble Lord was in town, we regret to say) to a field

where a Stand and more of the inevitable bunting, with a suspicion of a triumphal arch, pointed out the spot we looked for. This was the G. N. H. fixture of '71—an admirable one, was our first impression, which second thoughts confirmed. The Stand was on the hill where we stood, the course was in the vale below. Ridge and furrow, double and ditch—a big course, but not an unfair one, was the general verdict. We were fortunate enough to walk over it in company with Captain Machell, who, with thoughts of Defence and Keystone, took stock of it with very critical eyes. He could not find much fault with it—to say that he found none would be a libel on human nature. There was a fence here and another there, a 'nasty little 'place' as they came up the hill, which might break a horse's back, and also might not; but we think our gallant companion was pretty well satisfied when we came into the winning field; and as for ourselves—why we made a silent resolve that our small investment should go on Keystone. Well, with all this—the old city swept and garnished, the visit of H.R.H., added money most munificently given, a Grand Stand of large proportions, every preparation for ladies' comfort and convenience to the extent of a small lawn for them to walk about in if they had been so minded—how was it that, except Mr. Chaplin's guests, nobody, or next to nobody, came. The county people, the big squires and little squires, with their wives and pretty daughters, where were they? Where was the family coach and the family omnibus, victualled as for a siege, the natty sociable, the drags, the dog-carts? A few on the hill, that you might have counted on the fingers of your hand, and that was all. The Stand was only about half full the first day, and half of that on the second. The Ring was a wide enclosure, with men sparsely dotted about therein, and as for the principal attraction of the Meeting—the show in the paddock—why, it was below mediocrity. Now all this is rather puzzling to explain, and therefore it has been sought to lay the onus of blame on the broad shoulders of the G. N. H. Committee as a convenient scapegoat, which is manifestly unfair. They cannot make horses, and if the tenant-farmers decline to compete, or think they have nothing good enough to compete with, we do not see what can be done. Lincolnshire is such a sporting county, and every farmer therein keeps or breeds a horse or two, that we expected the show to be exceptionally good instead of its being quite the reverse. The big stake, too, with its 500 sovs. added, could only attract one subscriber more than a paltry little steeple-chase with 100 added run for at Lincoln Spring. Something was said about other Meetings interfering, and perhaps the soldiers' one at Windsor did a little, horses being reserved for Grand Militaries and Gold Cups there; but the falling off in the Farmers' races was most noticeable; and this is very difficult to account for, unless on the supposition that they had nothing to send. The event of the Meeting—the Grand National Hunt race—brought out thirteen as moderate animals as we ever desire to see, and the best looking (Defence) did not win. If the farmers were frightened at Perry Down, and expected to find him another Schiedam, they might have dismissed their fears. Mr. Chaplin, through a fatal accident to Waverley (one of Lord Henry's stud), depended on this son of Ben Webster, but he turned out a rotten reed. Nobody would have fancied him from his appearance, with his suspicious legs, sour head, and shabby quarters; and he performed as badly as he looked, taking his fences unkindly, and coming down a burster at the brook, where he seemed to have made up his mind to stay for the night, as Custance remarked to us, and Mr. Goodman

had some difficulty to extricate himself. The race resulted in a fine finish between Daybreak and Melton Mowbray, the latter an outsider, ridden in the salmon jacket of Mr. Paganini Smith, who was very nearly landing an undesirable coup. It was a very fine touch between horses and riders, and Captain Smith never rode better than he did when he got Daybreak's head in front close home. Then Nuage confounded the prophets by winning what ought to have been a rich stake—the Lincoln Grand National—and winning it in such a manner as utterly to overwhelm the worthy C. C. and handicapper of a great Midland meeting, at the bare possibility of what *might* have happened if Nuage had been kept for *his* cross country event. 'I should have put 10 st. on the —, and he would have walked in,' he at length found voice to utter, and we believe left Lincoln, deeply impressed with the necessity of 'taking care' of the Frenchman. A good horse is Nuage, and those who witnessed and remembered his performances at Vincennes (among them Mr. Thomas, the celebrated gentleman rider) were only deterred from backing him by the little encouragement they received from his stable, for, like most of the others, indeed, he ran untried, had only a two-mile gallop a few days previous, and moreover had been suffering from rheumatism! The horse was evidently big, and yet he cantered in, which does not say much for his field, including Keystone, who brilliantly as he fenced and galloped for about three miles, was then done with. Perhaps a little too much use was made of him by Mr. Richardson, who, however, rode to orders, we presume. So much for the racing. There were other joys for royal and noble visitors, among them a Masonic ball, whereat the Prince danced with pretty citizenesses, and 'built himself an everlasting fame' in Lincoln thereby; but for outsiders it was dull. Those who take their ease in the inns of the old city take very little else by their motion; for indeed the taking, which is 'tall,' as the Yankees say, is all on one side. We should like mine hosts to alter this state of things. We wish well to Lincoln and Mr. Ford, but we could not help feeling—putting sport for the moment on one side—that with Liverpool and Lincoln offering themselves for our selection, there would be no hesitation (having regard to comfort and ex's) which we should choose. *Verbum sap.*

The soldiers went to Windsor this year, in consequence of some alterations at Rugby, which were considered improvements by the persons who undertook them, but by no one else. Windsor, however, is unworthy of a Grand Military, and we hope to see them in '72 back in their old quarters, especially as Rugby now, we understand, is better than ever it was. Captain Cotton has made the course, what it used to be, about the finest in England; and as it is so indelibly associated with military triumphs in the field, we shall expect to meet on the hill side next March, and see Colonel Knox, or Captain Harford, or Mr. Pritchard come sailing in on something or other, after a rattling gallop over a country, to which Windsor is a cabbage garden. It is wonderful over such ground—we can't call it a country—there were the large entries there were; but the fields were mostly big, and the sport pretty good. One can't see much at Windsor—another of its qualifications. And the G. M. Hunt Cup would have been more worth looking at if it had not been a guinea to a gooseberry on the winner, Portaval, all the way. The favourite, Sunday School, went the wrong side of a flag early in the race, and so Colonel Knox had nothing to do but to canter in front for the most part of the journey. Then Captain Harford took up the story on Valorous in the Brigade Cup, and 'settled' the Colonel on The White Cockade a couple of fences from home; and so the first day ended, in wind, rain, and general discomfort. The second was

better ; and as the 'quality' came down in shoals, and filled the Stand and drags, things looked much more cheerful, especially about luncheon time. We greatly fear there was something very uncanny about the great race, for which Lord Charles Ker had bought Moose, and Mr. Bieber the Little Rogue, with the intention of carrying off the prize. That Moose had been 'got at' no one on the course, we believe, doubted. He broke out before he had gone to the post as if he had been galloped the whole distance, and when set going blundered at every fence, and was hopelessly out of it from the first. Little Rogue too made a most suspicious noise before he had gone half a mile—jumped nearly as badly as Moose, and went in his dicky leg by the time a mile had been traversed. And this was one of the early 'fancies' for the Liverpool ! But 'tis an ill wind, &c. ; and Mr. Pritchard, who has not, we think, been seen in the saddle since he won this race on Juryman at Rugby, the year before last (and the reason for his non-appearance is one very honourable to him), landed a very clever winner on Donato, following up his good fortune by carrying off the Military Weight-for-Age the same day, and the Light Weight Steeplechase on the next. So the gallant 5th D. G. were in high force, and Mr. Pritchard was loudly cheered, and well he deserved it. We remember how well he rode the slug Juryman in the race before referred to ; and that he has gone straight with the Pytchley and the Atherstone, along with others of his regiment, we had the pleasure of recording last month. We believe he learnt all he knew from Alan McDonough, when quartered in Ireland, and Alan may be proud of his pupil. He won on Donato very cleverly the last day, riding against a good horse and man, Captain Harford on Q.C., Donato's win giving rise to a similar objection on the part of Colonel White as against Knockany last year, when Lord Charles Ker won the Hunt Cup with him, after winning the G. M. Gold Cup. Because the conditions on the card stated that previous winners were disqualified, Colonel White now claimed the stakes on the strength of Donato's win on the second day ; but of course the conditions meant winners at the time of entry, so the objection, as in the case of Knockany, was overruled. Still it is as well that it should be set forth both on the card and in the original conditions, though whether those halcyon days will ever arrive when racing conditions shall be plainly understood of the people, and no coach-and-six be able to be driven through them, we much doubt. Of course objections always beget a little heat, and it appeared at one time as if the serio-comic drama of 'Warm Words in a Weighing Room,' which is enacted with great success at intervals during the racing season, was about to be given here. But the urbanity of the Stewards and the phlegm of the gallant Hon. Sec. was as oil on the troubled waters, and luncheon, we trust, stilled them entirely.

Croydon boasted the usual large attendance, which even gate-money does not much affect nor snow keep away. For unto that complexion did we come on the great day of the meeting, when Woodside was white unto the harvest with the unexpected return of winter. But this did not deter a harvest of another character, out of which the Committee and Mr. Verrall reaped no small advantage, from flocking down by the many lines that run to Croydon, bent upon backing Souvenance or Mr. Brayley's best, though a divergence of opinion between that gentleman and the public proved for once the infallible public to be wrong. The field for the United Kingdom Steeplechase was hardly worthy of the 500 sovs. added, either in quality or quantity. Souvenance was undoubtedly the pick, and looked it, though, curiously enough for such a magnificent fencer, she 'pecked' at some trumpery fence, and getting rid of

Mr. Crawshaw pursued her way riderless. George Holman and Brick, too, performed a somersault at the water jump of which Lulu might have been proud, and of the others why there were not many stayers among them, and Marin had had nearly enough when he got home. The people who persistently backed Cassé Tete in face of Mr. Brayley's declaration to win with Silvermere, had the satisfaction of seeing their fancy finish behind the declaration. Another Grand National here received his quietus; Bogue Homa, who despite some admiration he excited in the paddock, disgraced himself in the race, while Lord Raglan, though a clever fencer, evidently does not like four miles. So that 'light on future events' for which prophets and backers pray was not vouchsafed on this occasion, and we returned to town as wise as we came. Again did the French horses show their form, Marin, Manola, Loustic, all winners more or less easy; while there was a performance on the part of some advertising tipsters calling themselves Baillie and Walter, who issue a 'Kingsclere Circular' and talk of 'discretionary investments,' which will go far, we should imagine, to quash the gang. One or both of the partners own a horse called Goodfellow, who in a match with Harriett was pulled in the most barefaced manner, the said Goodfellow being one of these honest men's 'discretionary investments,' and tipped by them to the confiding fools who take in their circular. It is certainly one of the real wonders of the world how such fellows can gull people; but that it is done, and that the game is worth many candles, we have daily proof. Tipsters of this sort are described in some sporting journals as 'honourable men' in whom gentlemen may have confidence, and their advertisements are given a prominent place in their columns. Surely after the Goodfellow *exposé* respectable papers will hesitate before they permit such fellows to prey on a foolish public by their aid, or at least they will withdraw their *imprimatur*. Goodfellow ran the second day and won the Steward's Plate through a fluke, but was objected to, fortunately, and we are happy to say disqualified. Croydon, indeed, was almost made up of objections and fiascos of one sort or another; but is not the metropolitan circuit famous for them, and are not the characters of some of the men who run horses at the gatherings therein famous also? Do we expect straight running at Bromley and West Drayton, Kinsbury and Croydon? We trow not.

But there are better things in store. There is 'the second city in the empire' basking, on that Sunday when we caught sight of it, in the sun of summer, and Aintree on the Monday morning looking innocent of sleet and snow: a transformation scene, if not quite so gorgeous, infinitely more surprising than any of Mr. Beverley's. Mr. Topham on that Sunday evening sat in his new quarters at the George drinking the blood-red wine (only we think it was brandy and water), and with an evident prescience within him of coming success; for the trains had brought and were bringing 'arrivals' more numerous than had ever previously arrived, and the demand for accommodation, and the shifts resorted to and cheerfully acquiesced in to supply it, taxed innkeepers' resources to the utmost. This, too, in face of the new 'North-Western,' one of those huge 'limited' caravansaries that it is now the fashion to build, and which was said to have a bedroom power equal to any emergency. We can only speak from our own experience of the Royal and the Alexandra, where sitting-rooms were turned into extempore sleeping apartments during the small hours, each apparently with an unlimited license as to berth. There was one Providential circumstance in The Lamb's winning, however, which somewhat lightened the pressure on Tuesday, as

none of the Irish division we have reason to believe went to bed at all that night—a happy release for the chambermaids. There were all nations and languages in Liverpool on the eve of the Grand National; and perhaps it was as well that Lincoln did clash with it, for where would the extra thousand or so who went there have been placed if they had come here? Never was so much talk and general excitement on the various fancies, and never did Liverpool 'bars' do such a liquoring-up business. Happy omens, too, were abroad. In addition to the well-authenticated dreams of Lord Poulett's, so long back as the 15th of December, in both of which he saw The Lamb win (though once it was over a wrong course), what first greeted the eyes of a large party of arrivals, chiefly from the Emerald Isle, on their train running into Lime Street terminus on the Monday morning? *A little lamb*, that leaped out of a truck, and ran down the line, pursued by the excited cheers of its fellow-passengers. No wonder that we heard of nothing but the name of Lord Poulett's horse when we arrived. Despite all the money, judgment, and confidence behind Pearl Diver, 'the second city' had gone for The Lamb, it was evident. What did our host of the Royal and Alexandra—a grave and sober man who, as a rule, meddles not with 'good things'—what did he when we arrived but immediately take us on one side, and in a solemn whisper assure us that The Lamb would win? Did not the head waiter, too (and where, we should like to know, will you find a more sporting character than your head waiter?), say ditto to his master? and we 'turned in' with hope. The racing on the first day was nothing, nobody cared about it; and, truth to say, it was not worth the caring; but we talked about the morrow and the things thereof, while 'the betting went up and the 'people cam: down,' as a song sung in the year of Caractacus used to say, and The Diver was the hero of the hour. They took 4 to 1 about Mr. Brayley's horse kindly, and it was a mere question of his standing up—so said the knowing division. The Irish party were rather divided in their allegiance, for there was Rufus, Wild Fox, and Scaltheene—the second the property of Colonel Ainalie, of the Royals, the pick of the lot. He had pulled up apparently rather lame in his gallop on that morning, and there was a decided demonstration against him, though we believe there was not much in it. The Doctor did not go well in the market, and very little was done on The Colonel; in fact, the two favourites absorbed all the business, and the 'second Salamander' that, coupled with accident, were the only two things Lord Poulett said he feared, showed no sign. We have said the racing was uneventful, but there was some curious riding on the part of a Mr. Bambridge—a gentleman rider—who, owing to defective vision, took the flag-post near the water-jump for the winning one in a Hurdle Race, and pulled his horse up fifty yards from home, allowing Stradbroke to win easy. What rendered the 'mistake' more curious was that the horse ridden by Mr. Bambridge, Loustic, who opened at 2 to 1, went back to 100 to 6, the stable going for another, Lingerer, who was badly beaten; and if Mr. Bambridge had had a stronger bit it would have been as well. The eventful day dawned as fair as any of the others, and Liverpool, divided between its sporting proclivities and its loyalty (it was the Princess Louise's wedding), had evidently determined to make holiday. The Assizes were going on at the time, but Sir Samuel Martin's loyal feelings would not allow him to try prisoners on that day, and he announced on Monday that 'on that auspicious occasion the Court would rise at one.' There *was* a rumour that the learned Baron had been seen in a brougham in the neighbourhood of Aintree

on an equally 'auspicious occasion,' but it lacks confirmation. We never remember such an attendance, and the oldest *habitué* said the same. How the people packed themselves on the roof of the Stand was a marvel. To get there was one long struggle—to lift your race-glass to your eyes when you were there, more than one acquaintance assured us, an impossibility. Curiously enough, the Weighing-room Stand, from which a capital view is to be obtained, and whither resort some knowing ones in the secret, was not so crowded. We missed one or two familiar faces—especially Lord Drogheda, Mr. J. B. Angell, &c.—generally to be found there. But at all events it was the greatest gathering ever seen on Aintree, and the people were everywhere—down at Bucher's Brook, on the Canal Bridge, and even on the running ground before the water-jump, where they were massed in hundreds; and how no accident happened was another marvel. They only appeared to realize their situation when the horses were close upon them, and then the scattering was tremendous. The two favourites kept their pride of place to the last. The Doctor, though he looked a better horse than last year, retiring to 12 to 1, and Dog Fox, rather fancied by his stable for a place, going back to 25 to 1 as soon as he appeared following The Lamb. Lord Poulett had in the most straightforward manner told all his friends that they must stand his horse to win and a place, adding that no horse would strip on the day to be compared to him for looks or condition. It required but small knowledge to tell us that when he appeared. The muscle stood out upon him, his coat shone like satin, and his corky action showed that it was all well with him within. Which were, we wondered, the 'dicky legs;' where was 'the chink in his back?' Testimony to all these imperfections had been borne by those able writers who tell us all about the inner life of so many race-horses and so many stables until we had almost believed it. Surely they ought to know, these eminent hands, who have everywhere correspondents lynx-eyed as an 'Argus.' What a commentary on the touting system, with all its impudent *espionage* and audacious mendacity, is the simple truth! Lord Poulett assured us that since June last the horse has been as sound as he could be, and that since September, when he commenced his slow preparation, he had never been sick or sorry, or left a grain of corn in his manger. Oh! British public, British public, how long? Until what time, will you go on reading those wonderful accounts—ay, and believing them, too—got up for you 'regardless of expense,' and which chronicle such very small beer after all? Such stupid lies, too,—such clumsy inventions! We honestly believe that there is no greater fool than your professional tout—one so easily imposed upon, or whom it requires so little common sharpness to outwit: a dull rogue that a painted hind-leg can take in, a docked tail utterly bewilder. But we are digressing on this tempting theme, and must return, not to our muttons, but our Lamb. We will take up our tale when the twenty-two runners had been handed over to the care of Mr. Thomas Lawley, who ably held the flag in Mr. McGeorge's absence at Lincoln; and the gallops taken and the parade gone through, all eyes are directed towards the post. Nothing had looked better than The Doctor, Wild Fox, Rufus, old Philosopher, and The Lamb. The first named had thickened since last year; the two Irish horses were in grand order, and Philosopher carried his years like a young one. 'The united ages,' indeed, of some of the field would have formed an interesting sum total for those people who, when half-a-dozen ancients get together, are never happy till they have discovered their years. It was a remarkable lot in this respect, considering the hard work some of the old ones had gone through, and says much for the stayers. Pear

Diver had a dry look in his coat not reassuring; Case Tête was a bag of bones; The Colonel very big; Despatch much too peacocky-looking to get the course, and that he got where he did was certainly a surprise to us. To a capital start they went away at the first attempt, Ryan and Murphy, on Rufus and Wild Fox, going at once to the front and riding jealously against each other—as their manner is—while the chances of The Doctor were extinguished nearly at the first fence. The Lamb was always in the front rank, where The Colonel never appeared able to get; Pearl Diver was done with soon after entering the straight, and the finish was a match between Despatch and The Lamb. Amidst tremendous excitement, Mr. Thomas called on the game little horse, gave one flourish of the whip over his head, and landed a gallant winner by a couple of lengths. Then began the shouting and the enthusiasm; and how The Lamb was got into the enclosure, and how Lord Poulett and young Ben kept their legs as they led him in, was another of the marvels of the day. They surged about in a wild sea of humanity which seemed bent on carrying the horse as well as his rider into the weighing-room, and which plucked at The Lamb's tail—(one gentleman, unable to get near the horse, took, instead, his owner's watch as a souvenir)—pulled Mr. Thomas out of the saddle and behaved after the fashion of racing humanity under similar circumstances. And so the dreamers of dreams and the seers of visions had them realised, and another double winner of the Grand National was added to the roll. That the win was a most popular one none could doubt; and we envied Lord Poulett his feelings when the 'all right' was announced. For he had been open as the day on his horse's chance; and scarcely was there a friend of his whom he had omitted to write to on the subject;—he had said, 'Bar accident and another 'Salamander, I have the winner in my stable,'—and here was the result. Who was not glad to see, too, Mr. Thomas score a second 'Liverpool' to his credit? and though there were, doubtless, thoughts and memories of '68 and 'our George'—(and Mr. Thomas would be the last to grudge those memories)—in the breasts of some there, yet the greetings to the fine horseman who steered George Ede's mount a second time to victory were heartfelt and sincere. He never, in his long career, rode a finer race; and may it be the harbinger of future victory! Mr. Brayley bore his defeat like a man; but we dread to think of what the feelings were in certain green rooms, metropolitan and provincial, that night. For Mr. Brayley is a great patron and friend of 'the brief abstract,' and there was scarcely a member who was not on to *his* shirt or (might we venture to say?) *her* chemise. What a distinguished ornament of the profession calls 'the spangles' were entrusted to 'the Diver;' and the result must have been painful in the extreme.

We were not at Lincoln *pour cause*, and fear Mr. Ford and the Committee must have met with an unprofitable return for their liberality. They were certainly justified in supposing that their fixture, the first of the racing year, would not be interfered with, and we see, by-the-way, it is stated that Lord Sefton has determined that Lincoln and Liverpool for the future shall not clash. This is just what ought to be done by those having authority to do it. We might have been saved all the confusion and coming together of fixtures in the first open week, if some one in authority—the Jockey Club, for instance—had taken the matter in hand and arranged the dates. It might have been done very easily—but then these are just the things that never are done, and so we go on. However, Lincoln, despite Mr. Chaplin's large party, was tame, very tame the first day, and only improved a little the second. The Lincolnshire Handicap was of course the race, and a very good one it was, scattering a

warm favourite and giving the first dead heat for the Lincoln and of the season. There had been a great many 'dead,' by-the-way, in connection with that handicap—Border Knight, Maid of Athol, Valuer, Lord Glasgow, &c., &c.—all favourites at one time, till Tim Weaver appeared on the scene, and announced himself as the Woodyeates good thing. But Tim, who has never done anything, as far as we can remember, but disappoint his backers (he greatly disappointed us in the Portland Plate), kept up his character and ran rogue here, though something was said about his being interfered with, which in the sharp turns at Lincoln is always to be expected. There was a good deal of knocking about, it appears, in the race; but nothing could have beaten the two dead-heaters, Vulcan and Veranda. The latter is no beauty to look at, as she was described by a good judge as 'a weed rough in her coat and tucked-up in her loins;' but 'handsome is,' &c., and she ran a game race with Vulcan, the former just getting his head level with hers close on the post. We congratulate the Admiral on his good handicapping. Veranda is by Vermont, Blair Athol's conqueror in the Grand Prix, and we need not say what Vulcan was and is. To mention that Historian won his annual race at Lincoln is scarcely necessary; and with the fact that the wonderful old Reindeer carries his thirteen or fourteen years as freshly as ever, and actually ran away with the Carholme Plate, ends our Lincoln summary. Warwick, after Liverpool, fell flat, too. How could one expect otherwise? There was scarcely a horse, either, that ran the first day worth a century; and if it had not been for the glorious weather, we should have been dull indeed. The Lamb and Despatch were both absentees in the Grand Annual, so that was robbed of much of its interest; and altogether, though there was a good attendance, and the worthy Samuel appeared much pleased with the aspect of the Stand (in which there were, as usual, a lot of pretty women), it was hardly worth coming to. Northampton is taking place as we write, but we cannot touch on it. In all these Spring fixtures, till the 1st of May opens the door to the two-year-olds, we shall feel what a vanity of vanities is racing without them. There will be another steeple-chase day that we should like to tell our readers about; but, alas, we shall be 'at press.' The 10th Hussars are to have their Meeting on the last day of March, and the Royal Colonel of the regiment is to ride a horse of his own there, in the Royal colours, which have not been seen, we believe, since the days of William IV. Will not that be a day for the gallant 10th?

Of course we are in the sere and yellow leaf of hunting, the ground has been hard and dusty, the scent bad, and we shall soon say good-bye to hound and horn. Here and there a great run astonishes us; witness the Gloucestershire one graphically told 'in another place;' but our chronicle must needs this month be brief. The great event of the past month has been the visit of the Prince of Wales to Melton as the guest of Sir Frederick Johnstone; but the elements were dead against him, and so he did not half see the glorious pastures in all their glory, as many were covered with snow. Still he had a good gallop from Ragdale, on the 16th, on a quiet bye-day, when the men of England, who had had the office, were all out, and showed H.R.H. in the fast 25 minutes from Cossington Gorse to Shoby Scholes how they cross the Quorn country; but he was not so fortunate on the following day at Baggrave Hall, as there the snow was very deep; it balled frightfully, and there were no end of falls. Mr. Coupland and his men did all they knew to show sport, but they could not make it, for, after one little run by Thorpe Trussells and Great Dalby, by Gartree Hill, where they lost, they only found vixens; so H.R.H. had to console himself, for the want of sport, with the sparkling conversation of Mr.

Richard Webster, which evidently greatly amused him. In Northampton shire during the first part of the month, which was as much fitted for cricket as hunting, the Pytchley had to encounter hard ground and dusty fallows, but still the hounds ran. The fields were very large, half soldiers, half all sorts and conditions of men. An Od Bailey barrister, with a red coat and countenance to match, was seen at the death of a fox near North Kilworth, and he looked as if he much preferred the oxygen of the country to the foul air of the Central Criminal. The number of carriages is a great nuisance in the gateways, and when they are laden with *men*, clearly indictable. These hounds had a capital 25 minutes on the 18th from Braunston to Shuckburgh without crossing a single ploughed field.

We now append a graphic little bit from a valued correspondent with the Pytchley. March 1st, Wednesday.—Met at Lilbourne; an enormous field out, very hot, and dust flying; did nothing in the morning; found at Yelvertoft in the afternoon, and had a cracker for 35 minutes by Elkington, Cold Ashby, up to the Hemploe; up wind nearly all the way. Hounds held their own all the way, in spite of the desperate attempts of a hard riding field to knock them over. March 3rd, Foxhall.—Hotter than ever. Hounds could run hard on the grass. Had a capital gallop of 20 minutes as hard as they could go, and killed him; and, after partaking of much-needed drink at Sir Charles Isham's, had a good hunting run in the afternoon. Wednesday, 15th, Stanford Hall.—Three inches of snow and six degrees of frost this time. Could not hunt till one o'clock. Had a nice gallop from Stanford, going over a fine line by Swinford, Catthorpe, Lilbourne, and lost at Hill Morton. Feb. 17th, Lamport.—Had a real good old-fashioned run from Clint-hill, over the Northampton Road, through Short Wood (the only covert he touched), leaving Mawsley Wood on the right, on by Orton, Loddington, Thorpe, Malsor, to Kettering, turning short to the right by the railway station, over a big brook (which caused grief to many), on to Pytchley, to ground; running 1 hour 50 minutes.

In Warwickshire the Atherstone have been doing pretty well, and on the 10th an incident worth recording caused much amusement when it was known. They found on Cloudsley Bush, and had a good run of thirty-three minutes by Cotesbach to Shawell Wood, in the latter part of it the fox being crossed by a sheep-dog, and the hounds for a few minutes running the colley in view. On Mr. Thomson perceiving the state of the case and stopping them, he addressed a favourite bitch who had been among the leading hounds with 'Never mind 'old girl, he certainly *was* very like a fox;' and then, perceiving something at a distance, he rapidly clapped them on and recovered the hunted fox before two-thirds of the field knew anything about it. If they had probably they would not have much cared, provided colley had gone fast and straight and led them over a lot of fences. We remember, apropos of this, now a few years ago, when one day out with Mr. Drake's hounds, somewhere near Sturdy's Castle, while running a fox, the scent was crossed by a tinker's dog and the pace became terrific. There were a lot of young Oxford fellows out, to whom the faster the gallop the better they were pleased, if only their nags could live through it. So away we went, very few, if any, being aware of the real facts, and for about fifteen minutes at best pace, till the leading men got near enough to view 'Toby,' a little dark sandy cur, who in another minute or two was rolled over and eaten down to the tip of his tail. Of course there was no end of chaff about it for the rest of the season, but we never had such

another gallop as far as pace went, and some of the hard-riding youngsters used to pray for another 'Toby.'

Mr. Angerstein and his staghounds have been doing well. On the 3rd they met at Bosworth Grange at the house of Mr. J. E. Bennett, than whom there is no more popular man or better sportsman in the country. A very large field assembled to see the stag, his first appearance in that part of the country for very many years. Stag the first did not give them much of a journey, but number two ran like smoke for forty minutes, and only seven were up when he was taken. The hard-riding Rugby party, who swear by the stag, came home very happy, but Mr. Underwood, one of Mr. Tailby's bad-to-beat lot, had a bad fall and broke his arm. On the 7th Mr. Angerstein was at Kilsby, and they had two runs, the second a clipper, thoroughly enjoyed by the usual first flight; but Mr. Worthington, a Cheshire gentleman, had the best of it, holding his own against some very tough customers—a novice, too, both to staghounds and Northamptonshire. There is, popular as the 'staggers' are with some, a very diverse opinion held about them by others. The Pros are going to get up a dinner, give a cup to be run for, and have a regular jubilee. The Cons call it steeplechasing, and say that half a dozen men go out to ride against each other as at a drag, which would save a good deal of expense and swimming about in mill-ponds.

'Countless the various species of mankind;
Countless the shades which separate mind from mind.'

The North Warwickshire we were obliged to omit from our Hunting budget last month, so must here briefly notice one or two of their best days—one on the 8th of February, when, after finding their first fox in Magmere, which they ran to ground, and then a quick 15 minutes with the second, which they lost among some buildings at Balsal, they were fortunate enough to find a third in Hay Wood, which gave them 1 hour and 25 minutes without touching a covert, and then darkness obliged them to stop. On the 14th they had an extraordinary day, the meet Kenilworth Castle, the find at Fern Hill, the fox getting away at once, pointing for Kenilworth, but leaving it on the left, and on through Thickthorn and Glasshouse Woods to Meriden, Shafto, and some more of the Atherstone coverts on to Fil-longley, where they were obliged to give him up, having run 4 hours and 10 minutes, and no doubt changed foxes two or three times. Stoneleigh Abbey was the meet on the 21st, and after rolling over a fox in a quick 30 minutes from Bericote Wood they drew the Baginton Osier Bed, but found in a neighbouring wood, and had a good hunting run to Glasshouse, where they killed—time, 2 hours and 10 minutes. But about their best day was from Dunchurch, on the 16th, when with their first fox they had a capital gallop to Shackburgh, and with the second from Bilton Grange they went as hard as they could go over the canal by Barby Hill and Braunstone to Bragborough, and so on to Welton Place, where nearly all the field retired, thinking hunting was over; but Tom persevered and tried all he knew to kill his fox, who here turned round and found his way back by Ashby St. Ledgers to Bilton and on to Cawston, where darkness saved his life. For some time the field, reduced to three or four, mutually assisted each other in leading over; and the hounds were brought into Rugby by the huntsman and Messrs. Post and Gebhardt, who alone stayed with Furr to the very end, as the whips' horses were quite done some time before. From the Belvoir, too,

came some news that arrived too late to pack with our other parcels last month. The pack appear to have had a most capital week, sport commencing on the 13th of February, on which day they met at Staunton, and finding at Cotham Thorns, had a rattling gallop to Balderton, where they killed — then quickly found another fox at Normanton Thorns, which the hounds raced 15 minutes, killing him in the open near Bennington. Mr. Williamson, a gentleman staying at the Angel at Grantham, had the best of this little burst. On the 15th they were at Croxton Park, and found a real stout fox, who took a line by Wymondham, and then turned back, leaving Woodwell Head to the right, and running through Gunby Gorse straight away to Merkery Wood. After spending about half an hour there he retraced his steps by Witham Wood, and they finally killed him at Gunby Warren, after a three hours' run from find to finish—the pace great as far as Gunby Gorse, and then it fell off a little. A large field and many men went very well. On the 17th they had what Gillard described as 'one of the straightest and fastest 30 minutes I ever saw,' on the Lincolnshire side of the country. They found at Ingolsby Wood, and the hounds rolled their fox over in the open at Gripple, about a seven mile point. Sir Thomas Whichcote, Captain Longstaff, Captain Willson, Mr. Earle Welby, Mr. M. Thorold, Mr. Brook Turnor, Mr. W. Newcombe, and two or three others, had the best of it all through the run. On Saturday, the 18th, they finished up a brilliant week at Waltham, finding in Burbidge's cover, and running round, after crossing the river, by Melton (paying their respects to Mr. Coupland by going through his garden), and then over the hill by Burton Lazarus, and nearly to Whisendine village, finally killing at Wymondham. They have also had many nice runs during the past month. On the 1st they met at Croxton Park, found their first fox at Melton Spinny, and killed at the Old Hills Covert; found again at Clawson Thorns, ran him over the vale, skirting Sherbrooke's Gorse and Broughton village, and killed at Holwell Mouth. On the 18th met at Plungar, found the first at Granby Gap, ran nearly to Wiverton, and killed in the open near Jericho Covert after a very fast 35 minutes. They had only a fair day's sport at Stonesby, when the Prince was out; but he told the Duke that he had enjoyed it very much.

Mr. Tailby has been hunting his own hounds, as Goodall is still unable to move. He had a poor day from Theddingworth on the 5th, but a capital one on the next from Tugby toll-bar, when the hounds looked really beautiful and hunted to perfection. He had a good run on the 20th from Peatling Gorse, and on the 21st from Knossington, and killed at Ridlington. That fine old sportsman Mr. Banks Wright has been showing young England that brave men lived before the modern Harborough Agamemmons, and were dandies into the bargain, for he has astounded them by the beauty of his boots and the make and colour of his breeches, the correct tint of which we are informed is entitled 'Lavender No. 2.'

We have lost sight of Mr. Dear and his harriers for some time, and are glad to pick up the dropt threads of sport over the Winchester downs. He has been having some wonderful runs, and been lucky in accounting for some unusually strong, straight-necked hares. His field is smaller than it used to be when the London Brigade helped to fill it; still he has many faithful followers who prefer a good brisk gallop in the open to pottering about in the big woods. On the 16th they met at Twyford, found directly, and went straight for 20 minutes from scent to view, killing at Owslebury, the Master and Major Lawson only with the hounds. On the 23rd they were at Win-

nall, a good run, and went to ground after a very good 45 minutes in Avington plantations. Now some people will not, we hear, believe that 'puss' goes to ground; so we beg to refer such sceptics to Mr. Dear. On the 25th they met at Harestock (appropriate name), when their second hare took them through six parishes, over two lines of railway and the river Itchin into Avington Park, where they changed. The hounds were right away from the horsemen for some distance, and the pace excellent.

In another county (Berks) the B.V.H. have been doing ditto to Mr. Dear, and making up for the time lost during the severe frost with stout and straight-going hares before them. On the 4th of March they had a good day from Long Wittenham, racing their first hare to the river, killing in the middle of it, and then pulling down a brace and a-half after some hard and fast running. On the 7th they had one hour and five minutes from Eynsham with a strong jack hare, who led them over the Pink Hill Meadows to Eynsham Common and then across the Oxford road to the large Cassington Meadows, and was finally run into near the railway station. On the 18th they had a capital 35 minutes with their first hare from Mongewell to Ipsden, pulling her down in the village, without a check, and then the hounds were taken back to Mongewell, and a second hare was found near the Park, going away for the hill and over the Ipsden road on to Foxberry, being killed at the edge of Mongewell Woods; time, 50 minutes, and the hounds seventeen miles from their kennels. A very good day indeed.

Our Hampshire correspondent informs us that the H.H. have not been doing very much. The March month is never very favourable for scent in Upper Hampshire, as the ground gets so soon dry and hard. On February the 14th they had a very good day's sport: they found in Ashton Wood, and after running nearly an hour lost at Rotherfield Park. Then they found again in Old Down, and went away over the Alton and Alresford turnpike road, over the railway tunnel to Bighton Wood, where they lost, the scent totally dying away in covert after a most brilliant 35 minutes. On February the 21st they met at the Cross Lanes, Beauworth, found in Bishop's Copse, took a turn round the Beauworth coverts; then through Bishop's Copse to Fully without waiting a minute; then to Hampage, which the fox skirted over Longwood Warren, and killed in a hedgerow close to Twyford Park. This was a most capital hunting run of two hours, and over quite fourteen miles. The Hambleton had a good day's sport on February the 24th. The meet was at the Bold Forester: first found in the Queen's Liberties a very bad fox, and kept chopping about, and killed afterwards on Southwick Common, and went away directly as if for the Liberties through Hipley to Splashwood into Southwick Park, then into the Shrubbery, where he was dead beat; a very good 50 minutes. This fox slipped back again into Splashwood, and was lost. This run was over a very stiff country, and among those who went well were Sir Clarke Jervoise, who is always first and foremost, Mr. Radclyffe, who got an ugly fall, but was soon up and at it again (he is a hard one, and would be able to hold his own in any country), the two Mr. Wilsons, Captain Sanderson, Colonel Briggs, a capital sportsman, who was educated in the 'noble science' in Yorkshire, Mr. T. T. Taylor, Captain Lowe, Mr. Tosker, Mr. James Martin, another very good sportsman, Mr. Shrimpton, and Mr. Reginald Long, the most promising young one as a sportsman and rider in Hampshire. Nothing is yet definitively settled who takes the Hambleton country. The Hursley have had a succession of good sport since Friday the 24th, on which day they found in Painholt, had

51 minutes in the open, and were killing their fox when a fresh one jumped up, which was lost, found again in Up Sourborne, 25 minutes' racing pace in the open to ground. Monday, the 27th of February, met at Manor House, Baddeley, and had one of the finest hunting runs of 2 hours and 20 minutes, and fairly walked the fox to death. The quiet way in which Summers handled them and the pluck and perseverance of the pack were beyond all praise. Monday, the 6th, met at Standon Gate, found in Ampfield Wood, had 50 minutes at a good pace, but changed to a vixen and whipped off; trotted on to Stroudens, found immediately, and had 45 minutes at a great pace, running to ground close to Romsey. Jem Goater, Cannon, and Hibberd were out, and they said they never rode a greater pace to hounds. Friday, the 10th, the meet was Little Sourborne Park; found their second fox in Ashley, and had a good hunting run. Jem Goater, Cannon, and Hibberd were again out, and told Major Dowker they were delighted.

From Yorkshire we hear that the Bramham Moor have had a very fair season, but although not many good scenting days since the frost, these hounds have had some sporting runs and killed their foxes in good form in the open. The country is getting very dry, and they will not hunt so late as usual, as some woods that ought to be able to spare a few more foxes will not do so this year. Goddard Morgan leaves Mr. Lane Fox, who can strongly recommend him. George Kingsbury, who has been with him seven seasons as a whip, is promoted. The York and Ainsty have had middling sport, and have suffered from dry ground and bad scent; they had, however, good runs from the kennels on the 3rd with a fox found in Lord Harewood's Whin on the 7th from Copmanthorp, killing their first fox in Bishophthorp Gardens, and the second on the York Race-course, near the three-quarter of a mile post. On the 18th met at Pillmoor; first found a vixen in Sessay Wood, and then a dog fox in Clark's Plantation, and had a good run, but Mr. Thornton Smith, of Barton House, was killed, from his horse falling and rolling over him twice.

From Lincolnshire our principal reports are want of scent and dry fallows, which cut the hounds' feet all to pieces; so that some packs have given up their regular fixtures, and are merely doing a few bye days in the woodlands and outlying parts of the country. A few good runs can, however, be recorded; and for seeing hounds do their work in real good form Mr. Chaplin's run from Wickenby Wood was scarcely to be surpassed; and while the riding men found plenty to amuse them the cold hunting school were at times equally delighted, and nothing but an open earth at Willingham saved their fox from a fate which perhaps he would not quite have appreciated, although it would have been a glorious one. It seems pretty well understood now that Captain Chaplin will step into his brother's shoes as regards the southern portion of the severed country with the present establishment; but we can state nothing definite with regard to the other part, save that the amount of money wanted is fast being subscribed. Lord Yarborough has had some great days away on the Grimsby side of his country, in which hounds both raced and hunted, while only a few tried to live with them across the yawners in the marshes. We are sorry that we cannot give fuller particulars of these runs, as they are worth recording, but must content ourselves with what we have gathered from conversation at the covert side. The run from Nettleton Lodge on the Market Rasen part of their country was as fine an hour and eight minutes as ever was seen, nearly all over grass, although the fox had plough within a quarter of a mile on each side of him. It was tremendously hilly, and

very few lived in a good place from start to finish ; but Lady Yarborough was there, as she always is, and a few guests from the house ; amongst them Captain Machell went quite in the front. The entry was never so good as the lot they will have to put forward this year, should distemper spare them ; and Brockleby men may well be proud of the way Long has bred the hounds under his care. There is an especially good lot come in by Raglan, and one litter of bitches by him must be seen to be appreciated. Dan Berkshire, with the Southwold also, has got a lot in that no man need be ashamed of ; and considering that twenty couple died at walk, he may well congratulate himself on the good looks of the remainder. Statesman, the uninvited mourner at poor Lord Henry's funeral, will, with luck, keep up the position in the hunting world, or we are very much mistaken. The sport with these hounds has been quite up to the average ; and from the kennels on the 22nd of March they had a rare run, finding at Market Stainton, hunting slowly for about half an hour, and then getting to their fox they hustled him into the Burton country, and finally stopped the hounds at Stourton Hall, on hearing that some cubs were laid down, although he was dead beaten before them. Verily the true old sporting spirit has not died out yet, and the South Wold men may be proud of such a finish, even although it ended without blood.

From Ireland we hear the Curraghmore Hounds have had a succession of good things during the past month. February 24th—perhaps 'the' run of the season—from Garden Morris, twenty miles, in one hour forty-five minutes, and a kill in the open with only two hounds missing, but with few out of a large field up. March 1st, found at Carrick-a-Tubrid and killed close to Wind Gap, in the Kilkenny country ; time, one hour ten minutes ; distance, fifteen miles ; a rattling scent, only one check, and but four men up at the finish. On the 7th inst. a good hunting run of forty-five minutes from Owing to ground. On the 10th a very fast thirty minutes from Ballydurn into Curraghmore. On the 14th another good thing from Carrick-a-Tubrid through Clonasse cover, skirting Kilmacra, and to ground near Mount Neil. Big fences and the country deep ; distance about twelve miles, which was done in sixty minutes. On the 16th, one hour twenty-five minutes from Park's Wood to ground on the cliffs near Credan Head. The country rode very heavy, and falls were plentiful. On the 17th a racing twenty-five minutes from Ballydurn by Carroll's Cross, and killed in Glenstown Wood. On the 24th a fast gallop from Mount Congreve to ground at Pembrokestown, and afterwards a good twenty-five minutes from Amber Hill, also to ground. And, by the way, let us not forget to mention that 'justice to Ireland' is going to be done by Mr. Craven bringing over the Pytchley establishment, hounds, huntsmen, and whips to Punctestown ; and there will be a day in Kildare and one in Meath before and after the races. Mr. Craven will be the guest of Lord Spencer, and we think the visit will be keenly appreciated, and that Mr. Craven is very plucky in undertaking the journey.

We hear that Frank Beers, the huntsman to the Duke of Grafton, is shortly to be married, and this having come to the ears of some of the farmers of the hunt, they have formed themselves into a committee (with the consent of the Duke), and, with the gentlemen, intend to present him with a testimonial. We certainly know of no one more fully deserving.

Some well-known men in the world of sport and pastime have passed into 'the valley of the shadow' since our last. First and foremost on the roll stands the name of James John Farquharson, that Dorset squire who was a link between us and another generation. Born in 1784, it is possible that he may have seen—doubtless he had often heard of—the roe-deer hounds with which

Mr. Pleydell, of Motcombe, hunted that down country between Blandford and Weymouth, and which were the last kept in England. We have a recollection of seeing somewhere (we think it was in an old inn at Blandford) a print of a meet of this pack, the horses and hounds of the old-fashioned shape, and the coats of the old-fashioned cut of those days. Would any kind west-country ancient refresh our memories on this subject? 'Bailly' would be his debtor. In the March number for 1866 of this magazine there is a lengthy and admirable biography of the squire, sketched by an abler pen than ours, and we can only here speak a few brief words of regret over the kind-hearted old man who at the ripe age of eighty-six has passed away. A Nestor of the chase, indeed, a pupil of Mr. Beckford's, a companion of 'the first gentleman' when H.R.H. lived at Moor Critchell, with a princely fortune and the liberality to spend it, master of a country that comprised all Dorsetshire and part of Somersetshire, a pack of hounds of the finest, and a stable full of hunters in the getting together of which money had not been spared, no wonder that the Squire of Frampton's name was a household word in the West of England. He was an agriculturist, too, a little in advance of the age, a firm friend to the farmers, who swore by him, and to the poor, who looked up to him with reverence and affection. His death, though of course at his advanced age his family were not unprepared for it, took place rather suddenly at last. He had complained of a difficulty in breathing two or three days previously, and on the night of the 9th ult., while his valet was assisting him to his bed, he remarked in his quiet manner, 'I shall not be here in a few minutes,' and then he laid himself down and passed tranquilly away, an English worthy whose name and memory will be cherished as long as honourable conduct, the most entire unselfishness, and the warmest liberality in thought and feeling, shall be considered worthy of remembrance and example.

And 'the Bishop of Bond Street' has gone. He also, to use a Carlyleism, was a thoroughly manful man, doing what he found to do with a will and a purpose which though now and then verging on eccentricity was always leavened with a kindliness of heart and a quaint simplicity almost touching. If he hated anything it was a London cabby—we mean the bad specimens of the class—and to be cruel to one of God's creatures was, we believe, in the 'Bishop's' eyes (and who shall say that the theology of Bond Street was inferior to Canterbury?) the unpardonable sin—

'He liveth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;'

and let us hope that the wearer of that chimney-pot hat and the snow white apron (we never saw him without either) will realise the truth of those beautiful lines. His fondness for dogs was great, his talk about them most amusing. And what a host of listeners he gathered together in his parlour! How many men we could name will miss their afternoon drop in and chat there! It was a club, now broken up and dissolved, 'the fuel gone that maintained that fire,' and we shall listen to no more of his wise saws and somewhat bold opinions. We see 'Argus' states that though he once promised him full particulars of his life, he never fulfilled that intention. Though doubtless we are the losers thereby, we cannot help sympathising with the old man's reticence. Not that there was anything in his career but what was honourable to himself, we feel certain. But there was a good deal of genuine modesty and an absence of self-seeking about 'the Bishop,' and perhaps he shrunk from all the well-meant little flatteries of biography. He rose, we believe, from the ranks, and climbed

the social ladder by fair and honest industry. He never made an enemy (except an occasional cabman), and he had a host of friends. *Pax vobiscum*, old man.

We mentioned a month or two since that it was in contemplation to start a coach between ~~Canterbury and London~~, but we now hear that the 'Old Stager' will not appear this season. It is only, however, a pleasure postponed. There have been difficulties in the way (chiefly in the way of horseflesh), and so a compromise has been effected, and a daily Dorking, by which we may enjoy an hour or two on Box Hill, and the pretty drive thither, will leave Hatchett's at 10.30 on the 1st of May, arriving at the White Horse, Dorking, at 1, and returning to town at 5 P.M. There will be a 'galloping team' between Epoom and Leatherhead, and on the Derby and Oaks days the coach will run to the course. We wish it every success. The Brighton one will take the road again, too, we hope, and as we enjoyed a seat on the box last year may we this. And this reminds us to suggest to Mr. McGee, of 'Ulster' fame, whether he could not launch a summer 'Ulster,' something light, loose, and long, that will keep out the dust on our way through Windsor Park to Ascot, and the slight shower as we climb Goodwood Hill. A thorough envelope, in fact, out of whose folds we might emerge spick and span, something that a gentleman might wear, and that will send 'zephyrs' to 1000 to 15. We promise to wear one if he will make it, and that ought to be an inducement.

To speak of the Boat Race when before these lines meet the eyes of the majority of our readers it will be decided, seems rash and unprofitable, and yet we must do it. We candidly confess that at this moment we are all at sea as to the result, though it is dinned into us that it is a good thing for the Light Blue. A fortnight ago and Oxford was a very straight tip; now, since they have appeared on the Thames, they have retrograded instead of having improved, and the best judges will not have them. Their frequent changes of boat may have something to do with the bad style we hear so much about, and their want of compactness. As far as we can make out, the men show the effects of the work more than a winning crew should, and as the talent are evidently going for Cambridge, why Cambridge we suppose it will be. It will, we hope, be a good race; and that all cockneydom will be there we feel sure. The usual signs of the times are abroad as we write, and there are but two colours visible in the shops of hosiers and haberdashers. The ladies are plunging into the fray with their usual ardour, and conscientious women (like the gentleman who blacked himself all over to play Othello) are dark blue or light blue from their hair-ribbons to their—well, to their stockings. It will be a great day for England, for the South Western Railway, for the Alhambra, for Evans's, also perhaps for the Argyle. Thousands of people will about themselves hoarse, tens of thousands will flock to the river side who would be much puzzled to explain the reason for the enthusiasm that is in them, hundreds of pretty girls will win gloves, flirt, lurch, and play the very mischief, and we shall all return from Hammersmith, or Barnes, or Mortlake, with a dissipated feeling of having been to a wedding breakfast or something of that sort, and not knowing what to do with ourselves for the rest of the day. And that will be the Boat Race of 1871. It is *our* prophecy, and one more-over that we will lay any amount of odds will come off.

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Luca Taxis

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

H.H. PRINCE EGON THURN AND TAXIS,

WHOSE portrait we publish on our title-page this month, claims our notice as the master of probably the largest and best appointed hunting establishment on the Continent—Pardubitz, in Bohemia, the Melton Mowbray of Austria, to wit—and as such is fully entitled to a place of honour in our series of eminent sportsmen, faithfully represented in nineteen volumes of 'Baily's Magazine.'

Prince Egon, as he is familiarly called by a large circle of friends, the second son of his Serene Highness the reigning Prince Thurn and Taxis, is of undeniable blood and lineage, his late elder brother having been allied to the imperial house of the Hapsburgs by his marriage with the Empress' sister. He was born in 1832, entered the army (3rd Lancers) as a cornet in 1851, received his commission in the same year, was in 1854 promoted to a regiment of Dragoons, and in 1859 obtained a captaincy in the Hussars, in which troop he was on active service in the war of Schleswig-Holstein, 1864, and rose another step in his profession the following year. He served with his regiment, bearing the name of the unfortunate and heroic Emperor of Mexico, throughout the campaign of '66, during which he signalized himself by a daring attack in the battle of Skalitz, and resigned his commission with the well-earned rank of Lieut.-Colonel some months after the conclusion of the Peace of Prague, the preliminaries of which were settled at Nickolsburg, a castle in Moravia belonging to the recently deceased Prince Dietrichstein-Mensdorff-Pouilly, a cousin of our most gracious Lady the Queen. Being of a most active temperament, and a sportsman of the first water to boot, Prince Taxis organized a stag and fox hunt at Koenigshaiden, near Pressburg, in Hungary; in the following year (1868) we find him settled at Pardubitz, which hitherto comparatively unknown place he formed into head-quarters of a hunting establishment of the highest order. But not only in the field, on the turf also, the distinguished subject of our present memoir was equally at home, intimately as his name is connected with such steeple-chase cracks as John of Ley-

den, Effenberg, Transylvanian, Longrange, Diana, &c., all of which in many a well-contested struggle he rode in gallant style to victory and honour. Prince Taxis won his first race across country in 1852 at Kittsee, on Merchant, an excellent horse bred by Count Zichy, of Láng, in Hungary, beating sixteen others, among which the then considered invincible August; in later years he won on John of Leyden the Grand Vienna Steeple-chase in 1865; Pressburg 1866; was second to Búszke in Vienna in the same year; and won the Pardubitz Steeple-chase two consecutive years—1868 and 1869. He won the Pressburg Steeple-chase in 1865 on Billy, and 1869 the Grand Vienna and Frankfort Steeple-chases on Transylvanian, who might also have won the Baden-Baden race—having done so the year before under Mr. Sartoris—without the accident at the brook, into which he was thrown by the swerving Anglo-Saxon. Taking several smaller races into account, Prince Taxis won altogether about thirty steeple-chases, to which kind of races he is obliged to confine himself, owing to his inability to ride under 12 st., his usual hunting weight.

The former President of the Austrian Jockey Club having in 1869 resigned his office, Prince Taxis succeeded him to that post of honour, for which he is eminently qualified by an extensive knowledge of Turf matters, a never-changing urbanity of demeanour, and a deeply-rooted love for every description of sport.

HARRY HALL 'AT HOME.'

WHEN an Englishman has distinguished himself in any manner above the rest of his fellows, be he warrior, statesman, sportsman, alderman, or senior wrangler in Masonry, a custom (second only to dinner giving, and generally accompanied by that ceremony) has long prevailed of demanding from the brush of a Grant or some less renowned knight of the pallet, a memento of his features, in the shape of a portrait, presentation or otherwise, which shall adorn the walls of the Senior United, the interior of a town hall, embellish the window of Sams, or form the frontispiece of 'Baily,' or look down from the walls of the dining-hall of some ancient company upon the civic feast below. Even the progress made in photography has not greatly decreased the demand for full-length and life-size portraits of admirals and generals standing out from the background of sulphureous war clouds, grave senators projected on the conventional scarlet curtain, gentlemen in pink standing out in strong relief from the cloudy sky which 'proclaims a hunting morning,' and sleek and respectable tradesmen, who have deserted the 'oil and colour line' for the dignity of municipal potentates, and stare out of their frames in all the gorgeous panoply of chains, orders, aprons, and other fanciful decorations mostly associated with the art of good living. What wonder, then,

that the form and colour of some equine celebrity as dear, perchance, to the public as to his owner, should be of interest to both; and that the execution of his or her portrait should be entrusted to the cunning hand of the limner for its reproduction on canvas, to hang over the sideboard on which some of his trophies repose in bright array, or to take its place in the form of a faithfully coloured engraving in the celebrated 'Gallery of Winners,' of which a specimen attracts such eager crowds in Regent Street, or Piccadilly, or the great Cornhill repository, whence they are distributed through the length and breadth of the land. And if the lens has not yet supplanted the pencil in the representation of the 'human form divine,' much less progress has it made in delineating animals, and least of all in its attempt to bring the 'beauties and defects in the figure of the horse.' We all recollect the picture of Beadsman, as drawn by the sun; and we have in our possession a portrait of Blair Athol (by the same artist) which would make Mr. T'Anson rend his clothes and weep, and drive Mr. Blenkinsop melancholy mad. So, in default of Nature, we fly to art, and the 'cracks of the day' follow up their crowning achievements by a visit to Harry Hall at Newmarket, who owns no rival near his throne in hitting off to the life the characteristics of the animals brought under his eye. Herring's pictures we have all of us long known and delighted in; but somehow or other our great R.A. animal painters do not seem to have been especially happy in their horse representations. Ansdell has not attempted much in that line; 'Horse' Cooper's (*absit omen*) White Arab has been repeated rather too often to please; and the great Sir Edwin's portrait of the mighty brown hero of Aske is not likely to convert the public to a belief in the perfection in make and shape of that 'high priest of the Blacklock tribe.' We can't quite imagine Rosa Bonheur doing justice to a Derby winner, and fancy she would much rather be making a study of Matt Dawson's pony than the big bay by whose side he is cantering down to the Ditch stables. A painter of horse portraits in the present style has monstrous little chance given him of working in any accessories to give effect to the somewhat formal outline of an animal standing side on to the spectator, and with nothing to relieve the bare walls of his box and the litter on which he stands save a quarter-sheet (generally of too sombre a shade) thrown on one side, or at most the stable cat, the horse's attendant imp, which possibly may not exist at all. Persons seem to object to portraits of their pets armed for the fray and with jockeys up; but whenever such a style has been attempted it has always struck us as the more preferable of the two. Nor do horses show at their best 'standing for their portraits;' and the painter has a better chance of succeeding if he can catch some degree of character or peculiarity of individual action while the animal is in motion.

It is not wonderful, then, that would-be art critics and *dilettante* veterinarians have fallen foul of many a portrait, which, to make it a composition in painting instead of a faithful representation, would require exactly those accessories which the artist is forbidden to use;

for instead of having an air of the ideal about it, it merely stands out as a matter-of-fact representation of the animal, and as incapable of any romantic surroundings as a prize ox or pig at the Smithfield Club Show. This, however, must be put down to the account of fashion rather than to any want of proper conception of the manner of treating his subject in the painter, who, if left to his own devices, would doubtless produce something more nearly approaching the exacting requirements of art. The visitor to Whitewall will have noticed the difference between ancient and modern customs in horse portraiture; and although the imagination, in some cases, is drawn upon in a greater degree than might please the most fastidious of critics, yet it must be confessed that to 'casuals,' who regard them more as paintings than as memorials, they present infinitely great charms. And it must be confessed that, with all our reputation as a horse-loving people, no animal has been more shamefully abused in a national point of view, both on canvas and in castings, than the very object upon whose breeding we so especially pride ourselves. Turn from our ordinary exhibitions and shop-windows (with some well-known exceptions) to the equestrian statues which disgrace our public thoroughfares, and the noble animal is to be seen tortured into all manner of representations and shapes. And we have always deemed it one of the few advantages which resulted from the removal of Tattersall's to Albert Gate, that that celebrated emporium is no longer associated with the recollection of that fearful and wonderful steed, from which the Great Duke points in the direction of his greatest field of glory. Fortunately the designer turned his monstrous creation away from the derision of the Drive and the Row.

Across the crowded thoroughfare of the quaint Newmarket street, where there is already 'mounting in hot haste,' for the Heath, and where a commingled tide of carriages, carts, and vehicles toils up the Hill under the budding limes; escaping from the stampede of light cavalry in the shape of jauntily-mounted swells and light-weight jockeys; dodging through the heavy brigade of soberer cavaliers, and farmers sending rough cobs along at their best pace—and we find ourselves in a moment out of the dusty tumult, and 'beyond the voices' of the Ring, in the quiet of the painter's studio. A thousand memories of past incidents in racing lore are recalled to mind by the contemplation of portraits, sketches, and studies, occupying walls and easels, and turning up unexpectedly in odd corners. The Lamb, with poor George Ede in the saddle, reminds of a double Liverpool triumph, and that day of mourning round his early grave whose career as a horseman was without fear and without reproach. There is a deal of character about the sturdy little iron-grey hero, and Ireland will be as proud of the possession of his likeness, as of her idol himself. Knight of the Garter, in folio and octavo editions, looks down upon us on either side; and in his outline, colour, and points can be traced the idea of coarse strength rather than of fine quality, such as ever distinguished the progeny of the house of Melbourne. Mortemer, perchance his successor in Cup honours, we

were sorry to miss, because not only do we hold him in the highest estimation as a racehorse, but because we wish that the portrait of so remarkably handsome an animal should not be lost to us; more especially as his breeding and management are, in some degree, a wholesome rebuke to our national pride. And it is surely a problem worthy of our most anxious consideration, how our French neighbours contrive to produce racers of such substance without the sacrifice of speed or symmetry. Another illustrious exile, Sornette, took us back to Doncaster and the Cup victory over Gertrude; but the winter has done nothing for the smart little chesnut, as we were to see so shortly on the Heath. Bigarreau looked quite a flash gentleman on canvas, with his arched neck and general peacocky bearing, and quite a contrast to Consul, another French Derby winner, with his thick, business-like frame, and solidity of build and carriage. Sygge, we thought, looked better on the easel than on the racecourse; yet there is something of the style of Marsyas about her, and 'Lincoln' might be the motto of her pride. Kingcraft, with Tom French up, occupies one side of a canvas, of which the other is destined to be filled by Matt and his pony, and the attendant genius of the Falmouth bay. Somehow or other, notwithstanding our respect for Lord Falmouth, and our high appreciation of his Turf policy, and in spite of our knowledge of his trainer's ability, we cannot quite regard Kingcraft with that hero-worship to which Derby winners should be of right entitled; and it had been better for him to have retired after Doncaster. The hollow-backed Friponnier, with that peculiar style which no likeness can quite arrest, brought to our thoughts unpleasant memories of strikings-out and reappearances, and things whispered of but not proven, which let forgetfulness once more enfold. Far more pleasant is it to be carried away from crowded course and volleying thunder of the Ring to some quiet paddock far away, where, 'with rugged ragged coat,' a white-legged foal sports by the side of Duty, not delineated with that strained regard to propriety which represents brood mares in the sheeny lustre of training, but hit off in the rough, such as they may be seen any day in this changeful season of the year. Mr. Crawford's old favourite, Heather Bell, forms the centre of a picture which will include Alec. Taylor and Challoner, and embody a hundred recollections of Fyfield and the bold but unfortunate scarlet of its pluckiest supporter. Parry, not in angelic but rather in diabolic vesture clad, sits for his portrait on Scarborough, who looks as if in the humour to try for the nonce; and the lay figure which has carried the colours of all the cracks in the world sports the black and silver braid which the Ring know so well. Adonis looks a bit of a commoner, with his rather light middle piece and angular quarters, which found their way with such telling effect up the Cambridgeshire Hill. Then there is a popular owner of racehorses on his grey hack, *vis-à-vis* to his better half in her pony carriage, and last but not least what the auctioneer's catalogue would describe as 'an historical painting,' representing the final set to between Lord Lyon and Savernake on Doncaster Town Moor. Challoner,

limned to the life, nerves the game chestnut for a last 'do or die' effort, and with straining eye but boldly pricked ear does his champion reply to the call, while the white-footed bay seems to slink past the post with ears laid back, Custance fearing the while to take up his whip and drive him. It is in scenes such as these, rather than in those which may more truthfully be designated representations of still life, that the talents of the artist have freer scope to work and his imagination is permitted a broader flight. Cramped by no fixed rules, except of colour, he is enabled to work out his ideas, not with fear and trembling for his inability to produce an exact likeness, but with an amount of liberty which his talents can turn to the best account. Scattered round the rooms in wild profusion are studies of all appertaining to the external anatomy of the horse; sets of legs a trainer might seek and never find, the most perfect of shoulders, and heads narrowing downwards to the much-belauded 'pint pot' muzzle. Sketches too of wayside country memories, of sunny meadows, and shady banks, and bushes among which the rushes grow so green. But our allotted time has well nigh passed away, and from the faithful representations on wall and easel, we hasten to the realities of racing, far away on the Heath. The shadows of glory and dim images of war we leave behind to witness the onset of actual strife, and to hear unmelodious voices drowning the songs of larks, and to catch the odours of the home-manufactured leaf polluting the keen pure influence of April's sweetest breath. Nature has put on her Batthyany green, and the glimpses of blue above may give an omen to upholders of the Middleham jacket, but the dainty cowslip, trampled under foot, bows her head low as the kingly head that this day shall pass under his conqueror's yoke, and 'Farewell to the 'Forest,' shall be the mournful burden of those ranged under his yellow banner.

* * * * *

Upon the Heath the farce is over, and the curtain about to rise on the first act of the great Turf drama of the year. Like knights gathering for the tourney, they pour in with their retainers from all sides. Sterling, from his trysting-place between Ditch and Bushes, walks proudly to his doom, and scorns to die the felon's death his foemen have foretold; the 'Demon's' steed, with sweating flank and roguishly twinkling ear, sidles his way to the post; and the King, adored of the people, points his beautiful head towards where the starter marshals the assembly. His ancient opponent neighs a challenge across the lists; and a goodly company prick downwards towards the rallying-point. There is Bothwell, fined down and sobered since his yearling days, striding along with the businesslike carriage which stamps the true racer, and his more showy esquire, whose grand frame and scantily-developed limbs it must be left to time to mature ere the Leger bell rings; Blenheim, a name sounding full of victory, but destined to defeat by superior style and power; the grand, but soft-seeming MacAlpine, whose looks so well proclaim his lineage; and Draco, whose appearance gives but slight hopes of another lift to the

old Glasgow blood, or of the Orlando jacket's success. Dalnacardoch, an old-fashioned, sleepy-looking gentleman, with hardly the substance of a Rataplan, throws down the gauntlet for Fyfield; but there is no Moslem look about the horse, and Challoner gets his leg up without the confidence in his face of old Macaroni days. Moodily towards the brilliant cavalcade the General saunters along, but with no Goodwood polish upon his coat, though the great heart beats as truly as ever, the spirit rises stronger than the flesh.

Down the hill at last, and the crowds close in behind, like Red Sea waves after Israel's passage. 'The King is dead; long live the King!' is the Northerners' shout, as Johnny, in the old Pretender track, shakes off Sterling like another Belladrum; and Harry Hall will have to look out his browns and blues for the second time when Bothwell's name shall have swelled the bede-roll of Derby winners, and another votive wreath shall have been decreed to adorn old Stockwell's grave.

AMPHION.

A RACE MEETING AT MALTA.

'Malta fior del Mondo.'

PREVIOUS to the year 1868 the only races in Malta were run off on the high road, and the horses were ridden without saddle or bridle, at catch weights, by small boys, who were provided with a whip in each hand, up a steepish hill to the winning-post, where was presented to the spirited owner of the first horse a flag, which had been previously blessed by the priests, and which was paraded about and waved over the conquering nag, bestridden by his diminutive rider, for the rest of the day. Races of this description come off once a year at Città Vecchia, Pietà, and Gozo, and are amusing from their curiosity; but, over and beyond, now there is a regular meeting once or twice a year on a course with grass on it, and the different events are to be well seen from a Grand Stand. Perhaps the readers of 'Baily' may remember an account of how the Egyptians were spoiled by two officers from Malta: one of them is the writer, the other was the first to broach the idea of a race course, and one of the principals in carrying it out. The island of Malta, as probably most people know, is rocky and hilly, and divided into very small enclosures, surrounded by stone walls. In summer time there is hardly any verdure except the dull green of the locust-tree, and the place truly looks like a huge stonemason's yard. At the head of the Grand Harbour there is, in exception to the general rule, an unenclosed oval of nearly two miles in circumference, half a mile in diameter, well cultivated, rather swampy in wet weather, and people call it 'La Marsa.' Here, notwithstanding the numerous difficulties, both financial and local, a race course was planned, laid out, drained, bridges and Grand Stand built, and now the man who is quartered in or visiting Malta finds a good course covered with grass, a capital

place to see the races from, not at all bad sport, and, if he care to inquire into the matter, the debt which had to be incurred to meet the heavy expenses nearly paid off. Without wasting time in describing the training, the trials at early dawn before the mist has risen, the glorious sun appearing over the hill, and warming the bones alike of the energetic officer, always to time, superintending the preparation of his string, and of the burly but sporting Maltese grocer, who sentenced one of his horses to go grind at the mill because he disappointed him in a race, let us imagine ourselves in Strada Reale, the High Street of Valetta, on a fine December morning. Opposite the beautiful opera house is a placard, which informs us that it is the first day of the Marsa Races, and that they commence at 1.30 punctually. There is plenty of time to take a stroll down the street, and it is well worth while. The variety of costumes, the bright but not too hot sun shining on the white flat-roofed houses, and bringing out the vivid colours of the projecting balconies, some red, some green, some yellow, combine to make a charming picture. Here at the corner of the street, looking with longing eyes into the gunsmith's window, are two Arabs from Tunis, their striped bournouses, dark thin faces, and bare feet thrust into yellow slippers, contrasting well with the red coat, fair whiskers, and well-blacked boots of the young English sergeant who is swaggering by, and who in his turn is set off by the dusky priest, with shovel-hat and close-shaven face. A little further on come two young ladies tripping along; their bright eyes and rosy cheeks proclaim them daughters of *perfidè Albion*, and the three brown paper-covered volumes which are carefully embraced by each tell us that they have been paying a visit to the garrison library. Next we meet a little Maltese lassie, with her black demure eyes peeping out from under the *faldetta*, and with the dark stuff frock carefully held up to show a worked petticoat and a neatly-turned ankle. We get confused—is it the ankle, or the bright eyes aforementioned, or the succession of characters on the dazzling white pavement? Here, surely, do Europe, Asia, and Africa meet. The Greek flaunts his jaunty fez and many-folded petticoats before the gold-laced blue uniform of the Turk; the bareheaded, brown-froked friar jostles the green-turbaned descendant of the Prophet; the gorgeous Moorish merchant with snowy turban; the red-shirted Sicilian sailor; the Spaniard, in velvet jacket, knee-breeches, and pork-pie hat; the Egyptian, in voluminous unmentionables and bright colours,—we meet them all during our ramble. And now we turn to the left, walk on a little way, halt, and look down this street to our right. Straight as an arrow is it, and many steps are there on the steepest part. We see a beautiful vista of many-coloured balconies projecting from the white houses; and beyond, the deep blue of the sea, with its *ἀντηριθμὸν γέλασμα* rippling in the sunlight, to where we faintly trace the coast-line of Sicily, and just descry the snowy summit of Etna. But it is time to be off to the course, so we return to the Strada Reale, and make our way down towards the Union Club. We see no groups of tight-

trousered, horseshoe-pinned individuals, no noisy card-sellers,—nothing to remind us of a race-meeting in England, except those two sheeted horses being led down the street, and they are without their hoods, in order to show the coloured ribbons with which their manes and forelocks are plaited. 'Go-cart, sare!' hails us a sharp-eyed, barefooted Maltese, in coloured shirt and red waistband, at the same time jumping off his seat and backing the go-cart, which is like a small Irish outside car with the seats countermarched, into the pavement. We jump in, and jolt away through the Porta Reale. I remember, when I was a very small boy with bare legs, going to a dame school for instruction, and the old lady in a fit of passion seizing me, and saying that she would shake me within an inch of my life: if we had been in Malta, I feel certain that she would have saved herself all trouble, and had me put into a go-cart, and driven over a roughish road; so, she could have shaken me within half an inch of my life. Four heavy ones jammed inside do pretty well, but a light one alone is like a parched pea on a drum. A short ten minutes takes us to the Grand Stand, where we pay our half-crowns for admission to, and buy a card from, a sergeant of the —th, who is doing gate-keeper, and walk into the inclosure. Here we find a fair sprinkling of carriages already, and the bell is ringing to clear the course for the first race. All the cavalry in Malta, consisting of half-a-dozen or so of mounted police, are stationed round the course, and prevent people from getting in the way or trampling down the crops on the inside of the circle. The clerk of the course and his assistant, both in pink and brown tops, are cracking their whips, and hunting the inevitable and ubiquitous dog; two of the stewards are in the paddock to the right, near the weighing tent, entering the names of the owners of the various animals that are being nominated for the 'Città Vecchia Stakes, for barbs only, to be ridden by Maltese 'without saddles, catch weights, half mile, post entries.'

This is the first race, so let us get to the top of the Stand, and there, sheltered from the sun by the awning of flags, look round us. We get a nearly uninterrupted view of the whole track. Just the other side of the winning-post a palm-tree is waving and a clump of bamboos rustling in the warm south wind. Eight or nine barbs, mounted by barefooted boys of different sizes, are being led down to the half-mile post, headed by the starter, flag in hand. The lane to our left, by the straight run in, is crowded with red coats and Maltese; and beyond, a forest of masts shows where the Grand Harbour commences. Before the horses get off there is time for a short description of an average barb, imported into Malta from Tunis or Tripoli. He stands about fourteen hands one or two inches; he has a straightish and rather a heavy shoulder, a neat and well-set-on head, good back and loins, and is generally cow-hocked and light of bone below the knee. A tolerable English hack can give him three stone and a beating. A hum of voices tells us that they are off,—and here they are, most of them at work. A bony grey, fired all round, and ridden by the smallest boy of the lot, comes in first, and

his owner rushes at his head in a wild state of excitement, and leads him back past the judge's chair in triumph. The next race is the Maiden, for horses that have never won at the Marsa: Arabs to carry 11 st., Barbs 10 st. 7 lb., and Spaniards 10 st. This stake is carried off by a little Arab who had already gained laurels both at Gibraltar and Cairo, and who does not give his opponents much chance. Now comes the St. George's Handicap for all horses, and there is more excitement about this race than any other. The top weight, 12 stone, has been allotted to a bay English thoroughbred mare, owned by a Maltese gentleman; next come a half-bred chesnut Irish mare, belonging to an officer of the garrison, and a bay horse by Artillery, the property of a native, both carrying 10 stone; an old well-bred brown mare is chucked in at 9 st. 4 lbs. The plucky proprietor of the Artillery horse is already up, and parades past the Stand in gorgeous red jacket and wonderful breeches and boots. There are signs of misgiving in his face; for has he not backed his nag, who is beginning to be too much for him, for pocketfuls of dollars against the chesnut mare, who is just coming out of the paddock, mounted by a man who, although he is in a marching regiment, shows by his seat and well-made five-ounce tops that it is not the first time he has performed? The Maltese have backed the top weight; for is she not ridden by their crack jockey, and what do they care or know about the difference of 2 stone? The distance is a mile and a half; but before they get off the gentleman in red jacket comes off, for his mount is restive, and deposits him on his back. He is soon all right again, and when the flag drops makes the running, holding on by both spurs, at a great pace. It is simply ludicrous. The three Maltese riders alternately race for the lead, while the chesnut mare is held well together three or four lengths in their rear. They round the turn three-quarters of a mile from home; the old brown mare and the Artillery horse come back to the chesnut, whose rider relaxes a little the strain upon her jaws; she reaches the quarters of the thoroughbred, who is slightly in difficulties. Even now it is all Lombard Street to a china orange on the Maltese, if he would only sit still; but he works himself about, lifts his whip-hand, throws the mare out of her stride, and it is all over. The Englishman sits down, catches well hold of the chesnut's head, and lands her with a well-timed rush the winner by half a length. A weight for inches race follows, 5 lbs. added or allowed for every inch over or under a certain weight, and a good day's amusement is brought to a close by a half-mile scurry for hacks.

What strikes us most at a race meeting at Malta is the entire absence of all unwholesome concomitants, no noisy betting-ring, nor gambling booth, nor drunkenness, nor evil company of any sort mar the enjoyment of sport for the sport's sake. That racing in its primitive simplicity may long flourish both in the rocky little island of Malta, and wherever the British soldier may be quartered, is the sincere wish of

SPORT AND WANT OF SPORT IN THE SHIRES.

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'O SPRING, of hope and love and youth and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem ! brightest, best and fairest !'

sings a non-sporting bard ; but his vernal ecstasies find little response in the heart of the hunting man. The latter views the budding leaf with as little pleasure as he does his corn bills, for he now finds his sphere of action as completely changed as that of a discharged helper, and all that remains, when the fleeting joys of the winter months have passed away, are a store of memories and reflections, and a stable full of gummy legs. Leaving the latter alone for the present, let us turn over a few mental notes that spring from the experience of the past season.

While touching on the different packs which hunt the Shires, comparisons offer themselves on many points, some of which may fairly be brought forward, while others scarcely come within the province of pen and ink to deal with. For instance, the success and merits of a Hunt depend upon nothing in a greater degree than the character of the man at the head of affairs, be he the ruler who supplies the sinews of war, or the tactician who directs the operations in the field ; but to compare one Master with another would be gross impertinence, while to hold up the faults of a huntsman (obvious though they may be) might amount to taking bread out of his mouth.

The first remark on looking back is naturally that the past season was, if not the worst, at all events the most scanty, that has been known for years. In the early part the ground was still in a state of hard-bake from the exceptional dryness of the summer, and thus the pleasant month of November, which residents, at all events, extol as the one when the most enjoyable hunting may be seen, by no means maintained its usual character ; for as a rule hounds could not work and men could not ride, so little advantage was to be reaped from the absence of the rampant Christmas crowds. The North Warwickshire, however, got on to some low damp country, and had a most brilliant half-hour from Bunker's Hill to Shuckborough, in which the five men who waded through the Leame after the hounds were never able to make up a yard of the lost ground. By the way, it occurs to me that the 'Field' correspondent, in speaking of this run, alluded to Mr. Campbell, of Monzies, as the only man who had cleared this piece of water on a memorable occasion in 1856, whereas Mr. Haig, who was then hunting from Market Harborough, not only took it close by (both men being down on landing), but caught the other's horse after a fall at the next fence. On the 16th the Pytchley, too, ran well over the valley of the Avon between Kilworth and Hemplow, and killed handsomely ; but beyond two good gallops of the Quorn, one on the forest side and the other

from Cant's Thorns, the month contained nothing to raise it to a moderate level.

December was characterised by brilliant sport with every pack, till Christmas brought what many good folks were pleased to call fine seasonable weather; and forthwith ensued a long agony that has not had its equal since '46, when the frost began at the same time and saw Easter before it left. Now it lasted seven weeks, and effectually marred the season, not only by its evil presence but by its after-influence. The cold icy hand scarcely worked out of the ground before a premature spring dried up the surface, the earth remaining chilled for long after hunting was once again in full swing. It worked harm to sport, too, in other ways than by arbitrary prevention, for horses got fat and thick-winded, and, *like their masters*, were eager and unrestrainable when again appearing in the field. In the same way hounds, at all times keen almost to a fault, came out after the frost as wild as unbroken puppies. And this brings us to one of the first causes of *want of sport*, for that sport in the grass countries is not what it might be, nay, *should* be, in such a region is indisputable. It is this, that hounds do not as a rule get nearly sufficient work; and to this may be attributed almost entirely the faults of riot, flashiness, and mischief that one so often hears laid down to breeding and imperfect education. A hound will bear twice the amount of work on the grass without becoming slack that he would amid plough and woodlands, where, too, there are but few of the same influences to distract him. It is an acknowledged fact, that a pack is apt to deteriorate rather than improve when brought into a galloping country; and no wonder that they should lose their heads in the unaccustomed excitement of racing over turf, to say nothing of the having to look out for themselves in a field of five hundred horsemen. High-bred hounds are naturally fond of excitement, and unless kept steadily at work get above themselves, and many a good run is lost in consequence. Huntsmen like to see their favourites turn out sleek and even-looking, so in many cases would rather bring them to the covert side fat than fit, though one would imagine they would derive more real pleasure from having them handy and under control than wild and flighty. What good is a fat pointer or a fat greyhound? in fact, who would take one out? Yet hounds are called upon for quite as much exertion, and too frequently when gross as pug-dogs. Kennel management has much to do with this, but an extra day in the field every fortnight would bear fruit in improved condition, greater steadiness, and better sport.

Why is it we so seldom hunt up to a fox on a cold scent and pick him creditably at the end—so ordinary an occurrence in countries where one would imagine it more difficult of accomplishment? Captain Thomson does, but no one else can. It is far from my business to 'crab' the hunting of the crack packs, but there must be a solution to the problem somewhere. Undoubtedly the perfection of a run in these parts is five-and-twenty minutes with a

scent over which hounds need not falter throughout, and a kill in the open of course adds brilliancy to it. This is the sort of thing that men come down to Leicestershire to see, that they go out every day in hopes of, that is not often to be met with even there, but when experienced brings with it a supreme delight that is not to be found anywhere else. A long, slow run in a flying country is often irksome in the extreme, particularly when it degenerates into hedge-row hunting; but it too often happens that as soon as hounds cease to go fast, losing the fox instead of killing him becomes merely a matter of time. Mind, I do not say *as soon as hounds have to put their heads down*, which is the form in which detractors of the 'cut 'em down' countries couch their attacks; for I believe herein lies part at least of the explanation. My idea is, that so long as grass retains a scent at all, hounds can move quick over it and improve it as they go along; in other words, that when they can run at all they can run fast, and that when there is such a failure of scent as to cripple them they would not be able to own it all on the plough. The Midlands are by no means uninterrupted grass; so one has frequent opportunity of observing that when hounds seem to be carrying a fair head over the turf, a fallow or two stops them at once. Another thing is, that foxes take a great deal more killing here than they do elsewhere; they are of a stouter breed (most districts having at some time or other been stocked with bold Highlanders), and from the distance apart and the small extent of the coverts they travel more, and are always fit to go before hounds; so if they once get ahead and able to take their own time, they are by no means easily overhauled. The real way to kill foxes in the Shires is to get away close at them and *burst them at starting*. The scent is then hot and firm, the hounds are not overridden by the field, the foxes have no time to twist or run cunning, and be it a good scenting-day or a bad one, there is more chance of accounting for them than by trusting to slow hunting. But in order to do this a huntsman must have his pack under perfect command, and it is absolutely essential that he should be effectively whipped up to. Hounds, like horses, are more amenable to a sense of fear and a wholesome desire to avoid punishment than any other feeling; and the knowledge that at all times there is a Mentor near to reprove disobedience will tend more than anything to render them appreciative of the kindness of their leader; and they will fly to horn or voice that would be unheeded unless backed up thus. To this talent of getting his hounds quickly to him does Gillard owe his success, and through it has he so often been able to provide sport in accordance with the taste of the present day. Without a good whip there cannot be a good huntsman, and it is a question whether a bad whip does not do more harm than good; at all events more than one instance occurred last season of an indifferent one completely spoiling a promised run. Jack Goddard is set down as having been about the cleverest whip that has ridden over Leicestershire in modern times; while Machin, who was with the Quorn under Mr. Musters, and

is now, I fancy, playing at fox and hounds among the flints and hops of Kent, was as good a model as could be chosen; for he never whipped hounds blindly off a scent, but put them round sharp when necessary, could ride like a bird, and was always in his proper place.

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Let us take another prominent cause for our hounds failing to show as much sport as they should do, which is simply that almost every pack possesses a certain number who are too fast for the rest, and Masters cannot make up their minds to part with them. The consequence is that they can seldom carry a proper head, the thrusting crowd ride up to the leaders, and the tail hounds are cut off altogether. To draught in front as well as in rear has been dinned into our ears by Beckford and his successors for generations; but in countries where pace is such a desideratum it becomes doubly distasteful to an M.F.H. to part with a favourite because he has too much of this virtue. Nevertheless, this is the weakest point in our best packs—in one or two more notably than others.

Nothing much is likely to be gained by dwelling on this fault, so I may pass on from generalities to say a few words about the different packs. The Duke of Rutland's of course demands precedence. Well, to describe the hounds is easy enough, for it is sufficient to ask the reader to call up his *beau idéal* of a pack to fly over the grass. The best and oldest blood, the most perfect symmetry, the most refined beauty of shape and colour, the highest dash and swiftest pace, are the leading virtues of the most aristocratic pack in England; and if any fault at all can be found with them, it is perhaps that their tongue is not quite loud enough in proclaiming their other excellences. The Duke's country contains a great variety, even in that part within reach of Melton. The chief characteristic of the Vale of Belvoir is flat grass steeplechase plain, with small enclosures and frequent fences that may be taken anywhere in your stride—in fact, a beautiful country to go straight and fast over. The quick active hounds slip through the hedges like wildfire; and he must be a good fox who does not find himself crying for mercy after fifteen or twenty minutes, beginning close at him. At the same time the Vale is by no means devoid of plough, for here and there come wide patches of the hateful arable. Rising on to the higher ground that runs up to Melton on the east, we come to a far different and stiffer country—that round Melton Spinney and Burbridge's Covert being as big and trying as the boldest and the best horsed could desire. One side of the Croxton Park district is green and pretty as a croquet lawn, the other deep and dirty as the Slough of Despond; while you might almost hunt three days a week in the Belvoir Woodlands without overdoing them. The best run they had last season was on the 15th of February, when, starting from Coston Covert, they hunted steadily for between two and three hours (I forget the exact time), going well for the greater part, and after reaching and traversing the woods of Morkery and completely 'sewing up' all single horses, at last killed in Gunby Warren. The hounds appeared to be never once off the line; and

the opinion that they had not changed on the road was strengthened by their fox being as stiff as a board when taken from the hounds—a thing one often hears of but seldom sees. Let credit be given where credit is due. Their huntsman, Gillard, is undeniable. Starting originally from the Belvoir, he went to school under Mr. Musters, who taught him his work in Nottinghamshire and then brought him to handle his lady-pack over the Quorn grass. Here for two seasons he did justice to his hounds, country, and Master; and has now mounted the top step of the ladder. He has a whip, too, who has learned to put hounds to him as quick as lightning.

Yet, given a perfect pack, good men, and a good country, the Duke may exclaim—‘Still I am not happy!’ And why? Because the foxes in the Vale of Belvoir are not what they used to be; and instead of strong straight-going animals, they have got a breed of small, twisting brutes that can only owe their origin to the degenerate blood of France. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ* over the paucity of the smart bursts that were once their peculiar boast.

Of the men who ride to them in their Wednesday and Saturday country, the *élite*, with the exception of Mr. Turner of Stoke (who takes a crushing fall as equably as any man can do) and two or three more, hail entirely from Melton, whose representatives I may have occasion to speak of hereafter. Of the others, some of the farmers usually take a leading part.

The Quorn season was in many respects (though not in all) a successful one. Not only were there lots of foxes—except, perhaps, where there should be most, viz., in the strings of woods along the forest hills—but they were all of a sterling good sort. Three years ago it often happened that the greater part of the day was consumed in looking for the raw material; but now the farmers have helped the Hunt to put things on a proper footing, and almost every covert is a certain find, while such fastnesses as Thorpe Trussels, Ashby Pastures, Lord Aylesford’s (and its adjoining stick heap!), and Gartree Hill, seemed literally to swarm. Then, too, when they started, they meant going; seldom hung in covert or out, but boldly chose their point at once, and stuck to it. Though this may in a great measure be attributed to their Gallic origin, no little was owing to the treatment they experienced at the beginning of the season at the hands of the Master. His plan, before the regular hunting commenced (and when huntsmen usually count upon a lot of innocent little heads to run up their score of so many brace killed in the season) was, instead of going in haphazard to slaughter and slay, to insist that each and every cub of a litter should be rattled out of covert, and the last one only hunted up and fairly killed. Thus they learnt that their best chance of safety lay in ready flight; and accordingly the Quorn seldom went out without having a gallop. Of course they could no more control the weather than other packs; but they lost no opportunity of hunting when it was at all practicable; and one of their finest gallops was in one of the brief half-thaws that occasionally awakened hope during the long frost. This was thirty-five minutes from Nar-

borough Bog on the 24th January, when Mr. Coupland and MacBride were the only men to ride to their hounds.

Alas! Mr. Musters' brilliant pack are no longer the Quorn. After three seasons in which they have shown themselves possessed of all those qualities pre-eminently needful for the Shires, they are now about to return to Nottinghamshire, where Mr. Musters resumes his old country. No hounds in the world could beat them to fly on a good scent, every single hound greedy to lay hold of it. Carrying it before them without one idler to take things for granted, they would spread themselves out so that the sharpest turn seldom threw them at fault. And with all their dash and eagerness it was especially notable that they never allowed themselves to flash a yard over the line, or even to strike forward in hopes of picking it up again beyond the point to which they had brought it—so common a weakness of courage and excitement. Of course it has sometimes happened that they have been determinedly *driven* over the line by the impetuous, thoughtless crowd behind them; but often have I seen them when running hard, spread right and left the moment they missed the guiding perfume from their nostrils, then circling round again take it up in front and dash off once more with equal vigour. For actual paece in a burst, it is a question if even the Belvoir could compare with them; and yet they never forgot the lessons in steady hunting they had learnt in the colder land of Nottinghamshire. The great difficulty they had ever to fight against was the overgrown size of the Quorn fields,—fields composed of every variety of element, the genuine sporting by no means predominating on all occasions. For instance, the huge cavalcade that troops forth to join the chase whenever it is fixed for anywhere in the neighbourhood of Leicester or Loughborough is indeed an incongruous one; though, true, a Friday meet can also boast of such a corps of hard and finished riders as is not to be seen at the covert-side elsewhere. On these occasions it is next to impossible to secure fair play for the hounds should the scent be a poor one or the fox a twister. Hunting is out of the question; and all that can be hoped for is straight quick gallop, when the pack can keep moving steadily onwards. But here we are reminded of another point which militates greatly against any certainties of sport even in the favoured regions we are discussing; and that is the difficulties that beset the path of a fox, however well-disposed—indeed the marvel is that we ever find one bold enough to face the open at all. As he crosses the big grass fields he has no shelter from the eye of shepherd or traveller, who can view him a mile away, and who are only too delighted with the chance of exercising their lungs and proving their love of sport by sending screeches of fearful import after him. They are still better pleased if they can set a sheepdog to course him; and many a time have I heard a gentle Bucolic recount with glee how he 'seed him a-coming, loeed on the old dog, 'and uncommon nigh catched him.' The sheepdogs themselves have a natural predilection for chasing a fox; and though when they succeed in coming up to him he can invariably drive them off, the run

is generally ruined by their interference. More sport is spoiled by these pastoral scourges than any other one cause; for there would seem to be a separate dog kept for each sheep in Leicestershire, and they are ever on the alert to do mischief.

The master's policy towards the cubs will undoubtedly show even more fruit next season than it did during the past; for there will be a larger stock of *old* foxes than ever for many previous years, and he can afford to blood his new pack and their young entry as freely as he thinks proper. The late Craven pack, which he has bought to carry on the country with, bear a good character for appearance and working powers. They have had no opportunity yet of exhibiting on the better side of the Quorn territory; but they have been out once or twice in the forest, and proved indisputably that they can hunt.

Perhaps it must be acknowledged that the Quorn foxes were on several occasions not as satisfactorily accounted for as they should have been; but on most of these occasions it happened that some unlucky accident stepped in to mar the finish, and snatch their reward from huntsman and hounds. Witness the famous Cossington Gorse fox, that slipped through their fingers on three separate occasions; the first time by swimming the Wreake and getting rid of the huntsman; the second time (when the Prince of Wales was out) by slipping into a rabbit-hole at Schoby Scholes; and thirdly, very shortly after, by betaking himself on to a patch of dusty fallows at the back of Queniboro. In the same way with a fox from Lord Aylesford's covert on the 13th of February, MacBride and his pack made all that man and hounds possibly could of a day altogether devoid of scent, and after nearly an hour's patient hunting round by Old Dalby, back to Welby Fish Ponds, got on good terms and raced close at him for ten minutes, till he saved himself by getting to ground under a heap of thorns at Wartnaby Village. One of the best day's sport of the season was on Friday, December 16th, when they had a capital burst of twenty minutes in the morning from Barkby Holt, and in the afternoon as sporting a fifty-two minutes as men ever rode to from the famous Coplow, to Norton Gorse, and thence over some of Mr. Tailby's most treasured country right up to Glen—the most notable feature in the run being the career of Mr. Trotter, who at once established Mr. H. Behrens as owning the best horse in England, for even he could not succeed in putting him down. The run from Kinoulton Gorse on Monday, December 5th, thirty-five minutes (first twenty-five without a check) all over plough, into the heart of Nottinghamshire, was something quite out of the common—thank goodness it is, as far as country is concerned, though it had otherwise many grand recommendations. By the way, think you Mr. Musters will manage to persuade his foxes to take him occasionally over the border into his old haunts, as has happened with Captain Thomson—whose Atherstone foxes have more than once brought a little real science into the Pytchley country; for instance, the long clever hunting run from Newnham Paddock up to Kilworth and nearly to Kimcote, and not long after-

wards the good gallop from Twelve Acres to Shawell Wood, and thence slowly, but cleverly, on to Lilbourne.

It seems a pity that a rich country like the Quorn should not have a pack of its own, instead of having to rely on whoever holds the reins of government for the time being. Once possessed of hounds it would not, like the British public on the subject of war, be liable to those spasmodic panics into which it relapses when a master announces his intention of resigning. As it is, whenever a change in the mastership is imminent, the question eagerly and anxiously discussed, is not only 'Where is the man to succeed?' but, 'Where are the hounds to come from?' The matter of money is not usually a difficulty; for the Leicestershire squires are liberal enough, and the Melton visitors are, if possible, even more so. The latter, having no vested interests in the land they ride over, apparently consider themselves bound to pay freely, if only as part liquidation for the fences they break down and the timber they smash; for the hard riding of these birds of passage has become a proverb. It was said only the other day by a sportsman who numbered his years of hunting by scores, that 'he had seen one lot of riding men succeed another in Leicestershire, but he had never seen so many or so hard as those of the present day.' To name all the good performers of the various hunts is quite beyond the scope of an article like this, though one cannot help alluding to a few of those whom one has constantly seen going so brilliantly, even at the risk of being charged with invidiousness. Of the regular Quornites, there are none better than the headquarter division. Earl Wilton's name will be handed down for generations to come as the most finished rider of his day; though the past season only saw him out once, and it was even feared at one time that he would hunt no more. Lord Grey de Wilton, though, is never likely to let the family name lose its celebrity; for he will not be beat in the field. The fence is never too big, or the pace too quick for him; he never takes his eye off the hounds when they are running or at a momentary difficulty, and is invariably close at them; and riding vigorously at all his fences, is down but seldom. He never shone to greater advantage than in the good Barkby Friday I have before alluded to. To go straight down to a rasper without turning a yard right or left, no man that ever crossed Leicestershire can surpass Sir Frederick Johnstone; and, no matter how wide the brook or strong the oxer, he will not be separated from the hounds. Nor has he only the merit of being hard; for, besides being a fine horseman, he is quick away as a rabbit; and should hounds slip suddenly off, he is almost certain to get away on the best of terms with them, though he may have been unnoticeable before. Mr. Forster, too, who so astonished the natives during his first season in these parts (the one before last), by the way he used to ride at big timber, still keeps up his character; and, of late, has built his reputation chiefly on his talent for negotiating the almost impracticable 'bottoms' with which the country abounds. Sometimes he will go

straight down and fly a noted bugbear as if it were a three-foot ditch; at other times he will bring his Yorkshire training into play and creep in and out; but, under any circumstances, he is exceptionably clever in getting out of a difficulty. Most of Colonel Jervoise's time is usually taken up with schooling—and a pedagogue of rare calibre is he—but when he gets on an old hunter in the afternoon, he pushes him to the front and handles him as few can do. Now we come to one who has made a wider name for himself than the world of Leicestershire has given him, and who, when well mounted, and in the full glory of a stiff country, should be seen to be appreciated, viz., Captain Smith of steeplechase renown. Passing on from one to another of these leaders of bold chivalry, one seems to be mounting at every step, and to be pitching on something as good or better as each name is called out. As the string of thought brings Captain Coventry forward, I am tempted to forget all previously mentioned, and loudly plump for him alone. At any rate, I may say safely what other men have often before asserted privately, that when hounds are going fast he has no equal for perfect finish and quiet quick determination. Captain Coventry is perhaps not strictly and solely a Quornite; for he distributes his fourteen stone equally between Mr. Tailby and the neighbouring pack. Mr. Coupland, the Master, has borne a first class reputation for years, both at Melton and with the Pytchley; and this season he was going better than ever, always close at hand to see what his hounds are doing. Nearly all the Meltonians are such men as a novice might pick out to copy; and one whose name I have not yet mentioned, Captain Riddell, might well turn his talent to account by setting up a class of his own. Lord Calthorpe was going as straight as any one last season; Colonel Forester seems to have lost neither nerve nor keenness; and Mr. Little Gilmour enjoys his hunting as much and forms as leading and pleasant a feature in the field as ever. Captains Boyce and Molyneux and Major Paynter are all fine performers; and Mr. William Chaplin requires no further eulogium than to say he is as good as ever he was. Mr. Banks Wright was again out with the Quorn several times this season; and gave all the younger generation a chance of picking up a wrinkle. At the top of the welters stand Mr. Fenwick, and the still more heavily weighted Squire Musters; both of whom give some stone and a beating to the majority of their finer drawn companions.

Mr. Frank Dawson and Captain Barclay uphold the fame of Leicester, that at one time was almost as popular a quarter as Melton; while of those who have pitched their tents in this happy region, Mr. Cheney can still push a high class thoroughbred along in the foremost rank; and Mr. Clowes, the Messrs. Paget, Messrs. Chaplin, and Captain Farley, do worthy battle for the soil. The farmers, too, show they can do as they would be done by; and Messrs. Coleman, Carver, Beeson, and others can cut out a line over their neighbours' farms as straight as if it was their own.

Mr. Coupland is sending all his horses to the hammer on the 6th, as he finds the two rough-and-tumble days per week in the Forest division of the country do not require the same class of blood and quality as is necessary for the Monday and Friday country; and to face the difficulty of 'weeding out,' he has adopted the plan of selling off the entire stud. No doubt his plan is the right one; but it seems a pity that his establishment should be thrown back to begin again, and once more have to start on the footing of dealer's condition. Nothing but *old beans* (let us write it in italics) and two years' steady conditioning will enable a horse to live through a really fast thing, when hounds keep persistently clear of the front rank, and men have to make it a race to keep in the same field with them. No dealer, not even Jem Mason, can have his horses really up to the mark, as is instanced by a story they tell of the latter when riding a very brilliant-looking one for sale with the Pytchley. For *seventeen minutes* Jem cut out all the work, and sailed along clear of every one. At the end of that time he scrambled into a road, with not an ounce left in his horse. The fox had turned up to the right only just before then, and he caught a glimpse of him struggling across the next field. The hounds flashed over the road, and were at fault. Jem held his hat in the air, and up came Charles Payne, boiling over with heat and excitement. 'Where did he go? Where did he go?' 'Down to the left,' answered the dealer; and 'Hey, bitch!' down the lane Charles hurried with his favourites. Time enough was lost to spoil the pace afterwards. Jem Mason sold his horse, and used to say that check in the road was worth 200*l.* to him.

Speaking of Mason reminds one that Mr. Chapman of Cheltenham took a stud of horses down to Melton this year, and proved himself as much in his element there as among the stone walls and light fences of Gloucestershire. He got some rattling falls and had the misfortune to break down two or three good animals; but the one *contretemps* seemed to affect him as little as the other, for he continued to ride marvellously hard, and to the last to turn out in tip-top form.

The Quorn country requires little description beyond the passing allusions already made to it. That known as the grass side, viz., south and east of Six Hills, and adjoining the Duke of Rutland's and Mr. Tailby is glorious in its perfection. No part, except perhaps a small strip round Great Dalby, is so stiff as to be impracticable; while everywhere it requires a flying hunter, and is just within the powers of a good man and a good horse to cross. It is all grass, with the exception of a patch of plough here and there, and when a certain amount of rain has fallen, never fails to carry a scent. The Loughborough side is very different, that along the site of the old Charnwood Forest being as little like Leicestershire as can be imagined; and though a good deal of low, wet grass land lies below this rough and stony woodland country, the face of the land carries a

deal of unpleasant dirt upon it. The fields, too, are a great contrast to the gay throngs that one is accustomed to see at the covert side with the crack packs. Melton spends its Tuesdays and Saturdays with Mr. Tailby and the Duke; and the Quorn, on those days, are recruited from Leicester, Loughborough, and the immediate neighbourhood—half-a-dozen men in pink, most of the remainder in fancy costume. Yet Mr. Musters used to enjoy his hunting here better than on the more fashionable side; for (which is easily understood) hounds have every chance given to them.

(To be continued.)

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC MEETING.

‘ ἀέθλων περιηθώμεν

Πάντων

Πύξ τε παλαιμοσύνη τε, καὶ ἄλμασιν, ἠδὲ πόδεσσιν.’

ΟΔ. Θ. 100.

THERE can be little question but that the Meeting of 1871 was one of the most successful and interesting yet held between the Universities. The Boat Race being generally considered a foregone conclusion for Cambridge, and most of the races having been done in better times at Cambridge, it remained to be seen whether Oxford would resign all her claims to pre-eminence without a struggle worthy of herself. As we all know, Oxford never was in the Boat Race from start to finish, Cambridge, though a moderate crew, being well together; but the position of the boats at the finish most unmistakably showed that the verdict should have been the other way. Had they had Mr. Morrison to coach, had they been only a little together, and more than half prepared, in addition to choosing their boat more than forty-eight hours before the day of the race, and had their boat been weighted somewhat more in accordance with experience and common sense, they must have won. As some compensation for their lost opportunity on the river, the result of the athletics showed that, unlike the Varsity crew, the Oxford athletes had come to town splendidly prepared; they proved what good honest hard work could do by improving upon all their times and upsetting all calculations. The first race (100 yards) was a rare treat, and the invincible J. G. Wilson again gave a proof that he could be with any one at the finish and a little in front. Various reasons have been assigned for his not winning by more than he did, some saying he was not in his usual form. On this point we should like to hear the opinion of his opponents on this occasion, as well as on the Monday following; our impression being that his foot caught in one of the lines about half way down, and that but for this he would have won by two or three yards. There is no doubt that Philpott

is a very fine runner, and perhaps unequaled at a quarter of a mile amongst amateurs, but he would have no chance with Wilson at the shorter distance. It is satisfactory to find that Wilson's running at the University has been borne out by his performances at open meetings, where in all cases he has been equally victorious. It is so often the fashion to depreciate University athletes in favour of the London clubs that it is well to have the form confirmed. The London Rowing Club, for instance, considered theirs a better four than the Oxford *v.* Harvard until Mr. Darbishire gave them a taste of his quality on their own water. 'Putting' the weight, as usual, was a tame affair; the Brasenose man was out of it altogether, and for some time it looked as if Shelton of Cambridge would at last succeed in carrying off something, until Domville, of Pembroke College, Oxford, beat him by a not very brilliant 'put,' and won this event also for Oxford. Throwing the hammer was gained by Cambridge by a very fair throw on the part of Churchward. Oxford had no one to take the place of Waite, while Shelton, after so much patient trying and waiting, was again nowhere. It is quite remarkable that this gentleman has even now not the remotest idea of throwing; he seems to be going on well for a good throw, but at last, instead of throwing it, the hammer is merely allowed to slip. It is a pity they do not get a lesson now and then from the redoubtable Donald Dinnie, who if we mistake not would show them that there is more than one way of throwing a hammer. The high jump also went to Cambridge, by some very pretty jumping on the part of Gurney, although Ormsby of Oxford did all he could to get over. The long jump was won easily for Oxford by Hodges, who jumps in good style, but who in going in for a little exhibition business only showed how fortunate it was for Oxford that the winning jump was then a thing of the past. The quarter mile was a certainty for Cambridge with Philpott, who, as we have already said, is a splendid performer at this distance, and who beat Upcher, also of Cambridge, pretty easily, Leach, of Oxford, though running very gamely, never having a chance. And we may notice here that at no distance is an enclosed ground so unfair or so hard as at a quarter of a mile. It is bad enough to have to turn two corners at right angles; but as every one cannot be in front it is almost impossible to pass a man who has the inside at the last corner. In the race this year it made no difference, as Philpott won it much in the same way as Somers Smith won it last year for Oxford. But with men at all equal we should say the only chance at Lillie Bridge is to make a rush for the lead and keep it. From the mile race we were very sorry to miss Benson of Oxford, who last year won it in grand form, defeating the winner of this year by a splendid spurt. His place, however, was admirably taken by Churton, as he did far better time than at Oxford, and bowled over the Cambridge crack, Gunton, rather easily.

The hurdles gave rise to a splendid contest, and the way in which Garnier picked up in the last three yards was something to be seen. The account given in most of the papers is not correct upon this

point; for without saying who was first over the last hurdle, we can assert most emphatically that it was only by going three yards at the last, while Davies went two, that he was enabled to get up and, as we thought, win by a few inches. Most of the reports made it appear that it was Davies who made the rush instead of Garnier. Garnier's running on the following Monday must have made Cambridge thankful the dead heat was not run off. Morgan, of Trinity, Oxford, being out of the way, it looked to the uninitiated as if the three-miles race was pretty open; but the result showed that in Clarke, Oxford has found a worthy successor to her doughty little champion. We had heard before that Clarke was as good as Morgan, and that the latter had given him a little instruction and advice, but we were not prepared to see him come in alone and almost without turning a hair. And here we must not omit our tribute of admiration to the pluck and *esprit de corps* of Armistead, who for the second year did, in our opinion, very much to win the race for Oxford. This year he ran Shann to a standstill, as last year he did Hawtrey, although not without exhausting himself in the effort. His pluck and game alone carried him round at least two laps after most others would have retired. It is, however, necessary to say that he might have done it equally well, but with very much less exertion to himself. He did what no professional would ever dream of doing; he actually ran abreast of Shann and on the outside, corners and all. He could have pressed Shann quite as well by keeping in his track, while it is not an extravagant computation to say that by running on the outside he went at least fifty yards farther than Shann. This is worth remembering by amateurs, as we saw Doig, in a match for the walking championship with Chambers at Beaufort House, do the very same thing, and by so doing he completely settled any chance he might have had. In this race Hawtrey, who, like Horniman's tea, is 'always good alike,' was again nowhere, which must have been extremely mortifying, considering that he was generally supposed to have gone to Cambridge for the express purpose of beating Morgan and winning the three miles. He seems to be able to run for ever, but has no spurt, and cannot win in first-class company.

The times of the races were undeniably good, and show an immense improvement since the early contests between the Universities. The time for the quarter was the best yet made at one of these meetings, and that of the mile was a good deal better than that made, if we are not mistaken, by Webster or Lawes in past times. Indeed, when we know that until within the last few years the best time for a mile made by a professional was 4 minutes 28½ seconds, and that amateurs now do it in 4 minutes 31 seconds, we must confess to thinking the performance not only meritorious but brilliant. In the case of the professional, he gets his living by pedestrianism. He is properly taught, he never even walks upon anything but his toes; whereas the amateur only does what he does as a relaxation and a pastime, and yet in all but long distances comes very near the professional.

And now one word in conclusion on the management, who, with every good intention, seem incapable of originating any improvement.

It is not a little extraordinary that so far hardly any attempt has been made to amend the barbarous system of signifying the winners which at first obtained. We do not ask a great deal; but with regard to jumping, putting, and hammer-throwing, we say it in the interest of old Varsity men, that unless the distance or height done in each round is given, together with the intimation as to whether Oxford or Cambridge is so far successful, the bystanders cannot possibly know what is going on, or take any interest in it. Again, how different would be the excitement if it were known whether it was a tie or not, and if so whether, as for instance in the high jump, it was at five feet or five feet ten. If these points and some few others were attended to it would be a very great improvement, and the meetings would be still more pleasant and exciting even than at present.

A SPORTING STORY.

BY OLD CALABAR.

CHAPTER XXI. JULES FONTAINE DOES A BIT OF POACHER CATCHING.

IT was on a wild, gusty night at the latter end of November, several gentlemen might be seen wriggling themselves into great-coats, and protecting their throats with large and gay-coloured wrappers.

Two gentlemen were especially noticeable: one had a drab Benjamin with huge white mother-of-pearl buttons as big as small saucers. The devices on these said buttons were as curious as the buttons themselves. On one was represented a stage-coach going along full tilt; on another a racing scene; whilst on another might be observed a faithful representation of a steeple-chase—men having terrific falls, and horses jumping impracticable places. All the designs were decidedly 'ossy.' In the mouth of the wearer of this stunning coat was an enormous cheroot—it looked more like a small walking-stick; on his head was a forage cap. Need we say who it was?—No less a person than Gus Forrester.

The other gentleman was enveloped in a long coat, a cross between a cloak and an Ulster; his head covered by a large *capuchon* or cowl, monk fashion; a long black beard fell nearly midway down his waist; between his lips (you could not see them, for a huge moustache overhung them) was also a cigar, which between the mass of black hair looked like a live coal. This was Jules Fontaine, recovered from his broken collar-bone.

The others were Forrester, D'Arcey, and Brag. It appeared that in the morning Forrester had received intimation that a large

gang of poachers were to net some of his fields and covers for hares, to supply a sporting gentleman who wanted some live ones to turn down, and who preferred taking them of poachers at a shilling a head less than buying them in a proper and legitimate way of a respectable dealer. www.libtool.com.cn

Now Forrester having decided on a day's coursing for the amusement of his guests and the farmers, had a decided objection to his hares being taken from him in this way. From the information he had received, and from the quarter it came from, he knew it to be correct, and determined, if possible, to stop it, and secure some of the gang.

'Now, Gus, my boy,' said Forrester, 'you don't imagine we are going to take you with that cigar; why, it would betray us in five minutes. And, Fontaine, if you will be advised by me, you will not go. You are hardly strong enough yet. It is a horrid night, infernally cold, and you will be thoroughly miserable. Better go to the ladies.'

'Don't believe a word,' interrupted Mr. Gus. 'It will be prime fun. Stick to me. Though the Captain won't have smoking, I've lots of the right stuff. Look.' And he produced from one pocket a large flask of cherry brandy, and from the other, one of whisky and a packet of sandwiches.

Their conversation was interrupted by the keeper coming in.

'It ain't no use going yet, Captain,' remarked the man. 'I've got the office all right. They won't commence till nigh two o'clock. They knows as well as we do that we drove the woods every day for the last week to get the hares to lie out for the coursing. They're a-going to commence in the sixty acres first, and net all the gates. Tim has split. Now there's the shepherd's hut close by. I've had lots of clean straw put in it; so all the gentlemen can stay there quiet enough till you hears me or Norris whistle. You knows my whistle, Captain. If you leave here by twelve o'clock it will be quite time enough. Go through the long plantation, and you will be there in no time. You'll keep the gentlemen quiet, sir. Poachers are easy scared, the varmint! but if so be all is done snug and quiet, we'll have the whole lot.' He little imagined how true his words would come to pass.

Great-coats and wrappers were taken off, and all were soon seated again by the blazing fire. Old Mr. Scott, who was on a visit, came down from the drawing-room to have a second tumbler of punch.

'I hope, Forrester,' he said, 'this expedition of yours will turn out better than one I was engaged in many years ago. I'll tell it to you if you like; but, mind, no interruptions, or I'm done.'

'Yes, Monsieur Scott. Do tell us about de dam poachaires.'

'It happened many a long day ago,' continued the old gentleman, 'when I was quite a youngster in the service, and coming home. It may amuse you till you start on this expedition.'

SAUGUR ISLAND.

Ere we proceed on our short voyage together, let me ask if in the varied course of thy peregrinations on this turbulent sphere it has been thy good or ill fortune to traverse the great ocean, to visit the icy realms of the North, and freeze under polar skies? Hast thou touched noses with the Esquimaux, regaled upon whale blubber, and sucked thy fingers like *Ursa Major*? Or, peradventure, hast thou stood under tropical suns to be melted and fried up by the fiery heat? Hast thou broken bread and eaten salt with the wild Arab, or been supplied with curry and rice by the Great Mogul? Hast thou ascended the terrific heights of the Himalaya Mountains, or explored the gloomy depths of the Siberian mines? Hast thou—in short, if thou hast travelled east, west, north, or south, if thou hast seen all or any of the above places, I stretch out to thee the hand of fellowship; I claim thee at once as an old companion and chum; we must have thoughts and feelings in common. If, on the contrary, thy travels have been limited to a stroll to Brighton, a summer tour to the Lakes, or a trip to Paris, I honour thee as a person endowed with taste and discretion. To thee and the untravelled class of society, home may be regarded as a spot more fitted for ease and comfort than any others; but far different were my feelings when after a prolonged residence in the East I quitted Calcutta for dear old England.

The ship has weighed anchor, she is gliding through the turbid waters of the Hooghly, and Calcutta, that city of palaces, is already fast fading from our view. The bastions of Fort William could no longer pour their iron vengeance on our vessel, yet we may still discern the solitary adjutants* perched like sentinels on the parapets of the buildings in the fort.

Here and there on the river may be observed a crow standing, to all appearance, on the surface of the water, but in reality floating upon one of the numerous corpses that are continually carried down the sacred stream.

The cholera had been making great ravages amongst the native populations, and dozens of these miserable remnants of mortality were left on the muddy shores of the river by the receding tide, to become food for the jackals, the vultures, and the shelly inhabitants of the shallow waters. The shores on both sides of the Hooghly River below Calcutta are low, but the lofty cocoa-nut and palm trees, and the thickly-studded villages of the natives, peeping from amidst groves of the brightest green, break the monotony of the scenery, whilst the numerous picturesque vessels and boats give life and vivacity to the landscape, which is decked in all the gorgeous colouring of the East.

The ship has now neared the shore sufficiently for the ear clearly to distinguish the sound of a 'tom-tom,' and under a venerable

* Cormorants, or gigantic crane.

banian tree a numerous population are seen engaged in performing some of the rites and ceremonies of the Hindoo worship, which, by the lapse of time and the almost infinite abuses and villainy of their priesthood, has become, from being a simple adoration of Brama, the one great Creator of all things, a mystical and abominable idolatry, degrading to human intellect and destructive of all the finer feelings of our nature.

Throughout India where the system of caste is in operation no great improvement in the mass of human existence can be expected: the poor Hindoo is born to live and die in the same condition: there is no hope from the cradle to the grave. The prospect of increased riches or rank is shut out from his view, and, like the horse in the mill, he is doomed to tread the same dull and beaten path until his labour is ended. But I must not digress, or we shall never get down the Hooghly.

We were here witness to a very extraordinary natural phenomenon, called by sailors 'the bore.' Looking on the shores of the river, we perceived the water had risen up many feet in a white foam, which was rushing forward against the stream with a roaring noise. This extraordinary appearance is caused by the confluence of the neap tide and downward stream and the rising tide; it is, in fact, a battle of the waters, and continues until the tide has sufficient power to force itself upwards in the middle of the stream.

On board the ship were many invalided soldiers, brown and weather-beaten mortals, who, after many years of hard service, were returning to their native land with maimed limbs and broken constitutions to eke out the remnant of their existence on the miserable pittance bestowed by their country. Many of these men were carelessly lying about the fore-castle and fore-chains, and had been frequently cautioned by the skipper to be more careful in keeping clear of the ropes. The ship shortly afterwards tacked, when a cry was raised of 'A man overboard—a soldier!' There was an immediate rush to lower a boat, but much time was lost in the attempt, from the confusion created by the accident. The poor fellow was plainly observed struggling in the water, and near him was what appeared a long and dark-coloured log of wood. It floated towards him. 'Hurrah!' cried dozens of anxious voices; 'he will 'be saved!' The drowning man stretched out his arms as if to cling to the object in his view. Breathless anxiety was depicted on every countenance as they gazed with strained eyes on the distressing scene before them. The log of wood and the man were almost in contact—there was a slight vortex formed in the water around them, and both instantly disappeared. 'Hold fast the boat!' cried the skipper. 'No use; alligator has him. Trim the sails.' I turned away my eyes for a moment with sickened horror; there was nothing left to mark the fatal spot; the water rolled past unruffled as before, and the poor soldier's dreadful fate was unwept and unnoticed, save by a momentary exclamation of dismay and regret. In the evening the poor victim's kit was sold before the

mast amidst the coarse jokes and unfeeling laughter of his comrades. And this is life! this human nature!

'Where past the shaft no trace is found:
So dies in human hearts the thoughts of death.'

'Adrian. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

'Sebastian. As if it had bad lungs.

'Antonio. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.'

TEMPEST.

Many unexpected detentions on a voyage are particularly vexatious; thus, when the ship anchored in Saugur Roads, and it was announced as our fate to remain there some days, the spirits of our passengers, which previously had been raised to 'very fair,' fell all at once below 'zero.' Mr. B., an emaciated sunburnt specimen of humanity, gazed pensively on the shore, then on the discoloured water flowing around, and then on his mahogany-coloured wife, with six little brown imps, who crowded around her; but the contemplation of none of these interesting objects appeared to afford relief to his ennui.

'What a confounded bore!' said Mr. C. (who held a share in the ship), 'to be kept here inhaling the pestilential airs coming from that swampy jungle! besides that the delay is an extra expense to the owners; but I see a sort of house near the beach.'— 'A place erected for the use of the men who have charge of the water-tank,' remarked the skipper. 'The water, however, is none of the best, so few ships take much of it, if they can get better. What say you, gentlemen, to go on shore after dinner? I can show you the exact spot where poor Monro sat when the tiger carried him off. You may have a shot also at the deer, of which there are many, and be back to the ship by sunset.' The proposition was instantly agreed to, and ship's muskets and pistols were prepared for those who felt inclined to use them.

A slender partition of deal boards was all that prevented my intrusion on the privacy of Mr. B. and his interesting family circle, who huddled, or rather pigged together in a cabin only a few feet square adjoining my own. My entrance into my cabin was unnoticed by those in the next, where 'the fun was fast and furious.' 'Ayah, take these noisy young devils upon deck.'—'My dear Mr. B., expostulated the lady; 'do not go on this foolish expedition. Consider your wife and family; consider them, pray do, and the tigers! the alligators! Oh, dear—dear!'

The lady now proceeded to use more pressing entreaties. 'My dearest Jemima, I shall be quizzed all the voyage if I now refuse to accompany the party.' The lady continued the 'suaviter in modo' style, but finding this was unsuited for the occasion, changed it suddenly for a much more forcible manner of expressing her feelings,—the 'fortitur in re.' All the misfortunes which had attended her liege lord since his marriage appeared to have been owing to his inattention to her advice; the purchase of a cargo of

blankets for the Rajahpoots, the attempt to cultivate rice on the Nepaul Mountains, the last unfortunate indigo speculation, which had nearly ruined him—all would have succeeded had he listened to her excellent admonitions. In vain did the unfortunate indigo speculator attempt a defence; a word from him only gave breath to his tormentor for renewed attacks; and the tender and forcible appellations of ‘obstinate brute,’ ‘wicked wretch,’ &c., bursting from the lady’s lips with stentorian vehemence, convinced me no time was to be lost in coming to the rescue of my next-door neighbour.

‘Those who in quarrels interpose
May often wipe a bloody nose.’

The aforesaid deal partition being between my nose and the infuriated daughter of Eve, I had no fear of such a misfortune. I therefore slammed the door of my cabin, as if just entering it, whistling ‘Cease, rude Boreas.’ The storm was instantly hushed, and I noticed smiles were playing on the lady’s face when we met at dinner; the conclusion of the altercation was therefore not to be doubted.

The spirits of the man of indigo mounted *high* when his better half went *below*; he was the best shot in India with a rifle—such nerve—such an eye—such a judge of distance. ‘Poor Monro,’ said he, ‘might have saved himself by presence of mind. He was eating his dinner, and nothing would have been easier than to have poked his knife between the tiger’s ribs.’

‘You may have an opportunity this evening of trying what you can do with a tiger, Mr. B.,’ said the skipper.

‘I am not going,’ replied Mr. B.

‘Not going!’ cried many voices. ‘Pooh, nonsense! you must go. Can’t do without you.’

‘Pass the wine, gentlemen,’ said the skipper; ‘there is no time to lose if you intend to be back to-night.’

We were seated in the boat, when Mr. B. beckoned to us from the gangway; then, looking around, he lowered himself gently down and joined us. The tide was running strong; the boat quietly drifted astern of the ship, and the sailors had just given way with their oars, when a female head was suddenly projected from a port-hole. ‘Mr. B. ! My dear Mr. B., stop—pray—remember. I will!’ In went the head, but the lady’s hand was visible some time afterwards shaking in a tremulous, threatening manner.

The evening was insufferably hot; not a breath of air was stirring, and it proved a long pull ere we landed, about a quarter of a mile from the water-tank. Giving the sailors strict injunctions to remain with the boat, we quitted the beach, proceeding inland towards the place where we expected to find the deer.

At this period Saugur Island was covered with a thick jungle, except in some few places where attempts had been made to clear it; but the scheme had been abandoned in consequence of the great sacrifice of human life occasioned by the extreme unhealthiness of

the climate, and the constant attacks of the tigers, who continually bore off the men whilst engaged in their labours. Our party advanced without noise through a track in the jungle, which led us to a spot of cleared ground: on it a herd of several deer were quietly grazing. Sometimes we perceived an old buck would raise his head and look about, as if he scented mischief; the herd, however, still continued feeding. We decided on separating, some skirting the jungle to get nearer the deer, whilst Mr. B. and myself waited in our present position, closely concealed. Three shots were fired after some time had elapsed, when the whole herd came bounding towards the hiding-place of Mr. B. and myself. We both fired at the nearest stag at the same instant, when he dropped, but rose again, limping to the side of the jungle from which he had sprung. We were some little distance from the wounded deer when a huge tiger sprang upon him, and in a few seconds bore him off in his mouth with a cat-like action, disappearing in the jungle with wonderful rapidity.

I am not aware of being deficient in that animal virtue called courage, but I candidly confess that on no occasion either before or since have I ever undergone such a feeling as then possessed me. If my appearance was similar to that of my companion, I was then a personification of astonishment and terror; he had dropped his gun, and stood with his knees knocking together, his mouth open, and his eyes wildly staring, fixed on the opening of the jungle through which the monster had vanished. We reloaded our pieces in silence. 'A bad sporting country this, Mr. B.,' said I; 'it appears we are not allowed to carry off our game.'—'By heavens!' ejaculated my companion, 'Mrs. B. was right when she said 'none but fools would come here; and certainly none but madmen 'would willingly remain.' The rest of our party had witnessed the appalling adventure, and now joined us with breathless haste; and it was observable that on our way back we kept together like a frightened flock of sheep preparing to defend themselves. The skipper pointed out the tree under which poor Monro sat, and I perceived a deep notch cut in it near the ground, which most probably was intended to mark the exact spot.

We arrived at the beach at sunset, but found the boat high and dry on the shore, and not one sailor to be seen. It was obvious there were some attractions at the tank-house for the sailors; and there we discovered them luxuriating in the delights of infamous arrack and worse tobacco.

Considerable delay took place in getting the boat afloat again, and many ludicrous tumbles in the mud were the consequence of our exertions. Mr. C., 'a ton of a man,' stuck fast in it, but we fished him out with the boat-hook.

By the time our boat was launched the short twilight had given place to darkness; a strong breeze was blowing, the ebb tide was flowing with great power, and the ship laid considerably to windward of our situation; the sky gave certain indications of squally weather,

and it was palpable that the utmost exertions of all would be required to reach the ship.

As we drew off from the land the wind and tide overpowered our attempts to row to windward, whilst the squall, which had now set in with great violence, blew the boat half over. The night had become pitchy dark, with the waves breaking around us in a white and luminous spray; the island we had so lately quitted was wrapped in impenetrable darkness, but the ship's lights were visible a mile or more to windward.

The thunder was now shaking the heavens, the rain fell in torrents, but the lightning gave us momentary glimpses of our situation; our boat's crew were tipsy and tired, and the boat, in spite of our strongest efforts, was driving bodily to leeward. To reach the ship was now become impossible until the tide turned and the weather moderated. There was no choice left; we must either be blown out to sea, with every probability of losing our lives, or of passing the night on the island of Saugur. The latter expedient was determined on, and the boat was pulled towards the shore, with the hope of landing not very far from the tank-house.

To haul the boat up on the beach out of the reach of the tide, and then to turn it over, propping up one side of it, was a work performed with all the celerity in our power; then nestling together under our canopy, we were effectually sheltered from the storm. Our clothes being saturated with wet, the close contact of so many bodies, heated by violent exertion, produced volumes of vapour, which filled the confined space under which we were sitting, and compelled me to encounter the shower-bath outside in preference to the steam-bath within.

The squall was subsiding, and the rain was now only sprinkling the earth as from a watering-pot, instead of pouring down upon us like a cataract. The distance from the tank-house to our present uncomfortable lodgment was conjectured to be less than one mile, and by walking along the beach it would be next to impossible to miss finding the house; we therefore proposed moving in that direction.

'I cannot walk,' said Mr. B. 'I have sprained my ankle badly; I really cannot move from this.'

'Well, then, we must put you under the boat; you will be safe enough until the morning, unless you are scratched out by the tigers; there are wet sails, too, upon which you may sleep.'

'In the name of heaven!' said Mr. B., 'think of some other plan. Surely the sailors might carry me.'

'Look at them!' said the skipper; 'the rascals are all too drunk to carry themselves steadily.'

'But Captain A., Mr. C., and yourself might assist; I am not very heavy.'

'Carry you!' cried Mr. C., who, even at the bare idea, blew like a broken-winded bellows. 'The thing is quite impossible. I should dissolve under you.'

'Oh! what can be done?' said Mr. B. 'Would you, Captain A., have the kindness—would you remain with me?'

'Well, I will, if some of the men are sent back with a little spirits and water; my throat is as dry as a biscuit, and I am as thirsty as a sink-hole.'

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'Captain A., good-naturedly remarked the skipper, 'there is a long night before us, and as the house cannot be at any great distance, I will return here with my men, bring a light, and, with a couple of long bamboos and two of the boat's stretchers, we may make you a capital sedan-chair; these drunken vagabonds will be sobered a little by that time.'

So it was arranged. Mr. B. and myself crept under the boat again, and our companions departed, leaving us to the full enjoyments of our situation.

The rain ceased to patter over our heads, and the weather was again become perfectly calm, but underneath the boat the place was like the Black Hole at Calcutta; it became as hot as an oven and as damp as a wash-house. I poked my head out for a little air and to reconnoitre our locality, but it was still too dark for any objects to be clearly distinguished. I listened—and the howlings of tigers were plainly heard at some little distance in the jungle. From our adventure of that evening, it was more than probable we might have unpleasant visitors, therefore prudence made us prepare to receive our company. Fire, it is well known, will scare away wild animals. I had remarked some oakum and a tarred piece of rope stowed away in the locker of the boat under the seat astern, and by groping about I got at it, and found it perfectly dry. With the assistance of Mr. B., I endeavoured to set fire to the oakum by a flash of the pan of my rifle, which, after a few trials, we succeeded in doing, and also in lighting the piece of rope for a torch, when my luckless companion dropped it on the oakum and some loose powder, which was lying by some ball cartridges near, and the whole was in a flame in a moment. Fiz! went the powder; we both made a simultaneous rush to extricate ourselves from the danger, but ere poor Mr. B. could get from under the boat, down it fell, and there he was trapped like a mouse under a basin. I laid down flat on my face, breathless with horrible expectation of hearing the explosion.

'Help me out! help me out! I'm nearly suffocated with smoke,' cried Mr. B.

'Is the fire out?' said I.

'Yes—yes. Lift the boat up, pray do; I want air.'

This was a business not easily performed, as I found upon trial; the boat lay embedded in the soft sand. What was to be done? A thought struck me.

'Whereabouts is your head, Mr. B.?'

'Here!' said a faint voice.

'Keep still, and I will scrape a hole for you to breathe through!' and I set to work scraping and scratching away the sand as fast as ten fingers could manage the job.

If you are a sportsman, reader, you may have seen a terrier dog, with his nose fixed to the hole of a rabbit or a badger, indulging himself with long-drawn inspirations, and puffing and sniffing at the scent with infinite zest between the scratchings. Even so did Mr. B. apply his nose to the hole I had scratched, inhaling the fresh air with peculiar satisfaction. My simile I perceive, is hardly complete, inasmuch as the terrier aforesaid is endeavouring to scratch himself *into* a hole, whereas Mr. B. panted to get *out* of one. By using two oars as a lever, I at last raised the boat sufficiently for Mr. B. to creep out, when we both sat down quite overpowered with our exertions.

My companion seemed fated to stick to me like a burr, to my discomfort; and I could not but regret he had not remained on board the ship under the safe keeping of his gentle tigress, instead of exposing me to the possible attacks of the tigers around us. All was quiet about, and we were considering if we should endeavour to prop up the boat again, or reconcile ourselves to be outside lodgers for a time, when the low growl of a tiger was heard, so fearfully near us that it acted like an electric shock upon the nerves. I knew not how it was managed, but in a few moments I was perched upon the keel of the boat, hallooing with all the strength of my lungs, and kicking and beating on the hollow ribs of this amphibious cock-horse with prodigious strength and activity. In this I was ably seconded by my companion Mr. B., who had somehow mounted behind me. Could it be otherwise? we were riding for our lives! The noise and hullabaloo we made would have scared away Old Nick himself; it certainly must have astonished the tigers, for we heard nothing more of them at this time.

More than one dark and lengthened hour had elapsed, and our voices were gradually sinking from forte to piano, the heels were moving sluggishly and with less force, when our failing spirits were suddenly aroused by the distant glimmer of a light.

No Persian Magi ever watched the first appearance of the rising orb of day—no astronomer ever gazed with more intense delight on the first appearance of a comet—no thirsty London coal porter ever stared at the dazzling gaslight illuminating his favourite gin palace, with more infinite satisfaction, than did Mr. B. and his Majesty's officer, when they looked upon the gradual approach of this lamp. Our friend the skipper, with the sailors, soon joined us, and we immediately hoisted poor Mr. B. on his bamboo conveyance, trudging leisurely on towards the tank-house. We had nearly approached it when the light, which was carried before Mr. B. and his half-drunken bearers, was suddenly extinguished. There was a stifled exclamation from the man who had borne it, with a sort of gurgling noise, but our senses were even more startled by hearing cries of assistance from Mr. B.

'Hold on, sir! Couldn't help it, sir; it was all owing to Bill 'falling into it,' cried the sailors. We now discovered that our light-bearer, not being over clear in his optics, had walked into the water

tank and extinguished the light; the men who carried Mr. B. had, in consequence, stumbled, pitching him at the same moment souse into the water. The two unfortunates were soon extricated from their unexpected ablutions, and in a few minutes we all entered the high-palisaded enclosure of the house. Never did I witness a more discomfited set of beings than ourselves! The appearance of our unlucky companion Mr. B. was most pitiable; he was quite chapfallen; his white Bengalee dress, being dripping wet, fitted close to his bulky form, and he looked like a well-stuffed white sausage.

I have ever held it to be true philosophy to bear all the untoward mischances of life with patience and good humour, at the same time not relaxing in constant and strenuous endeavours to better the situation; in this case we were fortunately all true philosophers, persuading ourselves we were also very lucky fellows in having throats left to swallow the abominable compound of arrack and water with which our miserable Hindoo host supplied us. But the musquitos! heavens and earth! I was too old a campaigner to mind a trifle in this way, and for the last year or two in the East I had been almost unmolested by these little blood-suckers; but here, here they appeared of a different nature; they would have drawn blood through the hide of a rhinoceros, and have profaned with their voracious attacks the sacred image of Seeva; they swarmed around our skipper's rubicund visage like bees near a hive, or like flies round a treacle-pot. I smoked away with my host's bubble-bubble like a volcano; but the instant the fire was relaxed, on the next moment was I again bleeding for my country.

‘What envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East?’

In good truth, we were none of these fortunate, covetous, discontented sort of mortals; the night had been long enough in all conscience for us, and never was the approach of morning hailed with more sincere delight. There was a dank, unwholesome vapour hanging over the island, and the air we breathed seemed filled with pestilential effluvia. I longed for the fresh breezes of ‘the sea, the open sea;’ I longed for a few hours’ repose. I longed for a good breakfast; what more I longed for cannot be here recorded, as daylight appearing, changed the current of my thoughts.

Looking at the physiognomies of my companions, ‘they showed awful,’ as Jonathan would say; indeed we were, altogether, as dirty a looking, draggled, bedevilled, mosquito-stung set of sportsmen, as ever carried a gun from the Tropic of Cancer to that of Capricorn, in the year 181—.

Time—time, which skims past with wonderful railway velocity with the gay and happy, creeps along with others less favoured by fortune at the tedious pace of a broad-wheeled wagon. Many, many years have rattled and rumbled over my old head since the events here narrated actually occurred; and possibly before another much more

brief period has gone past, the tiger and the alligator will be driven from their once favourite haunts, and the busy hum of commerce and human voices, with the devilish noise of a hundred horse-power railway engine, may be heard on the Island of Saugur.

‘There, Forrester, is my story. It is time it was finished, for your young relative and the French gentleman have been asleep the last twenty minutes.’

‘Let them stop there till we come back,’ remarked the Captain; ‘they are better far where they are. Come along, D’Arcey and Brag; time’s up.’

We are not going to follow these gentlemen in their poacher-catching expedition. Suffice it to say they secured them all—not without a good fight, but no great harm done.

‘Poachers!’ roared out Brag, on entering the room where the sleepers were snoring by a declining fire and a lamp just out.

Up jumped Master Gus on the instant, as did Mossoo. Not seeing one another well, Gus made a dash at the Frenchman, and they were both on the floor on the instant.

‘Here, D’Arcey, Brag!’ shouted Forrester, rushing on the combatants, ‘help me in separating these two. Leave go, Gus! What the devil are you up to?’

‘I catch the dam poachaire!’ roared Mossoo.

‘Nonsense, Fontaine! there are no poachers here. They were lodged all safe an hour ago. You have been asleep. Do you know what time it is?—close on four o’clock.’

‘Dash it, Forrester, too bad not to awake us,’ muttered Gus. ‘We’ve missed all the fun, Fontaine, and, like Lord Tom Noddy and Sir Carnaby Jinks, have slept whilst the man was hanged. Never mind, old boys, I’ll be even with you for this now; for a pick me up and a weed,’ continued he, lighting one of his favourite cheroots and half filling a tumbler with brandy. All go to bed; and when I’ve had my smoke I’ll do so too.’

In half an hour the whole household was wrapped in profound slumber.

CHAPTER XXII. ADIEU.

Years have passed on since Gus Forrester and Jules Fontaine did not join the poacher-catching expedition—the former is married and sobered down, has given over ‘pick-me-ups,’ and hard smoking; the latter is also settled and done for, but pays yearly visits to Forrester, accompanied by his better half, a sprightly Frenchwoman, and always exquisitely dressed.

On a fine morning, then, some fifteen or sixteen years after the events of our last chapter, several gentlemen in pink were being driven along at a famous pace to cover.

‘Hope we shan’t be late,’ exclaimed one—a grey-headed man of some fifty or fifty-five years of age—‘Jack’s opening day too.’

‘Plenty of time,’ remarked another grey-headed gentleman, pulling out a watch, ‘a good half-hour yet.’

‘I don’t know about that,’ said a remarkably stout man, removing a cigar from his lips; ‘it always takes me some time to get settled comfortably in my saddle.’

‘Yes, Brag, yes,’ returned the first-named grey gentleman; ‘you are not so active as you were twenty years ago. You’ll allow you have thickened a bit; so have we all, but you have beaten us to chálks.’

‘Hang me if I think I weigh a stone heavier than I did twenty years ago,’ replied Bouncer—for it was that illustrious gentleman.

‘Have you scaled lately?’ asked the second grey man.

‘No, D’Arcey, not for years,’ replied Bouncer.

‘Then don’t do so now, Brag. It would frighten you to know the weight you are. I am the lightest of the whole party, and I am two stone heavier than I was a dozen years ago.’

‘But there, Forrester, are the hounds. How well Jack looks on his grey!’

Jack—who is Jack?

Reader, Jack is Forrester’s eldest son, master of one of the best packs of hounds in England—a young man generally liked and beloved, and a rare sportsman.

Such a meet had not been for some time—the young master was popular. No less than three hundred horsemen were present, besides numbers of the fairer sex, for Master Jack was just as popular with them.

‘Ah!’ said Bouncer, ‘this puts me in mind of my opening day with the Currant Jelly Harriers. I hope this will be a better beginning.’

‘You may be sure it will, Bouncer,’ said Forrester. ‘I have no fears. The men here are the right sort, Jack has had good training ever since he was eight years old, and there is not a finer horseman in the county. By jingo, if there is not Sir George, Fort, Dropper, Calker, and the Bishop in that waggonette! well, it is kind of them. We must go and speak to them.’

Trotting gaily up on a splendid cob, accompanied by three or four young gentlemen on their ponies, might be seen a hale old man; his hair was silvery white, and he was much bent in his saddle, still he rode like a workman.

‘Well, Tim,’ said D’Arcey, as his old servant rode up, ‘you are all right with the youngsters I see.’

‘Yes, yer honer,’ replied the old man, respectfully touching his hat, but I’ve had terrible bad work entirely with the young gentlemen. Coming along, they wanted to be after flying all the hedges.’

‘Boys, boys,’ said D’Arcey, ‘what do I hear? You will have plenty of jumping presently, for we are in the finest scenting country we have.’

‘ There, Tim, get along with them out of this crowd. When the hounds have found, let them go.’

‘ Morning, Mr. Mason,’ said a burly yeoman; ‘ got the young gentlemen out, I see. Going to blood them with the hounds, eh? I never saw a finer chentry of young ones,’ he continued, pointing to the pack.

‘ Bedad, it’s meself that knows a finer lot of young ones.’

‘ The devil you do,’ said the farmer. ‘ I should like to see them.’

‘ Troth, you won’t have far to look then—there they be,’ pointing to the lads a few yards in front of him.

‘ You’re right, Tim, they’re true bred uns; they’ll go like blazes, for they comes of right stock.’

‘ Gone away, forard, forard!’ The pack are streaming along, sterns down and heads up—a racing pace—the young master with them.

Forty minutes is nearly past since the find, and, with the exception of one check, they have been going all the time; the field is wonderfully select now.

‘ Ah!’ sighs old Tim. ‘ Bedad, it’s all up with me, entirely; my nag’s done, and troth, so am I. I can’t get a blessed yard further. Mother of Moses, how the young divils ride!’ he exclaimed, as he saw three noble lads charge a thick quickset and disappear on the other side.

‘ Holloa, Tim! what done and beaten by the boys!’ said a cheery voice—it was his master’s.

‘ Faith, Captain, I’m puzzled completely, and done by the young ones; so are you. Young blood, young blood!’ sighed the old man. ‘ This is my last day to ride, Captain. I’m eighty to-morrow—old enough to be content to look on.’

‘ Well, Tim, we’ll turn homewards. We cannot catch the hounds again.’

Three lads and a young man mounted on an almost beaten grey were the only ones who saw that game fox broken up. Our tale is done; and if through the months it has been running it has afforded you any amusement in a spare hour, then no one will be more gratified than

Yours faithfully,
OLD CALABAR.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN BRITTANY.

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II.

THE worry was soon over; and then commenced the business of securing the wolf across a horse's back and despatching him to the Mayor of the Commune, who keeps a kind of death-register, and by his certificate enables the Louvetier to draw the Government reward, thirty francs for a male, and fifty for a she-wolf: happily, as St. Prix whispered to me, in this case it was the smaller sum. But it was no trifling task compelling the horse, though nothing better than a half-starved mountain pony, to submit to the burden; the dread of his natural enemy, though lying inanimate at his feet, no power could overcome; he seemed frantic with fear, snorted, plunged, kicked, and finally threw himself on the ground. In that position half-a-dozen Bretons were on him at once; and, strapping the gaunt beast athwart his back, they soon kicked him on his legs again; he then walked quietly off with the odious burden.

It was now just twelve o'clock; 'plenty of time,' as St. Prix said, 'to kill another wolf.' His blood was up for sport; and I could see by the way he scrutinized the condition of his hounds that he was quite satisfied they at least were ready for any further work they might be called upon to do. So he gave the word, 'To the 'Monument of Botderù.' This, I soon found, was the favourite rendezvous, the prime meet of the wolf-hunters in the Forest of Couveau, a wild and desolate spot far removed from human habitation, and at the far end of the chain of covers in which we had killed our wolf. The country, as far as the eye could reach, was one vast forest of rock, scrub, and heather; the last waist-deep, and affording a rare cover for the wolves, foxes, and deer that frequent it.

A narrow path, hollowed out by the sabots of the charcoal-burners, soon brought us to the appointed spot; and here a handsome granite pillar, surmounted by a cross and tastefully enclosed by a belt of planted oak and Austrian pine, the only indication of man's hand for miles around, decorated the lonely scene. The monument had been erected to the memory of a famous chasseur, and bore on one of its four sides the following inscription:

'A la Memoire du Comte du Botderù, Pair de France,
le Nimrod de nos Forêt.'

On the opposite side was inscribed, 'Rendezvous de Chasse,' while the two other corresponding tablets of the square monument bore the shield and arms of the Botderù family.

St. Prix, who knows the habits of a wolf as well as the Duke of Beaufort or Will Boxall know those of a fox—and, without this knowledge the hope of pursuing the wild animal with success is ever a vain one—had rightly conjectured that, if there were more wolves than one in company with the old beast, they would at once be scared from the quarter in which they were roused and would travel in an opposite direction, to the extreme end of the chain of covers. So, lifting his hounds quietly to the highest point of the ridge, he clapped them into cover, and with a wave of the hand and a stirring cheer every hound dashed from his horse's heels into the heart of the woodland range.

When old Will Butler, formerly the famous huntsman of the Badsworth pack, wanted blood for his puppies in the cub-hunting season, and this without over-working and thereby damping their ardour, he was wont to find his litter at break of day; and, after a short scurry long enough to scatter the cubs and set them 'a-travelling,' he blew his horn at the first lull and stopped his hounds. He then pottered about for an hour or more in the green pastures, as if he were looking for mushrooms, but quietly eating his frugal breakfast as he gossiped about his 'entry.'

'You see, sir,' he would say, 'those cubs have been a-going hard ever since we moved them, but they won't leave the cover; and when we fresh find them at t'other side they will be more than half-beat, and we all the better for our rest.'

These tactics were almost invariably successful; Will killed his cub without over-straining his puppies, and often a brace of cubs before the dew was off the grass.

This was precisely St. Prix's move on the present occasion; five minutes had certainly not elapsed before the hounds were once more in full chase, the cry from the rocks above bursting on the ear like a peal of heavy bells from a church tower. Again St. Prix's horn sounded the signal 'La vue;' and instantly afterwards, 'Les animaux en compagnie;' by which we all knew a brace of wolves were on foot together. But they did not long remain together; the hounds were so hard at them that two lines of scent was the speedy result. The pack, as it happened, were pretty evenly divided, and although one detachment held to the ridge and long heather above, and the other cracked away through the deep cover below, both maintained a parallel course for a distance of nearly five miles, going straight back again for the cover in which the wolves were first found.

So good was the pace, too, that the best-mounted chasseurs utterly failed to head the chase and get a glimpse at the wolves as they crossed the few open glades that intervened between the covers; all of which were as well known to Keryfan and others as the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne. St. Prix alone carried no fusil; his weapon, a long old-fashioned couteau-de-chasse, hung in a leather scabbard over his left hip; a reserve he had often found

useful in close quarters with stag and boar at bay, and which now neither impeded his movements nor induced him to quit his place in the management of his hounds.

Crack, crack! went a roaring smooth-bore not a hundred yards in front, but below me in the cover; and at the same time the heavy slugs from a braconnier's piece came whistling through the air, cutting the bushes right and left within a yard or two of my horse's head, but luckily missing both of us; he had killed the wolf, however, and the music of one pack ceased at once. They were close upon their game, and would probably have pulled it down in a few minutes if the braconnier had not interfered. It was a fine full-grown young wolf; but I could see St. Prix was not a little disconcerted at the termination of its existence by the peasant's gun. He had reckoned with good reason on fairly running into him, and wished especially to show me that his powerful hounds, unaided by the fusil, were of themselves able to accomplish the feat.

But St. Prix's vexation was transient as a passing cloud: the other pack had turned when the double shot was fired by the braconnier, and were, as Rupell would say, swearing hard words at the villain before them. In less than five minutes St. Prix had thrown in at their head the seven or eight couple that followed his horse, and again the old forest rung with the grand music of the united pack.

Short turns, indicative of short wind, speedily followed, and as the cover consisted chiefly of thick, matted underwood, the hounds had it all to themselves, without a chance of losing their laurels by an untoward shot. Suddenly the cry ceased; and a stifled sound of mortal fray, mingled with sob, growling, and yells, followed; it was the death-struggle of the gaunt, long-toothed beast, overpowered by many foes. St. Prix's delight was unbounded as two piqueurs, taking the wolf by the hind legs, dragged him into an open space; no mean effort of strength, by-the-bye, inasmuch as two couple of hounds, at least, were hanging on to the wolf's throat with the grip of a blacksmith's vice.

A finer woodland run and a more satisfactory finish it would be difficult to conceive; the hounds did their work nobly, and St. Prix handled them as if he had made, as he had done, the habits of the wolf and the instinct of the hound the study of his life. Congratulations poured in upon him thickly; and well might St. Prix be proud of the day's success. But, alas! there was another side to the happy picture on which he was feasting his soul: two or three of his leading hounds had been seriously injured in the last struggle; one, bitten across the loins, trailed his hind legs after him, a paralyzed and piteous object to behold; the other limped along with her fore-leg broken at the elbow; the wolf's teeth had crushed the bone, as a boy's would an Oliver biscuit, and the shattered bits absolutely rattled as the poor hound hobbled forward to lick her master's hand and claim the sympathy she so well deserved.

'Ah, Ravisante,' he said, despondingly, 'is this thy sad fate at last? far rather would I have lost any hound in my pack than thee, my old companion and true ally.'

It is no figure of speech to say that St. Prix's eyes were brimming with tears as he turned away from the painful sight. Keryfan then stepped forward, and conferring with him for a minute or so, a piqueur was ordered to lead away gently the two disabled hounds; and, before the last wolf was secured to the back of the terrified horse, destined to bear him to the Mairie, two distant shots were heard in the cover below—the death-boom of those gallant hounds.

It has been already remarked that these hounds were big, powerful animals, wire-haired, deep-tongued, carrying a grand head, and supported by plenty of bone; yet, with these old-fashioned characteristics, and the total absence of any fox-hound blood in their veins, I don't think I ever saw a harder-driving lot in chase in my life. Above all, when, as will always happen in cover-runs, a portion of the pack was ever and anon thrown out, it was delightful to witness the struggle among them to fresh-catch the scent, and the freedom from all *towling* propensity among the tail hounds.

Shall I be regarded as a Goth and a Vandal, if, in spite of the worship paid to kennel-pedigree, long as that of 'Bourbon or Nassau,' I venture to believe that the present *gaudy* English foxhound would be vastly improved for all hunting purposes, and that too without extinguishing one spark of his dash and ardour, if his mixed blood were again refreshed by the old standard-hound blood, the *sang pur* of Lower Brittany? I say 'mixed blood,' because unquestionably the present foxhound is the result of a cross originally contrived between the smooth terrier and the old-fashioned hound of this land in former days.

Were any master independent enough to resort to this ancient stock hound and invigorate his pack with the original, genuine hound blood, it is the conviction of many experienced houndsmen that more foxes would be found, more foxes killed, and better runs obtained by such mettle. We should then once more have hounds similar in fashion to the old Beaufort badger-pies, carrying high crowns and feathered sterns—noble hounds, that, no matter how wild the weather, would hunt a fox to death inevitable so long as he stood above ground before them; or, if the scent served, would kill him in an hour under any circumstances. There are no such hounds in England now as they were in the time of the sixth Duke. Even their colour—that long-surviving relic of the old type—is all but lost—bred out and banished by the black and tan, the more fashionable hue of modern days.

But, as 'every dog will have his day'—even Queen Elizabeth's pugs being again reproduced, and Dandie Dinmonts *rechauffés* in every form save that of the true Davidson—we may yet live to see the present gaudy hound renewed and improved by the pure blood

of some original, better-nosed, and less flashy race. That more real sport, and a far finer display of hound's work,

'On dusty road or tainted green,'

would be the sure result of such a revival, is the opinion, I repeat, of many who, after a life of experience with hounds, have given their judgment on this subject.

'Three wolves in one day; and the old dam driven into the Forest of Coedmawr,' said Keryfan, exultingly, to me. 'A slaughter that would have satisfied Edgar; but one that, if I mistake not, St. Prix would be sorry to indulge in too often.'

'That I should quite expect,' I replied. 'Your country may abound with wolves; but a too frequent recurrence of such a day would doubtless soon thin it, and many a cover would be drawn blank before the end of the season.'

'True enough,' said St. Prix, joining in the conversation. 'The forests are so extensive, and the wolf so suspicious of danger, so shifty, and so erratic in his habits, especially after this month, that an old one found to-day in Finisterre would to-morrow be killing his mutton on the banks of the Loire; so we need have a good head of game, or our sport would soon wane in this wild country. It is now exactly five years ago since we last killed three wolves on the same day; and, oddly enough, we then lost a valuable hound called "Warrior," which was so mutilated in the fray that we were compelled to destroy him on the spot. He was a broken-haired Welsh hound, given me by an English gentleman, and was the only exotic I ever owned that took as readily as our own native hounds do to the scent of the wolf and the wild boar. A better hound never entered a cover.'

Then, knowing St. Prix to be a thorough houndsman, I inquired what foreign hounds he had tried in wolf-hunting, and what age they were when he had made the experiment.

'Your English foxhounds,' he replied, 'young drafts of which I obtained from some of your best kennels; but, admirably suited as they may be for the style of work required from them in a comparatively open country like yours, they don't suit Brittany. In the first place, they don't take to the scent as if the wolf was their natural prey; and, in the next, they want more tongue to let us know where they are in these interminable forests. Here we have no avenues, like those of St. Germain or Fontainebleau—no royal road to hounds in chase; so, with an old wolf that will run straight on end for fifteen or twenty leagues, holding to strong cover so long as he can find it, your chance of living with hounds would be a very poor one if you had not plenty of music to indicate the line. Again, young foxhounds are so given to riot that the difficulty of getting at them with a whip in our deep covers is all but insuperable; and, consequently, more tractable and less wilful hounds suit our purpose far better.'

These, I owned, were indisputable reasons for the preference ; and as St. Prix is justly proud of his own grand hounds, there is little fear that, Legitimist as he is, he will ever consent to mix the hybrid blood of our English foxhound with that of his own pure and genuine race. www.libtool.com.cn

During the past night, and occasionally throughout the day, heavy rain had been falling on the eastern ridge of the Black Mountains ; and the brooks, as we crossed them on our homeward route, had swollen from mere rivulets into fierce and dangerous torrents. The hounds, in many cases, were swept headlong before them, and after a cruel buffeting, managed to land some fifty or sixty yards below the ford at which they endeavoured to cross, and where the horses were just able to hold their own, and scramble through. At length we arrived at a meadow completely inundated by a broad stream, that foamed and tossed through the middle of it like the tail of a mill-race ; the sheet of water, as it filled the valley from the skirts of one wood to the other, was at least a hundred yards wide, and stretched away for miles, as far as the eye could reach to the westward. One strong plank, resting upon trestles high-reared above the flood, was the sole structure by which foot-passengers were enabled to cross from one side to the other ; and in doing this they had to wade knee-deep across the meadows ere they reached the bridge. But how on earth were the horses, beaten and jaded as they were by a long day's work, to meet the difficulty ? The bridge, if they could have travelled on it, was inaccessible to them, from the rude ladder by which it was mounted ; and the stream far too violent for any rider to keep his seat, and steer his horse in safety to the other side. St. Prix, however, was fully prepared for the emergency, and shouting to a piqueur, he demanded a rope, which, to the length of eight or ten fathoms, that official speedily procured from a peasant's hut close by—a coil reserved there for this very purpose.

The bridle being removed from his own mare, and one end of the rope secured as a halter to her head, he mounted the bridge, and the sensible, well-schooled animal feeling her way into the flood, he guided her across with as much ease as a skilful fisherman would have guided a salmon to a shelving bank, and there he landed her in safety. In like manner some ten or a dozen horses were thus handled ; and by nightfall we reached Carhaix and the Hotel La Tour d'Auvergne without further adventure.

(To be continued.)

THE FITZWILLIAM HUNT, 1871.

WHOEVER has been to Barnwell Wold,
 To him my tale has been often told,
 And the music to him has often rolled
 Of Carter's 'Awa-a-y!' in the morning.
 But to those who've never been there I sing,
 Who know not the palace befits a king;
 An outside palace, where everything
 Says, 'Forrard, away!' in the morning.
 See Carysfort coming as fast as he can:
 If jumping means tumbling, why he is the man;
 But, jumping or tumbling, he gets in the van
 Of the Milton hounds in the morning.
 Some people may wish that the Earl won't come,
 For being cut down is a pain to some;
 And Carter oft prays he may stop at home,
 And utters a 'D——n!' in the morning.
 Here's Duberly, neat; and he's hard to beat,
 With his lady's hands and his hunting seat.
 Just be at the kill, and you're sure to meet
 The Captain that time in the morning.
 Here's Rooper, no 'roper' when riding, you know;
 He goes all he knows, and he knows how to go.
 Though spurless, his horses his spirit have, so
 He rides with the first in the morning.
 The Duke from Kimbolton comes smiling along;
 He never goes hard, but he never goes wrong:
 The best of good sportsmen I've named in my song
 Is his Grace as he shows in the morning.
 The Duchess, beside him, looks charming: the nibs
 Of my pen grow quite soft at her name; and there's Tibbs,
 Who pilots her safely through crashing of ribs,
 And shows her the kill in the morning.
 See Bevan, who keeps an account of each run—
 What foxes were eaten, what horses were 'done':
 His word and his watch you may well bet upon,
 For always he's there in the morning.

And Wells, the great Indian, he always goes well,
 Or hunting, or talking : it boots not to tell
 Of the checks we have had, when we couldn't but dwell
 On the Bungalow nip in the morning.
 'Great' Oliver Cromwell—no Montague—see
 (No doubt he'll as great as the other one be).
 At present you hunters must surely agree
 That he rides like a king in the morning.
 The Hartington Minister comes to the front :
 In the House he says 'Yes,' when he means that he *won't*.
 But show me the fence that he can't and he don't
 Get o'er with the hounds in the morning.
 Of all the brave sportsmen who ride in the van,
 There's none like the Master, and few like his man :
 They come out from Milton, a glorious clan,
 And go like the deuce in the morning.
 With his toe in his stirrup, 'tis hopeless to try
 To o'ertake *one* George, for he seemeth to fly ;
 The other, though heavy, will give the go-by
 To many good men in the morning.
 Away as they scurry you never could tell
 What men go the best when they all go so well.
 Frank Gordon, and Alec, the Steeplechase Swell,
 Are there to be found in the morning.
 There are Armstrong and Hall shoving forward like h—l ;
 And Neville took honours of chase till he fell ;
 And Lewin was almost in time for the knell
 From Bacchus's voice in the morning.
 But names are but names : and we all of us know
 That Englishmen hunting or fighting will 'go.'
 We've bone, and we've muscle, and breeding, and so
 We always are first in the morning.
 Let Tories and Radicals tremblingly rave,
 Their country, so tyrannized over, to save.
 We may not be free, but I'm only a slave
 To 'Forward, away !' in the morning !

THE LOTTERY OF BREEDING.

'Ut nec pes nec caput uni reddatur forme.'

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Ars Poetica.

THERE can be no wonder that we hear so repeatedly that breeding is a lottery. Stud alliances are arranged in a strange manner, even at those hareems whose owners have had long experience in breeding for the Turf, with the additional advantages derived from training the horses they have bred.

Sir Joseph Hawley, one of our shrewdest turfites, mates all his mares, one year with Beadsman, the next with Asteroid, and the following year with FitzRoland. Mr. Hilton lavishly allots twenty of his mares to a celebrity called Cecrops. Baron Rothschild is almost as extensive and exclusive in his allegiance to King Tom. Mr. Simpson, of Diss, divides his forty Belgravian mothers between Lacydes and Vedette. Mr. Cookson has ten foals one season by Buccaneer; the next season their dams are mated with Macaroni, Lord Lyon succeeds him, and is, in his turn, superseded by The Earl, Wingrave, and The Palmer. Lord Scarborough's mares are of as many different strains as there are mares in the stud, and yet they are all mated with Rataplan.

These are instances of the mode in which breeding is conducted; and the inevitable result is that large numbers of horses bred for racing prove to be unfit for that purpose, and have to be drafted into Hansom cabs or schooled to canter on Brighton Downs or Scarborough Sands. The proportion of first-class horses bred in any one year is very small; and of the two to three hundred colts and fillies entered annually for the Derby, Oaks, and Leger, not ten per cent. face the starter in those races, and very many of them never start in any race. There is something radically wrong here; either the system of training is erroneous, or there is some pre-existent cause before the trainer's talents are called into exercise to account for so many horses turning out altogether worthless for racing purposes. It is a common but very erroneous opinion that early training has a prejudicial effect in checking the growth and development of the thoroughbred horse. Let any one who holds this opinion keep a well-bred colt until two years old, and then send him to the trainer: it will be found that he cannot contend successfully with horses of his own age. The education which a yearling receives from a judicious trainer is necessary to develop its powers and gradually form it into a racehorse; and you might as well expect a boy who had been kept at home, under the management of a governess, two or three years longer than usual to hold his own when sent to Rugby, in Greek, Latin, cricket, and football with boys sent there at the usual age, as expect racing excellence in the belated colt to which we have referred. If, then, early training is not to blame, where is the 'fons et origo malorum?' We say, unhesitatingly, that the cause of

failure rests with the breeder, who, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, arranges his stud marriages as if the table of prohibited degrees applied with equal force to the equine as to the human family.

When we avow that we advocate in-breeding, we are aware that we might as well have disturbed a hornets' nest; but we shall endeavour to show that we have reason and experience on our side. At all events, the opposite system has had a fair trial, and has proved fallacious. We have known sires of the very highest class mated with mares in every respect their equals—winners of the Derby with winners of the Oaks—and the offspring has been worthless. We are as disappointed as the potter who designed a magnificent vase but saw a paltry little pitcher issue from his wheel. The result of out-crossing has been that occasionally a first-class racehorse has been produced; but in the majority of instances horses bred in this way prove failures.

Nothing is more common with breeders than to select a sire who is very good in some points in which the mare is deficient; and accordingly a little weedy mare is sent to General Peel or Knowsley, with the impression on the part of the breeder that the sire will impart size and substance to the offspring and the mare a modicum of quality. What is the most probable result of such a union? A creature with a heavy top and spindle legs, or two big ends and no middle. Nature abhors strong contrasts; and the attempt to improve upon either sire or dam as regards size and substance should be as gradual as possible. This is a point which has been neglected by breeders, and yet it is of vital importance. It is a common opinion that in-breeding leads to degeneracy and decay; but the great breeders of short-horns owe their success to it; they do not travel afield for new blood; and breeders of sheep deem an outcross to be a very dangerous experiment. We see every day in our streets what indiscriminate crossing does for the canine species; and the dunghill-cock illustrates its effect in the feathered tribe. But the incongruities of the streets and the farm-yard are not more startling than those of the stud. The thoroughbred-horse of the present day is composed of so many different strains of blood that the difficulty is to discover what strains will amalgamate. Dr. Short-house—the great authority of the day—tells us that Birdcatcher on Touchstone is a successful cross, and Touchstone on Birdcatcher the reverse; Sweetmeat and Pantaloon he honours with endearing epithets, and curses the Blacklock poison. His views do not, however, appear to be borne out by the test of experience, as we have seen many worthless animals by Stockwell out of Touchstone mares; and the grandam of one of the best sons of Stockwell (Asteroid) was by Blacklock; Vespasian, the best miler of his day, was by Newminster, son of Touchstone, out of a Stockwell mare.

In propounding our own views on the best mode of attaining success in breeding, we may premise that we look upon the 'Racing Calendar' as the best commentary on the book of pedigrees. We

have no predilections to cause us to give the preference, apart from merit, to any particular strain of blood ; we can admire the staying powers of the descendants of Waxy without ignoring the splendid action of the great-grandchildren of Blacklock ; we are ready to recognise merit wherever it is to be found, and we prefer the inexorable logic of facts' to the theories which require to be bolstered up by assertions which would deprive Hetman Platoff of his best son, Cossack, and Velocipede of his best daughter, Queen of Trumps. To assist us in the task we have undertaken, we will examine the pedigrees of some of the horses, now three years old, which distinguished themselves as winners last year, and are backed for the Two Thousand and Derby. We will begin with King of the Forest, the first favourite for the Derby ; he is by Scottish Chief out of Lioness, by Fandango out of Manceuvre, by Rector (son of Muley), her dam by Muley ; Scottish Chief is by Lord of the Isles out of Miss Ann, by The Little Known, who was by Muley. It will be seen that King of the Forest is bred in-and-in to Muley, having a double-cross on the side of his grandam, and the same cross on the side of his sire's dam ; this is the kind of in-breeding which we advocate, viz., a similarity of strains on the side of the sire's dam or grandam and on the side of the mare's dam or grandam. The pedigree of Digby Grand will more fully illustrate our views, as it exhibits the exact mode of combination for which we contend ; he is by Saunterer, who was out of Emmie by Bay Middleton, her dam Blue Devils by Velocipede. Digby Grand is out of Miss Digby by Touchstone, her dam by Bay Middleton out of Lady Mary, by Voltaire. Digby Grand is in-bred to Bay Middleton and Blacklock in the precise mode we think most advantageous. Two of the best three-year-olds in the Middleham stable are in-bred : Fisherman is in-bred both to Bird-catcher and Touchstone ; and Ringwood is by Lord Clifden out of Vimiera, by Voltigeur. Lord Clifden descends in the female line from Volley, by Voltaire, and Martha Lynn, the dam of Voltigeur.

Lady Elizabeth was the fastest two-year-old of her year, and she was remarkably in-bred to Emilius, being by Trumpeter (whose grandam was by Emilius) out of Miss Bowzer, by Hesperus, who was out of an Emilius mare, the dam of Miss Bowzer being Mangosteen, who was also by Emilius.

Blue Gown, perhaps the best horse of the present century, is bred as, in our view, a first-class horse should be ; he is by Beadsman, son of a Touchstone mare, out of Bas Bleu, daughter of a Touchstone mare. Gamos, the winner of the Oaks, is also one of our illustrations, being by Saunterer (who was out of a Bay Middleton mare) out of Bess Lyon, whose dam was by Bay Middleton.

We think we may fairly claim for the mode of in-breeding which we advocate, that, in the few instances in which it has been tried, it has been a remarkable success. We believe that the prejudice against in-breeding is gradually dying away, and we look forward with confidence to a not distant future when breeding will be conducted on scientific principles, and the 'Lottery of Breeding' be a term of the past.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

BEYOND the programmes issued by various committees, this season's yachting is of course all in embryo. The much-discussed amalgamation of Thames clubs has been abandoned as impracticable, and nothing settled as to allowances for rig and tonnage, which formed a principal subject of deliberation at the meetings of the yacht congress. Amongst the new craft launched or on the stocks' is a new schooner for Mr. Ashbury, in which he hopes to make another and more successful attempt to bring home the famous America cup. The Livonia is 280 tons; and Ratsey, of Cowes, is supposed to have surpassed himself in her design. As to the success of her lines time will show; and we may be sure that her owner will leave nothing untried which may conduce to the desired end. It is a curious coincidence that Lord de Blaquiere, who bought the America of Commodore Stephens in the autumn of 1851, just after her brilliant successes, died at the beginning of this year, just as a new generation of yachtsmen have been reviving the interest in the famous trophy.

A little affair, called the Thames Sailing Club, has been started at Kingston, and fairly supported, with the idea of making races for centre boards and other small craft, limited, we believe, to twenty-six feet in length. The promoters lay a claim to novelty, to which they are scarcely entitled, as the Ranelagh and Wellington Clubs sailed for years in Chelsea Reach, until a bridge sent the former down the river, and the latter collapsed. Long ago, too, the Royal Thames had matches at Westminster for very small tonnage. However, while disputing the novelty, we may approve the scheme and wish it every success.

The University Boat Race of course claims precedence in rowing matters; and this year's struggle, though in itself a very one-sided affair, may, considered from first to last, fairly take rank as one of the most interesting ever witnessed. The Oxonians, after nine successive victories, had last year to succumb somewhat easily; and, with a laudable desire to retrieve their fortunes, set to work betimes to select a crew for the all-important event. After the usual trials and changes, the team finally chosen were certainly magnificent specimens of humanity, their weights and apparent physique being in excess even of the average, which is generally pretty heavy. Reports from Oxford spoke encouragingly of their power; and the roughness, which detracted from its full effect, would, it was generally considered, disappear with practice and coaching. With these credentials, they arrived at Putney, and were universally admitted to be a magnificent lot of men, though their faults of style were more than ever manifest to those accustomed to the extreme neatness of first-rate Londoners. Improvement was, however, reasonably expected, and each day lookers-on waited for a change, which, however, we fancy never came—indeed they were probably rowing better when they first made their appearance on the tidal waters than the day before the race. In practice over the long course they were noticed to get unsteady and irregular after half the distance, and in this respect time did not appear to make any corresponding improvement, while spins with sundry scratch eights, got together for their benefit, did not show any remarkable pace. It is, however, so frequently the case that scratch eights of good men can get the best of an university boat for half a mile or so, that this in itself goes for little; and more importance was attached to the crew's doings on a certain Thursday, nine days before the

race, when their time over the course was perceptibly slower than that of Cambridge, while the variation in the state of the tide was considered by the best judges inadequate to fairly account for it. We have, as it were, put the cart before the horse in going into the practice of the crew, and their lack of improvement, ~~without noticing the~~ subject of boats, in which they were certainly unusually unfortunate. A new boat was as usual built for them by Salter, but was voted unsatisfactory, and, after sundry trials in a boat used by the Oxford Etonians at Henley last year, that too was found not to answer; so that another new one was ordered, which, in spite of the utmost expedition, could not be ready until the Monday before the race, which was rowed on a Saturday, so that they had actually only four clear days to get used to their craft, and of those the day immediately preceding the struggle is generally devoted to rest, with the exception, perhaps, of a short paddle and a few starts. These continued changes were enough to prejudice the finest crew in the world, and undoubtedly had a dispiriting effect upon the men, who had no sooner got accustomed to their seats and work, than they had to seek fresh fields and pastures new. It was nobody's fault, but, nevertheless, most unfortunate for Oxford. The arrangement of the crew was also at variance with custom, the No. 3 thwart being occupied by the heaviest man in the boat, who should be placed 5 or 6, and this subversion of the usual order of things no doubt in a great measure accounted for the boats not suiting them properly, as eight-oared boats are built to carry the greater weight rather aft, and any alteration of this principle would tend to make the entry less adapted for speed, if not for holding way. We do not suppose such an anomaly as the heaviest couple being 3 and 4 will occur again in an important race except on a sudden emergency, and would not lay undue stress on the fact as influencing the result, but, in looking over the affair from first to last, it is impossible to forget that this eccentricity had a good deal to do with the boat difficulty, which in its turn certainly prejudiced their chance to an unknown extent. The Cantabs, with five of their last year's crew, including the winning stroke, had a powerful nucleus to commence with, and, in filling up the vacant seats were decidedly fortunate; Close, whom visitors at Henley will remember as winner of the Diamonds after sundry re-rows and *contretemps* on the part of his antagonists, now showing himself a most finished oarsman, and, without prejudice to the others, fully entitled to first-mention amongst the accessions to the boat. Follett, who has also appeared in form at Henley, in the Eton eight, and Lomax, were decided acquisitions; and thus recruited the light blue, coming to town a few days before their rivals, had every reason to be hopeful. During the beginning of their work they were looked after by Ridley, the famous light-blue oarsman and athlete, but the finish of their training was efficiently seen to by J. G. Chambers, an ex-president, under whose guidance they came to the post fit and well, and rowing with a regularity we have not seen equalled by university crews for some years. Following last year's precedent, they had ordered their boat of young Clasper, of Wandsworth, who fitted them to a nicety, and appeared in this instance especially to have hit upon the secret of putting together a craft which keeps on travelling instead of jumping with each stroke. This induced many of the lookers-on to decide that they had no 'catch,' an expression we are getting rather sick of.

On the morning of the decisive day, the 1st ultimo, there was stiff breeze and lumpy water, which, however, toned down as ten o'clock approached. Owing to bad tides for two or three days previous, all sorts of rumours were

afloat as to when the race would start; nine o'clock being frequently mentioned as the probable hour, though half-past ten had been looked forward to during the beginning of the week. This uncertainty had the effect of keeping many people away, who philosophically preferred bed and breakfast taken *à discretion* to an ~~early rush to Putney or Barnes~~ with the chance of seeing nothing. The attendance was decidedly far below the average of recent years, even the wet morning of 1867, and at Putney there were scarcely more idlers than at some of the afternoon practisings. Oxford won the toes, and chose Middlesex, and Messrs. Chitty and Searle being in their usual positions, the boats, which were placed close under the Middlesex shore, to avoid the rough water, were started at eight minutes past ten from opposite the Terrace. The Oxonians' ship being a foot and a half the longer, they appeared to have a trifling lead, which, however, was only momentary, as passing the Star and Garter, the light blue showed in front, and at Simmons's were a quarter of a length ahead. Oxford now drew up, and at the London Rowing Club were level, but opposite the top of Finch's field Cambridge had recovered their advantage, until Oxford, coming out more into the stream, Cambridge gave way, and Oxford had for the moment the better position; though light blue were obviously going faster, and at the Point led by more than half a length, drawing clear just above the Grass Wharf. The steering so far had been somewhat erratic, as Oxford having bored Cambridge out, did not make the most of the advantage, so that there was altogether little to choose between them. At the Crab Tree Cambridge were half a length clear, and managed to wash their opponents, who accordingly spurted; but the Cantabs had the foot of them, and had a clear length the best of it at the Soap Works, showing the same at Hammersmith Bridge, which was reached at 10 h. 17 m. 10 sec., taking the start as 10 h. 8 m. During the long curve leading to Corney Reach Cambridge had the best side, and improved half a length at the Doves; this was maintained to the top of the ait, when Oxford spurted and drew up slightly, without, however, making the leaders quicken. Up to this point, indeed, reversing the traditions of the last ten years, Oxford had been rowing one or two strokes a minute more than Cambridge, and were now showing decided signs of fatigue. Rounding into Barnes Reach, Cambridge took their opponents' water, after being seriously hampered by the swell of two police steamers, which, instead of keeping the course clear, rendered themselves an intolerable obstruction, steaming in front of the competitors. This shameful proceeding, however, fortunately did not affect the issue, which was already virtually decided. Cambridge, after occasional attempts to wash Oxford, which were evaded by the dark blue keeping away as much as possible, passing Barnes Bridge at 10 h. 27 m. 8 sec., with a lead of two lengths. Through the bridge Oxford again spurted, but Cambridge declined to notice it until off the Brewery, when, making a final effort, the Oxonians drew up, and Goldie at last quickened in response. The finish was an unexpected excitement, and showed the pluck of Lealie and his crew to advantage; but we think Cambridge had a bit left, and could, had it suited them, have made a larger gap between the boats, for they were going away again as the gun was fired; as it was they won by little more than a length, at 10 h. 31 m. 4 sec., the race thus taking 23 min. 4 sec., with a bad tide and cross wind. It will be seen that Cambridge had the best of it throughout; and, despite the assertions of enthusiastic partisans, we believe the result would be the same had they raced every day for a week. The Cambridge crew undoubtedly possessed the

essentials of good rowing—a fair grip at the beginning, combined with an effective delivery, without which the all-important catch is likely to degenerate into a hurried snatch. They had likewise acquired uniformity of style, and to use a hackneyed expression, rowed as one man. We should like vastly to see their pace tested, over the Henley waters against all comers; but there is little chance of that, as an actual university crew has not rowed there since 1857, when the newly-formed London Club succeeded in defeating both universities. We hope, however, to see the bulk of the Cantabs either in their college eight, or under the flag of the Granta Club; and as the Oxford Etonians are not likely to put in an appearance, the Cam bids fair to be formidable at the regatta. We have already alluded to the serious disadvantages under which the dark blue laboured as to boats. Looking back at the race, it appears probable that in selecting the men, too much stress was laid on physical power and weight, as against skill and oarsmanship. The old maxim, that a good big 'un is better than a good little 'un, must be kept in mind; but beyond certain limits it becomes excessively difficult if not impossible to find men really up to their weight. Ranging downwards from about 12 st. 7 lb., good men are in plenty; but much above that we can figuratively count them on our fingers and have a thumb or two to spare. Tinné was exceptionally good, and of course going further back we should find others, but very few and far between.

As for professional doings, they are scanty in the extreme. Renforth's crew, who went and defeated the blue noses of St. John's, New Brunswick, having quarrelled among themselves, Renforth offered to find a partner to row pairs or double sculls against the world, for 100*l.* a-side. Taylor and Winship accepted for pairs, and Renforth named Kelley as his man. The race being rowed in mid-winter, and the Tyne full of floating ice, there was no lack of excitement during its progress, as contact with a movable island might at any time settle the chance of either pair; but, barring these contingencies, which, fortunately, were nothing more, the champion and Kelley had the match in hand throughout, though pulling fewer strokes than their opponents. The result is only another proof of what most oarsmen well know, that Kelley is a very wonderful fellow. Renforth has since signed articles to take another trip to America with a four-oared crew to contend again with the St. John's man, who in this respect are certainly gluttons. There is also a chance of a match between Cambridge and Harvard, the Cantabs having, we believe, offered to send a four out to row them, and such a challenge, we would fancy, must be accepted. Apropos of American oarsmen, Walter Brown, one of their numerous champions, who came to England to do wonders, died recently. He may be remembered as matched with Joe Sadler, to whom he, however, forfeited. He afterwards rowed on the Tyne against the younger brother, whom he just succeeded in beating. We cannot say much about such championship form, but, personally, Brown was a civil intelligent man, with 'cute ideas on various subjects. Coastways, Hutchinson and Waters, of Hastings, having disputed with Maple and Griggs, the well-known pair of Shoreham, the title of Champions of the South Coast, a match was made for 50*l.* a-side, and rowed at Brighton over a three-mile course. The Shoreham pair won easily, and most of the four concerned will doubtless be seen to advantage at sundry coast regattas rowing in *amateur* races, forsooth! Such is the intelligence of coast committees, who have foggy ideas indeed on this, as on many other subjects connected with their sports.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—April Annotations.

'Sweet female beauty hand in hand with Spring.'

COULD Burns have been thinking of the Boat Race? It was not exactly, though, a Spring morning on that All Fools' Day when we kept the festival by shivering on the Waterloo platform in company with hundreds of our fellow men and women who had all got up at more or less abnormal hours, gone without breakfast, or very nearly so, and were doing a small battle of life under S. W. R. arrangements by steadily fighting their way to the side of the Thames to see 'sixteen young men,' &c., &c. (see moralizing leaders in dailies) go through their annual contest for the blue riband of the river. For beauty had not brought Spring with her, though, like the immortal Marchioness of Dick Swiveller, she had 'made believe very much,' and in an atmosphere almost Siberian had decked herself in many-coloured garments, and was all white and light blue from head to instep. And when we said 'beauty,' perhaps we drew our bow just a little too long. Of course there were pretty girls. When two or three, or two or three hundred, are gathered together in this happy island, there will be the pretty girl; but some of the 'female beauty' that travelled down by road and rail to the boat race was, sooth to say, not very 'sweet,' and savoured a great deal too much of yellow chignons and paint, and the lustre of whose eyes spoke pretty equally of Fortnum and Mason and belladonna. 'Beauty,' that smiled on the light, and had a maudlin leer for the dark blue, whose *toilette* was an unhappy compromise, and who was doubtless 'equal to either fortune.' And though we cannot presume to follow in the footsteps of the moralizing journals before alluded to, we may perhaps here be permitted respectfully to regret (knowing that 'Baily's' pages are conned by many a fair reader) that ladies—our own best and dearest—should imitate a fashion first set them by a class that ought to know no imitators. We are quite aware that the Oxford and Cambridge boat race has roused an excitement and enthusiasm (how real or false is not now the question) unparalleled, and that no election in the good old days of unlimited treating and excess could have boasted such an exhibition of colour as we are now accustomed to. A stroll through our leading thoroughfares a week before the race, when the shop-windows show 'true blue' from bassinets to bouquets, will prove this, and that the demand creates the supply we suppose will also be admitted. But if the 'best and dearest' would but reflect that they are, in donning the light or dark, following an objectionable lead—and one, too, in which they have not a chance with the originators (handicapped dead out of it, indeed)—surely they would hold their hands, and allow Brompton and the Wood to have the game to themselves. It was not pleasant on that Saturday to look upon a common interest, or what purported to be one, shared by such opposite extremes. Well-bred English ladies—the upper middle class—decent respectability—all clad after the fashion of Lulu and Dudu, Maud and Mabel, and all ostentatiously carrying their colours, as if prompted by a common object. Lulu and Co. we could understand. Dark blue and light blue is part of their stock in trade, and with keen foresight they some years back appreciated all the advantages of making themselves partizans; but that ladies who have neither part nor parcel with either University should adopt their tactics we own surprises us. We shall perhaps be thought to be making a mountain from out a molehill,

and discussing a subject more fitted for the delicate handling of Saturday Reviewers and gushing dailies; but gazing on the flaunting array of that April morning, and remembering who and what originated it, we felt constrained to take up our small parable against the fashion. Fair readers, please forgive us.

And the race—the object of all this display of hero-worship and blue ribbon—well, it was a fine race, though a one-sided one, a great exhibition of pluck and science, or rather pluck against science, and the latter the victor. So much has been said and written about it that we dread to weary our readers with a thrice-told tale. How when Oxford first went into training they were pronounced the finest, as they were about the heaviest, the Isis had ever turned out—how they kept not the promise of their youthful prime, but in some wonderful way deteriorated instead of improving—how clever aquatic analysts whispered it a good thing for dark blue, but were constrained soon after its appearance on the Thames to alter their note—how all Lesley's splendid stroke and wonderful spurts on that morning availed nothing; for though they took 'a strong pull' and 'a long pull' they declined that 'pull altogether' without which strength is as water and courage is in vain—all this has been dwelt upon by abler pens than ours. To account for the falling to pieces of a crew with such a *physique* as Oxford is, however, difficult, and we confess has not been explained quite to our satisfaction by the able pens aforesaid. They were badly taught, said some; badly steered, said others; and the old adage of too many cooks was also brought into account for defeat. We suppose if we said that they could not row, it would be about the truth. But then *why* could not they? We thought of the French Marshal's opinion of the Balaclava charge when we saw Lesley's wonderful spurt between Chiswick and Barnes. It was magnificent, but it was not rowing—we mean as far as those behind him were concerned. If the Oxford crew had been all Lesleys, Lulu and Dudu would have had to take out their light blue ribbons, and the 'gents' in the pale ties would have been very quiet and subdued on their journey back to town. The Oxford stroke did all that could become a man, and his crew pluckily responded; while it was painfully evident they were beaten, and that they felt it. Goldie subsequently said that after passing Barnes Bridge he was somewhat 'in a funk' at the splendid spurt put on by his opponent. Be that as it may, it was a grand exhibition certainly—something that brought

'The crimson to the forehead, the lustre to the eye,'

of all that looked thereon, but it could not overhaul Cambridge, who won easily and, under Goldie's able generalship, with something to spare. 'The rowing of the winners,' writes one of our best judges, 'was a treat to witness, long, even, light, easy, and regular,'—a goodly array of adjectives, and enough of them, but we believe correct in the main. The fact was that Oxford with a crew, taken as a whole, much below the average, met Cambridge possessing a crew much above it,—so the result after all ought not to surprise us. The only puzzle is, we repeat, how it was such a magnificent crew to look at as the Oxonians were, fell away from the promise they gave. Were they too big? and is it true that men of 13 stone and over cannot row their weights home? Something too was said at the dinner about that 'catch at the beginning,' of which we have all heard so much, Mr. Gulston condemning, Mr. Darbishire defending it. We confess we always thought this was one of the main glories of Oxford rowing, but now it appears to be attacked as one of the causes, if

not the cause, of its defect. Too much, it is said, has been sacrificed to this catch, the last half of the stroke being left to take care of itself, and the same critic we have above quoted does not hesitate to ascribe to this practice the recent decline in Oxford rowing. But all this has been dwelt upon elsewhere by an abler pen than ours, and we must drop the subject for other topics.

From the banks of the Thames to the Warren Hill,—but hold, we are getting on too fast. There was a week's interregnum in the reign of sport and pastime, when, before Easter, joy and revelry breaks upon us,—we put on sackcloth and go softly, eat salt fish, and eschew some of our 'little pleasures.' Is it *very* wicked to have a ball in Holy Week, we wonder? Clearly for Brown, Jones, and Robinson, their better halves and belongings, who have the other fifty-one weeks wherein to disport themselves, it is highly incorrect, but for 'the 'poor players,' an', please you, right reverends and wrong reverends, may not they seize the opportunity of a lull ever so slight in their nightly labour, to enjoy themselves, and, moreover, earn an honest penny for a deserving charity as well? The Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund benefited much, we trust, by the gathering at Willis's Rooms on the 5th instant, when most of our leading actresses and a few of our leading actors gave sisterly and brotherly service to the cause. Many a fair face that we are accustomed only to see through the glare of the footlights,—many a Prince Debonnair and Princess Brighteyes, whose general surroundings are a bewildering mixture of gauzy nothings, lime light, and pink satin boots,—many a voice that has charmed us with its laughter and stirred us with its pathos—there was seen and heard in the natural *rôle* of handsome English women and pretty English girls enjoying themselves and causing others to do the same. A goodly list of lady patronesses (taken, as was fitting, solely from the ranks of the profession), who were not content with giving their names, but gave their presence as well, and brought with them a pretty face or two from among their companies. And some were very pleasant to look upon. Miss Amy Sedgwick recalled old Haymarket days, or rather nights, when she expounded to us many a charming comedy of Tom Taylor's; Miss Herbert reminded us of the most finished Lady Teazle that we can remember in these latter days; Miss Eleanor Bufton took us back to the Princess's of twelve or fourteen years ago, and we saw again the 'injurious Hermia' in that enchanted wood 'near Athens,' which was the scene of so many marvels; while, in case we felt ourselves soaring too highly into the regions of romance, Miss Swanborough, Miss Sheridan, and Miss Bella Moore brought us back to reality, or such reality as burlesque affords. And there was something better than burlesque. It was our good fortune to find ourselves at supper time in a Court circle presided over by a fair Queen (who is also a manageress), where, if we failed in the matter of strict etiquette, humour and repartee made amends. The 'injurious Hermia' was a lady in waiting; Miss Kate Bishop (a rising and charming *ingénue*), and Miss Maggie Brennan were Maids of Honour, and we think Mr. W. S. Gilbert must have been Lord High Steward and Court Jester in one. There were no presentations, and the *entrée* was limited, but our sovereign was gracious and her subjects willing. We can solemnly assure our readers that we have sat at good men's feasts and found them much duller than that supper table. May we find ourselves at such another one again. And while we are on the stage let us mention with high approval a reform that Miss Litton has had the credit of inaugurating, and to which the lessee of the Queen's Theatre has given in his adhesion, namely, the abolition of the 'order' system. The number of people in this modern Babylon who never put their hands in their purses to enter a

theatre would exceed belief, if it could be stated. Rich snobs and poor snobs, well-to-do middle class, and (we are sorry to add) upper class also, think nothing of asking for boxes, stalls, and orders, and would be very much astonished if they did not get them. Their claims are, we need scarcely say, as nothing, or less than that; a slight knowledge of a professional or two, a bowing acquaintance with a manager, is sufficient for *them*; and there are men whom we all meet and know on the surface of society whose boast it is that they never pay, and who look with a half-disguised contempt on all who do. How this state of things has been arrived at it is not our province to inquire. The profession itself perhaps is most to blame for yielding to a custom that has become tyrannous. Managers have groaned under the infliction sorely and long; but the young directress of the youngest of our theatres has been the first courageous one to try and break the bonds. We trust others will assist her in her praiseworthy attempt; and they may feel sure they will have the support of everybody who thinks and feels aright on the obligations of the stage to society as well as of society to the stage.

And now, with this little digression, to the Warren Hill, if you please, Mr. Baily, to a far different scene, where there are beauties of Nature also, but of another order, who wear *their* garments as Ophelia did her rue, with a difference—sheeted beauties, who defile before us on a rather breezy morning in the Craven week, strings of more or less celebrities whose names are proclaimed to us, we fear somewhat incorrectly, by an attendant tout. The Warren Hill is pleasant at any time, doubly so when you do a double pleasure, inhale its pure breezes and see pass before you in long array heroes and heroines of name and fame, and some who are as yet only candidates for honours. A busy scene, in which the dapper little figure of Matthew Dawson ('Mat' to all Europe) on his chestnut pony is very conspicuous, and his cheery greeting pleasant to hear. He is very busy, however, looking after Sterling, who, our tout avows with many adjectives of intensity will beat the hope of Rusley for the Guineas; and as the said hope was then going but queerly in the market, and bookmakers were taking liberties, why it just looked possible that for once in a way a tout was truthful. Then there is Joseph Dawson, with more horses than we can remember or tout describe, and we wonder how *he* can remember them all, and whether even that 'astute' one (all trainers are 'astute') never confounds form and substance, and whether it is just possible to have too many horses in one stable, and then if some of the 'mistakes' we see and hear so much about do not arise from this cause. But here comes the Baron's lot, tearing up the hill; but we do not see the Zephyr colt among them (he is probably doing walking exercise after his previous day's exertions), followed by Mr. Savile's, and then Harry Jennings brings up a lot of two-year olds, huddled together like so many sheep; but by this time we are tired of tout (whom we have detected in some awful 'crackers'), and are getting hungry, and thinking of the mutton chops of the Rutland, and so to breakfast. The Craven turned out much better sport than was expected, and rather administered a facer to some of the sporting journals, who had been prophesying a bad week, and that there would be nothing worth coming for. Some of the finishes were about the closest ever seen, and, as is so often the case at Newmarket, Brown, Jones, and Robinson declared that they knew better than Judge Clarke. We would give these dissentients a word of advice. Time was, in the days of our youth and innocence, when we thought we could tell what had won quite as well as Mr. Clarke; but the experience of a few years has cured that delusion. Viewed from the opposite side to the chair, or even from a few yards below

it, the result of many a race does seem quite contrary to the judge's decision; but then it must be remembered that at Newmarket, more especially than on any other course, the angles are most deceiving, and that in a close thing there is really only one man who does know what has won, and he is the judge. Nobody but that official could have separated Clos Vougeot and President Lincoln, Cheesewring and Whaddon, in the Craven week; and if people would but bear that in mind, we should not hear so many rash and absurd opinions hazarded when a question of 'heads' arises. Of course the race that excited most interest, and about which there was most pro and con, was the Biennial, where Albert Victor and the Zephyr colt were first and second; and the win of the former has, according to some writers, made the Derby a certainty. We confess we cannot agree with them. The way in which the two came away from their horses in the bottom certainly showed that there was nothing behind them to be feared; and that the Epsom event, whoever wins it, is reduced to some half dozen, is pretty certain; but that Albert Victor is to be No. 1, consequent on his head victory in the Biennial,—to that statement we must demur. Looking at the very green manner in which the Zephyr colt ran, not knowing where to go, the gameness he exhibited when Morris called on him, was astonishing; and if he had not hung a little in the last few strides, we think the head must have been the other way. Albert Victor did not seem to go any faster for Custance's resolute riding; and, making all allowance for the dropping of the whip, on which too much stress has been laid, we do not see how he is to much improve on this form at Epsom. That the horse was not fully wound up, we admit; but when people talk of his being made 7 lbs. better, we ask how is it to be done, and where is it to be put? He has scarcely grown since the Middle Park Plate, and his legs and arms look too light and weak for that severe course. In that respect he somewhat reminds us of Vauban and a little of Macgregor; and though it is said he came down 'the hill' at Newmarket well, so did the two we have mentioned; and yet the other 'hill,' the real one, to which 'the Bushes' is a pigmy, extinguished both those celebrities. We wish the Baron's horse was not so green, and then we should expect to see him reverse his position with Albert Victor in the Derby. Of his gameness there can be no doubt; but the noise and uproar of that horrible crowd may daunt him. It has done so before to horses of assured courage and stamina, and but for that—which after all is only our private idea—we shall expect to see him reverse his position with the Biennial winner. Then one of the finest finishes ever seen was that for the Newmarket Handicap between Paganini and Idus, the top weights, another top weight, and a Leger winner to boot—Hawthornden—finishing in that modest position he has occupied since, to the surprise of every one, his number was hoisted on the Town Moor. It was a grand race—to our thinking the grandest of the whole week—because it was a struggle between two racehorses, in the highest acceptation of that term. There were finishes, it is true, closer even than this, but then the cattle were of a different breed. President Lincoln and Clos Vougeot, Wheatear and Captivator, Whaddon and Cheesewring, what are they? But in the Handicap, Paganini's form we well knew, and we ought to have remembered that of Idus, the horse who gave Musket 5 lbs. and a beating over the Rowley Mile, and two days afterwards disposed of Rosicrucian over the same course at weight for age. But these things are sometimes hid from our eyes, despite the efforts of Weatherby and Ruff, and we don't think they were remembered on this occasion. As they mounted the hill and neared the chair, it looked like Paganini's race; and if any one

but him who is called 'the demon' had been on Idus, his it would have been. It was said afterwards that Jim Snowden had been 'chaffed' out of it by Fordham entreating him at the distance to 'Let me stand with you, Jim,' to which Jim had replied with a most decided Yorkshire negative; and, elated with this apparent confession of weakness on the part of the enemy, had neglected to 'keep a little bit' for the final struggle. It was certainly a splendid piece of riding on Fordham's part, for Idus was beaten half a mile from home; and how he nursed and brought him again to do Jim, almost on the post, ought to be told by his lips alone. There are some things that the poor Turf historian must necessarily fail in. In these Iliads of victory and defeat he falls far short of the epigrammatic descriptions which the chief actors in the scene can give. Their periods may not be rounded, and there may be a halting line here and there, but the descriptions are eminently characteristic. How 'Bill and 'me come along to the bushes,' and where, 'when I see Joe was "kidding" 'I took a pull at the old 'oss,' must be heard to be properly appreciated. Generally tolerably correct, too—though now and then you do meet a 'duffer' who neither knows where he was himself or where his companions. Sam Rogers was a fund of knowledge. He had eyes everywhere—in the back of his head as well as the front, knew when one horse dropped back and another came, the exact spot the favourite was beaten, or (delicate subject) where he mysteriously disappeared from the front rank. He was down on every move, though whether he disclosed all his own we are not so sure. There is no one like him now. But this is a digression.

And now we take flight from the dry and dusty Heath to seek greener fields across St. George's Channel. Bound for Punchestown, we cross a night or two before the Meeting in company with some gallant gentlemen jocks, a strong military contingent, one or two illustrious foreigners (feminine), and a 'Duchess,' who, though not to be found in Burke or Debrett, has a very large circle of acquaintance, who are always glad to see her; while she is constantly making new friends, with whom she exchanges cards. Her Grace is paying her first visit to Punchestown, and is rather nervous as to her reception; 'young she is, and sore afraid' that people may be rude to her, and that she may not 'get on,' as she phrases it. But the sight of familiar faces on Kingstown Pier revives her, and she is much comforted by 'the army,' who are, as a rule, kind to the British or any other female in distress, be she a duchess or a dairymaid. We miss the hearty greeting of 'Sir Watkin' on board the boat (he is away in the sunny South); but Lord Combermere is a sight for sore eyes, and Mr. Egerton tells us stray bits of news, and Mr. Corbet gives us a hunting mem. or two. Dublin is in a great state of excitement—agricultural, sporting and religious. The agricultural was a little on the wane, but the two latter—represented by Punchestown Races and the Synod of the Disestablished Church—were masters of the situation. The unfortunate clergy were accused of having purposely pitched upon this time for the sitting of the Synod in order to have a run over to Punchestown—a gross libel, we feel convinced, for the Irish parson, as far as our experience of him goes, is not a sporting animal. We remember one, indeed, now departed—a Bishop *in partibus infidelium* of Connaught—who we used to meet in former days about the Kylemore Lakes in most unepiscopal costume—a jacket of velveteen, his wide-awake well garnished with flies, a double barrel, and the noes of a brace of pointers peeping out from the well of his car, and of whom the Lion of St. Jarlath used to love to speak as 'absent at his shooting-box;' 'his Lordship is gone on a fishing excursion,' &c. But to return. The Synod sadly

interfered with the hospitality the Celt proffers to the Saxon in the Punctestown week. Deans would not give up their sitting-rooms; an archdeacon declined to yield that desirable 'second-floor front' at the Gresham, on which we had fixed our affections. Of course, with a curate, or even a rector, we should have had no scruple, but, an archdeacon is a heavy gun, and we hesitated. However, the difficulty was got over somehow, but landlords and housekeepers led a harassed existence between the rival claims of the Church and the World. Dublin overflowed, in fact, and though the weather was wretched and the streets dirtier even than they are wont to be, everybody was in them. Grafton Street and College Green were blocks; all the pretty girls in St. Stephen's Green (at least those who had clear consciences as to their ankles) braved the muddy crossings. Morrison's was alive with soldiers; there was a perpetual demand for S. B.'s at Fleury's, and the times we were asked 'just to have a dozen Red Banks,' would exceed belief. Mr. Cranfield's window attracted groups never tired of gazing at a life-like photograph of Master McGrath, which he has just published, and the Punctestown engraving had evidently not lost its attraction. And, by-the-way, one thing, or rather person, we missed in the streets of Dublin. Where was our celebrated rider, Mr. Thomas? Why had he not slapped us on the back that morning in McGrath's yard? why had we not met him when we looked in at the Conyngham? Was it true, as suggested to us, that the plucky rider of The Lamb 'funked' the ordeal he would have had to go through? The man who steered 'the little Irish pony' a second time to victory, who had helped to land so many double-event bets—what would have been done unto him, whom the whole population would have delighted to honour? He would have been killed with kindness, torn to pieces with invitations; 'liquored up' to an extent frightful to contemplate. Perhaps it was as well for him he was an absentee. But colonels, lucky and unlucky majors attached and unattached (some, too, who have found 'the pen more powerful than the sword'), captains by hundreds, and subalterns by scores; country gentlemen from 'west of old Athlone,' and the little 'Kingdom' far south, where the Reeks fling their shadows; swell London tailors, and a few London thieves; English M.F.H., well represented by Sir George Wombwell, Lord Queensbury, Mr. Corbet, Sir William Throckmorton, and Mr. J. A. Craven; a few 'first appearances,' notably those of Sir Charles Legard and Mr. James Lowther; a stray town *flâneur* or two, who always seem out of place when away from Pall Mall or the Row;—all these small articles made up a sum, the total of which was Punctestown. And we are sorry to have to place on record that, for the first time in our experience, Punctestown was dull. To be sure, the weather was atrocious, and we suppose that its broad back must bear most of the blame. The rain was nearly incessant, and it fairly beat us. It damped the ardour, checked the fun, and washed out the humour, even of the Dublin carmen. We didn't hear a joke. Not even constant visits to the hospitable marquees, for which Punctestown is famous, could raise our spirits to Punctestown mark. And the sport was not quite up to the same mark either. The fields in some cases were small, and the quality struck us as indifferent. To be sure, looking on something 'very neat'—or said to be— with a howling wind and a driving rain in your teeth, and your feet ankle-deep in mud, is hardly good enough; and when you have done it once, you don't seem to care about it again. The object of your admiration, too, likes it not more than you do, curls up his back, stares in his coat, and looks, to use the familiar phrase, as if he had been 'pulled through a hedge backwards.' The

weather was not fair to the spectators, and it was hardly fair to the horses. Lord Combermere is a diligent investigator of Punchestown excellencies, an earnest seeker after something good, and not easily daunted by weather, and we believe he discovered nothing. One of the principal events, the Prince of Wales' Plate, was a failure; and the unexpected return of Huntsman to his form of two years ago spoilt the handicap. This horse beat Snowstorm and Greenland in Scotland in '69, but since then he turned whistler, and Mr. Forbes considered his chance hopeless unless his light weight brought him home in the deep ground; but as it was, he made all the running and won in a canter, Mr. Forbes also being second with Delight, about whose impost of 10st 8lb. he much complained to the handicapper. In fact, the ground played the mischief with the heavy weights, though in the face of it, Captain Montgomery declared to win with Rufus, while they took 3 to 1 about Badmington—the former never passed the post, and the latter fell. It was only the semblance of a race, for the first two were in front throughout, and Quickstep, Nabocklish, Albrighton, all the fancied ones indeed, ran badly, and apparently could not act in the heavy ground. The Irish Grand Military was won by a son of Lord of the Isles, bred by Lord Stamford, and bought at his sale by Allen McDonogh for 20 guineas. Spanish Lord has been well schooled, and Allen must have been proud of the way in which he was ridden, for Mr. Pritchard was the jock, and in place of the lucky Colonel of last year, we have now the lucky Lieutenant of this. This is Mr. Pritchard's fourth Military win, and though there were not many of the gallant 5th D. G. present, let us hope they were all on their champion's mount. He is a wonderfully patient and clever rider, knows how to fall well, too, which is a great point, and has the character of being good at most things, from an electro-biological *séance* upwards or downwards, whichever you like. He rode Blondin once on his rope across the Alhambra; but we had rather see him at Rugby or Punchestown—these are spurs worth the winning. The Conyngham Cup was taken by another of Allen McDonogh's, Garde Civique, a son of that National Guard who was backed for such a lot of money for the Derby—we think in Macaroni's year. It was a good performance for a four-year-old, and though Allen said he fancied Ajax, we hope he had his little bit on Garde Civique as well. The race was run in a tremendous downpour, no one could distinguish a colour; the conscientious members of the fourth estate were fain to close their glasses and trust to some performer with a head on his shoulders to give them a true and particular account of the running. Such an one turned up in Captain Smith, who, like Sam Rogers of old, 'knew everything,' and so the world was duly enlightened how the Conyngham Cup was lost and won. There was a casualty: Wild Weather—appropriate name—fell and broke her back; and it was a wonder, looking at the state of the ground, that she was the only victim. And beside a casualty, there was, in the Downshire Plate, an objection, and the—to say the least of it—curious spectacle of a gentleman weighing in, in as near an approach to a state of nature as decency would permit, to satisfy the objector that he was not less *in puris* than the proper weight—11st. 7lb.—was afforded to us and the public in general. We felt for the gentleman in question—the rider of Hero, the winner; but it seemed to be considered a good joke by the majority; so, perhaps, something in our Saxon formation failed to catch the humour of it. We must say, however, that Mr. Hunter presided over the operation, at which Lord Drogheda was called in to assist, with a gravity which did him honour, and that 'Mr. Hampton' fled back to the dressing-room, his solitary garment fluttering in the breeze, in as graceful a manner as 'an officer and a

'gentleman' could be expected to exhibit under the circumstances. Curiously enough, the horse belonged to a lady well known with the Galway Blazers, who, we trust, was kept in happy ignorance of that ordeal of victory which her champion underwent. Is it not possible to do away with the chances of a recurrence of this exhibition? and would not the simple written declaration of a gentleman that he was not less than 11st. 7lb. when he 'tubbed' that morning suffice? And so ended Puchestown. The hospitality of the British Army, always a great feature, was well sustained by the Scots Fusilier Guards, the K. D. G., the 8th Hussars, and other regiments, and we were as 'jolly' as we could, under the circumstances, expect to be; but we were not sorry when it was over. We must not forget to mention the disappointment universally expressed at the absence of the Pytchley Hounds. Mr. Craven, through Roake breaking his arm, felt himself compelled to give up the idea of bringing over the whole establishment and doing the double rôle of Master and Huntsman—a disappointment, too, felt in Northamptonshire as well as Kildare, one fair horsewoman in the former county, Mrs. Arthur, having made great preparations to sustain the honour of the Hunt in foreign parts. But it is only a pleasure deferred.

And Epsom Spring was taking place at the same time, and Cockneydom was suffering, though in a less degree, the evils we were enduring across the Channel—evils of bad weather, of good things upset, and (what we never saw at Puchestown) queer riding. The two great races fell to outsiders. Jack Spigot has been discovered to be Derby form, and the Drake has suddenly bloomed into a fashionable sire. The winner of the City and Suburban is (of course) 'one of the best looking three-year-olds,' &c. &c., and his winning the Epsom event, but for the slight drawback of his not being in it, a certainty. That the prophets did not prophesy him was to be lamented; but they 'knew all about him,' and always said he was 'good horse'—which is (to them) a great consolation. King William's running seems to strip a little of the gilt off the gingerbread of the Newmarket Biennial, as he could only finish a moderate third, and the Frailty colt turned out a rank impostor. Captivator, whom Fordham alone appears able to ride, won the Metropolitan, and some Chester Cup horses, including Judge, received their quietus in the race, and this is about all we know of the meeting beloved of the 'licentious.'

The Two Thousand is just over as we write, and again have great reputations, or what were so considered, gone down over the fatal Rowley Mile. No triumph for Russley this time, and no even money about a second Macgregor for the great event at Epsom. King of the Forest has been beaten, and beaten handsomely, though running a game horse, and struggling on into a place by gameness alone. The form of last year has not been confirmed. Digby Grand has been proved an impostor, the grand win of Général in the Criterion will we fear not be repeated, and Bothwell is at 7 to 4 for the Derby. And all this wonderful revolution, this upsetting of cherished ideas and notions, it took only a few seconds to accomplish; and when the favourite was seen to be in trouble coming down the Bushes Hill, when Digby Grand had evidently had his *quantum suff.*, and Général's colours were discovered in the rear; when, in the Abingdon Bottom there were great cries for Sterling, till ascending the hill Osborne was seen to shoot out on Bothwell, then was the fact accomplished, and again we heard the remark that 'the Derby was over.' Bothwell certainly won like a very good game horse, for he too had to be ridden after passing the Bushes, coming out when called on in a grand manner, and looking as if another half-mile would not have stopped him. He has grown into a

horse of immense power, with fine limbs; but, withal, lacks some of that quality which the eye likes to rest on in a Derby horse. He has always been declared to be a first-class horse by his stable, and his running last year they have all along maintained would be reversed. Seven to four about him for the Derby is of course an absurd price, because he has to beat the Zephyr colt and Albert Victor; and we should add Général's name too, if we did not fear that he is too delicate a horse to train. We hope we may be mistaken, and then we shall perhaps see a grand struggle over Epsom Downs. At present, it certainly looks as if the horse that beats Bothwell must be the Derby winner of '71.

We have hung up the horn, and our steeds seem going to Albert Gate as fast as they can go. Stephen Dickens, we are glad to say, has been made Huntsman to the North Staffordshire; but we are *not* glad to record the death of old Dickens and Tom, his son, for which we fear a legacy of 300*l.* was much to blame. A hundred of it, so says our informant, was 'lapped up' in a month—about the quickest thing that the old man ever assisted at. Lord Aylesford intends next season keeping a pack of harriers at Packington Hall, and it is said that Lady Aylesford, who is a splendid rider, is going to hunt them.

Mr. H. Nicholl has retired from the joint Mastership of the Old Surrey, and a claret jug and cups, the tokens of much hearty liking and esteem, follow him into his retirement. They were presented to him at a meeting of his friends and the members of the Hunt, at the beginning of the month, and perhaps not the least prized gift was a Madeira jug, given 'with the good wishes of a few old Surrey farmers.'

The York and Ainsty had a brilliant *finale* at the beginning of the month at Dringhouses, a sort of show meet, to which every one, gentle and simple, came, where hunting appeared not to be thought so much of as luncheon, and where 'an outing' had evidently been the main object of the hundreds who lined the hills overlooking the far-famed Askham Beggs. How Collinson managed to get his hounds away, encompassed as he was by such a crowd, we can hardly tell. He did, however, succeed, and it reflects great credit on him, getting the hounds well away on a fox who gave them 55 min. of rather slow hunting; and then finding another, they had a rattling gallop of about half an hour, and bowled him over in the open. Sir George Wombwell gained great *κῦδος* and thanks for the thoughtfulness that afforded so many people a good sight of the run; and the brush of the last fox killed in '71 was given to the son of the Archbishop of York.

As Mr. Bruce has failed to procure for the British public the much-needed cab reform, the London Depot Carriage Company has done the work most effectually. Their carriages are equal to any private broughams, and the fares are nearly as low as the dirty old growlers. The depôts are in New Burlington Mews, Regent Street, Mount Street, and Phipps' Mews, in Eccleston Street.

We learn from a private source that a work upon Cricket, from the pen of a well-known member of I.Z., will be published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, at the opening of the season. It is entitled 'Cricketers in Council,' and takes the form of a discussion held in the smoking room of a country house during a cricket week. Cricket stories are told; cricket songs are sung; and practical hints alternate with fun and fancy. Our readers will doubtless recognise the individuality of the several speakers.

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John A. D. Soldie

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. J. H. D. GOLDIE.

To have been three times stroke of your University eight, on the second occasion turning the long course of ill-fortune which had for nine years sat on the colours of the light blue, and on the third repeating that brilliant performance against one of the most powerful crews that the sister University ever sent out, is surely enough for aquatic fame, and Mr. Goldie claims a place in our gallery of sporting worthies. Boat-race honours belong necessarily to the young, and the subject of our present sketch has barely seen twenty-two summers. Born in 1849, the son of the Rev. C. Dashwood Goldie, vicar of St. Ives, he was sent early to Eton, and was tried in 1867 for the School Eight unsuccessfully, but the next year we find him rowing in it at Henley, when Mr. Warre was stroke. He came up to St. John's, Cambridge, in the following October, and was as a freshman thought good enough to be stroke to the winning trial eight, subsequently pulling the same oar in the University boat in the losing race of 1869. It was in 1870 and 1871 that he gained his laurels, and they are so fresh in our memories that they scarcely require more than a reference to them. That, next to the careful tuition of Mr. G. Morrison, who, in 1869 and 1870, inculcated those true principles of rowing which Cambridge never seemed to have grasped before, much of the honour of victory belongs to Mr. Goldie there can be little doubt. In him was the rare combination of strength and judgment. He rowed with his head as well as his arms; and when in this year's race Oxford put on that tremendous spurt on approaching the Ship, and Mr. Goldie called on his crew, he did it without flurry or apparent effort, though it was stated that one or two behind him were for a moment a little unsteady, and, like an able jockey, won with that 'bit in hand' which it is so desirable to have on river or racecourse. Mr. Goldie has, of course, pulled in his College eights and fours since he

has been in residence, and in sculling has had his share of success, having beaten Mr. Close for the Amateur Championship of the Ouse in 1870, though defeated by him for the 'Colquhon Sculls,' at Cambridge, in the following November. Mr. Goldie was elected President of the University Boat Club on Mr. Anderson's resignation in 1869. Athletics of all kinds occupy so large a space on the canvas of sport and pastime, that it is fitting 'Baily' should do all honour to those exhibitions of pluck and endurance which, whether on the river, the running ground, or the cricket field find such favour in the eyes of the present generation. The old Greeks were inclined to put the *γυμναστική* before the *μουσική* in their educational code; and some little fear has been expressed in certain quarters whether the young athletes of our Universities and Public Schools are not following in their footsteps, and athletics being a little overdone. But if the fear is just, the evil will doubtless cure itself. At all events, cricket and rowing are sports eminently national, our excellence in which we as a people are justly proud of, and the most rigid philosophers of the Mill and Freeman schools do not venture to carp at them. Kept within proper bounds, and matter made duly subservient to mind, there is nothing indeed in our modern gymnasium that need detract from the highest state of mental culture, while its influence on the physical well-being of its students we believe to be of immense importance. It may be objected that we are too much seeking the old paths in a proneness to unduly elevate physical over mental culture, but the fear is groundless. Our modern temples to Mercury are schools of wholesome training where the two may go in hand together,

' Making youth younger, and teaching life to live.'

TURF VAMPIRES AND THEIR VICTIMS.

' The Turf hath bubbles, like the Stock Exchange,
And these are of them.'

WE are fully aware that, in taking up our pen in the attempt to expose certain Turf delinquents, we are engaging in an apparently wild and hopeless crusade. We know that, in spite of all we can write in condemnation of the different traps set for the unwary, a plentiful supply of fools is constantly coming to hand to meet the very large demand made at the hands of charlatans, and others of the 'rogues and vagabonds' who contaminate the world of sport. We are not so vain as to expect that any exertions on our part will avail against the Barabbas the robber and his pestilent clan, so as to cause them any immediate discomfiture, or even temporary lessening of their ill-gotten gains. But we hold it to be the duty of those who affect to instruct the public in sporting affairs, not to stand aloof when they see the pickpocket at work, however indifferent the victim may be to his capture, but to bear open and damning testimony

against his misdeeds, and to gibbet him, undeterred by motives of mercy or expediency. A rumour, which has obtained general credence, asserts that the days of advertisements of 'discretionary 'investors,' 'winning modus' men, and 'system'-atic swindlers, are as good as numbered, and that the interference with their little game is not unlikely to proceed from a higher quarter than that which furnished weapons for the total suppression of betting in the last session. And however much Mr. Bruce may wish to wet nurse the little stranger, as in the recent case of the Public Prosecutor Bill; it is sincerely to be hoped that the promoters of the measure will not yield their point, partly because we consider that the atmosphere of the Home Office is not likely to foster it in its entirety, and partly because the chief of that department has already too many charges to attend to, in the shape of Cab Regulations, Licensing Bills, procession arrangements, and other bantlings of an equally interesting nature. In the meantime, until the bringing into the world of such a measure as aforesaid, let us see if an engagement with the supposed windmills may not result in some slight public good, or tend in some degree, however remote, to bring about an annihilation of those unscrupulous schemers who have so long infested with impunity the surroundings of our best-loved sport. The very fact of the present existence of such harpies is mainly owing to the half-measures of those who thought by disestablishing commission agencies in the metropolis to abate the increasing thirst for speculation which had, undoubtedly, pervaded the community to a somewhat dangerous extent. They did not reckon that the suppression of legitimate speculation would bring other and worse evils in its train, nor that their efforts in a seemingly righteous cause would tend to the state of things at present reached. So long as ready opportunities presented themselves for satisfying their taste for betting, persons desirous of risking their money had no need to have recourse to the fraternity of 'investors' and others, who profited by the abolition of lists to undertake commissions, nominally as advisers, but in reality as investors for their own peculiar benefit. Persons of speculative tendencies were debarred from forwarding money to agents for investments according to their fancy; but the law did not forbid their investing other parties with full powers to lay out the capital entrusted to their tender mercies 'at discretion,' or 'according to system,' or upon the principle of some 'infallible winning modus.' Hence it came to pass that the opportunity for fleecing their fellow-creatures was not neglected by that choice band of adventurers, who relinquished the 'thirteen-stamp' game for lucrative business of a far higher order, and appropriated all committed to their charge without a chance of detection, and with an infinitesimal risk of exposure. For who could impugn the correctness of their fictitious balance-sheets, so cleverly and reasonably concocted, making it appear that loss was entirely the result of accident, and holding out enticing prospects of gain upon the next venture? Who could call in question their discretion in making bets, when discretion was the

essence of the contract? Above all, who, having been deceived by the specious appearance of honesty conveyed by their advertisements, and having entrusted to them the stake they undertook to multiply so enchantingly, could so 'file his mind' as to resolve to make his folly patent to the world, and to admit that which men are slowest to acknowledge—that they have been egregiously cheated? A well-known character of the Georgian era, whose profession as a respectable 'leg' an euphemism of the day has converted into that of 'eminent financier,' is reported to have said to one who defied him to ruin a victim more than once: 'Sir, I ruin a man every day: every day a fool is born. I do not expect even a fool to come twice.' So it is with the confederation of sharks, whose ends are amply attained by the constant supply of flat fish crowding towards their nets, shoal succeeding shoal, and taking no warning by their comrades' fate. And as announcements of baby-farming, bubble companies, and indecent prints find their way into the advertising columns of journals whose leading articles are righteously denouncing such practices, so are the front sheets of professedly reputable sporting journals crowded with all manner of snares for the credulous; while their 'Answers to Correspondents,' and 'high moral tone' dissertations on welshing and the like, give the sagest of advice to those whom their approved advertisements are most calculated to deceive. Is it to be supposed that complaints are not over and over again forwarded to the editors of such journals, and by them contemptuously ignored? The high price paid by such miscreants for the insertion of their nefarious schemes is too tempting a bait to be refused by individuals professing to educate the public racing tastes, and exercising enormous power over the minds of the classes to which they mainly appeal for support. And after having given publicity to such fair but false promises they cannot turn round and stultify themselves, but are bound to abide by statements they well know to be fallacious, and to stall off inquiries by professions of non-interference in matters which should claim their closest attention.

In calling attention to the methods of deception practised, we know not whether to express our surprise most at the bare-faced impudence which dictates the wording of the specious advertisements of these mendacious knaves, or at the gullibility of the public which seizes so greedily the proffered bait. For, strange to say, it is not merely the poor fool and his money which are soon parted for the benefit of discretionary investors, but victims are to be found in the higher ranks of life, and among persons whom any ordinary individual would pronounce safe from the influence of such pestilent scoundrels. Only the other day we had placed in our hands a balance-sheet furnished by a well-known 'firm' to one of a class in general remarkable for its shrewdness and vigilance in all manner of worldly things. And if a few of such flies are content to give mankind the benefit of their experience, in what numbers may be reckoned that large body of victims who prefer to suppress all memorials of their folly, and to withhold from their fellow-men any mention of the

transactions in which they have been so bitterly taken in? Such a thing as a winning account no mortal eye has ever beheld; and, in spite of the attempts among the more outspoken of sporting journals, no evidence has come to light of any individual having realised those colossal fortunes held out so temptingly by the 'spiders' in their programmes. The crowning triumph is continually being deferred, and it was only through some totally unforeseen occurrence that it did not arrive; give them but one more chance, and the 'gold-achieving 'victory' will assuredly be consummated! Such is the method adopted of enticing their followers onwards; and the accounts are so cleverly cooked as to make it appear that success was within an ace of rewarding the ventures of the investor. And such is the pliability of the methods concocted by these rascals, that speculation can be carried on in shillings and half-crowns as well as in notes and gold, the destination of both being ultimately the same—the pockets of possessors of the 'infallible' secrets. And such is their impudence that one of the most notorious among them was recently summoned before the Grand National Hunt Committee to account for the running, at some 'suburban spec,' of a wretched animal, which he had recommended to his clients, and which he had the audacity to have ridden in the colours of a well-known sportsman, to whose horses he had long acted in the confidential capacity of—tout! And yet, notwithstanding the 'reprimand' justly administered to the Kingsclere 'owner of horses,' and in the face of the adverse comments made on his behaviour in the case by all sporting journals, the less scrupulous among them did not refuse to continue to insert his lying advertisements, nor to give publicity to statements on the part of the delinquent actually garbling the account of his notoriously iniquitous proceeding! We are not aware whether the use of their columns is granted by newspaper proprietors at a higher rate of charge on account of the extra risk of publication entailed by disseminating such swindles; if so, the greater the offence: for as excessive storage of combustibles is apt to invalidate assurances, so ought the insertion of such advertisements as emanate from the black-leg fraternity at once to stamp and proscribe the journal offending so highly against public morals. Indeed, it becomes a question, in the event of any action lying against fraudulent misrepresentation, which is a mild term to use in connection with individuals of the type we have been discussing, whether persons concerned in giving publicity to their schemes may not be proceeded against *pari passu*, as virtually if not actually conspiring to defraud the public. The methods adopted by the sharks in question are almost too well known to need comment, but that any person of ordinary intelligence should be taken in by their infallible recipes for realising fortunes entirely passes our understanding. It has been very pertinently suggested that if the thousands asserted to be won each week came out of the pockets of the Ring, we should hear more about it from the bookmaking fraternity, who are not in the habit of 'parting' without a groan of dissatisfaction,

especially if that operation is prolonged throughout the year. A moment's consideration, too, would, we should imagine, convince any one short of an absolute lunatic, that the discoverers of these Eldorados would be likely to keep the grand secret to themselves, and the least suspicious of men might be led to doubt of its infallibility by the ready offers made of a participation in their profits by the possessors of the coveted system.

Let us furnish our readers with a few examples of the style adopted by those whose advertisements disgrace the front pages of more than one leading sporting journal, to the exclusion of all other matter save announcements of the survivors among commission agents and the diminished ranks of the thirteen-stamp fraternity. One firm boasts that it 'knows of several certainties, including Woodcote 'Stakes, Rous Stakes, the Derby and the Oaks,' and then goes on to declare that 'we make no absurd promises.' Can anything be more transparent than this? The 'realisation of such extraordinary 'sums' is referred by these *gentlemen* to the fact of 'their long 'experience on the Turf, their ownership of horses, and the fact of 'their being *on intimate terms with the élite of the sporting world.*' To the understanding of any one not qualified for Bedlam, their 'long experience on the Turf' might be dated from the period when they commenced welching on their own account in the columns so readily opened to their schemes; their 'ownership of horses' would resolve itself into the possession of half a leg of some notorious Goodfellow; and the delicious sentence we have italicised might be found to contain a particle of truth, for, doubtless, the 'élite of the 'sporting world' have occasionally employed them as touts or perpetrators of villainy, for which they offered themselves as ready instruments. 'What,' they write, 'can these tinpot pothouse-frequenting tipsters know of owners' intentions?' This query we take the liberty of turning back upon themselves, and fearlessly assert that 'half of them never attend the meetings at all.' There is no occasion to multiply instances or quotations, for the public can judge for themselves by perusing the advertisements in question, all of which bear a marvellous resemblance to one another. Indeed, it has been suggested that they are all of them promulgated by the same notorious gang, in order that persons having failed to achieve an 'opulent success' with one supposed firm may be induced to make trial of another. Most of them boast of their presence in the ring, and the possibility of being seen at the principal meetings; but, after strict inquiry, we have failed to come across any one who has beheld in the flesh these benefactors of the human race. Should any of them be identified, we would not take much for his chance of escape from the pack which would rally at the first view halloa, and we will venture to assert that their 'social position in the élite of 'the racing world' would avail them nothing in their extremity.

That their ventures have been attended with a 'great and opulent 'success,' we have good reasons for knowing, and if any further proof were needed, we have only to refer to the vast space occupied

daily and weekly by their voluminous advertisements, which, even if not charged for on a higher scale than ordinary announcements, must of necessity entail a large and constant expenditure. And we wonder that well-known and respectable commission agents are content to appear in such questionable company, but we presume that in this, as in other cases, adversity is apt to make them acquainted with strange companions.

As we have omitted to designate by name the journals which have transgressed by their co-operation with these Turf vampires, so it does not come within our province to make any mention of those which have done good service in attempting to expose the delinquencies of individuals whose advertisements have been rigidly excluded from their columns. It is refreshing to be able to record some sense of honour still existing among educators of our racing tastes, to whom victims may have recourse for an exposition of their wrongs, without fearing to encounter a contemptuous rebuff or supreme air of indifference to their real grievances. The British public is a long-suffering one, and is content to undergo the fleecing process to an unlimited extent, but when once convinced of its error its distrust will equal its former credulity; and times are likely to be bad enough with promoters of discretionary swindles, and the organs which give publicity to their nefarious schemes.

In conclusion, while endeavouring to forewarn the public of the machinations of schemers who allure but to destroy, we would appeal to their good sense not to be led further astray by specious announcements, no matter with what appearance of respectability they may be promulgated. And we would further appeal to proprietors of journals which have taken considerable hold upon the public mind, more especially among the lower classes, not to permit for the sake of lucre the insertion of advertisements to which we have called attention, but at once and for ever to throw overboard such dangerous cargo, which imperils alike the safety of the ship and its underwriters. Threatened men are proverbially long-lived; but let them rest assured that the day is not far distant when they will be called (and justly) to account for their transgressions against the laws of public safety. The warning voice has already made itself heard; and deeply as we have deprecated any State interference with betting transactions, yet the present evil calls for a remedy of such strength as shall altogether demolish their present profits as advertisers, of which a large majority might be retained if they would content themselves with legitimate business. For who can doubt that when the attention of the Legislature shall once more be drawn to subjects which they have hitherto been content to treat with half measures, that, together with swindling advertisements of discretionary investments, will be swept away all allurements held out by the thirteen-stamp fraternity and other more numerous though perhaps less objectionable Jeremy Diddlers? Nor will the work of purification end here; and by the same relentless hand will the lists of commission agents and promulgators of illegal lotteries be condemned,

and the deeply-valued front page be left a desert untenanted save by the vendors of quack medicines and importers of 'things of beauty.' Let them therefore take heed, and endeavour to render themselves free from future molestation, by the adoption of a slightly higher code of morality than that which giveth with one hand and taketh away with the other. As for the authors of these iniquities themselves, who grow fat and well-liking by battenning on the carcasses of victims who come up like sheep to the slaughter, we feel that no denunciation at our hands can raise a blush in faces brazened by long courses of villainy and deceit, or make those to pause in their career who have risen from the obscurity of thieves' dens to a notoriety as unenviable as it is odious. Neither have we deemed it of any use to denounce them by name, or specify any of their numerous acts of welshing, though a multitude of instances are at our hands for production. They would but spring up again and flourish under altered names, and laugh defiance at threats of exposure and revelations of their nefarious practices. It may be urged that in our attack upon the type of swindlers against whom we have endeavoured to warn the public, that our pen should be directed to some of the older and more crying abuses relating to the Turf itself. But these last do not affect the community in so large a degree, and may almost be said to have become venerable institutions by reason of their age and long connection with the national pursuit. These fungus specimens are of later growth, and threaten to infest the whole body instead of affecting any particular member thereof. The remedy rests in the hands of those who have undertaken to educate the public mind on racing subjects; and it is ridiculous to suppose that complaints have not reached the ears of all amongst them with reference to robberies which their own columns have been the means of organising. Should they decline to interfere, higher powers must be appealed to; and measures will be taken by those most interested in demolishing the Turf to abolish its literature altogether; whereas, should a spirit of reform from within be apparent, the 'Tear 'em' of the Home Office may yet slumber awhile in his kennel; and Tom Brown content himself with scouring the White Horse instead of purifying the Turf. We hope and believe that there is yet enough of fearlessness and unselfishness left among our sporting contemporaries to cast from them the noxious creatures they have suffered to abide with them; and we appeal to their better feelings to separate themselves for ever from such base associations.*

AMPHION.

* Since this article was written Lord Morley has announced his intention of bringing into the House of Lords, at an early date, a Bill for the purpose of remedying some of the evils indicated by the writer.

THE FRENCH CONTINGENT.

THE English Turf has latterly been indebted to French breeders and owners of horses for some of the best performers upon it, and it is to be hoped that the salutary lessons taught us by our Gallic friends will not be altogether disregarded or speedily forgotten. We do not suppose for one moment it will be denied that in proportion to their numbers the French bred horses have been more successful than their English rivals. There is a prevalent notion that this superiority is in great measure to be attributed to the climate of France. We believe the position to be not only untenable but indefensible. Climate has little if anything at all to do with the matter, and the disparity in the climate of France and England is not greater than it is between the climate of the extreme south and north of England itself; and inasmuch as the horses bred in the north of England have in proportion to their numbers been more successful and of a superior class to those horses bred in the extreme south, we think it must be confessed that the climate has little or nothing to do with the superiority of the French horses. But there are other circumstances which exercise a much greater influence, and our English breeders would do well not to disregard the lessons which those circumstances inculcate. The most potent of the causes in operation are the peculiarities in the breeding, but more especially in the rearing of blood stock in France. Although French horses are for the most part, indeed almost entirely, bred from horses of English origin, much greater care is taken in their selection and in the mating of sires and dams than is observed in this country. Here horses and mares are matched and mated indiscriminately, and we might almost say promiscuously. Every thoroughbred mare is put to the stud regardless of size, shape, soundness, or deformity. Some, too, are very coarsely bred, descended from strains of blood notoriously soft, or which have a tendency to perpetuate unhealthiness of the constitution, unsoundness of the limbs, or currishness of the disposition. There was, for example, a horse called The Cure, who was cursed with a roguish disposition, and possessed of a pair of forelegs which it was utterly impossible for the most interested of his partisans to approve. That horse almost always transmitted his infirmities to his offspring in a most marked manner. There were few exceptions to the rule, Underhand being the most notable one. Nearly all the other sons of The Cure were cursed with roguish or ungenerous tempers, and nearly all of them had legs of very questionable shape. Yet in spite of these facts this horse was extensively patronised, and used year after year until he attained an advanced age. He was also thought worthy of a prize at an important agricultural show. Such a horse would have been scouted by the large French breeders, and even by the small farmers in France. Our Gallic friends are very circumspect in their selection of horses, and very judicious in their mode of rearing young stock. As a

rule, they have given preference to those horses and mares whose ancestors for several generations have been remarkable not only for soundness but for elegance. Quality has always been of the first importance, and is regarded as the chief distinction. With very few exceptions, coarseness, whether in the horse himself or as a characteristic of his family line, has been regarded as a disqualification. When the coarseness has been a *family*, and not an *individual* peculiarity, especial care has been taken, in choosing a horse of those breeds, to select one in which the besetting sin was least conspicuous. The Melbourne line is as a rule characterised by coarseness and vulgarity, but West Australian was an exception; his elegance and quality were quite as exceptional as were his racing capabilities; but whence he derived his quality is not so apparent, for neither his sire nor his dam were possessed of it in the slightest degree. The Cossack, again, was an exception to the Hetman Platoff line, and though by no means an elegant horse, he showed far more quality than any other member of the same family. Both these horses, excellent performers though they were on the Turf, have been conspicuous failures at the Stud. It would therefore seem that when an individual member of a family presents any marked peculiarity he does not transmit to his progeny either his own excellences or the family characteristics. Gladiator was a strikingly handsome horse, faultless in shape and full of quality, but then elegance combined with true racing points was a family characteristic of the Partisan line, and Gladiator succeeded in transmitting the family peculiarity to his offspring; and his success as a stud horse has been as conspicuous as the failure of those who were not 'chips off the old block,' but who displayed features previously unknown in the family. French breeders have shown a preference for the Partisan line, and assuredly that preference has been well rewarded, and every day we have fresh proofs of the value if not of the superiority of that strain. Monarque, if not revealing so much quality as Gladiator, was nevertheless a very handsome horse, and a most tractable and generously disposed one, but then power, docility, and gameness are characteristics of the Defence blood, for that Monarque was the son of the Emperor, and not of the Baron or Sting, is now indisputable. Tournament is not only one of the best sons of Touchstone, but he is also one of the best looking, with quite as much quality as Newminster, and some better points. In fact, he is a 'representative horse' of the Touchstone line, and it is therefore not surprising that he has made his mark with Somno, Gantelet, and others. This horse is an exceedingly well-bred one, nothing common or vulgar amongst the whole of his ancestors on his mother's side. His dam was Happy Queen, one of the late Mr. Sadler's well-bred mares by Venison, out of Proserpine by Helenus, out of Sister to Aura by Guy Mannering, a pedigree replete with elegance, refinement and other good qualities; names which do not revive unpleasant recollections; there is nothing to remind us of a heavy forehead, as there is when the name of Orville is pronounced, nothing

to display before our mental vision the vulgar half-moon head, the lumpy shoulders, and the spindleshanks which the name of Blacklock and of many of his sons reveal, nothing of the coarseness which somehow or other we cannot separate from our reminiscences of Melbourne and the like of him. Our French cousins, then, have not only attained success as breeders, but most righteously have they deserved it; and Vermont, Compeigne, Tournament, Light, Monarque, Dollar, and other sires now or lately at the French stud are sufficiently well-bred and well-looking to confer lustre upon any Stud.

But if our French friends are more exacting and particular in the choice of sires and dams than we are in England, they also surpass us in many other essentials, such as the rearing and early management of their foals. The defect most prevalent, or the one which is most frequently complained of in England, is want of bone and a faulty state of the feet in many of our young horses. This defect is very rare indeed amongst horses reared in France. Another evil—one of considerable magnitude—is the pampering and artificial feeding of young stock in this country. Horses so reared are generally deficient in power, and when they have been broken and put into training they go all to pieces. It is indeed nothing unusual for an owner who has given several hundreds of guineas for a highly-bred and pampered yearling to receive a note from his trainer shortly after the youngster has been put into strong work, stating that the young hopeful's legs are all wrong, that he is lame, or in some way or other has gone all to pieces, and is not worth keeping in training. The early pampering, want of exercise, and artificial state in which many of our young horses are reared contribute to a very serious extent to produce an infirm condition of the joints; and when the yearling or two-year old is put into strong work, and subjected, as some trainers phrase it, to 'high pressure,' the joints manifest unmistakable symptoms of unsoundness, whether of a gouty nature or otherwise we cannot say for certain, though probably it is gout or some analogous disease, brought about by high feeding during a period of idleness—just that condition of things which luxury and laziness are so well calculated to engender. Most of our horses are reared in paddocks of the smallest dimensions, little larger than the space required to swing a cat round, and quite inadequate for the purpose of developing the powers and capabilities of young race-horses. The consequence is that we have hundreds of ill-developed creatures with spindleshanks and gross heavy bodies, fit for the sausage-maker or for the hounds, but useless for racing purposes, as pampered, restrained horses inevitably must be. In France, whether bred by the noble baron or by the tenant farmer, the young horses are nearly always reared in fields or parks of great size, where there is ample space for the young hopefuls not only to stretch themselves but to take good long gallops. Another feature in the French system, which we consider of the utmost importance, but one which would probably be strongly condemned by most of our English

breeders—especially by those who breed for sale—as an unnecessary and unjustifiable innovation, is the introduction into the paddocks as soon as the foals are weaned of a superannuated racehorse, whose business it is to put the youngsters through their paces, and to teach them the way they should go. One gelding of about five or six years old is generally turned adrift amongst the colt foals, and a maiden mare of about the same age is introduced as instructress to the fillies. These older animals, of course, when set at liberty, and emancipated from the thralldom of training and of restraint, make the most of their newly-acquired privilege; they gallop almost incessantly when they are not occupied with either eating or sleeping, and the foals gallop after them, and probably think it fine fun; but the consequence is that nearly all the foals not only acquire the gift of going, but also get their bone more fully developed than would be possible if confined in hovels or in paddocks of small dimensions. Their feet also become well-shaped by abundant galloping. Sound feet and strong limbs are such results as we should naturally look for after active exercise of long duration. Indeed a yearling with small contracted feet, or one with spindleshanks and ill-developed bone is an unusual phenomenon in France. In England these defects are not only the most serious but those most frequently met with, and of course most lamented. As the evil is one which is avoidable, it is almost a reproach to us that it is suffered to continue. Exercise over a scope of ground, as we have mentioned, has been found an effective remedy across the Channel, and it would be equally efficacious here, if fairly tried. Climate has much less to do with the matter than is generally supposed. The secret of success consists in a discriminating selection of the parents, and of a healthy and natural, as contradistinguished from an artificial, rearing of the produce of those parents. They ‘manage such things better in France.’

C. L. F.

SPORT AND WANT OF SPORT IN THE SHIRES.

II.

CHANGING the scene, we find ourselves in High Leicestershire—a country where foxhunting should thrive when every other part has succumbed to brick and mortar. Wild as a prairie, and almost as thinly populated, it would seem to hold out every temptation to foxes to travel straight and far over it; and there was a time when the Owston Wood foxes had a pet line over the scarce-habited plain almost to Leicester! In this grand sporting country you may often ride for miles without seeing a human creature, except it be the solitary shepherd and the fell sheepdog aforementioned; and there is scarcely anything to hinder a fox who has once chosen his point. Hounds, too, gain every advantage by their game being able to lead them steadily

on; so forty minutes with Mr. Tailby is almost the regular thing from certain fixtures. Yet with all its charms it falls short of being the Hunter's Paradise that merely a long ride to covert would lead one to suppose. For instance, the big woods of Owston, Launde, Skeffington, Tugby, and Co. may be pleasant enough for cub-hunting; but to have to bucket your horse almost to a standstill in the deep rides, and then sit down to a stern chase over the ridge-and-furrow and well-nigh impracticable fences of the adjoining pastures, is not felicity to every mind. There is only one man who never is left behind and afterwards cannot be shaken off, and that is Mr. Tailby himself. He appears to get away by a kind of instinct; and constant practice and most determined resolution enable him to make light of difficulties that choke off men twenty years his junior. It certainly is a genuine drawback to some of his best country that the hardest field have to tail when hounds cross it, for if negotiable at all it is so only in one or perhaps two places; and you may lose half a field and the whole of your pleasure while waiting your turn in the crush. There are some few districts, indeed, which cannot be got over in a direct line at all, Skeffington lordship being about the best known. Some years ago, in what is often referred to as the Langton Caudle Run, when they went by Little Bowden to Gumley, not a soul was ever able to get near the hounds; and the same thing is said to have happened this year from Holt. A portion of the Pytchley Harboro' territory about Oxendon bears the same notoriety. Still, taken throughout, there is no country in the world that can compare with Mr. Tailby's, and none, perhaps, in which better sport is shown. The hounds are possessed of extraordinary dash, are thoroughly put up to the horn by Christian, the whip, and consequently are very quick in hand. Goodall was having great success, and was also riding up to his hounds in first-rate form, till he met with his accident in February. The fence at which he came to grief was trying enough to have put down ninety-nine horses out of a hundred, being a double post-and-rails down hill, the rails more than three feet high on each side, with a space of twelve clear feet between them. Mr. Powell, on one of his grand horses—horses which would excite envious feelings if they did not belong to one so worthy of them—took the lot in his stride; Custance and his little hot mare made light of them, as they do of any timber big enough to tempt them; but the huntsman's horse kned the far rail, shot Goodall yards down the slope, and he was carried off with concussion of the brain. After this Mr. Tailby handled the horn himself; and not only did not allow the sport to deteriorate, but took his followers by surprise by treating them to some clinking good runs—such as the half-hour's gallop from Ranksborough, on February 28th, ending in a kill at Pickwell village, and the quickest spin of the year on the following Tuesday (March 7th), from Tugby Bushes along the beautiful valley below Manton Gorse. But his run of the season was just before Goodall was laid up, and was something extraordinary for distance and country (Mr. Mills, of Bosworth, who has ridden

straight over Leicestershire for a good many seasons, deems it the best thing he ever saw). This was on Thursday, February 16th, from Shankton Holt, when they ran fast by Illston, Rolleston, and Keythorpe, over a stiff turf line to Allexton Wood, then hunted on by Manton, and at length to ground near Lyndon, the whole distance, about a seventeen-mile point, being got over in two hours and a quarter.

The Harborough contingent are Mr. Tailby's chief supporters; and swear by him and his country, as in right and duty bound. If they find the most money, they certainly provide the hardest riders; and Messrs. Powell, Corbett-Holland, and Gosling frères, are not to be surpassed over a big line. If Mr. Powell no longer 'goes for a fall,' as was his wont when he first appeared at Harborough, he cares none the more for them when they come to him, though, true, he now rides horses that would fly the Great Wall of China; and, if instance were wanted of the oft-discussed advantage of *size* to carry you over Leicestershire, the multitude who gaze wistfully after him when the fences are stiffest, and the galloping severest, would point at once to his stud for it. As for Mr. Corbett-Holland, whether he be acting as his own advertising medium or not, no one can more satisfactorily demonstrate the good qualities of a horse than he can. Mr. Gosling takes care never to have a bad one; and certainly none but the best would carry him over the rasping country where he seems particularly at home. With such an example, Captain Gosling could not but follow in the footsteps of his 'big brother,' though whether the taste be a natural or an acquired one, its development is undoubtedly of the strongest. It is when such men as these, with Mr. Robertson, the Messrs. Fludyer, and a few more, meet the flower of the Melton side on a Quorn Friday or a home Tuesday, that such a scene of glorious competition characterises a burst. Mr. Robertson first made his mark at Oxford, afterwards carried all before him in Meath and Kildare, then took the shilling of long-service enlistment with the men of the Billesdon Hunt, at once took his place in the front rank, with quadrupeds good, bad, and indifferent alike, and ever since has been strengthening, rather than weakening, his position. The Hunt can boast of many other good men and keen sportsmen, such as Mr. Frank Sutton, the cheery representative of the family group in the picture now to be seen at the Exhibition, and who, save that—like Sir Roger Tichborne—his figure is scarcely so slim as of yore, has altered but little since old Sir Richard rode proudly at the head of the Quorn with his sons; Lord Hopetoun (I suppose he may be classed as a Tailby-ite, since he has planted his castle in the latter's territory), who hunts his six days a week, and never goes home till the hounds do; Lord Berners, of Keythorpe, and Mr. Fludyer (father of the above-mentioned), who look upon foxes as saints; Lords Moreton, Aberdour, and Downe; Captains J. and C. Baillie, Dawnay, and Hall; Messrs. Cochrane and Hay, who might ride over most of their country blindfolded; Mr. St. John, whose

hound-knowledge gives him a double pleasure by no means possessed by all, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Pennington, Capt. Bethune, whose opinion on hound or horse is so often accepted as final, and many more. Prominent at the head of the heavy-weights are Mr. Tryon and Mr. Douglass; the former getting through a run, whatever the pace and country, in the most wonderful manner; and his horses seldom fall with him, though he rides slow at all his fences. Mr. Douglass' frequent feat of uprooting a gate, together with the posts thereof, and carrying them bodily off on his back, has a parallel only in Biblical history; and surely Lochinvar's stolen bride rode not more trustingly and fearlessly behind him than Mrs. Douglass follows her husband when hounds are going their best! As I said before, a few instances will better answer the ends of this limited article than a long register of all who take a prominent part in the field; so I make no other apology for omission of further names.

Before leaving Mr. Tailby's country it occurs to me to remark the great want of a covert in that fine open grazing district that lies on the boundary between his dominions and those of Quorn. I mean along the Twyford Brook, and midway between the Punch-bowl and John O'Gaunt—as charming a stretch of grass and fine fencing as can be seen. At present there is no inducement to foxes to cross this; though on one occasion this year, when a whole swarm of foxes broke away from the former covert (the day in which nearly everybody got completely entrapped by the iron railings round Dalby House), a brace were seen proceeding side by side all the way to John O'Gaunt.

Since the above was written Colonel Lowther has formally signified his intention of claiming after next season that part of Mr. Tailby's territory which properly belongs to the Cottesmore. It will be remembered that the country which Mr. Tailby has hunted for the last fifteen years is made up of cessions (or temporary grants would express it more properly) from the Quorn and the Cottesmore, and was originally formed for Mr. Richard Sutton during his father's lifetime. By the re-arrangement in view—not one that will be universally welcome, perhaps, while its announcement is a complete shock to the feelings of Harborough—glorious Ranksborough, the never-empty Punch Bowl, and most of the goodly woodland depôts will return to the Cottesmore. The remainder, it is to be hoped, will once more join in with the Quorn, and the hitherto rival capitals of Melton and Market Harborough unite in assisting Mr. Coupland in organising a nearly perfect kingdom for their joint advantage. What minor arrangements might be necessary it is not my business to enter into; but, of course, there would have to be another base of operations in addition to that of Quorndon. Speculations crop up rapidly as one thinks over future prospects, but all of these will, no doubt, form matter for discussion at proper hands; besides which the subject is certain to be so thoroughly turned over at every hand during the next few months, that, when

we meet at the covert side in November, we shall find each point has been considered, reconsidered, and amended.

Now a few words about the Pytchley; though, unless I curtail my remarks, Mr. Baily may be doing it for me, and my impromptu jottings be brought to a sudden stop. For generations past the Quorn and the Pytchley have been the most honoured names in the calendar of the chase; and that the glory of the latter is still held in remembrance is proved by the number of devotees it can always bring to its shrine. The golden era of the Pytchley is so inseparably linked with Charley Payne, that one instinctively alludes to him as soon as their name is on one's lips. There never was a man handled hounds who could clap them so quick on to the back of their fox, and whip him up in such style as he could; and his success lay chiefly in the knowledge of how to deal with an impetuous overgrown field. He never attempted to cast back in the face of his field; and nine times out of ten he found it was forward. Let any one call to mind some of the failures he has seen made by huntsmen; and he will probably remember that the majority of them arose from an idea that the game had twisted back past a crowd that swept the country. Watch Captain Thomson, who is the exact antithesis of Payne in many respects; you never see him turning back except as a last resource, though he generally takes matters very quietly.

The hounds have been for years the property of the Hunt, and are, as they have always been, as quick, clever, and beautiful a pack as is to be seen—the ladies especially being remarkable for speed and courage. Their best sport this season has been in the Maidwell Dale part of their Northamptonshire country; but they had a particularly good thing from Tallyho to Brixworthy, and some of their Wednesdays were marked with most satisfactory results. They had no less than three nice gallops from Kilworth; that on Feb. 8th up to Hemplow, five-and-thirty minutes, being quite first-class for pace and country, after which they took another fox on from Hemplow, and killed him after a capital hunting run of an hour close to Crick. Feb. 23rd contained two good fifty minutes from Misterton; the first winding up with ten minutes fast and one of those pretty kills in the open that the outside world imagine is the regular finale to a 'fox chase,' but which one really never sees half a dozen times in a season.

A Pytchley meet is as different from one of the Quorn, Mr. Tailby's, and the Belvoir as a croquet meeting is to a cricket-match. *Everybody* goes to the former, whether they mean real business or not. Youth, beauty, age, and experience, each is largely represented at the covert-side; and the gathering on a Pytchley Wednesday is as sociable and charming as a Hunt Ball. But when hounds run fast there is nothing like the same class or number of men to ride up to them that one may see any day with the other three packs. There are just as many who will go at a big place, and you may often witness as many sensation-jumps when

hounds are going slow, as you would in a quick burst in High Leicestershire; but a certain good judge hit off the point at once, when he said, 'they can't gallop,' and accounted for it by the general air of slackness that, emanating from somewhere, permeates upwards or downwards, and appears to envelope all who come within its influence. Even the Harborough celebrities seem to get infected by it when they come out on this side; and the same men who almost quiver with excitement as they close up above Ranksborough, and watch for a view, regard a start with the Pytchley with the most careless indifference. There is always a rush of the mob when a fox breaks, and, if possible, they will ride over the line, and cut off the hounds; but suppose the hounds to have had a fair chance, the corps that rides fairly to them is indeed élite as compared with the size of the field. Mr. Mills is more properly a Tailbyte, but he can ill be spared from the ranks of the Pytchley, though he adorns not himself with a white collar. At any rate he is very little behind A I when out with them; and with a small frame and a big horse makes every use of the two or three stone he has in hand. Mr. Villiers for many years had the reputation of being as quick a man on as smart cattle as any one in the grass countries; and it is not too much to say his falling-off is a remarkably slow process.* Mr. Craven himself is not easily kept back when he is hunting his own hounds; and Mr. L. Watson, who has reappeared after an absence of some seasons, is a most finished performer. Capt. Ashby puts a limited stud over a stiff line, as if he had plenty more and a stock of spare bones at home. Mr. Wyatt Edgell is not to be stopped, and Mr. Brown of the Artillery is wondrous good on tiny bits of blood. Mr. Haig, whom the late Charles Clark placed almost at the head of the thrusters some fifteen years ago, was again at Weedon, which, besides, furnished Capts. Brooke, Boyce, and others of their cloth. Mr. Burton, of Daventry, is as good to hounds as he used to be over a flagged course, and the Messrs. St. Paul do every credit to their training ground. The Coventry detachment were regular in their attendance to combine with the Harborough party and cut out the work on a Wednesday, and of the four Fifths of the garrison who trained almost daily to Rugby Mr. Trotter was the hardest, Mr. Pritchard the best, and Captains Kennedy and Soames as good as need be. Of the Rugby men, Mr. Shoolbred was perhaps the leading spirit, backed up by Sir John Reid, and, during the latter part of the season, several of the military took up their quarters there. In fact, the 'George' was full to the attics, and sent forth daily a handicap that ranged from a featherweight in her Majesty's pay to a jockey whose transition from carriage to horseback gave a striking illustration of the heaping of Mount Pelion upon Ossa.

Miss Davy can take any lead her pilot may choose to give her, and is never seen tumbling about. Some of the farmers are quite out of the common, and ride with a view to their own amusement much

* We have to record the sudden and untimely death of the Hon. Mr. Villiers since the completion of the article.

more than to sell their horses. The chieftains of the Hunt are mostly men who have been enrolled under the banner of the Pytchley for a great length of time, such as Mr. Clarke, the Hon. Sec., Lord Henley, Sir Rainald Knightley, Mr. Bevan, Mr. Topham, Mr. Nethercote, &c., &c. Mr. Morrice, too, must not be omitted, as one to whom hunting continues to be a life's study, and who is as sound an authority on it as Admiral Rous is about racing. If you want a 'second opinion' on the same subject, or the mysteries of horse-flesh, Mrs. Arthur is the one to apply to.

The Pytchley country has few superiors, for it is made up in a great degree of sound turf and varied fencing. But it is open to one drawback in the number of villages dotted and clustered all over it, so thickly that foxes run short from sheer inability to keep clear of men and their busy haunts. Apart from this, though, if there is to be a plain answer to the question, 'Why does not the 'sport rise up to the standard it should?' it must date from the constant lack of energy in the whole concern. And now we will change the subject and the scene.

Perhaps no country could give the same amount of pleasure to a man who keeps only about a couple of horses, likes to ride on the grass, and enjoys hunting for its own sake, as the Atherstone under its present administration. He will meet a sociable and sporting field—if not a very hard-riding one—will come in for many a good gallop over delightful ground; and will see more skill and science in a week at the hands of Captain Thomson than he would anywhere else in a month. That part of the country that runs in a semicircle round the outskirts of the North Warwickshire, Pytchley, Mr. Tailby's, and the Quorn, is almost all grass, and consists chiefly of small enclosures and light fences; though about Ullesthorpe, and up to Cotesbach, are to be seen many of the great sweeping pastures and tremendous fences that are the chief characteristic of the rich grazing grounds near Harborough, and the high clay lands of Leicestershire. The Atherstone, in fact, is the country of all others for a poor man, for he can see a vast amount of fine sport on cheaper horses, and fewer of them than he could in more fashionable quarters; where, if money cannot make the man, at all events it is the only thing that will put him on a par with his neighbours. Still more, I might add, is it the country for the Benedick; for not only may the light easy fences and the lack of competition prevent his Beatrice from rendering daily her irritating, 'Glad to see you back safe, dear;' but she may be made a convert to belief in the absorbing necessity of the chase, by sending her out to chat with her friends at the rendezvous—or she may even aspire to first-flight work, without endangering her precious neck. A lady (if she considers herself of any value to herself or others) has no right to ride straight to hounds with the Quorn, Mr. Tailby's, or the Pytchley; for no one can do so without getting a certain number of falls; and if a lady gets one, the chances are greatly in favour of her getting a bad one. Of course there are several who do; I can't very well instance them after my

last remark; nor will I revive the old arguments about 'Ladies in the Hunting Field.'

Captain Thomson began the season in his best country most unpropitiously; the foxes must have had strong recollections of the prowess of their old persecutor, for, taking advantage of the open weather, they kept aloof from Coton, Brownsover, and several other favourite resorts, and his first day was anything but encouraging; consequently, he confined himself to the more provincial side for some time; but when he again took the field here, the state of things was quite different, and he never failed in finding plenty of foxes, and 'showing his quality' to his old admirers. The day after the Rugby Ball, and when there was little more than a few hours' thaw in the middle of the long frost, he ran a pair of foxes (who kept changing and helping each other with exemplary love and cunning) for nearly four hours, till he and his little field had beaten a tattoo over every fence and slipped over every stony field for some miles round Coton House; groping their way in a dense fog that made the run as good as a straight one. Once he was just about picking up a hard-earned reward, when his hounds were brought up short by the Coton palings; and, before they could be lifted over, the brush had slipped out of their mouths. Long, slow-hunting runs are entirely Captain Thomson's forte; and, as I said before, he does what few other men ever attempt in a grass country, viz., to *walk* a fox to death. What a lesson, too, very many huntsmen might take from him in the matter of going to halloas—or rather *not* going to them—for he decks hunting with a beauty that one seldom sees in Leicestershire, in making his hounds work out every yard, instead of getting their heads up, and exciting them so that they never again put them properly down, and can only kill with the help of mobbing and heading. When a cold, weak scent has to be followed up, and there is no chance of your gallop, the two plans amount to a question of whether you prefer to see hounds hunting, or huntsman and whips blowing and flogging them from field to field.

His Friday and some of his Saturday fixtures always bring out the Rugby corps, all the Pytchley men within distance, and often a number of Mr. Tailby's. These it is who generally make the running in a fast thing; but Captain Thomson himself is as famous as a rider as a huntsman, and whether on one of his young stud, or the grand and evergreen Iris, is as hard as ever to beat, or even live with. Mr. Muntz, who is almost as heavy, is a marvel and a terror to all the light-weights, not only in his own country, but when he pays the Pytchley a visit. Mr. Oakley, the joint master, is always to the fore; Lord Denbigh rides very straight; and Mr. Herbert Wood ranks as a hard man anywhere. Mr. Simons has a couple of horses that he won't be pounded on; Mr. Congreve has not suffered his fall at the Rugby Steeplechases to rob him of the character of knowing how to deal with ridge-and-furrow and stiff fences better than any farmer in the Shires; and the agricultural interest is still

further represented in the persons of Messrs. Cooke, Beale, Hill, Ivens, &c. Dickens, the first whip, who has just gone to hunt the Staffordshire, is as good as a rider as in his particular duties. I have already given two or three instances of their sport, which was almost invariably good in their best neighbourhood. If anything is to be said about *want* of sport, it would be expressed in an opinion that, in spite of all teaching, the Gorgodden (?) pack is scarcely worthy of its master. The Welshmen doubtless hunt well, but natural history would not appear to have been considered a necessary branch of education among their native hills.

The Atherstone domain, again, is not made the most of; for all the fine tract about Frowlesworth, Ashby Parva, and beyond Ullesthorpe, is totally wasted for want of a covert.

The North Warwickshire are hunted by a former pupil of the Atherstone master; and good credit he does to his education, for the Rugby men say that they saw more sport with these hounds than any other pack—except Mr. Angerstein's stag-hounds, which they held by in preference to all the fox-hounds, on the plea that they were always sure of a gallop, and could come home when they had had it. When the latter first started, it was said that stag-hunting would never prosper in a country where the more accepted sport was to be had every day of the week, and that the farmers would resist the innovation. But, on the contrary, the farmers seem to have taken it up more keenly than any other class; and men who enjoy going quick over a country gradually dropped in from all sides. Mr. Angerstein began properly by getting the best hounds and the best deer he could from Sir Clifford Constable's and the Queen's. The pack were frequently blooded, consequently ran with double keenness; and he had some extraordinary fast and straight runs. In short, any one who knows how stag-hounds can run, and knows also what Leicestershire is like, can imagine what killing work a fifty minutes without a check and all over grass must be.

But to return to the North Warwickshire; Tom Firr has a great deal of the patience and perseverance of his old master; and his riding was above the common when he was with the Pytchley. It is no little criterion of the latter quality, that every horse appears to go lightly in his hands, and there are no difficulties between them when he has other work to attend to. The Hil-morton country is as nice as one could wish to ride over; and the double run from Bunker's Hill to Shuckborough has already been so flamed abroad I need make no further allusion to it. Of the bold men of Warwick I confess I know little; so will not hazard an opinion about individual merit—having already spoken of those who chiefly make up the field on the borderside, viz., Rugby proper and its offshoots in the Pytchley empire. Leamington may produce something very good; but show me the man!

Taking a jump back to the other side of Leicestershire, we will finish up with the Cottesmore, space compelling me to be even more concise than with the last three packs. What can I say in fewest

words? Well, first, hounds; second, horses; third, country; fourth, huntsman. The first are very big and powerful, and, it might be added, very fat; but they hunt beautifully, stick unflinchingly to their work, and are well under Jack West's command. The second are well—but not worth quite 200 guineas apiece, though the big black horse that the first whip rides is of a sort not to be seen every day. The huntsman rides a grey, though, which is as fine a jumper on hard ground as many top-priced ones are on a tan ride. The third (the country) is a sweet grass tract, where it runs up to Melton to the left of Ranksborough; Burton Flat, where the Grand National Hunt was once run, being a charming piece of galloping ground. From Berry Gorse or Stapleford Park to Ranksborough they went last season with the certainty of carrier pigeons—as fine a line as could be wished; and Stapleford Park had also some foxes, who kept the ball rolling in other directions. The fourth (the huntsman) is as quiet as a mouse with his hounds (perhaps *too* quiet in covert), can do what he likes with them, but never lifts them if he can help it, and pays no heed whatever to halloas. To him, chiefly, is due the reputation the 'Barleythorpe' enjoy of being the most hunting pack within reach of Melton. The Quorn men seem to do nearly all the riding at the outside meets, though there are several of the home members, such as the Messrs. Finch, Mr. Heathcote, &c., who don't let them have it all their own way.

The Duke of Grafton has been altogether weaning away the affections of the Weedon people from other attractions. Though his country is inferior to that on the other side, they give great accounts of his hounds, and speak of Beers as if he were the genius of the age.

THE STICKLEBACK PAPERS.

'Think naught a trifle, though it small appear:
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.'

I WAS seated in my library in Surrey upon an afternoon of the last December, 1870, having thought, as the weather was foggy and cheerless, that I would commence the dead colouring of a grand metaphorical picture of 'Procrastination waiting upon Time,' or make a dash at that meditated literary work I have had so long in contemplation, of 'The Analogy of Sport' (in five-and-twenty volumes), determining to prefer ink to oil, had just commenced scribbling the fact that I had been urged to undertake the task before me through 'the persuasion of friends,' and had got as far as 'Labour 'of Love,' when a servant entered with a telegraphic message, announcing that the boy of wires waited a reply.

It was from my friend and school-fellow, the Rev. Neil Thornton, and it ran, 'I'm alone,' and there stopped.

Primby Vicarage, from which Neil Thornton dated, was a long way off—some miles from Yarmouth, and an awkward drive or

ride from thence,—and to be prompt I must moreover travel at night; but, 'I'm alone' pleaded more than the longest letter; so, seizing a telegram paper, I scrawled, 'I'll come.'

At 4.25, P.M., I was nestled up in the corner of a coupé, with my limbs stretched out and well tucked in by the attentive super at the Bishopsgate station, and giving my mind to profound reflection, I of course fell asleep. No adventure whatever befel me until I arrived at the ticket platform, when, upon my legs being pulled by the man, I became conscious that I had not been alone during part of my journey at least, for an elderly lady occupied the other corner, and appeared to vie with me in the number of her rugs and wrappers. But of this companion more anon.

'The Doctor—the Rev. Mr. Thornton—is waiting for you on the platform,' said the ticket-collector, who had known me before; and at the station I found my excellent friend, who welcomed me heartily.

'But where is your rod?' inquired the Doctor, so accustomed was he to associate me with fishing-tackle. I told him I had left it behind for fear of being tempted, as I had but a few days to spare, being due in Wiltshire during the Christmas week. But I did not tell him I had sent my fishing gear into that county before, as a talisman that should insure my keeping a previous appointment with some regular 'Jack' the Giant Killers upon the crisp and dashing Avon.

'Never mind,' said Thornton, 'there is plenty of angling paraphernalia at the Vicarage, which you may consider your own, for I feel assured it would be as difficult to keep you from the water as my cousin Bob out of the saddle, or myself from the gun. You will have to walk to the inn where I have left my trap, and the porter will bring on your portmanteau.'

As we strolled down to the inn-yard, I inquired after all the horses and dogs by name, and then honoured the bipeds with a few questions concerning their present health and locality. I should see Ranger—a Russian setter, and a great favourite of mine,—at the stables, as she scarcely ever left the nag, no inducement short of the gun being able to entice her away from the horse, with whom she slept and rarely parted company. It was market-day in Yarmouth, and the inn-yard was full of strangers, all calling for their respective vehicles; and the old ostler, although he had two additional helpers, had enough to do. Thornton's trap was soon ready, and we mounted, when, no dog being in sight, her master gave a shrill whistle, and Ranger appeared, and off we drove. What could have happened to the dog? Instead of running alongside the dog-cart in a quiet, sober manner, she dashed wildly up at the horse's head, getting almost under its feet, and, making the animal rear, it became a matter of difficulty to drive.

'Most strange conduct,' observed Thornton; 'I never knew the dog to do so before.' And while saying so, the dog turned tail and ran back to the stables.

'She must have made some new acquaintance,' said Thornton, while returning to the inn, from whence the dog was again called. He very reluctantly ran with us for a few minutes, and then gave us the slip a second time. I suggested that we should take him up into the cart and place him between us; and this arranged, we proceeded to make the dog captive, when the head ostler shouted out, 'Darn that lubberly Jukes! he be putt 't Doctor's harness and 't' wrong horse!'

This was literally the fact. The dog detected the mistake, and the master did not.

This *contre-temps* led us into a conversation respecting the instinct of dogs and horses; when Thornton told me that a meadow near Caister, which we were then passing, was the grazing-ground of Topsy, a pony belonging to Dr. Vores. This pony is about twelve hands, and a great favourite of his children, who are first-rate equestrians, and for many years have, upon his back, followed the East Norfolk harriers whenever they met in the county near the old town. Topsy, who had for some months been turned out in this meadow, a short time since suddenly rushed into the old stables with every mark of delight. It appears there was a meeting of the hounds, and that when they passed in full cry near Topsy's quarters, she rushed at and jumped a very high gate, and during the rest of the run enjoyed herself amazingly, being well up with the best of the riders; and after the finish, started off for her old home in Bloater Land. Mr. Overend—a kind-hearted and worthy fellow in the market-place, Yarmouth—has a small but beautiful collection of rare birds, mostly shot near Breydon Water, and well worth a visit. Also a magnificent water-dog of the true breed, more than fourteen years old. Mr. Overend has his papers of a newsagent in the Market Row; and as regular as the hour comes round, off starts the canine footman for them; and on Saturdays an extra trip for 'The Field,' which for fourteen years he has fetched for his master. Dr. Norman, of Collingwood House, in the same town, and a well-known disciple of old Isaac, has a favourite spaniel over thirteen years old, who occasionally accompanies him in his rounds. Old Flo is very fond of sugar, but has a mortal antipathy for the feline tribe, and it was really wonderful to see, when visiting in a long range of houses exactly resembling each other, how she would rush up the door of No. 4 for her accustomed saccharine treat, whereas No. 18 (Miss Pussy's abode) had the widest berth she could give it. Old Flo for many years has gone with the Doctor to the Hospital Committee Meetings, on Thursdays at twelve, and well she knows the day and hour, and, if possible, will always attend as *locum tenens* when her master is absent.

I have had dogs upon several occasions attach themselves to me in a remarkable manner, although a perfect stranger to them. Major Scott, then living on the Frith of Forth, challenged me to lure a favourite dog of his away from him, he promising not to use any inducement to prevent the dog going with me. That dog not only

followed me, but remained out on the rocks all day long, with his head nearly all the time under my left arm while I sketched, and he seemed to regard my employment with some interest. A dog of Mrs. Groom's, the landlady of the 'Eel's Foot,' the angling house on Ormsby Broad, was never known, for very many years, to leave the house unless it was with his mistress. Yet he took so strange a liking at first sight to me, that he left the house previous to my taking my departure, and I found him waiting me at the top of the lane, when no action or threat of mine could prevail upon him to return, but he cunningly kept before me for nearly two miles, when, as if certain I would not take the pains to walk back, he came boldly and licked my hand. There was then nothing for it but to state here and there on the road that the animal was in my keeping, and that he should be returned upon the first opportunity. The poor old fellow lived in good fellowship with me, at my rooms on the Beach at Yarmouth, until the following Saturday, upon which day Mrs. Groom attended market with butter, &c. It will scarcely be credited that, though that dog had gone into the market-place every day previously during the week, he could not be prevailed to enter the place on this Saturday, but performed the most artful and beseeching movements to beguile me in a different direction. I had therefore to tie a pocket-handkerchief round his neck, and partly drag him to the stall of his mistress, the poor brute crying piteously the whole of the way. Here he had to be fastened to the leg of a chair; and when he saw all further resistance was of no avail, he gave me a look of reproach I could not fail to interpret, and turning sullen, refused by the merest dumb-show to wish me good-bye.

'I have some strange stories to tell you,' said the Doctor, 'in reference to the Fens of Norfolk, and not the less so because they are true. But of dogs I may as well give you one whilst I think of it. Of course you are aware we are very often called in when dissolution is inevitable, to give what comfort we can afford to the passing soul. An old Fenman who had always borne a good character in the district, and who lived by fishing and the destruction of wild fowl, considering himself on the point of death, sent for me, and I found him labouring under great mental agony. I was therefore prepared to hear a long confession of sins unatoned; but they all resolved themselves into one overpowering act which seemed to weigh the poor fellow down as under the extremest torture. He acknowledged he had been a great poacher in his time, and that the pheasant-preserves for miles round, wherever they were accessible by water, paid a yearly and heavy toll to his craft. There was one cover, however, in which a dog was kept near the cottage of a watcher, and this dog, of a mongrel breed between the hound and spaniel, although it was on the best of terms with him by daylight, would always give tongue when he heard his paddle, although a quarter of a mile off. Under this canine guardianship the wood was admirably protected, and game became most abundant, perhaps partly from the fact that the intru-

'sion upon other covers drove the share of the latter to this sanctuary. He made every endeavour to ingratiate himself in the dog's good opinion; but love and hate—or, rather, indifference and hostility—were literally separated, as light and darkness. What was to be done? He brooded over the difficulty for some time, and then determined that the dog should die. But how? He would let it loose in the daytime, coax it into his punt, and drown it. There was little difficulty to do this; and one morning he unfastened the animal's collar, and, after a very little persuasion, the dog followed down to the water's edge, and being shown the gun, willingly jumped into the boat. The man now pulled away with his victim for a long and thick forest of reeds, and a water-hen getting up, he shot it; and with the echo of the report and the fall of the bird, the dog was on its way to fetch the feathers. "Good dog!" exclaimed the treacherous fellow; "Good dog!" and as he reached over the boat-side he took the bird from the faithful creature's mouth with the one hand, and seizing the back of its neck with the other, forced its head under water with the object of suffocating it. The dog, however, in its struggles got away from the grasp, and made repeated attempts to climb up the side of the boat, but each time was struck and thrust back by the poacher, who, more effectually to despatch the drowning brute, stood up and, taking the paddle, attempted to keep its head below the surface. Nothing could be more effective than this plan, if persevered in; but in one of his efforts the blade of the paddle, forced by all the energy the man was capable of, slipped off the creature's coat, and over went his would-be destroyer. Strange to say, although born and bred upon the water, this man—like numbers more around us—could not swim, and, after floundering about for a while, sunk the third time while uttering a piteous cry for help; and all he remembered of the occurrence was finding himself upon some sacks before a large wood fire in the cottage of the dog's master, the latter having been employed for hours in the endeavour to restore him to life. His cry had been heard, and the dog he would have foully murdered had held him up until assistance arrived. He told me he never poached afterwards, but confined himself to the legitimate exercise of his nets and his gun among the wild-fowl. He begged the dog of the watcher, who, knowing nothing of the black side of the affair, treated the matter as a request purely prompted by gratitude—as doubtless it was;—and the dog not bearing malice, attached itself to the man whose life he had saved, and never by the slightest expression reminded him of his treachery, or the obligations his new employer was under to him.

'That man and dog are still living on the marshes: the man having relieved his mind of this all-engrossing secret, he recovered from that moment. But——'

'But what?' I inquired.

'You will not say anything about the mistake of the horse: I should get frightfully chaffed about it. You see, the harness was

‘really the correct thing; and finding that and the reins all right, and I, being very short-sighted, I——’

‘Yes; yes,’ I replied. ‘Not a word from me, unless you tell it, which I am inclined to believe you will do, and then I may, I suppose, join with you in your laugh against yourself?’

‘I agree with you—the joke is too good a one to keep. How about your fishing? What have you been doing since I last saw you?’

‘Little fishing to speak of. A few salmon; more pike; and hundreds of miles of pleasure while riding my favourite hobby—that of rambling by rivers, until darkness or fog brings one to the most likely shelter for the night, and then on again with early dawn.’

‘I heard something of a most extraordinary piece of piscatorial clair-voisance—if I may coin a word—in which you were the performer; and its having been carried out before many witnesses, I presume must be accepted as truth, marvellous as are the facts: I allude to your declared intention to take three pikes, of three separate and distinct sizes and weights, and of your doing it: let’s have your version of it.’

‘Cheerfully—and I am too glad to give you the particulars, as I have had the questionable pleasure of hearing the details of this adventure related in half-a-dozen different ways, and attributed by strangers to half-a-dozen different persons, none of which being the true version, nor mention made of your humble servant. However, I must premise, as a sort of confession, that the whole was an audacious “fluke,” carried out by the most consummate impudence, or quiet affectation of wondrous powers of foresight and a knowledge of the inhabitants of the waters, be they seas, rivers, lakes, or canals. But to my story. Mr. William Eglinton, of Surbiton, and Mr. Wright, the well-known Aldersgate distiller, are two sworn friends, and during the season I allude to, and for some years previously, the former rented the shooting near Byfleet, of Lord Lovelace, and the latter, the district upon the opposite side of the river Wey, of Mr. Locke King. Thus the Wey separating the two manors, the fishing, by agreement, became common to both lessees. I was engaged to dine at a friend’s in this neighbourhood, when I heard that two carriages had passed through Byfleet, freighted with the above gentlemen and their friends, upon an angling picnic excursion. Having an hour or so to spare, I walked over the common to the river, and there found some eight or ten gentlemen, with two of the keepers, and tackle and cans of bait ready to commence operations. Upon my arrival, I was heartily welcomed, and urged to take a rod and try my skill. This of course I declined, as being togged in the very reverse from that of a fishing suit, and dress-booted, it would have been the height of folly not to have refused the proffered means of sport. Still some of the party persevered, declared they would like to see me take a fish, and somewhat jeeringly added, they had heard I

‘ could whistle a pike out of the water and make it follow me across
‘ a turnip field. The cue thus given to badinage, one of the
‘ keepers had the impudence to repeat a remark that I had once
‘ made about this water ; that it was much poached, and that a jack
‘ above six pounds had not been taken out of it for years ; he added,
‘ perhaps the big ones were only waiting for me.

‘ “ Perhaps so,” I quietly remarked ; “ and as I am in full fig,
‘ “ they may be less loth to receive me. Give me a rod,” I added ;
‘ with a slight touch of annoyance at the persistence of the party,
‘ and I put on a dead gudgeon gorge-hook, seized my tackle, and
‘ leapt over the style into the next meadow. Here my better feelings
‘ got the ascendant, and I laughingly called out, “ I’m off for the
‘ “ preserves ; what sized pike would you like ? ” — “ Oh,” was the
‘ jocular reply of one of the party, “ anything above 12 lb. ” —
‘ “ Why,” I rejoined, “ there has been but one of that weight taken
‘ “ out of this water in the memory of man. ” — “ That may be,”
‘ remarked another ; “ the very reason why so great an angler
‘ “ should kill one. ” — “ A good and sufficient reason, gentlemen,”
‘ I rejoined ; “ and you may rely upon my presenting you with a
‘ “ fish within the hour which shall justify your compliment. ”

‘ Thus off I trudged, with a something within that curiously
‘ assured me I was going to do, if not the impossible, at least the im-
‘ probable. I knew a spot three fields above, just beyond a picturesque
‘ wooden bridge, underneath an oak-tree that stretched its
‘ branches across the stream, and had its roots in a most treacherous
‘ and perpendicular bank of at least eight feet from the water—that
‘ there, in a deep hole, made by a shoulder-eddy of the stream, a
‘ pike must lie, if anywhere. I had often tried to get at this likely
‘ place from the opposite side, but the set of the current and the
‘ entanglement of brushwood, &c., rendered the cast of a dead bait
‘ extremely difficult ; not but what the lure would reach its deeps,
‘ but, from the peculiarity of the place, it was washed out of the
‘ eddy almost as soon as in, on to a shallow and oily scour, upon
‘ which no jack of any size would venture. It was, therefore, only
‘ to be properly fished from under this oak, and this oak again being
‘ surrounded with a deep hedge of blackthorn reaching down to the
‘ water’s surface, rendered the bank itself the last place an angler
‘ would select for a cast ; for should he be fortunate enough to get a
‘ run, and ultimately make his fish captive, how was he to get him
‘ out through such a barrier of the toughest of tough quickset ?
‘ Never mind, thought I, it’s worth the attempt. It was obvious
‘ that no one had for years fished the hole, and therefore the greater
‘ the chance for me at least of laying hold of if I did not ultimately
‘ secure a good fish. Thus assured, I noiselessly cut away as much
‘ of the intercepting wood that came between me and the water as
‘ I could, and thinking no more of my japanned boots, I held on by
‘ a branch of the friendly oak above my head, stuck my heels into
‘ the yielding bank, and pounded away until I had beaten down my
‘ stand-point some feet nearer the water. This was more than a
‘ ticklish process, and had to be done with no little discretion. I r

‘ the first place, I did not wish any of the bank to glide into the
‘ water, and thus alarm its in-dwellers. It therefore had to be done
‘ somewhat slowly, and thus each inch of descent made the small
‘ stand-point the firmer. Still I would not let go of the branch,
‘ as it offered the only security for escape should the bank give way
‘ under me, in which event I should have had the chance of going
‘ sheer, feet foremost, into full twelve feet of water, and returning by
‘ the way of the opposite bank, from my enforced bath to my friends
‘ in a condition which would have fully justified their merriment at
‘ the result of my braggadocio. Now then for my cast. All is clear
‘ regarding the line—no, here it is, over a button and under my left
‘ toe. So—so—take care of that twig that has caught the weeds on
‘ their passage down stream, and recollect you have but one arm at
‘ liberty. Swing—swing—gently does it—whish—the arm of that
‘ beech has caught the bait, and there it dangles, just over the
‘ corner of the deepest part of the pool, and the very place where
‘ the stream cuts the quiet water, the exact lurking home the
‘ monster would select—if there is a monster here—to hide like a
‘ water-brigand, and rush out upon the helpless passer-by. “Shake
‘ “the line gently,” I whispered to myself, for I fancied I saw a
‘ huge object rise slowly underneath the branch and glare with
‘ hungry eyes at the strange fruit it saw upon that tree. Shake
‘ gently; remember your own picture. “Persuasion is better than
‘ “force,” but with one hand to gather up the line, this was no
‘ easy task, but my mouth, upon that occasion, served me in some
‘ stead. Shake gently—there, the weight of the bait has carried it
‘ down to within an inch of the water’s surface, but has not released
‘ the line from off the branch. See! there is that form again. I can-
‘ not be deceived this time. What a brute! will he spring out of
‘ the water and take it like a trout or chub? No, after swimming
‘ about awhile with his “eye of mischief” upon the tempting morsel,
‘ he sinks again. I draw up the bait slightly, and letting it go again,
‘ suddenly it shoots down into the depths and out of sight. What a
‘ lurch from beneath! the twig over which the line was hanging is
‘ pulled forcibly into the water, the line is free, and whirr goes my
‘ reel. I have him; but has he felt the hook, and if so, will he
‘ leave me? The first shock had made me forget my hold upon the
‘ branch above me, and habit brought both hands into play as the
‘ bough flew back into its place far out of my reach. Here then
‘ was I standing upon but a few inches of soil, not daring to lean
‘ back, or I should have forced the earth forward and destroyed my
‘ foothold, and in a position which, even if I secured my fish, would
‘ scarcely permit of my turning round to clamber as best I might up
‘ the cliff-like bank on to what was really terra-firma. My mind
‘ was, however, made up. If necessary, I would plunge into the
‘ pool and fight the leviathan in his own element. There was,
‘ however, no occasion for this, the lazy fellow behaved with exem-
‘ plary propriety, for when the time came that I should strike him,
‘ although he made most strenuous and game efforts to rid himself
‘ of the curb and rein when I had done so, I had no great difficulty

‘ in keeping him in check, and he did not attempt to quit the pool, or perhaps all might have been over—including myself. Presently he showed signs of fag, and his struggles becoming less and less vigorous, and at more frequent intervals, I bethought me of how to land him. I had no gaff, no landing-net, but I had an excellent knife, and with this, whenever the fish rested or merely swam round and about a certain safe distance, I cut a goodly branch of the blackthorn, and removing all but one crook at the end, coaxing my prey within reach, while my foot sought a yet lower hold upon a root jutting from the bank, I contrived to get my extemporised gaff under one of his death-gasping gills, and scrambled—I cannot recollect how—all excitement with my prey up that bank, which before appeared almost to defy the dashing energies of the leader of a storming-party to surmount. What a pretty condition I then presented for the dinner-table: face and hands scratched and bleeding, white waistcoat covered with marl, my clothes with the slime and blood of my victim! But all the dinners in the world were not equal to the banquet I had just risen from upon that bank.

‘ But stay, there is another ordeal to go through; but that ordeal takes the shape of a triumph. Giving the pike the *coup de grâce* with the butt of the rod, I picked him up by the eyes with my finger and thumb, and with his tail sweeping the ground I marched back, with apparently the greatest indifference—the hypocrite!—to the group, which I found at luncheon; and throwing the fish amongst the astonished coterie, said, in allusion to the state of my attire, “There’s the fish, gentlemen, as I promised; but next time you wish any dirty work to be done, be good enough to do it for yourselves.”

‘ I then sat down on the bait-can; and philosophically dreaming “A bird in the hand,” &c., and that as my “get-up” was spoiled I might as well spoil the dinner for which it was intended as well, I most cruelly took my revenge out of a perigord-pie and some of the best Moët I recollect drinking in the open air.

‘ But my labours, like those of Hercules, were not complete. A savage west-end goldsmith of the party hazarded a doubt respecting the manner in which this fish was taken, and, although very slightly, implied that all marvel at the achievement would cease if it were supposed for a moment that for the fun of the thing,—as merely an episode of the day,—a little entertainment for the company, a fish had been netted, or sent from elsewhere, for he urged,—see, the fish, although not caught long, is dead—dead as a herring.

‘ “That I grant,” said I, at length, for I had been listening quietly to all this; “but, dead as it is, you dare not put your finger in its open jaws.”

‘ No sooner said than done. The luckless goldsmith uttered a yell, sprang to his feet, and was for half an hour employed in sucking a lacerated finger.

‘ Delighted at the result of my challenge, and emboldened by the Dutch liquid courage of Moët, and just a thimbleful of Marascino,

‘ I told the wounded sceptic that I would take him, and any one of the party as an extra witness, either up or down the river, and catch a pike, the weight of which I would name, out of one spot only, or forfeit a donation to the County Hospital, he, on the other hand, paying for a messenger to carry a note of apology for my absence from my friend’s mahogany. This was accepted, and off we started, and during the walk I more than once thought that I had now regularly compromised myself. “ But never despair!—here goes !” I mentally exclaimed, as I came to the stump of an old tree lying in mid-stream a little below the bridge I have before mentioned. Here is for a four-pounder—I cannot afford a larger one ; well, say two or three ounces more for make-weight. A fish exactly four pounds and a quarter was grassed in less than five minutes, having got a run at the first cast. Here, you will say, I ought to have left off. I did no such thing, but, turning round to the youngster who accompanied us, I remarked, “ This sort of thing is easily explained, and as readily discovered, if you watch closely. Now look : I put on a fresh bait, and try just in here ” (about fifty yards higher up, and in shallow water). “ You will see, as my bait is brought down out of that swift water—see—into the more quiet part of the stream, that it will be taken by a jack, but this time not more than two pounds. There, he has got it. Hold the rod, give him time, and land him yourself. “ I never trouble myself with trifles.”

‘ The fish did weigh within an ounce of two pounds. Now how to account for this succession of flukes I know not, but I purposely mention the names of the two principal gentlemen who were present, and, who, I am sure, would cheerfully corroborate these facts. But here we are at the Vicarage.’

‘ What is the meaning of this ?’ cried the Doctor, as we came opposite his house. ‘ Why every bedroom, indeed every room in the Vicarage, is lighted up, and I left but the servants at home.’

‘ Yes, sir,’ said old Timms, the groom, who heard the observation as he met us to open the lodge gate, ‘ Mr. Harry Coswold be here wi’ two friends ; three guns and his dogs is come ; and your nevee, Mr. Robert Fortesque, ’as put up his hunter ; and the two Master Scotts has brought their ferrets over for a day’s rabbiting to-morrow ; and Joe Barnard, the earth-stopper, be here in t’ kitchen, and wants a shake-down ; and——’

‘ There, there,’ exclaimed the Doctor, perfectly bewildered ; and, turning to me, ‘ I told you I was alone.’

‘ ——And,’ shouted the old groom after his master, as we entered the porch, ‘ Sir Thomas Seedy’s in t’ billiard-room, a playing pool with——’

The hall door closed, and I heard no more of old Timms’ voice that night ; but from the Doctor a muttering proceeded which I should be sorry to attempt to translate, as it sounded very unlike those expressions of Christian resignation I had often heard him utter from the pulpit in the pretty church from which we were only divided by a sweetbriar hedge.

PUSSY.

www.libtoco By A. H. T.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THEY called her Pussy. When I say *they*, I mean they merely followed Pussy's lead, for as soon as she could articulate—somewhat indistinctly, by reason of a continual presence of her thumb in her mouth—a process scarcely conducive to clear elocution—she demanded the moon and other equally impossible celestial bodies to play with, by the imperative though somewhat incomprehensible mandate of 'Puthie wanth;' and as even Lord Rosse's monster telescope can scarcely bring the moon sufficiently near to this our terrestrial globe for any practicable game of play, 'Puthie' had to want; and 'Puthie' was wont to indulge in what we may term a most horrible infantile hullabaloo.

No one knows what put it into Pussy's head to call herself by that nickname. Whether it was a precocious sense of the gross injustice of her godfathers and godmothers in dooming her to answer for the rest of her life to the scarcely euphonious and somewhat culinary name of Mary Anne, without previously consulting her on the subject, or whether she fell into a species of insanity enjoyed by Tomkins, who cannot become the happiest of Tomkinsons without designating his idol for the first year or two by the aforesaid feline term of endearment, must ever remain a mystery.

Pussy's father was a mighty judge in India; from thence had Pussy, at an early age, been forwarded as an integral part of a valuable cargo of indigo and other products of the East, to England, to be duly instructed in the use of the globes, and in strange tongues, so as to enable her to flirt with foreign counts in years to come, under her unsuspecting husband's very nose.

The Fates had wisely decreed that Pussy and I should alternately trundle our hoops and puzzle our poor little brains together over the same Ollendorf and Colenso, varying these peaceful occupations by occasional differences of opinion, in which our great object was to inflict grievous bodily harm on each other with our slates—all these hostile acts of Pussy's being followed by a war-indemnity of toys, which, if not complied with, like a bloodthirsty young King John, I would enforce by threatening the eyesight of her favourite doll.

Talking of King John, it seems, and always has seemed to me, to be a grave injustice to that monarch to put him down as having been such a fool. I myself confess to having a sort of secret admiration for him, as being the only man I ever heard of who got the better of the Jews.

Pussy having driven us all half wild by the continual practice of her scales and 'The Cottage by the Sea' on the piano, was at length

pronounced fit for exportation to the Coral Strand; and so she and I parted, not in silence, though in tears.

Years and years went by, and I had almost forgotten the very existence of Pussy, when, after just squeezing through my degree at Christ Church, and my father to pay my bills, I was banishing all thoughts of irregular verbs and habits over the grass fields of Leicestershire, when I received a letter from Pussy's father, Sir William Hamilton, asking me to come and stay at his place in ——shire, adding that Pussy wished me particularly to come.

Arguing that Pussy was Pussy, but that hunting was hunting, I meditated sending an excuse, when the following morning, upon looking out of window, I saw to my horror that a black frost had cast its sable pall over all hunting hopes and expectations.

Mournfully I gazed at my tops, standing inviting yet useless by my bedside, and wondered whether Job, had he been a hunting man, could have stood a long frost with his reputed patience, especially had he been for the first time at Melton, with six or eight real good ones and a hack.

Sir William having said in his letter that he should expect me on that very day, if I was disengaged, I left for London just in time to catch the afternoon express from Paddington.

Somehow or other I could only picture to myself Pussy as she was when she and I, standing in a diminutive line as soldiers, with our hands behind our backs, spent the best part of our Sunday afternoons in being instructed in our Catechism and other equally incomprehensible religious tortures; although I had casually met a man just returned from India, who informed me that she was rather plain, and out there gave herself great airs.

'I shall have a nice time of it, I expect; a superannuated old Indian judge, with a liver in a continual state of strike, will be peculiarly conducive to a lively visit.'

Thus musing, and lighting a cigar, I settled myself in a comfortable corner of the railway-carriage.

Scarcely was I in full blaze, when the guard opened the door to admit a young lady. In a twinkling my cigar was out of the window.

I had no right to be smoking in that carriage; but as every smoking compartment contained one or two pipes, and in a shut-up railway-carriage the pipe is simply an abomination to the cigar-smoker, I had squared the guard to hint to elderly gentlemen and ladies, nervous of being locked up with a lunatic, that my manner was not altogether satisfactory; which he improved upon by pointing significantly to his forehead, and solemnly shaking his head. But all the other carriages being full, he was compelled to break his contract.

It struck me that the pretty face opposite was not altogether strange to me—of course I didn't like to be rude, and stare; but many were the secret glances that I took at her over the top of my newspaper.

I must have seen her before. But when?—where?—the more I looked at her, the more perplexed did I become.

Probably at some ball or other—perhaps gone through that melancholy procession usually denominated a quadrille, with her as my *vis-à-vis*; or seen her at the opera: who knows? Coming to this solution of the mystery, I dipped into my paper; but dip was all I could do, for after every few lines, some strange fascination drew my eyes towards my pretty companion—for pretty she was, with large beautiful eyes, and a mouth with such expression about it, that, had I not the fearful example before me of bold, bad men being brought up, from time to time, in the police-courts, I verily believe I must have kissed her there and then, just once, and begging her pardon, taken a header out of window.

Her dress was trimmed, in exquisite taste, with fur; she herself looking like a delightful little dormouse cosily nestled up in the corner of the carriage, while two well-made little boots peeped slyly out from underneath her fur rug.

Her complexion was clear and ruddy, its beauty and fresh bloom being heightened, if possible, by the brisk air of that clear frosty morning; and she brought with her into the carriage that indescribable odour of freshness ever present, as ozone in a thunderstorm, with the sudden entrance into a warm room of a young girl straight from out of doors on a frosty day.

Having a long journey before us, and being doomed to consummate that journey together—for I took a sly peep at her ticket as I held it for her while that irrepressible nuisance the ticket inspector made a senseless snick in it—after some miles had been passed, during which time I had been wondering whether with propriety I could open conversation, and longing to do so, but ‘didn’t like,’ bump—crash—bump—BUMP—and she was jerked violently forwards almost into my arms!

There is an old saying that the difference between an accident in a stagecoach and a railway is, that in the former, ‘There you are,’ but in the latter it is a case of ‘*Where are you?*’ If you turn over with a coach, or come to grief down a steep hill, you know at once what part you have played in the serio-comedy; but you never know when the last scene is over in the railway tragedy. You may get one or two mild bumps, and then, after congratulating yourself on your escape, find the carriage behind playing at leap-frog with yours, and coming in at the roof right on the top of you—or, perhaps, your carriage having got off the line, will tear along taking the sleepers and runners in gallant style, and then gracefully topple over a steep embankment into a river below.

What was the matter? Oh, nothing. We had merely run full tilt into a luggage train;—the old, old story.

For the moment my fellow-traveller lost her self-possession, and clasping my arm, demanded of me, as imperatively as if I were the guard, to tell her what had happened; of which, as I knew considerably less than nothing, I did—informing her that there was nothing what-

ever to be alarmed at; then looking out of window, about a hundred terror-stricken heads met my view, giving to the train the appearance of a gigantic pillory: this was all I could see.

Very little harm done, providentially; but the cruel decree went forth from the ~~the~~ guard that there we must stay until the line was cleared. To be boxed-up in a railway carriage some distance from any station in a dreary cutting, to the reader might be perhaps justly considered anything but a cheerful method of whiling away an hour or two; but let me tell him it just depends upon whom you have the luck to be boxed-up with. I candidly own that on hearing our doom pronounced, my sensation was one of the most pure and supreme satisfaction; and after ten minutes' imprisonment, I would gladly have consented to have been potted, or hermetically sealed up, for the rest of my life with my charming companion, who no sooner than she had recovered from her temporary fright, made herself as agreeable as possible.

'You were smoking when I came in?'

'I was.' Feeling, oh, so guilty.

'I am afraid I disturbed you. I wish you would smoke—indeed

'I do not mind it in the least—I like it. Please do.'

But I wouldn't.

After a while she produced a packet of sandwiches, with which she fed herself and me alternately, I feeling as pleased as a tiny pet dog; willingly would I have gone down on my knees and begged and had bits put on my nose to catch when she clapped her hands together. I hadn't anything to wag with to show my delight. For the first time in my life I wished I had a tail! Then I produced my flask of sherry, and after she had taken a meek little pull at it (we had no glass), I took a long one, and felt that even love in a railway carriage would not be quite so bad after all.

We soon became great friends, and very confidential, as I found she was devoted to hunting; and what a kindly feeling does that freemasonry bring about between strangers as if by magic! She mourned over the frost, the cruel frost, though she was very keen about skating.

'It is so dreadfully dull, too, about us now!' she said. 'The frost has driven every one up to town, and there is positively no one to speak to. We have a large party staying with us now, and scarcely one gentleman amongst them; and I don't know how many young ladies never get a partner at the balls; so I have written for a sort of forlorn hope to come and enliven us; and now I hear he is a dreadful bore!'

'Well, this is a lively prospect for me,' I answered. 'I am going to stay down here with some people I know very little of, to be made a convenience of, I suppose. However, at the first signs of the frost breaking up, I shall get some friend to telegraph, or make my lawyer send for me post haste. I am glad to hear that there is no scarcity of young ladies about, as the one I am doomed to be with is plain from what I hear, and gives herself great airs—I can't

‘conceive what about, for both she and all her belongings are ‘nobodies.’

I found my companion at home on most subjects—operas, plays, the magazines, as well as in literature of the better class, in which she appeared to be unusually well-informed. No—she was sorry she did not like ‘Lothair,’—she ought to, she supposed, but she didn’t; she liked the *Saturday* immensely, and thought the Besieged Resident in the *Daily News* must be ‘the greatest fun.’

She was certainly the most delightful companion; and I grew quite sad as the train, slackening speed, warned me the time had come when I must part with her, in all probability to see her no more.

It was on my tongue a hundred times to ask her where she lived and what her name was; but I feared she would consider my inquisitiveness an impertinence, so I forbore.

Having assisted her out of the carriage, and finding I could be of no further assistance, as a servant was at the station to meet her, reluctantly I took off my hat, and she was gone.

CHAPTER II.

‘It’s a thousand to five that I never do.’

Thus, as getting into a damp musty fly, I ruminated on the chances and probabilities of my ever meeting my late companion again.

Ten miles’ drive before me—roads slippery as eels—late for dinner—old judge in a rage red-hot as his cayenne—Pussy, ordinary-looking young person, tating, or looking over her photographic album filled with people she doesn’t care a straw about, or otherwise insanely amusing herself waiting to hear my ring. I had half a mind to return to town and telegraph that I was in bed with leeches on.

What a lovely girl I had parted from! I felt sure I should be thinking of her all the time that Pussy was chattering to me about herself, or nothing at all—the usual topics of conversation of young ladies.

I don’t suppose ever man arrived at his host’s house in a happier frame of mind. I rang the bell violently, hoping in my heart I had smashed the wire—and I could barely keep my hands off the footman as he idiotically got up, after having fallen in a struggle with my portmanteau on the slippery doorsteps.

After having given the flyman as little as I legally could, and recommended him to take his wretched horse to the nearest kennel, I felt somewhat relieved, and entering the cheerful hall, said,

‘I suppose they have finished dinner by this time?’

‘No, sir; Miss Hamilton has only just come in, in the carriage; ‘dinner will not be till nine o’clock.’

Thank heavens, at all events I was not late; a man looks such an idiot coming into dinner with the cheese; every other male present, if unknown to the delinquent, stares as if he took it as a personal insult.

Wondering, if the old judge dined at nine, at what time he tiffed, I scrambled into my clothes, and on entering the drawing-room found a large party assembled there.

Sir William Hamilton came forward, giving me a most hearty welcome.

A fresh, jolly-looking, genial man, with the all but obsolete courtesy of the past generation in everything he said or did. A healthy-looking English country gentleman, whom no brother judge would have believed on oath to have spent a year in India. Hang a man? not he. I believe he let every blessed prisoner off in India, if he possibly could, and that was the reason why they packed him off home.

I was charmed with him. Glad surprise this, very.

'We are unavoidably late to-night,' he said; 'we usually dine at half-past seven, but—here comes Pussy. Pussy, do you know who this is?' He took me by the hand and led me towards the door; she was at the moment engaged in speaking to a lady. Her back was turned towards me.

A faultless figure anyhow.

Then she turned, and we both stepped forward to shake hands; then both simultaneously stopping, we gazed at each other in speechless and utter astonishment; while every eye was upon us.

She blushed deeply—considerably redder than the very reddest rose was she—then with a wild joy I found my hand being warmly pressed by my late companion in the railway train. I could not believe my senses; I should have been infinitely less surprised had I been paid what I am owed on the Turf by my friends. However, there she was; it was all right—her number was up, so to speak. Never before in my life did I experience such an indescribable feeling of contentment, as when her hand lightly pressed my arm as we walked in together to dinner.

Of course our little adventure created no little fun and laughter during dinner time.

'Did you talk to each other?' asked Sir William.

'Not till after the accident; but I expected him to begin every moment before, only I could see he was shy,' answered Pussy.

'What fun it would have been had you by any chance talked about each other!' remarked a lady.

I looked imploringly at Pussy, whose eyes were beaming again with secret merriment, not to say anything about the being 'nobodies.'

She understood me, I saw; yet she purposely kept me in an agony of suspense throughout the whole dinner-time.

'I don't think you will find I give myself very many airs,' she whispered, laughing; then she continued, seriously, 'I am so glad to find you so—I mean—to tell you the truth, I thought you would be, oh, quite different—you are just what I hoped you might be.'

She looked at me kindly with her truthful eyes, and I lunged to

tell her what an impression she had made upon me when I little knew who she was.

‘And you, Pussy——’

She had risen to leave with the other ladies.

The following morning after breakfast, Pussy appeared, got up for walking, according to promise, in the library, ready to conduct me to inspect the horses and place.

‘I wonder we did not recognise each other yesterday,’ she began; ‘you’re not much changed, now I come to look at you; only grown ‘yards.’

‘I don’t see well how I was to recognise you after the description I gave you yesterday of yourself.’

‘Do you think I am much changed then?’

‘Miss Hamilton——’

‘I was Pussy last night.’

‘Perhaps that was the champagne. Well, I am glad you don’t mind me calling you Pussy. You are wonderfully altered then, Pussy, you have grown so pret—pret—pretty.’ Between each attempt to utter the last word, she was evidently trying to make me swallow her sealskin muff. ‘I don’t care; I never saw anybody ‘half so pretty to my mind in my life.’

She ran on a few yards with her hands up to her ears, then facing me, shook her head, as if she could not hear a word.

I was then introduced to a capital lot of hunters, three out of which were told off to the agreeable task—at least, so I thought—of carrying Pussy pretty straight, and well up too. We then proceeded to the lake to skate. No Hindoo has a greater horror of ice than I have—I hate it; and whenever I endeavour to skate, I invariably strike it savagely with either my head or funny bones every other minute. And as to sliding, with the exception now and then of an involuntary short spasmodic go on a stray bit of orange-peel on the pavement, I never slid in my life.

However, I would cheerfully have gone up in a balloon with Pussy.

‘There are several pairs of skates down at the lake,’ said Pussy; ‘but I fear they are rather primitive in make; no use at all for ‘cutting figures or skating backwards.’

Now, as a rule, my most frantic efforts to go full speed ahead had hitherto resulted in a retrograde movement; so I nourished secret hopes that these skates might happily lead to a different result.

‘Oh, any pair will do for me. I am such a shocking muff; it is as much as I can do to keep in a perpendicular position,’ I answered, as we reached the boathouse.

Putting on one’s own shakes is an operation attended with much difficulty and discomfort; the heel to be pierced will never submit patiently unless you sit upon it, or make it a prisoner; but to put on anybody else’s skates is a horrible trial. To begin with, the boots are bound to be dirty, and your fingers cold and all thumbs; and

you probably have to kneel on something damp; yet I felt a pang of regret when Pussy's last strap was fastened. Kneeling down before her on one knee, with her pretty little foot on the other, I commenced carefully drilling a hole in the heel of her boot, not without a horrible misgiving that I should send the gimlet in too far, and give her lock-jaw on the spot. After having watched her glide gracefully away, I put on my own skates, and shuffled after her, like a Polar bear, returning home from a festive seal's, too far gone to recognise his own iceberg.

So day after day passed by, until, by the end of the week, I could skate very fairly. One morning I went down to the lake a little before Pussy, in order to practise the outside edge unseen; when, forgetting that the ice under the trees was unsafe, in I went, and down into deep water, fortunately coming up into the hole I had made. By the aid of some branches, I scrambled on to a large bough of a tree, and clambering along it, reached the bank in safety. Then, having taken off my skates and put them by in the boathouse, I ran up by a short cut through a wood to the house. During my immersion, I had lost my hat, and being dripping wet and looking very wild, I ran up to my room by the back stairs, and after having changed my clothes, walked down to the lake again. What was my horror and dismay to see people rushing about frantically with ropes and ladders in all directions, and breaking the ice all round the boathouse, also in the very spot where I myself had so narrowly escaped!

Seeing a rustic, with a head like a turnip, standing looking on in open-mouthed astonishment, I hurriedly asked him what was the matter.

'They doo say one o' young ladies or summat's under ice, by 'yon tree, and canna git out agin.'

'Give it me!—you ——' I forget what I called the drivelling idiot, as I snatched the axe out of his hand, and ran for dear life to the hole. Never did backwoodsman wield axe more vigorously than did I that day; for full five minutes did I hack and hew and splinter the ice in all directions; then screaming for a rope, in order that I might dive under the ice, I was taking off my coat and waistcoat, when some one held up a hat that had been recovered from under the ice. There was a low murmur of sympathy and horror—a peculiar piteous kind of groan that some readers may have possibly heard when a dead man's body is fished up from its impromptu resting-place. But far above this groan was heard a piercing scream; and looking round, I saw Pussy before me.

She ran into my arms and fainted. I laid her gently down on the blankets that, together with brandy, had been procured from the house; a small quantity of the latter speedily revived her.

Then it was, and then only, that they saw the drowned man in flesh and blood before them; so excited and engaged had they all been, that I in their very midst had been insanely looking for myself in the ice, and actually giving them orders in every direction.

When Pussy arrived at the lake, after calling and vainly searching for me, she was on her way to the boathouse, when the hole in the ice attracted her attention; and on further investigation she discovered, to her horror, something black under the ice. In an instant she jumped to the conclusion that that something black was me.

Running as fast as she could to the home-farm, she quickly returned with assistance and implements to break the ice, sending also on to the house for blankets and brandy.

The shock to her nervous system made her slightly hysterical; so having sent off for her pony-chaise, I supported her with my arm round her waist to the old summer-house close by; and when there, we sat down together side-by-side, I still with my arm round her; then, as she, weak and faint, rested her head on my shoulder, I asked her to give me the right ever thus to shield her from every harm, to comfort her in every sorrow through the world.

She put her arms round my neck, as she had so often done in the old, old days, and kissed me.

A 'HEAD' BEATING.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'How provoking! And that party at the Mills's on Wednesday. Now, *are* you deceiving me, Tom? Mr. Bevan,—the office has nothing to do with this sudden departure?'

'Not an atom.'

'What *can* it be then?'

'My dear Gerty, endeavour to be reasonable—for this once.'

'You ought to know that if I were not rigidly pledged to secrecy you would be the very first in whom I'd confide. Come, darling, do me that justice.'

'I know nothing of the kind, sir; and I'm not your darling!' (emotion). 'But I know why you refuse to tell me the contents of that horrid letter' (sobs). 'Don't trouble to ex—explain. It is from your devoted and—and—atrocious friend Jack Mas—Masters! And for him you would abandon ME!'

Whereupon, without pausing for the rejoinder that might perchance have appeased her charmingly unreasonable wrath, she disappeared in a shower of sobs.

Her conjecture was shrewd. It *was* my erratic friend John Masters Masters, Lieutenant in the Woldshire Militia, who had got me into this awkward dilemma. Now a tiff with one's Own, philosophically viewed in relation to the reconciliation which generally 'follows hard upon 't,' may be almost considered a luxury; but I was in no mood for such luxuries—had no time for enjoying them—just then. Gertrude Clevedon suffered from the family virtue—'temper;' and once off with the bit in her mouth it took the deuce and all to get her in hand again.

The worthy old gentleman to whom I was beholden for a good deal besides a patronymic—the head of the well-known firm of Bevan, Simpson, and Bevan, Solicitors, Bedford Row—‘tired out—right of my rackets sporting ways,’ had latterly been urging me to marry and settle: and, as I was weary of the oft-recurring theme, and had certainly no objections to the *parti* selected, his notions in this important matter had come to perfectly accord with mine. She and I had got through what I may call the first chapter of a longish Christmas ‘vacation,’ at Lofthouse Grange, in the North Riding, right jollily: her ponderous proser of a papa notwithstanding. There had been parties to keep her in condition, and odd days with the Cleveland to give me tone. Yet, loth as I was to put a sudden end to my easy holiday, I could not for a second think of leaving dear old Jack in the lurch.

He was at the Curragh, ‘studying’—the delightfully unsophisticated family gave out—‘hard for promotion.’ In the eyes of John’s father the youngster’s commission was a sternly patriotic fact; but if some of John’s most intimate associates had been requested to give *their* opinions of that amusing slip of parchment, it is not improbable that these would have somewhat differed from the glowing fancies cherished by the wealthiest gentleman-farmer in Wensleydale. Lieutenant Masters himself, let me premise, was, and had been since the days of birch and impositions, ‘A young ‘scamp, sir; an unmitigated young rascal!’ one of the most incorrigible practical jokers that ever disturbed the serenity of a pacific household. The child was decidedly father to the man in his case, whereof let the little difficulty out of which he had begged me to help him bear witness. A muff, named Dawkins, who had been subjected to Masters’s delicate attentions, had straightway ‘reported’ the fact to the Colonel, who, a martinet of the strictest type, had forbidden my friend to leave his quarters, until—— ‘Until,’ wrote he, in one of his serio-comic epistles (not that whose contents had piqued the curiosity of Gertrude, by the way), ‘old Tanks ‘satisfies himself that there is sufficient ground for a court-martial: ‘and he’ll precious soon do that. All owing to a miserable humbug ‘like Dawkins. But it was impossible to resist it, you know, dear boy. ‘Merton (you have met him) and I went round to the molly-coddle’s ‘hut one night after mess, nowise unwilling for a lark: this I ‘admit. He was absent. Unfortunately for the sequel, that did not ‘matter in the least. There was a pair of gloves—white and meek ‘and nice as his own smug self—stretched upon “a tree,” ready for ex- ‘hibition on the morrow’s parade. Well, I polished ‘em—with a rather ‘powerful solution of Day and Martin. That was all, I assure you. ‘Whilst I was “getting up” the raiment it pleased old Merton—who ‘walks a trifle over fifteen stuns, you know,—to recline upon Daw- ‘kins’s couch for the purpose of roaring at his ease. Of course, ‘Mr. D.’s contrivance for wooing kind nature’s sweet restorer came ‘down with a run. Compound fractures in every bone of its ‘ramshackle frame! We were doing our best—or worst—to pick

' up the pieces when, as luck would have it, who should enter but Mr. D. himself! He was so beastly civil and conciliatory, I guessed what was in store for the both of us.

' Naturally we make the best of it, and pretend we don't care; but bad's the best. A fellow can get tired of smoking; I have learnt that; and you can't for ever rapturously admire those clever female novelists at their hanky-panky with the Ten Commandments. Old Merton and I write to each other occasionally—very occasionally; but writing's a bore under these ridiculously aggravating circumstances, and the epistles are brief.

' Major Rowland has behaved like a trump in the affair by giving D. to understand, in the language of Eastern allegory (in such case made and provided by the clearly understood regulations of the service), that the town sacred to Lady Godiva and the watch-making interest must henceforward be considered *his* future quarters so far as Ours is concerned.'

' Now, Tom, you must help me. I want *awfully* to be in London just now. Business of a really urgent character requires my presence there at once; or if not *my* presence, that of somebody on whom I can rely. You are that somebody. For the sake of the dear old times, Tom, don't refuse me. I know it will be hard for you to tear yourself from the society of Miss Blue Eyes; but—old fellow, I won't sermonise: I am sure you will aid me if you can—and *you can*. Write and say whether I may reckon on you right off.'

Fancying I divined the nature of his business ('one of the children of Israel has got hold of him,' said I to myself), I replied at once, and told him I was unconditionally at his service. Conceive my dismay on perusing the following remarkable history and request.

' I expected no less, my dear fellow; only I was afraid that Miss Wilful would stop the way; and as she might even yet prove an obstacle to your success, promise not to divulge a word of the business until it is at an end. Remember. And now for a riddle which I will endeavour to make as clear to your legal mind as I possibly can. Just before I came here I tumbled across a Captain Fitzshyser—you know the fellow; everybody does—at a pigeon handicap, and had a few bets with him. He got the worst of it; but—a circumstance some of the fellows over here are pleased to consider remarkable—he parted. Again I met him, on this occasion in a crowd, at Croydon; and again we "foregathered." We had a lot of wagering, staking each time, until he was broke of his ready cash; so, over the last race but one, we had a deal for a mare of his, a clever little hunter, just up to my weight. I do not mean to say she was quite worth the money she stood for in our transaction, but I preferred her to the gallant Captain's autograph, and certainly to the problematical chance of an interview with him at Knightsbridge on the following Monday. Not (to do him justice) that he suggested either mode of meeting my claim. We began by posting, and—it suited his book that afternoon to go

' square, I suppose—we posted to the end. Wilkinson was with me, and he, liking the mare amazingly, begged the loan of her for a few days with the Hursley, for the purpose of qualifying her for the Hunt Stakes at Basingstoke. I cheerfully acceded to his request, left her with him, and came to Ireland.

' It appears that one day after a buster with the H. H. Wilkinson chanced upon our old friend Fitzshyser, "who happened to be in the neighbourhood"—drawn thither, it may be presumed, by a local pigeon match, for Fitz is not proud. They wined together, and Wilkinson—a frank sort of fellow, and not at all averse to the sound of his own voice—told the Captain that the mare was a moral for the Hunt Stakes, especially if I had the mount. He should like to back her—it was all 2 to 1 on—but it was impossible to make an investment before the day. Well, to make a long story short—fancy!—the Captain accommodated Wilkinson with an even hundred against her, and W. put it down to me! Of course he believes it a good thing, and so do I, all square and above board, but why the deuce should Fitzshyser lay the money? That's what I can't understand.

' I hate to be done, but done I shall be, if I or you, Tom, do not sport silk; for Wilkinson, apparently not content with absenting himself (he left with his mother for Cannes last week), has placed the mare with a fellow at Edgeware, who is notoriously hand and glove with the school "managed" by my opponent—even by Fitzshyser! Now, Tom, when can you tear yourself away from Yorkshire? I impatiently await your reply.'

To write and say it was impossible for me to grant his request would have been to forfeit my word; but I did—having the fear of the elders before my eyes—beseech him to reconsider his request. In reply I received the following, marked 'Immediate:':

' You must ride! M-u-s-r!! I implore you to take a ticket for King's Cross by the very next available express. Pray don't cut up rough, old fellow, and say—what would only be natural—"This 'is cool!" but start. Leave me to condone the outrage on Miss Clevedon's peace of mind—hereafter—when you are turned off. If Jack Masters's present on that day don't purchase his pardon, why hang me—but this is lunacy. Without boring you with details, it is sufficient for me to say that I am yet virtually under arrest, and likely to be for some days to come, although I am not in the least apprehensive of the ultimate result.

' Wilkinson has got me into a nice tangle. Fitzshyser has been peppering the mare all round, and several friends of mine—*particular* friends—have shot him. Bad enough that, "but worse "remains behind!" Mathilde—that's her name—*is gone!* If you can successfully struggle through this abominable scrawl, do.'

The abominable scrawl ran as follows:—

' sur,—You are bein' had as clean as a wissel you fancy i dessay that matilder as wos at Edgwar is theer still, but she aint. She's a Good deal nyer Sent pauls. i sed I'd do it i toll'd Ginger i

' meen Willum Skeet as I'd round on him an' I've rounded. A cove like him as allus got his livin' by buzzin' won't kum it over me for nothin. Fust they desides to send her to Brumley an run her in a Steeple Chas in anuther nam, and then after she dun it at Basinstoke to hobjeck. ~~Then they ses no bets~~ don't allus go with stakes. So another + will hev to be pot on. I don't now wot you means to do, but Mester Wilkinson, him as brote the mare his not in the way and a sertin gallant captng as ded a sharp as ever hokussed a blew Rock or put Jonny Armstrong up is. Crak that nut.

' I'm awake an no fear, and if theer's to be a ramp i must have my bit of silver out of it, only has Ginger an' me as had sum words and I'd like you to kweer his manoevers i jest rite to put you fii.

' Gorge the potman at the Currycomb and Spunge nos wheer to find me, ony don't kum yerself send.

' Hopin this ere finds you arty as it leaves me at present.

' NAPOLEON TOASE.'

' Perhaps, my dear Tom, it would not be prudent for you to show at the haunt of this precious set, but if you would communicate with an old servant of ours,^a a 'cute canny Yorkshireman, who is now in London, the pair of you, aided by Napoleon Toase (!), might nip the conspiracy in the bud. Only play *their* game—don't appeal to the law. Our old fellow's address I enclose—his name is Timothy Swenson (call him 'Tim'), likewise a document authorising you to take possession of Mathilde.'

' No chance of making it up with Gerty after the usual fashion, thought I to myself. Yet, after all, a breeze will do neither of us any harm, and—oh, these women!—my word is pledged. I must be off.

Traps to pack, 'Bradshaw' to consult, a difference with one's future wife to be temporarily healed, a formal leave-taking with one's future father-in-law to be got through: these matters take time.

Behold me, having manfully struggled with the material, and 'scamped' the sentimental obstacles which impeded my departure from Lofthouse Grange, a passenger by the (more or less) fast train which *waits* upon the up express at Darlington, at length fairly on the direct road to King's Cross.

Napoleon Toase and Timothy Swenson have each been bidden to the railway station of that name with a view to a council of war. Captain Fitzshyser, look out!

CRICKET.

THREE good men and true, whose names have long been before the cricketing public, bid adieu to the noble game this season. John Lillywhite, H. H. Stephenson, and E. Willsher are the three; and as benefit matches are the fashion, no retiring players could be better entitled to this substantial mark of public favour. In saying this we

are not to be understood as supporting the system of 'benefits:' on the contrary, we fail to see their necessity or their reasonableness. Professional cricketers are, in proportion to the work they perform and the labour they undergo, the most overpaid class in the community. Their work is not hard, and their proficiency in the game is usually confined to the single department of bowling. Out of the innumerable professionals in England there are not now half-a-dozen really fine batsmen, half-a-dozen first-class wicket-keepers, or a dozen brilliant fields. The demand for bowlers is so great that any number of them, with moderate capacity for the business, can obtain good engagements; and if they can just acquire sufficient batting and fielding to get through the game with decency they trouble themselves no more about their own improvement. In fact, professional bowlers are needed because amateurs are too lazy to practise bowling; and the professionals return the compliment by being a great deal too lazy to trouble about batting or fielding. Thus we repeat that for a very moderate amount of work—and that not seldom done as if a favour was being conferred in the doing of it—professionals receive an amount of pay which, coupled as it often is with presents and perquisites and with an interest in one or more funds established for their especial benefit, ought to enable them to lay by something handsome for a rainy day. We must further bear in mind that the professional cricketer has ample time at his disposal to follow any avocation of his own choosing: in fact, so little is required of them in some cases that we have more than once heard the question seriously propounded whether gentlemen pay their money to procure amusement for themselves or for their professionals. These remarks are not intended to have any personal application to the three retiring cricketers: indeed, they are suggested by the contrast between the free-and-easy assurance of the young professionals of the day and the diligent attention to their duties of those of the old school.

There is little need to dwell on the achievements of John Lillywhite, Willsher, and H. H. Stephenson. Each has done good and long service for his county, as well as, for many a season, in the great matches of the year. John Lillywhite never attained to the first rank as a bowler, though his bowling was excellent practice, being straight, of good length, and with a nice curl from the leg across the wicket. In the field he was very brilliant, especially at cover point, having plenty of dash, and a quick return. His style of batting was free and manly; his square leg-hitting was second to that of George Parr only, and his straight drives and off-hits between cover point and mid-off were very fine. In addition to his other merits John Lillywhite was, and is, an excellent judge of the game, and his assistance in the management of the Sussex County matches has been for years of great value. In conclusion, we may say that John Lillywhite's decided confidence in himself has been no small advantage to him as a cricketer, diffidence being a quality least desiderated in a batsman, and rarely found among bowlers.

H. H. Stephenson was, at one time, as good an all-round cricketer as any man living. His bowling, for a few seasons, was dreaded by his antagonists on account of its extraordinary break-back; but that gift suddenly deserted him; affording another proof that the power of imparting spin or break to bowling is not necessarily to be acquired by practice, but very frequently comes to the bowler, he knows not how, and again deserts him he knows not why. In his best day there was not a more difficult bowler in England, or perhaps we should say a bowler who bowled more unplayable balls. Stephenson was a good all-round hitter, and for some years scored highly for his county. He was also a fair wicket-keeper, and altogether as useful a man as could be found in a county eleven. In addition to his cricketing fame, Stephenson was known as a good horseman, and is, or was, huntsman to the Duc d'Aumale.

Willsher is, if possible, more widely known than either John Lillywhite or Stephenson. His scientific bowling has been the admiration and envy of cricketers for years, and he has been the mainstay of the county of Kent many seasons. For twenty-three years he has bowled for Kent, and latterly, as one player after another has vanished from the scene, nearly the whole work has fallen on his shoulders. He is a rare instance of a great bowler completely altering his style and then forming a new style equally as good as the first. It will be remembered that at one time Willsher's delivery was very high, and strong objections being raised to that kind of bowling—batting not being so much in the ascendant then as it is now—Willsher was no-balled. With great pluck and self-control Willsher determined to change his delivery; and in a wonderfully short space of time he became just as formidable as before, while no possible exception could be taken to his new style. Willsher's bowling has always struck us as the perfection of ease; and thus, though not naturally of strong constitution, he has been able to get through an amount of work that would have been too much for many a stronger man. His precision is wonderful, and his bowling is of such wonderfully good length that a batsman is required to exercise great patience before he can get an opportunity of letting out. Indeed we should say there is not a bowler in England less suited to a man who goes in with an idea of hitting. The only thing likely to be hit in such a case will be the gentleman's wickets, and that right speedily. Willsher has often done good service with his bat, though he cannot be called first-class in that department. His defence is good, and, like most left-handed men, he hits very hard to the off and cuts well. The great compliment of a benefit match at Lord's has been granted to Willsher by the Committee of the M.C.C., in recognition of his distinguished and untarnished career as a cricketer.

We must compress into a narrow space our remarks on the principal matches that have been played up to the present time. Nottingham, as usual, was early in the field, and tried a team of twenty-two colts, who were a very promising lot both in batting and

bowling. Being Nottingham men, it is almost superfluous to say that they could nearly all bowl; and though they could not get the better of the old hands opposed to them, yet they gave them something to do to get their runs. All cricketers will be glad to hear that the eleven showed good form; Daft, Oscroft, and the veteran George Parr getting their runs with their usual ability. And there is no fear of the Nottingham eleven dwindling away for lack of new blood for the present. The M.C.C. season opened with a novel match between an eleven of the Club and Ground and fifteen amateurs and professionals who had never played at Lord's before. The eleven included Mr. W. G. Grace, and the fifteen included men already well-known in their respective counties, such as R. Humphrey from Surrey, Selby from Nottingham, Clayton and Eastwood from Yorkshire, and H. Phillips from Sussex. There were also Grundy, Buttress, and Hearne, sons of the well-known professionals bearing those names; and it is not a little curious that the family reputation for bowling was so far kept up that young Grundy had the luck to bowl Mr. Grace in the first innings, and young Buttress achieved the same feat in the second. The great batsman made 44 and 31—moderate scores for him; and there was so much batting ability among the colts—Humphrey, Selby, Eastwood, and Phillips especially distinguishing themselves in this department—that they ultimately succeeded in defeating the powerful eleven opposed to them by nearly 40 runs. We ought to say that Mr. Grace was missed in each innings before he had scored. If these chances had been taken, and the terror of bowlers disposed of for a 'pair of spectacles,' the fifteen would indeed have had something to boast of for the rest of their lives. In the next match, however, Mr. Grace came out again in his very best form; and poor Surrey had to suffer in consequence. His 181 was one of his most masterly performances, both for hitting and placing the ball. It was unfortunate that Skinner (who we thought was a Sussex man) should have to make his bowling *début* for Surrey against such a batsman; and from his first three balls Mr. Grace made two fours and a five—rather discouraging to a new bowler. Mr. I. D. Walker's 68 was a good accompaniment to Mr. Grace's great score; and minor contributions raised the M.C.C. total to 323. Surrey, despite Jupp's heroic efforts, could not accomplish this number of runs in the two innings, but Pooley and R. Humphrey both showed good cricket. Jupp's 85 was a splendid innings, and he will be again the mainstay of Surrey batting this season. The long-expected bowler, however, has not yet turned up; and though Southerton will always get wickets, the cost of them is considerable. Another defeat would have fallen on Surrey, at the hands of Middlesex, but for want of time, owing to the ridiculously late hours of commencing play. This, the first county match of the year, was played on the new Middlesex ground at Lillie Bridge. Only one of the Walkers played for Middlesex, but the eleven was good enough to get 290 runs off the Surrey bowling, Mr. Pauncefoot being head man with 94 (not out), and T. Hearne's 44 being the

next most important contribution. Surrey got two fair innings of 163 and 173; thus leaving Middlesex only 47 to obtain to win, which would not have troubled them much. The two Humphreys batted well for Surrey, and Jupp was unluckily run out when he was getting well set in his second innings; but a gratifying feature of the Surrey batting was the plucky play of H. H. Stephenson, who made 50 and 27 (run out) quite in his old free-hitting style. Mr. Gregory's 58 (not out) was also a sterling performance; and altogether Surrey made a very good fight of it. But their deficiency in bowling prevents them from competing successfully with any of the great counties.

Mr. Grace was prevented from accompanying the M.C.C. to Cambridge—perhaps a fortunate thing for some of the University bowlers. It would probably take a week to bowl him out on Fenner's ground. The M.C.C. eleven was a fair, but not over-powerful one, and the old players of the Cambridge eleven were Messrs. Yardley, Thornton, Wilson, Cobden, Ward, and Fryer. The new men were Messrs. Evans, Tobin, Tillard, Bray, and Powys. Of these Mr. Evans is a good wicket-keeper, and Mr. Tobin a sure and steady bat. Mr. Bray is pretty well known already as a slow bowler, but Mr. Tillard and Mr. Powys are quite new lights. The latter is a very fast left-handed bowler, and will probably be the mainstay of Cambridge in that department. He came off surprisingly in this match, getting nine M.C.C. wickets in the first and four in the second innings. Against this must be set the fact that Farrands, a very civil cricketer, but by no means a great batting luminary, got 41 runs, a feat which we should think he has rarely accomplished before. The Cambridge batting was disappointingly weak, considering that they were on their own ground, and that Wootton was not in form. A. Shaw and Farrands disposed of the light-blues for 86, only Mr. Tobin and Mr. Thornton getting into double figures. They have, however, a very excellent twelfth man in Mr. Stedman, who played on this occasion for M.C.C. and showed some good batting. At Oxford the principal match hitherto has been between All England and sixteen of Brasenose, which resulted in favour of the latter. Mr. Tylecote has been batting well in the ordinary May matches, and so has Mr. Townshend, now that he is put in first instead of last. Mr. Butler is bowling much better than last year, and Mr. Hadow's slows played sad havoc with the All England wickets. The University match promises to be a well-contested and exciting contest; but if the wicket is rough the Oxford men must look out for Mr. Powys. Under the able captaincy of Mr. Tylecote everything that can be done for Oxford will be done, and the game will not, as last year, be thrown away by mismanagement.

The M.C.C. and Yorkshire match is confessedly one of the best of the season; but the absence of Freeman this year was a great blow to the northern county. L. Greenwood was also an absentee; but Yorkshire turned out in Clayton an excellent young bowler.

He bowls at a good pace, and the ball gets off the ground very quickly. He hammers away most persistently on the leg stump; and the second day, when he found it was really no use bowling at Mr. Grace's wicket, he bowled at his body, and hit him with great freedom. The wickets were, on the whole, good; but there was an ugly place where the ball bumped near the north wicket. The scoring on both sides was small in the first innings, and Clayton was lucky enough to get rid of Mr. Grace for 23. Emmett was not at all on the spot, but Clayton bowled well. Smith, a great acquisition to the M.C.C., batted well, but the remaining contributions were insignificant. The Yorkshire batting was confined to Lockwood, Iddison, and W. Smith. The first-named played a capital innings of 35, and Iddison's 20 were obtained by the same grandly defensive play as ever. W. Smith is a fine-looking man, of great size and strength, and plays in a free manly style, and when he touches the ball he makes it go without any mistake. In the second innings of the M.C.C. Mr. Grace gave the Yorkshiremen a real benefit of fielding and bowling. His wicket was proof against all their attacks, and his body was proof against all sorts of blows—and a good number he got. Nor was the bowling by any means contemptible, for it fairly stuck up most of the M.C.C. eleven, such experienced batsmen as Mr. Pauncefote, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Brune going down like ninepins. Mr. Grace's perfect mastery over every sort of bowling was never better exemplified; and the ease with which he got rid of the most provokingly difficult balls, and the certainty with which he scored runs off balls that most players would have been only too thankful to stop, showed the wide gulf there is between him and amateurs whom one has been accustomed to regard as rather above the average. As for the ordinary player, really he must feel his attempts to play cricket such a farce, after seeing Mr. Grace play, that there is no wonder if he feels inclined to go home and throw his bats and his bag and his flannels all into the fire, and give up cricket as a bad job. Just when Mr. Grace wanted only two runs to complete his hundred, and when he was so well set as to make the Yorkshire captain in a state of despair, he unfortunately ran himself out in a too-eager attempt to snatch a short run. Yorkshire made a brave and gallant fight to win the match, but fell short of the required number by 55 runs. Iddison and Pinder made the great stand, the former defending and the latter hitting; but W. Smith's 26 was the liveliest bit of the second innings of Yorkshire. It was a treat to see his fine manly hitting, and his best drive, for which he was too blown to run more than four, was honestly worth six. Equally great treat was Smith's (of Cambridge) fielding for M.C.C., the like of which has not been seen at Lord's for a long time.

We shall be much obliged if the Captains of schools who favour us with the averages of their elevens in the autumn, will be good enough in all cases to supply us with the bowling as well as the batting averages; if with a few comments on both, so much the better.

CRICKETERS IN COUNCIL.*

THE recollection of even a 'very middling' aged man will easily take him back to the time when there was no work, properly so-called, upon the game of cricket. It is true that the 'Laws of Cricket as revised by M.C.C.' were contained in the 'Boys' Own Book' of the period, and passing references to the game were to be found in books of sports of even an earlier date. But probably the earliest books entirely devoted to this now most popular pastime were Mr. Felix, the celebrated cricketer's 'Felix on the Bat,' illustrated by his own pencil; and the 'Cricket Notes,' by Mr. Bolland, the lamented first and last perpetual president of I Zingari.

Since then a stream of cricket literature has gradually been bursting upon us. Like the fleas in the old traveller's story, 'at first they come'd in twos and threes, but now they comes in swarms,' and we are almost overwhelmed with the shower of 'Cricket Guides,' 'Handbooks,' 'Fields,' 'Vade Mecums,' 'Manuals,' &c., perpetually raining upon us, until we have almost felt inclined to risk damnation and 'cry, hold, enough!'

Doubtless this proves the increasing popularity of the game, and doubtless the modern schoolboy would pass a better 'exam.' in 'Lillywhite,' or 'Wisden,' than in Virgil or Demosthenes. But surely with this mass of MSS. on one and the same theme, the subject must be exhausted, and nothing new remain to be told.

It was with some such thoughts as these that we took up the latest work of the kind, 'Cricketers in Council,' a modest little volume, with a quaint design on the cover. We were somewhat disconcerted at starting, for the preface opens on a new and original idea.

Two English travellers in France are startled by hearing the well-known sound of 'ovare,' and, alas! the too well-known 'ouide ball' proceeding from the playground of a 'Lycée,' where a professor, who has been in England, and has imbibed the notion of the Duke of Wellington, that 'Waterloo was won in the playing-fields at Eton,' was endeavouring to instil the elements of the game into his 'élèves,' but finding immense difficulties from the want of a practical treatise on the game. The travellers at his request put their ideas on paper, and having found them successful at the Lycée, propose to give the English public the benefit of them.

Taken with the novelty of the idea, we read on, and, we must confess, were not ill pleased with our reading.

The first part of the book consists of the treatise on the game, and contains many and useful hints on play, fielding, bowling, umpires, the laws, &c. Now, we have ourselves played the game, and though a certain stiffening of the joints reminds us that discretion is the better part of valour, we almost felt inclined once more to wield the willow and practically to test the advice given. On con-

* 'Cricketers in Council.' Bell and Daldy: London and Cambridge,
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sideration, however, and bearing in mind Prospero's warning, 'For this to-night be sure thou shalt have cramps,' we determined to forbear, and instead to give the book to our sons and sundry youths of our acquaintance, and to watch the effect upon them.

We must acknowledge, also, that we are not disposed to agree in all the doctrine of the 'councillors,' though on the whole we do not find much to dissent from or to cavil at in the treatise, written as it is, by-the-way, in an agreeable and lively manner.

The second part is also original, founded though it appears to be on Mr. Helps's idea of 'Friends in Council.' It consists of a discussion on the game in a 'smoking parliament,' after a match, in a country house. It contains a series of anecdotes of all dates and all ages of 'Cricket accidents by flood and field.' Songs and stories are mixed with sound criticism in the conversation, and the result is readable enough to give weight to the adage that 'in the multitude of cricket councillors there is wisdom.' The characters of the individual speakers are well sustained, and we presume that they are intended to represent well-known characters in the cricket world.

We forbear to make extracts from so limited a work—to cut 'slices from so small a dumpling,' but we can on the whole recommend it as a careful and useful treatise on the game, and an amusing companion on a wet afternoon for cricketers in general, and beginners in particular.

A BATCH OF YEARLINGS.

A LAZY stroll through fields heavily laden with long waving grass; past hedgerows white and pink, and most sweet-savoured with hawthorn; leaving behind, in its cool and shady hollow, the pond so covered with creeping green weed that no glimpse may be caught of the carp and roach that lurk in multitudes within its depths. The chesnut trees are in their prime, their snowy blossoms gleam in a sea of deep green foliage. The hedges are bursting with life and vigour, and the tall grasses by the ditch side bend before the breeze of the first real summer's day. Young rooks are cawing in the branches of the elms, proud of their first flight, or triumphant that they have escaped the perils of crossbow and gun. On all sides their smaller-winged brethren are busy in courtship, their fancy 'lightly turned to thoughts of love.' The air is full of insect life. On every rail and gatepost little spiders are hurrying to and fro, and the ants are busy at our feet, whilst butterflies flit high and low, here and there, resplendent as the gay-hued silks that form the Derby jockeys' jackets. Pale-blue smoke creeps heavenwards from the roof of the farmhouse hard by; the silence is unbroken save by the hum of insect or the note of bird. The scene is a profoundly peaceful and beautiful one, productive of peace of mind and goodwill to all things. And scarce half a mile away from this beautiful spot man's bad

passions have but now occasioned a crime hardly to be exceeded in horror, and all idle and sight-seeing London is hurrying by yonder road to the lane made infamous by the terrible Eltham murder.

Once more, hail, ye beauties of Middle Park! A pleasant half-hour's wander amongst you to-day is more enjoyable by far than the inspection a fortnight hence, when to catch a glimpse of your dainty limbs and arching necks there will be hundreds at least as anxious as ourselves. Mr. Blenkiron has again been fortunate with his young pets, and, taken all round, they are a very good level lot, with hardly a weed amongst them—a great thing to say, when their vast number is taken into consideration. To-day the youngsters are, without exception, in good health; knocks and bruises have been few and far between, and perils that surround the early days of colt and fillyhood have all been happily surmounted. The young Blair Athols are specially clever, and even those who have conceived some prejudice against the Yorkshire chesnut will admit that his sons and daughters of this year are the best yet exhibited. The daughter of that good mare Exact, for instance, has such striking character that no good judge would pass her by without a close inspection. As true made and level as you may wish to see is the filly by Blair Athol out of Q.E.D., a cross that ought to insure racing power, the Bird-catcher blood coming in the right place. In careful hands, that bloodlike filly by Blair from Esther will assuredly some day shine, as will be seen, though daughter of a Touchstone dam; and a colt by the same sire from Whimsical is such a grand galloper that it would have been no long odds against his winning the Brocklesby at Lincoln, had not that attractive two-year old race been so cruelly filched from us. Many people who prick the round of the Middle Park boxes, on June the 10th, will put the 'best mark' in their catalogues against a colt by Blair Athol from Coimbra. Testimony can be given by the writer as to his remarkable power of moving, and he is really a grand youngster,—'Rennspeckle,' as the Yorkshire folks have it, by his immensely powerful back, and round but very strong quarters. In the old days—only some three or four years old, after all—this would have been 1800 guineas on four legs, and even as things are the bids for him should be quick and heavy. A better still perhaps is the chesnut colt by Macaroni from Reginella. Racehorse is written on him from muzzle to tail. He is quite big enough to win any race he may be called on to run in, strong, level, deep girthed, with a beautiful head and neck set on as fine shoulders as could be seen. Next in our estimation comes a Saunterer, an own brother to Gamos, a very fine youngster indeed, with more quality than his sister; and there is a son of Knowsley and Isilia, a very wonder of size and forwardness. His girth struck us as being something marvellous; but despite his size he is a very capital goer, and he is just such a horse as might fulfil the prophecy made of him by, perhaps, the best gentleman judge of a racehorse in England. That sweet colt by Saunterer from Lady Hylda is bigger than Hermit, but somehow carries the stamp of that famous Derby winner, and

his grand arms and second thighs make him easy to pitch upon. The brother to Sycee is somewhat backward yet, but a fine-boned, promising horse. The offspring of St. Albans and Swallow is an old acquaintance, but it is a pleasure to meet him again; and the splendid colt by King of Trumps, out of Amethyst has fallen in our path before during a long series of wanderings amongst brood mares and their progeny. Surely when the old King was sold (for a hundred was it?) last summer our good judges had been wrapped in slumber, the offspring of much champagne and warm weather! A colt like that under notice would do credit to the highest-priced stud-horse in the land. He is full of fashion and powerful withal, quite a sweet horse, indeed, that should go into the hands of some one who deserves a good one. High in the rump, no drawback, with good clean legs, and plenty of length from hip to hock, is the highly-bred daughter of King John and Entremet, quite built in the style of the best class Kingston fillies, and sure to race; and another, whose breeding is not dissimilar, is a filly by The King, out of Rosati, by Alarm, stronger than the yearling previously mentioned, and with a peculiar countenance that will make her readily recognised. A dark-brown filly, nearly black, in fact, by King John, from Terrific, has numerous excellent points. Not at all resembling the stock of St. Albans in general is the colt by that sire from Bête Noire's dam, strong backed, strong loined, strong limbed, and likely to train on for years; and close by is a son of Marsyas and Marchioness, that with a little time will make a horse of mark. Pages could be filled with descriptions of the remaining yearlings. Readers will be grateful if they are spared such an infliction. In a few days each and every one can judge for himself as to the quality of the Middle Park yearlings. They will find those mentioned above described pretty accurately; and if to them be added a beautifully-shaped Breadalbane colt from Ellermire, of no great size, but gifted with the speed of the wind, and a most improving chesnut by Dundee, from Queen of the East, mention will have been made of the cracks of Mr. Blenkiron's first sale.

S.

 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—May Memories.

MEMORIES of biting winds and bright sunshine—of rheumatism and early peas—of wet morning walks round old walls—of a pleasant Hurlingham afternoon with the band of the Coldstreams, tea, and the object (temporary) of one's affections—of a Saturday crush at the Academy—of a mint-julep at the International Exhibition—of Mr. Grace, like a second Ajax, 'defying the lightning' at Lord's—of the Warren Hill, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lombard, Tom Jennings, and a string of two-year olds in an east wind—of climbing Lansdowne with more east wind, also dust—of more pigeon-shooting—of leaning over park railings under the idea it was summer—of Derby dinners and their consequences—of a depression in one's spirits as the day draws near—of a pleasant half-hour spent in the paddock—finally, of another terrible half-hour at the

post—of the maddening seconds of the race;—and there is 'the merry month 'of May,' if you please. It was not very merry either, though we made believe very much that it was, and enjoyed ourselves in our somewhat funereal fashion—taking our pleasure sadly, as the French wit said of us. But who can really enjoy under the visitation of that unpleasant Eurus? Will Canon Kingsley give us his recipe for its defiance?

We kept May Day, not with pipe and tabor, nor with Amaryllis in the shade, but in a first-class carriage of the N. W. R., bound with some pleasant companions to Chester Races. And by the way, talking of Amaryllis, there had been some excitement caused in the old city by her behaviour and that of her sisters 'at the popular *réunion* on the banks of the Dee' (*vide* sporting journals *passim*). We confess we have never felt the slightest inclination to sport with a Chester Amaryllis, nor play with the tangles of a Nerea's hair on the Roodee; but it appears the inclination exists in some quarters, and inducements to its gratification have been held out, at least so say some of the Chester citizens, scandalized at proceedings alleged to take place at race time, and of which the racecourse is the scene. Certain booths—relics of the old *taberna*, which were naughty places in old Roman days—have been the offending mediums, and chief constables reported thereon, deans thundered the anathemas of the Church, local journals rushed into the fray, the city was deluged with letters and papers on the subject, and, in fact, there was what is popularly termed 'a jolly row.' Unfortunately, as is always the case when anybody or anything connected with the Turf, from a Duke to a Night-house, comes to grief, the poor Turf bears the *onus* of blame; so now virtuous Chester declared it was all those abominable races which caused the scandal, and that, but for them, the old city would be a perfect Bethel. We have our private opinion on that point, which we will not inflict on our readers; but, giving Chester the benefit of the doubt, we think, as we took occasion to remark a month or two back in these columns, when touching upon the same subject, that the city held the remedy for this state of things, supposing they existed, in its own hands. If the booths were what they were described to be, the magistrates on licensing day might have put a very effectual check on the proprietors; and this might have been done quietly, without pamphlets and tracts, sermons from the pulpit, and diatribes in the newspapers. In fact, Chester might have washed its dirty linen at home. We trust next year it will, and that we have heard the first and the last of a not very savoury subject—the booths. And the racing—well, that was not very savoury either. The Cup was a repetition of a very old story.

'He who hath bent him o'er the dead'

of many Tradesmen's Plates ought to know all about it by this time. The 'rushed' favourite, the deluded public, the good thing so generously put about, the scratchings the final break-downs—the whole concluding with the pathetic melodrama of 'The Mysterious Outsider; or, The Public Outwitted'—is a representation we have all assisted at before, and probably shall again. Never in Chester Cup annals was there such a heap of dead as on this occasion for repentant backers to weep over. Pax, Judge, Anton, Far Away, Annie Wood, Sabinus, Stanley, Flibustier, Queen of the Gipsies, Islam, and others—the last-named a particularly bitter pill, when he was reported amiss or broken down on the Saturday before the race, and the actual winner was found to be his despised stable companion. Mr. F. Swindells has prepared many surprises for us in his time, but none greater than this. The very existence of the horse was hardly known twenty-four hours before the race; and he was only introduced into the market on the previous night,

and into the town only on the Wednesday morning. When seen, too—a plain, coarse-looking animal, with his fore-legs in bandages—nobody would have him, and the 100 to 3 went begging; but after all the noise and the shouting, 'the greatest moral out,' that came from Tuppill, but could not quite get home, a tailing such as has rarely been witnessed 'on the Roodee,' 'the 'great French horse,' &c.—why, the mysterious outsider, Glenlivat by name, cantered in, and all was over. His trainer thought before the race he had 'about a 40 to 1 chance,' instead of which it was almost any odds on him. So we see how the most 'astute'—and Mr. W. H. Scott is thought one of them—are deceived. It was a blow to all, more particularly to the poor followers of Islam, who had found him a very false prophet indeed. Nobody won, except, of course, those immediately connected with the stable; and yet—strange circumstance!—scarcely a bookmaker had missed him! A gentleman, indeed, we did encounter after the race in a great state of Chester champagne, who admitted, with that candour which the juice of the grape (?) generally evokes, that he 'hadn't laid;' but he was a solitary exception. One of the heaviest and pluckiest bettors in the Ring, Mr. Charles Head, stood, it was said, to lose 7000*l.* by him; so the stable somehow must have landed a pretty good stake, and at such a satisfactory price, too—40 to 1, or thereabouts. The commission must have been done very quietly; but then what is the use of a good thing if it is not kept quiet? Does it continue a good thing after Tom, Dick, and Harry have dipped their nasty fingers into your pie, and tried to pull out portions of that plum which you, Jack Horner, thought to keep for yourself? Taking 5 to 1 has its attractions to some people, doubtless; but these are they who court publicity, and like their deeds to be seen of and talked about by men. How much better is it to take 40 to 1, or, not to be too greedy, 100 to 3, Mr. Horner, and say nothing about it! To be sure, sometimes your friends get angry, and say, reproachfully, 'You never told me;' but if the 100 to 3 had come off 'crabs,' they would only have laughed at you—so what matter your 'friends?' There was a gentleman of the name of Horace, of whom you, Mr. Horner, may have heard, who once said that 'when the quids went, went 'the friends,' or words to that effect. It is an idea older a good deal than even Horace, who perhaps had had a bad Isthmian when he said it—taken 6 to 4 about some Lord Hawke of the period, and had been put off a Glenlivat. We all have said it or thought it one time or another. They don't care for us in adversity; why are we, then, to say your tenner is on at 100 to 3? Mr. Horner, we applaud your sentiments.

Always a relief to get to Newmarket (if we had our way, we would make racing, except at Newmarket, Ascot, York, and Goodwood, penal), to find ourselves in No. 13, at the Rutland—a charming apartment, that we have the satisfaction of knowing is the envy of our friends—to hear the pleasant greetings of our host and hostesses, old and young—to look down the clean-swept High Street, so calm and virtuous in the spring sunshine, that, except for an occasional tout, we should doubt if it knew anything about that iniquity the Turf. Lord Chesterfield—the Lord Chesterfield—once called Newmarket (we quote from memory) 'a seminary of iniquity and ill manners.' Newmarket, then, was a wicked place *once*; but luckily we live in far different days. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Those were wild, roystering times, when we swore, drank, dined, and—and did a variety of things which we do not do now. No; the 'seminary' is an 'eddicater of youth,' to use the words of Mr. Squeers, in far different ways; and here are some of our 'youths' breaking the vista of touts in the High Street, and apparently 'resuming their studies' with keen gusto, their tutors in attendance. One 'youth,' who races under the pseudonym of

'Mr. Gillman;' another, his father's son, who bears a name, ay, and reminds one somewhat of the figure of an old habitu , who heard the chimes at midnight in a pre-Victorian era—a 'youth' but newly wed; another, with the honours of a good speech in the Lords thick upon him; several candidates *in statu pupillari*, who are being educated not so satisfactorily, are taking lessons from bookmakers alone, and going in for a *cursus* in which 'honours' will not figure. The graduates in this University, too, are here, men, old and young and middle-aged, who have gone through the course, some with credit and renown, some who have made shipwreck, and some who have landed, though not exactly in the haven where they would be—the old familiar faces of our little Turf world, that, curiously enough, we never seem to meet elsewhere. We are not very many, though, on this occasion, and the Rutland is disposed to be in low spirits about it, and to shake its head over that lost Monday of the Craven and First Spring, and not to be comforted by Lord George Manners' considerate revival, or the reminder of what capital weeks are those at the back end. We must confess the meeting to us was pure enjoyment. There was some excellent racing. We saw some fairish two-year olds on the last five furlongs of the R. M., some much better on the Limekilns. The Heath wore the aspect of a racing pic-nic. We had more opportunities of looking at horses, and could see everybody one knew. We saw the Zephyr colt take a morning gallop, and Vulcan walking about the 'Severals,' with no attendants, in a quiet, unaffected way, just as the Prince of Wales walks up St. James' Street into White's, or 'Lucifer Bob' and 'Coercion Bill' take the modest Hansom to the House. Great quadrupeds, like great bipeds, sometimes unbend. The racing, as we have said, was excellent, and there was not too much of it. No very great young form, perhaps, if we except Cremorne, a Parmesan colt of Mr. Savile's, who galloped away from his field in the Two-year-old Plate; and Landmark, a big son of Cathedral, who looked as if Mr. Padwick had not given too much for him when he fell to his bid of 760 guineas at Sir Tatton Sykes' sale—a feather in Cathedral's cap, too, thus early. The race of the meeting was the new one, the Rous Stakes, over a course made in honour of, and called after one whose name is, and will be, identified with all that is bright and honourable in our national pastime. It is right and fitting that some portion of that A. F. which has witnessed so 'many deeds of high emprise' among the heroes of past and present generations should bear a name held in such esteem as that of Admiral Rous. He has looked down it now for many years, and seen great performances by great performers over its broad expanse, but perhaps he never saw three better horses over their own distance than met there to worthily inaugurate the weight-for-age 'Rous Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 'forfeit, with 100 added, for two-year olds and upwards, over the last five 'furlongs of the R. M.' Cymbal, Vulcan, and Countryman—we give their names in the order many mentally placed them before the race—were such undeniable good ones, and of a class so removed from the rest of the field, though that field included Tibthorpe and Normanby, that they alone were backed. The winner of the Spencer Plate was the favourite, as by his performances he had the right to be; for, according to public form, he was six or eight pounds better than Countryman; while Vulcan, it was thought, would hardly be at home on a course less than a mile. The pace was very good, Cymbal making the running, and looking so well in the Abingdon Bottom, where Countryman was in trouble, that the race seemed at his mercy—when lo, Fordham, who had been riding Vulcan for some way, was seen to bring him up with one of his tremendous rushes as they breasted the hill, and, to the astonishment of every one, collaring Cymbal, who seemed to stand still, won by a

length. People at first could scarcely make it out, for such a snatching out of the fire seemed incomprehensible; and there was a general inclination to blame Wyatt, who rode Cymbal, for being caught napping. Unjustly, though; for there is no doubt Cymbal tired very much coming up the hill, and his jockey was unable to squeeze another ounce out of him; and this is Mr. Clarke's opinion likewise. Countryman was third; and a two-year old of Baron Rothschild's, a very smart-looking filly by North Lincoln out of Makala, got such a very close fourth that she must be as smart as she looked. And this reminds us that the Baron has a wonderfully good-looking lot of two-year olds at Newmarket, who, if we do not see some of them carrying the blue jacket in the van over the Ascot T. Y. C., why, we will never trust looks or going again. Something was said at head-quarters about the restriction on two-year old racing under the new rules, and there seemed to be an opinion that the opponents of Sir Joseph Hawley's motion would bestir themselves to get it repealed. The main objection to the new *régime*—namely, the not running of two-year olds until the 1st of May—appeared to be that early spring racing was 'dull.' Granted; then why have so much of it? Sir Joseph's resolutions were carried after a grand ventilation of the subject, and we presume the pros and cons were well weighed. It was to be expected that early racing would suffer in some degree from the absence of the two-year olds; but if those racing men who now cry out for a return to the old order of things would put their shoulders to the wheel, and help Clerks of Courses to get up good weight-for-age stakes—a Lincoln Cup, a Northampton Derby Trial—we should not hear so much of the dullness. A certain pressure has been sought to be put on the Jockey Club by an *ad misericordiam* appeal on behalf of some C. C.'s, who do not find their meetings quite so profitable, and some jockeys, who do not get quite so many mounts. Surely the supporters of that appeal have some stronger arguments than those to back them up, or their case is poor indeed. The Jockey Club cannot retrace its steps on such grounds—at least we should think not. But we live in very squeezable days, politically and socially, so we will not venture to say that we shall not be 'eating dirt' before this day twelvemonths.

Bath was pretty much as usual. The saints, and Bath is a city of them, were holding a meeting for the conversion of something or other when we arrived there on the Monday afternoon; and the sinners, at least all the pretty ones, were in Milsom Street or the park, improving their occasion also. Horsey sinners were congregated at the Castle, and a stray racing *habitué* or two paced the long corridors or aired themselves on the steps of the Grand Pump Room Hotel—a colossal caravanserai built on the site of the old White Hart—and, as far as we could judge, very fairly conducted. Bath is not celebrated though for its hotel management; and we heard lamentable complaints from men at other places, who seemed to have got their food at the point of the bayonet during the two days they spent there. The racing was very good; not productive of anything bearing on the future very much—Grand Coup's run in the Somersetshire excepted—and that on his previous running with Ripponden and Enfield looked such a foregone conclusion for him that no other result could have been expected. True, they did back Captivator and King William, and took forlorn prices about Gopsall, Monseigneur, and Mornington, but there was really nothing in the race but the favourite, who was always in front, and after Lord Berkeley had run himself out, which he did when they had gone about half the distance, went to the front, and won, we considered, easily by a couple of lengths; though, from being a lazy horse, Jarvis had to spur him rather severely, and so led many people to believe it was all out of him. Mr. Rupert bid for Grand

Coup on the night previous to the race, when he was on sale for 1800*l.*, but the bargain was not clenched, and next day his figure was 3000*l.* and half his engagements, which was declined with thanks. He did not look to us quite so well as when we last saw him at Newmarket—he was dry and had a dead appearance in his coat, and seemed as if he had been overdone—but he won easily enough; and as Gopsall, who was second, was thought to have some little form, there were not wanting people who declared Grand Coup would win the Derby, as has always been the case since the days of Caracacus, and always, we suppose, will be. Albert Victor was subjected to a small dose of that medicine popularly known as the 'Bath waters,' but it did not seem to do him very great harm; and the presence of a well-known Special Commissioner ('the original and only Jarley'), fresh from symposia with Tom Olliver, and an interview with Albert Victor in his box, confidence written on his manly brow, and indignant defiance of his favourite's detractors imparting added lustre to his cheek, restored the courage of the Middle Park hero's backers. He was described as much improved, full of muscle, and looking as well as horse could look, as eating as much corn as Tom Olliver would give him, and with a temper that of an angel; and if all this wouldn't win the Derby he, the S. C., would like to know what would? So the Albert Victors and the Bothwells returned from Bath in good spirits, had their little wordy warfare at Swindon *en route* to Town, while those who went on to Salisbury took little by their motion, and, as far as the Derby was concerned, drew that once rather sensational cover blank.

We whiled away a pleasant hour or two at the Academy before the Derby week came upon us, and found much that was pleasant also to look upon, and a little that was the reverse. Of course sporting subjects appealed to our eyes, and indeed one of them appealed to the eyes of everybody, for in the long room the Hertfordshire Hunt Establishment, with portraits of Mr. Gerard Leigh Ward and the Whips, loomed upon us in a most obtrusive manner. We have seen happier efforts from the President's brush than this, albeit the hounds are some of them drawn in a most masterly manner, and the likenesses, particularly of Ward, are good. Yet somehow the picture fails to please. A non-hunting man would not perhaps give it a second look, and grudge the space it occupies on the walls, and though the brown horse on which the master is seated is a fine specimen of a hunter, there is just a little stiffness about horse and man which we should hardly have expected to see in a painting of Sir Francis Grant's. Mr. Lutyens' picture of a fox gone to earth on a hill-side with the title of 'Don't put Trimmer in till the Squire calls the 'hounds away' attracts us, 'and yet we're not happy' when we come closer. Trimmer is good, also the men about to bolt him—we mean the fox, of course—and the grouping is excellent; the painter, evidently a hunting man, has caught all the minutiae of the sport he illustrates, and yet we turn away from it with the feeling that such an incident might have been better handled. But in a room further on (Gallery No. 5) there is something that, while breaking a little fresh ground, tells a pretty story in a sportsmanlike way. 'Exmoor Forest on a September evening with a wild stag at bay,' recalls to our memory a very pleasant time spent down in that far west some few years ago, before the present Master of the Devon and Somerset had caught the silvery tinge on his brown hair, and did not ride quite so heavy perhaps as he does now. Memories of a gallop from Cloutaham, of a rattling run from near Dulverton, with fair ladies to give us a lead, Jack Russell as our cicerone, and the favourite mare of the huntsman (Babbage had done something to his ribs the week previous) to ride. A glorious time, and as we look on the canvas

on which Mr. Carter has so vividly recalled it—a splendid stag at bay in a pool of water, the hounds going in at him full of life and fury, Babbage sounding his horn, the sportsmen riding down those declivities which only Devonshire horses and Devonshire men take to kindly, while in the centre is the master, Mr. Fenwick Bissett, on his gallant grey, facing the noble animal brought to bay, his hat in hand, as if in salutation to his quarry, and with an expression on his face seemingly of regret that 'to-day a stag must die,' we feel the story has been well told. It is the modern likeness of that wild hunting in which our forefathers took their pleasure, before the days of Ashby Pastures and Kirby Gates, when perhaps there was a little more poetry in the science than there is now; and Mr. Carter has our poor tribute of thanks for the pleasure he has given us and the world of a London season. The picture is to be presented to Mr. Bissett at the commencement of his seventeenth season, 'by upwards of 400 deer preservers and friends,' a gratifying testimonial indeed. After this Mr. Douglas's 'First of September' falls flat, as do Mr. Ansell's sheep and goats; so we turn for a moment to another sport and pastime, somewhat more dangerous than the foregoing, 'The Salon d'Or, Homburg,' perhaps the truest representation of German Spa life we have yet seen, but still far from the reality. It would have been strange if such a realistic artist as Mr. Frith should not have succeeded in catching something of the force and reality of the scene; but yet his picture is a long way behind the truth, or beyond it. Gustave Doré tried his hand, and it is perhaps hardly a disgrace to Mr. Frith not to have succeeded where the former great artist failed; but it is a singular circumstance that the gambling salons of Homburg and Baden have yet to be painted. Our artists must make haste, by the way, for the hour of doom is approaching, we believe, and *rien ne vas plus* will soon be the Ichabod written on those pleasant iniquities.

And that reminds us that Baden is to the fore, and that M. Dupressoir is alive again. There are to be races at Baden this year about the same time as usual. M. Weih will still preside over the arrangements, as he has done so ably now for so many years; there will be a lot of added money, there will be pigeon shooting, there will be—in fact, there will be a lot of things. Said a distinguished member of the English Ring to us at Bath the other day, 'We shall meet up the Lichtenenthal once again, but we shall miss our friends.' We believe he alluded to Jules and Alphonse, who will, it is supposed, not be able to come to time; but the ladies will, we are assured, be equal to the occasion, and Baden be itself again. We shall be glad to meet our German and French friends (male, of course) in that pleasant valley, though we fear there will be some sad reminiscences. But we shall see M. Dupressoir, and we shall see M. Weih—the former has not been 'requisitioned,' the latter not killed—the game will still be made, and no, we will not say *rien ne vas plus*.

There has been racing at Rome and Naples, and Miss Hosmer has for the second year carried off the Steeple Chase at the former place. Again do recollections crop up, this time of the Campagna Fox Hounds, of their master, Mr. Knight, of Miss Hosmer, and of her master, Gibson, of a Tinted Venus, and of a good run from Cecilia Metella. It is satisfactory to hear that 'Blazer' (whatever he is) has won again, and also to learn from our correspondent that Miss Hosmer 'keeps this horse especially for racing.' More power to her. We remember her well in some happy pre-Baily days, when the 'Van' was a pleasant thing to read (not to do), and we looked for the green covers at the club, and were sometimes guilty of taking it away for a quiet read on the Pincian, or, better still, in the gardens of the Villa Borghese *sub tegmine fagi*.

Does any one want to see Orlando, not in the flesh, alas, but in his bones? The Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons has, by gracious permission of the Queen, secured the skeleton of this famous horse; and though many people will perhaps be disappointed at the preparation (Orlando was an old horse, remember), and say, 'Is this the mighty one that did make the earth to tremble?' yet there he stands saved from utter decay by the forethought of Mr. Roots—a grand specimen of a good horse.

The Brighton Coach, as well as the new venture to Dorking, flourishes, we are glad to say, and Mr. Scott divides his affections between them as impartially as he can, though we fancy the old love is the strongest. Colonel Clitheroe, Major Meek, Captain Cooper, and Mr. Chandos Pole, horse the Brighton as they did last year; and in the team of the latter gentleman is to be found a well-known black hunter, Midnight, once, if we remember rightly, in Charles Simmonds' stable at Oxford, taking to his new work as kindly as he did to a quick forty minutes with the Sussex. The coach is about the best Holland ever turned out, and runs remarkably easy, and we have some wonderful music, native and foreign, from a Scotch guard, while Tedder, a reminder of old days, is as obliging and attentive and as pleasant a companion as ever. Admiring crowds await the arrival of the coach at Brighton, and as the occupier of the box seat is invariably supposed to be a noble lord, a popular actor, or a prince in disguise, at the very least, we commend the situation to the attention of ambitious young swells with a reputation to gain. And, talking of coaching, we are glad to see that Messrs. M'Gee, of Belfast, have brought out a garment which, with a special eye to the road and the racecourse, we ventured to suggest to further consideration a month or two back in this Magazine. 'The Ulster 'Dust Coat,' judging from the accounts we hear of it, to say nothing of the highly picturesque appearance of the woodcuts on the covers of 'Baily,' is just the thing wanted—something, as we suggested, 'light, loose, and long,' that will protect you alike from summer dust and summer showers, and it must have had a high trial on the Derby Day.

The Derby Day—ah! what shall we say about that which, by the time these lines meet our readers' eyes, will be, so fast do we live now-a-days, getting a stale and well-worn theme! It was, we think, a very pleasant Derby Day, to begin with. Somehow, though there was the usual vast crowd, the usual dust, and a sudden change to summer heat, we enjoyed it more than we have other anniversaries. To hint that the Derby can be aught else but unmixed enjoyment is heresy, we suppose, and yet there have been some festivals when we could ill bear the row and the revelry, and wished the gents, and the 'ladies' too, would not come between the wind and our nobility. But this year we bore with them and the other Derby belongings, didn't mind the dust nor the chaff, and even smiled at the dolls and being called 'dear' by perspiring females. Let not our readers suppose that our pleasant reminiscences arise from the fact of our having backed Favonius. Not so. We 'fancied' him, of course, very much (*vide* Van for May), but equally of course did not back him. No; our memories date from a delightful hour or so in the Paddock with pleasant companions, commencing with an S. B., and finishing with an ominous whish of Noblesse's tail. We met all our friends and acquaintance, at least all we wanted to meet, and we did not come across a single bore. There was no crowd in the Paddock, too, and all the horses showed in it, with the exception of Bothwell and King of the Forest; and Mr. Dorling's arrangements were so excellent this year that there was less of that crowding and crushing, especially in the weighing-room and on the Stand. We hope C. C.'s are taking a leaf out of the books of theatrical

managers, and knocking off that absurd system of free admissions to a host of tag-rag and bob-tail who have no more right to it than Brown or Jones have to a box or a stall. Mr. Dorling had certainly purged the weighing enclosure of a lot of racing hangers-on, who have been of no earthly use but to get in one's way, and on the Derby Day crowd the Stand to the inconvenience of everybody. The day itself was most delightful, as far as weather was concerned, and May had taken a sudden leap from cold spring into summer. A real May-day with blossoms, and the scent of flowers borne on balmy breezes—a day sacred to Favonius in more ways than one, for was not Zephyr the master of the situation? and what pretty little epigrams might not have been tossed off (perhaps were) by classical senators, who, unlike Mr. T. Hughes (for shame, Tom Brown!), do not disdain the Derby—such men as Mr. Secretary Bruce or Mr. Chief Commissioner Ayrton, for instance! The road was largely patronized, the Prince driving down, accompanied by Prince John of Glucksburg and Prince Teck, in an open carriage and four bays, with a change of greys at Merton—so it looks as if the old glories of the road were reviving. We confess, as regards the road, to feeling very much like Lord Chesterfield did about hunting—we have done it *once*, but have no wish to try it again, especially when the S. W. R. and the L. B. and S. C. take us down so expeditiously. But *chacun à son goût*, and we will not seek to deter others from its enjoyments. It was generally admitted that there was a lack of interest in this year's Derby quite unprecedented, and some writers took occasion to prophesy therefrom a decline in the national taste and the rapid downfall of the national pastime. Words—words—empty words. Look around, Mr. Penholder, at the vast crowds on the hill, on the Stand, in the Ring, and spread over the course. Look at the Jockey Club and Private Stand, on which you may discern Cabinet Ministers, great Diplomats, able Chief Justices, learned Judges, warriors, statesmen, and men of letters. Granted that there was some little lack of interest (there is no betting now-a-days, you know, Mr. Penholder) before the event; we warm up to it as the day and hour approaches; we catch the old complaint that has afflicted us from our youth up (a contagious disease, Mr. Penholder, and perhaps you had better retire), the complaint of being fond of a bit of racing—of good racing, mind you, with good cattle—and we are going to see some to-day, or, at least, the best we can discover. Lack of interest, indeed! Look at the surging crowd below you, watch the struggles to get on Albert Victor, and, if we mistake not, out of Bothwell; listen to the inquiries about The Pearl, who is in all men's mouths—the second Hermit *coup*—only they will take good care *she* does not start at 50 to 1. Favonius, too, though they don't (bad judges!) talk so much about him, and when they do, say that there is 'hardly enough of him,' which soon shall be flung in their teeth by triumphant winners. No, Mr. Penholder! you can return to town and tell your brother scribes that the Turf is pretty sound, all things considered; and though its constitution has undergone some attacks, and disease has made some inroads on it, it is not 'a sick man' yet, nor are there any signs about it of decay. The favourite, we thought, was rather 'sick' at the last, and for a horse who had won the Guineas in the way he did and was fit and well, did not go in the market as a favourite should. At one time 5 to 2 might have been had about him, and there was an unmistakeable getting out on the part of some of his thick-and-thin supporters. It is not a good sign when a favourite goes back in the way Bothwell did; and though his friends declared it was all hedging money and the rush on Albert Victor that occasioned it, we are of opinion that some of his thick-and-thin supporters got 'funky' at the last, and doubted his quite staying. The horse

looked well enough when he took his canter, and Johnny Osborne and his trainer were very confident—much more so than Mr. Jardine was, we fancy, for he only trusted Bothwell with a modest investment of 15*l.*! No horse in the Paddock looked like Favonius, who was the gentleman of the lot, and Albert Victor was next to him, both the perfection of condition. Ravenshoe had rather a coarse appearance, and hardly looked liked getting over the Epsom gradients, and as if the Town Moor would suit him better. 'Our William' said he was going to win the Derby with The Count, a rather common-looking gentleman, who never came anigh, but kept company with Grand Coup, Hyperion, Mr. Feeder, and other celebrities. Perhaps one of the most noteworthy incidents of the race was the straight and good running of the two 'rogues,' Digby Grand and Ripponden, the former looking so well as he descended the hill to Tattenham Corner, as to greatly raise the hopes of the bookmakers, while Ripponden only struck his colours within the distance. The Baron's win gave rise to much popular enthusiasm, and we never heard such hearty cheering as greeted the owner of Favonius as he crossed the course from the Private Stand to the weighing-room to see Tom French weigh in. He has waited long and patiently for the reward of every racing man's ambition; and though we dare say he would rather it had been a son of his favourite King Tom than Parmesan, he evidently felt keenly the delight of that proud moment when he patted the winner on his shapely neck and turned to shake hands with Mr. Savile, who of course felt he had a share in his honours. Tom French, too—two Derbys in succession, Master Tom!—it was a very satisfactory moment for you too, and a finer race you, splendid horseman, never rode. Every one was glad to see King of the Forest vindicate his reputation and run such a game good horse. But little doubt now that he was overdone on the Two Thousand day, and that Bothwell never should have beaten him. The running of the Middleham horse is somewhat difficult to explain. He looked all over a stayer at Newmarket, coming up the hill like a lion, and seeming to like it, but at Epsom he collapsed just as he was breasting it, and the fears about his not quite getting home were confirmed.

And if we can't say anything new about the Derby, sure are we that the Oaks is an impossibility to get a rise out of. We never did care much about it (our two last excitements were, we think, when Fille de l'Air won, and they wanted to kill Count de Lagrange, Tom Jennings, and Arthur Edwards, and Achievement lost), and certainly we cared less about it than ever now. The Baron would win—why bother our heads about which of the two he would win with? He would be first and second, or could be if he liked, we felt sure, and we declined to listen to the voice of the charmers in the Paddock, who besought us to look at Belle of Holywell, and were amazed at our indifference as to whether we saw her or not. Because Gamos managed somehow to win last year, that such a thing as Belle of Holywell was to repeat that performance—in the face, too, of the two King Toms—seemed ridiculous exceedingly. Nevertheless it is true that mysterious hangers-on came to us and said, Had we seen Belle of Holywell? then, if our acquaintance warranted it, winked, and added, in a sepulchral whisper, that she'd win, and that 'the sharps' were on. This latter piece of intelligence, we need scarcely say to any one who knows racing and racing men, is generally supposed to be what Mr. Swiveller called a 'staggerer.' 'The sharps' can do no wrong (in one sense at least), they are people with peculiar privileges, up in the mysteries of 'intentions,' and acquainted with the penetralia of stables; and the idea of flying in the face of 'the sharps' would fill a well-regulated racing mind with horror.

How often does the intelligence (true or false) that 'the sharps' are on, or in, something or other strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees of faltering backers! The intelligence often brings them to great grief; but no matter, a day *will* come—but, unfortunately, that day was not the last Friday in May. Neither 'the sharps' nor George Fordham could bring the Belle to the front, even at the wretched pace the race was run—and Hannah was not asked to gallop. She won in such a grand style that people began to talk about the Leger being over, as they did after the unfortunate Bothwell won the Guineas. And here, harking back to the Derby, may we be permitted, perhaps without pretending to the gift of prophecy, to blow our small trumpet, and recall the fact to our readers' memories that in the last number of this magazine we expressed our decided opinion, for reasons we there gave, that Baron Rothschild's horse would beat Albert Victor whenever they met again? Mr. Baily will not, we regret to say, allow us to record this fact in capital letters (the correct prophetic line), nor will Cornhill be illuminated; but still, in these wonderful tipping days,—when the mere mention of a winner's name by the Balaams of some of the sporting journals is supposed to credit them with the victory, and 'our talented *collaborateur*,' and 'his triumphant success,' seem always kept in type,—our humble, but at the same time decided opinion, may be allowed to come to the front. There was some heavy wagering at the last. Lord Dudley sent a telegram to Sir Frederick Johnstone to put 3000*l.* on Hannah; but Sir Frederick received it too late—luckily for her latest backers; unluckily for the Earl.

And so Baron Rothschild has carried off Derby and Oaks; and, singularly enough, the winner of last year's 'blue riband' and the winner of this year's doublet are not betting men. The Baron, to be sure, went to the extent of a 'monkey' on Favonius; but then, what is a 'monkey' to Baron Rothschild? Lord Falmouth does not bet at all; and, as the 'Times' remarked, 'the specimens of this class of men are rare, and we are all glad when they reap a reward in which honour is the principal gain.' There was but little enthusiasm about the Oaks, for the simple reason that, as we have above explained, there is little enthusiasm to be got out of it.

All the world will be at the Horse Show while we are at press. Everybody says it is very good, hunters especially, but our readers will have formed their own opinions about them (we hope) before these lines meet their eyes. We hear very good accounts indeed of the Middle Park yearlings, especially the colts, which are described to us by a judge A 1 as about the best he has ever seen there. The Hampton Court lot are fewer in number than we remember; but we hear satisfactory accounts of them also.

We have lost a few hunting men that we could ill spare. Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram is gone; so is the Hon. F. Villiers (a fine but jealous rider to hounds); so is the Hon. G. Ongley—the latter, though, better known in the world of racing and breeding. On account of Mr. Meynell Ingram's death the annual dinner at Boodle's of M. F. H. will not take place. Collinson is leaving the York and Ainsty, and Tom Squires, who has been for five years first whip and kennel huntsman to Lord Coventry, succeeds him. Distemper, we are sorry to say, has been bad in the York kennels, but there is a very good entry and a great many foxes all over the country.

We had almost forgotten to mention that Harry Hall will paint Favonius for Baily's Derby Gallery, and that we shall see the handsome son of Zephyr reproduced on the canvas as only our Newmarket friend can produce him.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. A. W. HALL,

THE MASTER OF THE HEYTHROP.

FEW packs are there that bear such a reputation and carry with them so many pleasant associations as the Heythrop. From the times when the Duke of Beaufort hunted what was called 'the hill country,' and had the kennels at Heythrop, when 'Nimrod' (1822) discoursed about it and hunting in general, as no one else has succeeded in since doing, from the days of Philip Payne, Jem Hills, and the green plush coats, down to the present, it has been indeed a happy hunting ground, and among its roll of Masters, though it comprises such names as the late Duke of Beaufort and the present Lord Redesdale, none will be more worthily remembered than Mr. A. W. Hall.

The son of Mr. Henry Hall, of Barton Abbey, who was Master from 1853 until a short time before his death in 1862, and who had previously hunted the Blackmoor Vale country, the subject of our present sketch took the reins of office in 1864, there having been a brief interregnum with a committee, and his father's son, has filled that post to the satisfaction of every one hunting with them. On the retirement of Jem Hills (what a flavour of our Oxford days does that name give, when we used to be proud of a talk with the old man, and to spend a Sunday at the kennels, sitting at the feet of such a Gamaliel, was bliss indeed), Mr. Hall took the horn with the bitch pack, which he has since retained, and hunted them on quite different principles from old Jem, who used to lift them with a vengeance. But then he could do it because he had such wonderful knowledge and tact; it was his imitators who came to such grief in following *longo intervallo* in his footsteps. Mr. Hall, adopting the system now universally approved of making the hounds work for themselves—the non-intervention principle—has succeeded admirably, and shown sport quite up to the Heythrop average. He is a good rider, a very good judge of hounds, and we believe very fond of them in the kennel. He does the thing well, and the men are capitally mounted. For some time Tom Hills (a son of Jem's) was the huntsman, but he has now gone to the Cotswold, and Stephen Goodall hunts the pack, which consists of 71 couple, on the other three days in the week.

A REAL TURF 'GANGRENE.'

TEN years ago there was but little betting beyond the immediate pale of the Turf itself. Commission agencies might exist here and there, and find customers among those who occupied themselves in other than Turf affairs, but the multitude of speculators whose advertisements crowd the front pages of our sporting journals would certainly have lacked occupation in those days. Suppose five years to have elapsed—as the playwrights say—and a great change came over the spirit of Turf circles. The troubled waters of speculation had broken their bounds and invaded tracts where their influence had never previously been felt. Dives had long used himself to indulge in their fascinating pleasures, and had drunk at the fountain whose streams he held exclusively his own. But Lazarus tasted, and the savour was sweet in his mouth. He thirsted after things so long denied, and could not put the tempting draught from his lips. And though he might not be able to afford an indulgence in it to the same extent as his more opulent neighbour, nevertheless he was led, so far as his limited means permitted, to imitate the tastes of the upper ranks of society. Furthermore, speculation found in *Fashion* a still more potent ally, who whispered to men of low degree, 'Imitate your betters; do, according to your capacity, as the usages of polite society demand.' So the great betting mania arose and thrived, and former camp followers and scouts of the great Turf army awoke to find themselves famous, to become as well known as the principal speculators on 'Change, and to pay away their thousands over Derby favourites with an air of studied indifference and secret satisfaction at their waxing notoriety.

Let us look into the circumstances which gave rise to so remarkable a movement among the lesser folk, who heretofore had been content to look on from a distance and take no more than the part of spectators in a sport which they loved, but saw but little of. The era comprising the middle years of the past decade beheld the rise and fall of a somewhat remarkable Turf clique, which first set the example of heavy wagering, and became, perhaps not unwillingly, bywords among men. 'The Plungers' rallied their forces in every betting-ring, and competed in insane rivalry for the possession of 'instruments of gaming' at yearling sales. The world applauded, as it is its wont to applaud, rashness mistaken for pluck, and prodigality for generosity. The common crows and jackdaws thought how fine it would be to imitate these peacocks, and show how highly they appreciated the example set them. They could not indulge in the luxury of purchasing or training racehorses, but they could bet to their hearts' content when an opportunity offered. Such an opportunity they were not long permitted to want, for, to use the words of a well-known sporting journal, racing 'was brought to the doors of the million' by the introduction of races in the vicinity of London dignified by the name of 'Metropolitan Meetings.' Like

many other novelties, they were at first approved, then tolerated, and, lastly, have arrived at such a pitch as to call for immediate reform or summary abolition. They amply encouraged the growing taste for betting among those who had previously neither the time nor means to attend more respectable meetings, and whose racing experience was probably confined to an annual visit to the Derby, or a more adventurous pilgrimage to some provincial gathering. And so it came to pass that while the plunger could stake his thousands at the more aristocratic reunions of the season, his imitator might stake his sovereigns or crowns at Little Pedlington or Rampville, or any equally-desirable locality 'at his doors.' Of course there was no lack of enterprising proprietors, affable managers, or spirited lessees, while their praises, and those of meetings over which they presided, were sung by a section of the sporting press who were likely in the long run to be gainers by such a policy. Little pettifogging ventures were lauded to the skies, circus-like courses spoken of as magnificent lines of country, ramshackle barns dignified by the name of grand stands, yea, even the excellence of pastures attributed to the firm by whom the seeds were sold. People hardly need to be told that the accessories of such places were in strict keeping with the leading features of blackguardism, and a libel on the honoured name of sport.

We should not, at the present time of the year, when high-class sport is in the ascendant, and the more fashionable gatherings are absorbing general interest, have adverted to the petty affairs which are mostly confined to the 'silly season,' did not recent occurrences at Croydon demand something more than a passing notice. That favoured locality can boast of more than one 'ramp' during the year, and we are bound to say that proceedings there have hitherto been conducted on a slightly more liberal scale, and a shade more decorously, than at its suburban rivals. But the dreaded outbreak of blackguardism was not long to be deferred. We extract the following from the 'Sportsman' of June 6th:—

'But for the fact that suburban race meetings have little favour in the eyes of the Jockey Club, it would be impossible that the disgraceful scenes that took place at Croydon on Friday should be passed over without the principal offenders being properly punished. For one race there was a delay at the post of an hour; for another, three-quarters of an hour; while for a third, after waiting until nearly eight o'clock without being able to get the jockeys under control, the starter threw down his flag and returned to the weighing inclosure, and the race was declared void. The Croydon committee, it will be observed, will, by the unruliness of the jockeys, profit to the extent of 20*l.*, apart from the weighing fees. Mr. Marcus Verrall has been a good deal abused for the part he took in this matter, but as I can bear testimony to the provocation starters not infrequently meet with at this class of meeting, I think that he did what was quite right. I recollect Mr. Marshall doing the same thing at Bromley, after cutting a long time to waste in

'endeavouring to get off a number of jockeys who did not mean to start. At Newmarket we never see such disgraceful exhibitions, nor, in fact, do we at any respectable meeting. Under these circumstances, therefore, jockeys must have a licence at Croydon to take such liberties, or they would fear the result too much to behave so insolently as they do. I recollect one instance in which a refractory jockey, being threatened with "reporting," on which would be attended suspension, remarked to the starter, "Suspension be—; I am not going to ride any more." And the starter, at his wits' end, did not move further in the matter. The culprit ought to have been warned off the Turf. If the whole lot of the jockeys who rode in the scramble were to be suspended for six months we should have no reason to regret the fact; and I think that if Mr. Morgan were to report the case to the stewards of the Jockey Club, one or two of the jockeys would have a fair chance of doing "walking exercise" for some time to come if they ventured on a racecourse.'

When affairs have come to such a pass as this, the most enthusiastic of sportsmen and most ardent devotees of racing must confess that some reform is needed, and that no risk of the recurrence of similar scenes should be permitted to endanger the existence of racing in this country. *High-class* sport has many sins to answer for, and there are plenty of parliamentary saints of the Rylands and Lusk type ever ready to father on the Turf all that vast catalogue of delinquencies which no human enactments will ever suffice to suppress. By still further lowering the character of our national pastime, ampler occasion will be given to its enemies to blaspheme; and we really cannot see how *fiascos* like that which disgraced the recent Croydon meeting can be defended or explained away. Fancy the semblance of such a thing occurring on any of our well-regulated courses, where the performers are well aware that the eyes of authority do not slumber, and that the glasses from the Stewards' Stand are directed upon their manœuvres! Provided Parliament does not see fit to interfere, the only course will be for those who have hitherto acted as stewards to discontinue their patronage, and for the more respectable members of the racing community to withhold subscriptions or nominations. But we feel assured that the Jockey Club will not let matters rest in their present equivocal position, but vindicate their characters as administrators of racing law by discouraging, by all means in their power, the pestilent growths that have been suffered to deform the sport over which they exercise such supreme control.

One of Sir Joseph Hawley's famous propositions was specially directed against such nuisances, but the racing world was in no humour for dictation, and, together with the unpopular clauses of a somewhat arrogantly-worded code, rejected also certain proposals which bore the stamp both of common sense and practical utility. The reforming baronet probably saw plainly enough that in order to lessen the supposed evil of universal betting it was necessary to

strike at its root, and not the extreme twigs of its branches. And no one could doubt that, by the means proposed, it was intended to raise the tone of racing by annihilating those undesirable phases introduced at meetings in the neighbourhood of London. And had the clause relative to their deposition been well considered and judiciously adopted, in all probability the racing world would have been suffered to exist unmolested, and no busybodies would have been forthcoming to tamper with the interests of a sport to which they objected as individuals. For a long series of years the legislative body has prudently abstained from interfering in the pastimes of the people, and if the strict limits of the law were sometimes exceeded, it was deemed prudent to wink at minor delinquencies, and to leave the management of affairs in the governing body of the Turf, which, by its social position, was a guarantee against any flagrant infraction of law not receiving due punishment at their hands. But the Turf is not to be 'let alone' any longer, and, as is mostly the case with those who attempt to handle subjects they do not thoroughly understand, reform is likely to be doled out piecemeal, and to engender no small amount of acrimony and ill-feeling among the classes presumably to be benefited. We are not therefore surprised that instead of at once penetrating to the causes of the present rage for speculation among the poorer classes, reformers are tilting against the effects produced; whereas if the temptation were removed, their chances of success would be infinitely brighter. Take away the opportunities for indiscriminate gambling, and however hopeless may be the prospects of its total abolition, it will, at any rate, cease to flourish as before. A prudent measure of legislation has prohibited the holding of fairs within a certain distance of the influences of the rough element of society, and London and its vicinity have ceased to be scandalized by scenes which, in the old days of Bartlemy and other fairs, were a disgrace to civilization. The utility of such holdings was deemed to have passed away with other antiquated and less baneful institutions, and none but the dangerous classes regretted their abolition. We may safely assert, that suburban meetings never did effect, and never were intended to effect, any improvement in the breed of horses, like their aristocratic rivals of more venerable foundation. On the contrary, they were the cause of a number of worthless animals being kept in training, whose destination at Jack Atcheler's was unnecessarily retarded, or their services on the cab-rank postponed until even a worse state of decrepitude was attained.

Of course the celebrations of such tin-pot affairs are perfect god-sends to the minor luminaries of the Sporting Press, who dilate upon the features of the course, and make their eternal 'selections' with as much importance as if an Ascot or Goodwood programme were set before them for discussion. And it speaks volumes for the power of memory possessed by their contributors that they should be able to recollect the previous performances of such very small fry, with a view to enlighten their readers upon their chances in the various races.

Discretionary, and other systematic swindlers, too, are enabled to keep their hands in during the winter months, and to put their followers on the track of realising colossal fortunes and 'opulent winnings.' And from their advertisements we are surprised to learn that immense fortunes may be secured at such places, where we had formerly been led to believe that business was for the most part transacted in 'dollars,' and where the crisp rustle of the paper currency was unknown. But then we have not yet been put in the right direction for the 'royal road to winning.'

It is high time, then, that some movement was made to abate the nuisances we have attempted to expose; and our legislators may rest assured that their time will be better occupied in devising some scheme for their abolition than in attempting to control human passions, and putting their veto upon inclinations with which man, that speculative animal, has been naturally endowed. Let them endeavour to remove the cause of the evil, and its effects must necessarily cease; and should Mr. Hughes desire to merit the thanks of the entire racing community, he cannot do better than turn his attention towards framing the provisions of a Bill which shall disestablish race meetings of all kinds within a certain distance of the metropolis. He would earn the approbation of those who, loving the sport for its own sake, hate and despise the base associations at present connected with its pursuit, and who would rejoice at the diminution of those accessories which only tend to drag its fair fame through the mire. The better class of trainers and jockeys would also advocate such a measure of reform; for the majority of them are merely acting under their employers' orders, and are consequently compelled to patronise a species of sport they cannot but despise. And it would be a relief to the feelings of those gentlemen, whether owners of horses or otherwise, whose good nature or love of notoriety has hitherto induced them to undertake the onerous duties of Stewards; for it is with fear and trembling that many of them must anticipate the settlement of any knotty point of racing law, when a whole army of roughs is at hand to assert the predominance of might over right. No wonder that the Stewards' Stand is so sedulously avoided, and that the possibility of a weighing-room squabble deters patrons of the sport from countenancing the meeting with their presence. Doubtless a fearful howl would ascend from the ranks of duffing trainers, chalk jockeys, and the chorus of publicans would rail and grind their teeth: possibly the 'sovereign people' would rebel against the authority of those who sought to save them from robbery and wrong; certainly there would be lamentations in Whitechapel and St. Giles, and among the ranks of Beales' boys. But the army of welshers would be terribly discomfited, and a holy calm steal over those peaceful habitations from which the 'Resident at Kingsbury' fulminated his anathema against suburban gatherings. And if the object of racing be to improve our breed of horses, and to afford means of rational enjoyment, how can such an object be served by the collection together of the veriest weeds and jades in training, scrambling over

impromptu courses, and attracting to their contests the cream of the 'leg' element, and scum of the population? Concerning the promoters of such meetings it is difficult to speak discriminately; for while, on the one hand, they are pandering to the lowest tastes, and degrading instead of ennobling the sport they profess to encourage, there is a feeling that it is difficult to draw the line where legitimate business ends and illegitimate traffic commences. Money-making is of course the end and object of the general body of lessees and managers; but there are different ways of carrying out programmes, and trumpery prizes are not likely to attract competition among first-class animals. In a previous number of this Magazine we endeavoured to point out the vast difference subsisting between 'suburban specs' and *bonâ fide* provincial gatherings, where local interests and local tastes are represented, and the same weary changes are not being perpetually rung on a horde of worthless animals such as patronise meetings 'on the home circuit.' If it is desirable to imbue our town populations with racing tastes, they should at least be afforded a spectacle of the leading characters, both human and equine, in our great national sport, instead of being treated to exhibitions more properly fitted for the old times of Barnet Fair, or the saturnalia of Hampstead Heath. They cannot expect to see respectability connected in any way with the lowest dregs of racing life, any more than to find the manners of Mayfair in the dens of Ratcliffe Highway. Besides, the Rough Brigade can advance its outposts in any direction near the capital, and would of necessity contaminate with its presence proceedings which might elsewhere be conducted with regularity and order. Nor can antiquity of institution or vested rights be pleaded in bar of the abolition of such paltry '*réunions*,' as the penny dreadfuls of sporting literature delight to term them. They are but excrescences of fungoid growth, and deform and injure, in the place of ornamenting or benefiting the venerable trunk to which they have become affixed. As regards speculation in connection with the events decided at such places, the proposed new Bill at present passing through Parliament will be utterly impotent to abate the evils of betting announcements and advertisements. Racing has been brought to 'the doors of the 'people;,' those inclined to gamble have merely to walk into an adjacent field, where, after having paid the customary shilling, they will find plenty of welshers anxious to lay them the longest possible odds, and to bounce and bully them out of their bets when applied to for payment. We do not assert that there are not some good men and true among the geniî of the ring at gate-money meetings; but they are altogether swamped by the clouds of sharps, who claim an equal right to the enclosure with the more respectable bettors, and whose raids the presence of a dozen 'active and intelligent' superintendents and detectives is impotent to suppress. High-class speculators do not care to interfere with the 'plants' and robberies perpetrated in the name of racing at the head-quarters of the 'schising element;,' consequently the ground is left clear for the less scru-

pulous to play their nefarious pranks with impunity. It is possible that the Legislature, having found their attempt to abolish betting abortive, may be led to consider a scheme for its regulation, such as we have consistently advocated. Should they turn their attention to this, and also show that their aim is to raise the character of British Sport by making a clean sweep of the nuisances at their doors, they will command infinitely more respect than at present from that portion of the community which, whether rightly or wrongly, interests itself in sporting matters. Such a body cannot surely be ignored, and possesses an equal right with other classes of mankind to the protection and care of a parental Government.

AMPHION.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN BRITTANY.

III.

THE old town of Carhaix kept wild wassail that night : the three wolves, mounted aloft on the same miserable beasts that had borne them so unwillingly from the battle-field, were paraded in triumph through its crowded streets : nor did Caractacus of yore, led by the conquering legions of Claudius through the city of Rome, inspire the inhabitants with greater joy than was felt by the primitive people of Carhaix at the sight of their fallen foe. Men, women, and children turned out *en masse* to catch a view of the gaunt brutes, the progenitors of which had kept them from youth to old age in a perpetual state of alarm and terror, and, in spite of every precaution, had throttled their horses, devoured their sheep, and even snatched up their favourite dogs before their very eyes ! No wonder the old town rang with applause at the noble conquest achieved by St. Prix ; no wonder they greeted him with *vivas* as a conqueror returning from a victory, in which every soul of that city was so deeply interested !

The chief medical man of the town, M. Bernard, who had accompanied the French army in its expedition against the Kabyles, and had slain the lion and the panther in their native wilds, confessed to me that he had often been in far greater danger among wolves than in the fiercest fights with those more powerful animals. ‘The latter,’ he said, ‘you encounter single-handed ; but an old wolf, with his family at his back, brings fearful odds against a horse and his rider. If beset at any time, as I have frequently been when on a professional visit to some poor peasant’s cottage in the heart of the forests, don’t forget that your best weapon is a box of lucifer matches : these, when ignited on your saddle-bow, will scatter them at every flash like dust before the wind. I can remember, some four winters ago, I was roused at midnight, in bitter weather, to give immediate attendance to a peasant’s wife living in the forest of Huel-goed : the case was an urgent one, and delay would have

‘ been fatal ; so, in ten minutes, I was dressed, mounted, and off to the poor sufferer’s aid.

‘ I had scarcely ridden half a league from the town, before I became aware, by the snorting of my mare, that a wolf was paying rather more attention to both of us than the mare at least seemed to think agreeable. One wolf, however, did not disturb me ; for, as yet, but one had shown himself, springing ever and anon on the hedge-bank within six feet of my head, and instantly disappearing behind the fence, as I cracked a fusee on my saddle-bow. I spurred my mare into a quicker canter, and hoped by the pace to chock off the pursuer ; but, so far from this being the case, I soon found, as we sped by a broad gap in the fence, that not only was he holding his own, head and head with the mare, but that four other wolves were close on his quarter, joining hard in the chase. In another second two of the brutes again bounded on the hedge-bank ; and, growing bolder as the chase grew hotter, kept stride and stride with us, so closely, that I could absolutely smell the breath of the brutes, as it tainted the night air. The Brittany lanes, as you well know, are simply tunnels hollowed out of the land, and flanked on either side by high, broad banks, from the top of which the wolves with ravenous eyes were now looking down upon us, measuring my strength and the mare’s probable endurance. Had she fallen or even stumbled in her gait, the pack would have been on us with one bound ; but, luckily, the little mare was safe as Notre Dame ; and I took care to keep the lucifers going, flashing them in their faces, and frightening the skulking brutes, ever as I did so, into the adjoining field.

‘ For two long leagues,’ continued the doctor, ‘ did we travel on in this perilous fashion ; till at length I began to fear the mare would drop from exhaustion ; she had been going, from the first, fetlock-deep in clay, and was now so terrified by the wolves that any unusual impediment would, I felt sure, bring her headlong to the ground. My lucifers, too, were running short ; and, as I had a good half league farther to ride, I economised my stock by only flashing single matches, and that, too, when more than one wolf traversed the bank in such dangerous proximity. My old hunting-whip now served me in good stead ; hitherto I had carried it between my thigh and the saddle, but drawing it forth, I stood up in my stirrups, and with all my force brought the heavy thong down over the head and eyes of the leading wolf. The success of this manœuvre was instantaneous ; not another wolf dared show again till I reached in safety the peasant’s hut, into which I rode the little mare with a thankful heart. No fox ever gained his earth more opportunely ; for another ten minutes must have been fatal to both of us.

‘ The cowardly brutes, however, though baffled, were not beaten : there they still were, watching the hut and prowling around it with dismal yells, denoting their disappointment. So I deemed it prudent to carry a mass of burning embers just outside the door and

‘to feed that until daybreak; and this alone, I am quite confident, kept them off the broom-roof and saved my little mare from certain destruction.’

When the doctor had finished his story, I inquired how the poor peasant had fared on his return from Carhaix, unarmed as he was, and unfurnished, probably, even with a box of matches.

‘Oh, he would be safe enough,’ said the doctor; ‘it was the mare was the attraction; and only in case of our being down together would my life have been in danger. In Brittany at least, no matter what their numbers nor what their need, they never attack a human being, great or small, by day or night. Man’s dominion, given him by the Creator, is paramount here.’

I was fortunate enough that night to sit next to the Count de Kergorlas at dinner; and hearing he was a master of wolf-hounds in Upper Brittany, I gleaned from him some interesting information with respect to the style of hound he considered best adapted for his particular sport.

‘A big, bold, broken-haired hound is what I keep for the work; and occasionally I invigorate the race,’ said he, ‘with a strain of wolf-blood.’

‘And how, pray,’ I inquired, ‘do you manage that?’

‘Nothing is more simple: the dog and the wolf being congeners they breed readily together; nor does the law affecting mules affect the hybrid race, as the offspring of the first cross reproduce their litters with the same facility. I keep a dog-wolf brought up by hand; and he, suckled in infancy by a hound dam, lives in perfect concord with any hounds I think fit to enclose with him in his kennel; while a day or two reconciles a strange hound to his company.’

‘And do you find the first cross,’ I asked, ‘as manageable in chase as your ordinary hounds?’

‘Far from it,’ he replied; ‘insomuch that I only keep that produce to breed from: they usually run mute or all but mute, and are so self-willed in chase and so fierce in kennel, that I merely use them as stud hounds, and enter the second cross. These, the grand-offspring of the wolf, become rare wolf-hounds, fierce, fine-nosed, desperate in chase, and never tiring during the longest day. But, to be candid, they have one great fault: they are too shy of their tongue; nor can this defect be bred out for several generations, although tonguery hounds are especially chosen for the purpose of every cross: the old nature of the wolf appears and reappears; and no device of human ingenuity can pitchfork it away.’

I have since learned in my own country, from a gentleman who brought over several couple of these hybrid hounds from the Department of Eure, and whose object it was to enter them as otter-hounds, that they had, at least, one other fault, which he found utterly ineradicable; in fact, the old wolf coming out again in them. They would kill sheep; and, as he justly remarked, that, to hunt the sheep was a far more expensive amusement than hunting the

otter, he hanged the whole of them. In the Count's country, however, this vice would not be observable; as there, flocks of sheep are not found depastured abroad and roaming at will on a thousand hills, as in this more favoured land.

For the next two days, after the triple kill at Conveau, St. Prix deemed it advisable to give his hounds perfect rest; so, in order to employ the time more profitably than in frequenting Madame Laurent's café and billiard rooms, St. Prix, Kergoorlas, Keryfan, and myself formed a shooting party, and arranged to sally forth in search of woodcocks to the Pencoet and Ty-meur covers, all within two leagues and a half of the town of Carhaix, on the following morning.

In spite of Admiral O'Grady's advice at whist, 'never to look back too much into futurity,' I am tempted to make a backward cast with respect to the wolf-hunting as before detailed. The sport, as I have already said, was good as it could well be; the hounds admirably suited for the work, and the 'field' as ardent and practical a set of men as I ever wish to meet at a cover-side. It was, however, impossible for me to reconcile the system of riding to a glorious pack of hounds, armed as each man was with a double 'smooth-bore,' with the simpler style of chase adopted in this country. It is quite true the wolf differs from the fox in the magnitude of the mischief he is capable of perpetrating, when plundering or pursued: the one is a pettifogging pickpocket, worrying old women and gamekeepers only, while the other is a brigand on a big scale, doing murder in bands, and bringing heavy loss and dismay to whole communities. The fox is hunted for sport alone; the wolf for the public weal; though, it must be admitted, St. Prix and his friends manage to include with that a vast amount of sport into the bargain.

A Breton chasseur would as soon think of riding to hounds without his saddle as without his gun; with him it is a 'vade mecum,' whether he pursues the hare or the roe-deer, the wolf or the grisly boar.

Not long ago that prince of men, Lord Palmerston, was entertaining a dinner-party at Cambridge House, and amused his guests with an anecdote characteristic of this Breton and French practice. 'Last season,' said he, 'a well-known French diplomatist did me the honour to pay me a fortnight's visit at Broadlands; and before he left, having enjoyed two or three days' fox-hunting in the neighbourhood, he expressed a wish to have his portrait taken as an English chasseur, and consulted me as to the artist he should employ for the work.

'"Frank Grant," said I, "is your man; he understands horses; and, from always being in good company, his portraits look like those of gentlemen and ladies."

'So Frank Grant was invited to Broadlands, when the following conversation ensued between them:

'"Et comment, monsieur" (lui dit cet eminent artiste), "aimeriez vous que l'on vous peignét?"

‘ “ En habit rouge ; le fusil sur l'épaule ; mon chien fidèle à côté de moi ; et le renard mort à mes pieds,” answered the Diplomat, with the utmost gravity.

‘ I expected,’ said Lord Palmerston, ‘ at least to see a twitch of mirth on Grant’s countenance ;’ but he was too well bred for that ; he quietly remarked that the hound and fox would do admirably, but that the gun would be unsuitable for the picture.’

When the Count de Kergoorlas’ drag drove to the door of the Hôtel La Tour d’Auvergne the clock struck seven, and at that early hour in a November morning every one was astir in the house, and even in the streets of Carhaix. Whatever may be thought of French morals in general, those of rising early in the morning are, unquestionably, habitual to them ; and that, too, not among the ouvriers only, and those on whom the labour of life falls heaviest, but among the higher classes of the community. It was barely dawn ; grey, cold, and comfortless ; and yet there sat Kergoorlas on his box, looking as cheerful and as happy as if he were going to drive a party of pretty girls to a summer fête in the forest of St. Germain.

‘ Mount, mount,’ said he, ‘ the horses are longing for the road ; and the braconniers of Carhaix will catch the first flight of wood-cocks if we delay our departure much longer.’

I was happy to feel that, on this occasion, I was not the delinquent ; St. Prix had been gone an hour to his kennel, in order to examine the hounds after their work of yesterday, and had not yet returned. As I approached the drag I ran my eye hastily over the team that stood, to all appearance, in no hurry for a start ; though, to judge by the way in which four Breton peasants held each horse by the head, there was evidently some misgiving in Kergoorlas’ mind as to the steadiness of the whole lot. A few minutes later St. Prix joined us, and, on mounting to the vacant seat on the box, Kergoorlas, with a lively crack of his whip, ordered the peasants to ‘ let them go ;’ and immediately such a scene as I never witnessed before, and hope never to witness again, ensued on that granite road ; the near wheeler, on hearing the whip cracked, made a plunge forward, broke the rope traces, and came head and legs in upon the near leader’s flanks ; an intrusion that instantly set both leaders a kicking so viciously, that it appeared to me a miracle how the fore-legs and skulls of the wheelers remained unsmashed by the assault. However, Kergoorlas, who sat on his box with the most perfect *sang-froid*, as if he had been accustomed to such antics from his cradle, held on by the reins, and plied the whip vigorously ; and notwithstanding the near-wheeler, now held by the pole-chain alone, continued his frantic plunges in the air, he got the whole team into forward action, and steadied his coach through narrow streets and by protruding shop-windows with a precision I shall never forget.

‘ The speed of the Tantivy trot,’ in former days, was that of a donkey’s gallop compared with the pace at which our team descended the hill from Carhaix to the Roman Bridge below ; and nothing

but the iron arm and steady nerve of the Count de Kergoorlas, backed up by the *mécanique* hard-turned upon both hind-wheels, saved our imperilled bones. The 'yawing' of the coach, high-slung upon its wheels—not a patent-safety one of modern invention—as it reeled over the narrow road, bounded on one side by a quarry, and on the other by a precipice, the near-wheeler still plunging and kicking his shoes off—would have staggered many a man of the O.B.C., and inevitably brought him to grief; but Kergoorlas never for one moment seemed to lose his presence of mind, proving himself indeed to be

'A daring pilot in extremity.'

Beyond the bridge, crossed at a gallop, but crossed safely, Kergoorlas got the first pull at his team, and brought them up in steadier form at the foot of the following hill. New trace-ropes were then substituted for the broken ones, and the remainder of the journey to Ty-meur passed off most pleasantly.

(To be continued.)

QUIET ASCOT.

MYSTERIOUS rumours are afloat of a jolly party having lunched at Windsor, after making the tour of the sights there, and there are subtle reports that they subsequently disposed themselves in breaks, in waggonettes, in jaunting-cars—in droschkies, perhaps, for their luxury knew no bounds—and were driven calmly and quietly through Windsor Park. Still going on hearsay, it is told that they smoked cigars of the finest, and were merry. That they lolled back, and pitied such of their suffering fellow-mortals as were not driving through the Park, with a prospect of something nice to follow. If there were lovers of Nature amongst them, I envy their treat. Nothing much pleasanter can be conceived than a quiet, jog-trot, cosy journey through the piece of ground just mentioned, during the first week of June. The air is soft with the smile of the growth-creating sun, everything around is fresh and bright, and bursting into life. As yet the dust has not become an intolerable nuisance. It is keeping itself in reserve for the race time, when it will hold high revel and carnival, and put into execution upon victims male and female refinements of torture that a Red Indian might envy. The birds are so busy in their domestic duties that not many of them are to be seen. They have mottled and spotted eggs to brood over, and huge-headed, gaping youngsters to feed. Still a foraging blackbird will hurry across the path now and then, and a creeper, more like mouse than bird, will crawl to the safe side of a tree, and gaze down curiously upon the passers-by. Rooks are always to be seen at this season, and the hawks and small falcons, those rovers of the air, hang now and then high above all other feathered creatures, objects, in

their way, of as much dread as to us the pirate flag in days of old, when Captain Kidd and Blackbeard were the scourge of the seas. The deer are always charming objects, whether seen in Windsor Great Park, in a Scotch forest so-called, or in the real pine woods of Germany or Hungary; and doubtless the wayfarers on the occasion referred to saw the mottled herds as they shifted their quarters from one feeding ground to another. Then the rhododendrons, and the great vine, and how many striking natural objects besides are to be viewed! And, I warrant me, the party would all dismount at Virginia Water, and send away their carriages, to meet them at the Wheatsheaf, artfully thinking that the thirst and partial fatigue induced by a stroll on the right border of the lake would give additional zest to the cool beverages always in store at that far-famed hostelry. The delights of the shady, springy, moist pathway by the side of George the Gentleman's favourite resort are known to many. The trees are plenty, but not so dense as to cut off altogether a peep into the recesses of the copses. Such wild flowers as exist there send forth a sweet savour. Now and again the startling crow of a cock pheasant falls on the ear, suggestive, on such hot afternoons as this, of a tightish cork suddenly withdrawn from a bottle of something iced and effervescing. Then what charms are to be found in the pure, clear water of the lake. The lapping sound of its wavelets as, driven by a gentle breeze, they lave the moss-grown banks, or burrow beneath the roots of the willows, is in itself, perhaps, the sweetest music that water affords. What irresistible temptations have those mysterious deeps to the angler! As a rule, the follower of old Izaak knows nothing of the fish or the fishing to be obtained there; but rumours have from time to time reached him of monstrous carp and pike, taken by favoured individuals who have had permission to wet line in Virginia Water, and they can see for themselves what store of perch must lurk in depths so eminently suited to that handsomest of common fishes. 'Oh!' (thought, perhaps, some of the travellers), 'for a punt and a can of nice lively minnows! Oh, for a few hours by the fishing temple, unbothered by keepers or attendants. One boy, perhaps, to pull the boat, and take care of the beer and grub, and to keep the bait lively and cool. Leave me to find out the best pitches. A fisherman's eye may be trusted to select the corner by the reeds, or the hole beneath the crawling roots, where the biggest and best fish may be found, and we'll warrant us that such a pannier full should go back to London as would make the fishing societies open their eyes.' I warrant me, that those London roysterers who skirted Virginia Water on the day alluded to stopped to gossip with the boy left in charge of the pheasant hutches, and watched the tiny chicklings (so soon to grow into birds of price—a guinea a brace, by the power!), as they scurried through the crisp ferns and underwood, and heard the story of the big fierce dog, kept to scare away poachers, a dog so savage and so strong, that his plan of scaring seemed to consist in tearing his adversary into small pieces, and then eating them. When the

wanderers arrived at the Wheatsheaf, I make no doubt (so well do I know human depravity) that they fell back as if exhausted on benches, or sank nerveless on the grass plat, and called in faint accents for soda and sherry, or, worse still, for the B. and S. that doctors tell us is the root of all evil. Query. How is it that doctors, who are allowed to worry and enrage their fellow-men by forbidding, under awful penalties, this food and that drink, should themselves be allowed to commit frightful ravages amongst all edibles and potables, from truffles to hot rum and water? I know one medico who consumes any amount of port with impunity, and another who can sup on underdone pork chops, and truffle, and Welsh rabbit, and an undressed cucumber or two, and then sleep like an infant. Effervescing beverages duly swallowed, I know that the charioteers were again summoned, and that the whole party made their way to the lower part of Ascot Heath, for the writer of this veracious narrative stood with them there as Harry King (recently more than immortalised by having his portrait inserted in 'Baily') and Her Majesty's Staghounds formed a most picturesque group in the foreground. An enthusiast could doubtless have lingered there for hours, listening to the carefully modulated conversation of the huntsman with his hounds, and marking the eccentricities of Falstaff, Barmaid, and others of the glorious pack, whose names have long gone from my memory. The wanderers, with one tall exception, perhaps, are not enthusiasts, and they have, moreover, a deeply settled conviction that the dinner hour is nigh at hand. Away, therefore, over the springy turf towards the not distant hotel. Through the furzes, amongst the tall ferns, now up to the ankles in yellow dust, now buried to the knee in long rank grass and straggling heath plants, followed everywhere by the enchanting odour of the full-blown hawthorn and the call of the vagabond cuckoo. The air of Ascot Heath assuredly conduces to appetite, as the waiter at the Royal can attest. The air of the heath is thirst-creating, as the Royal's cellarman must know, to his cost, and to his master's benefit. And the liquors, let it be added, are laudable. There is a claret in whose praise I could compose a little sonnet, and for those stomach and brain proof against the ravages of that antiquated and deadly drink, port, there is imbibing of the best. It is warm enough for a cigar in the porch as night draws on, for as yet wintry June has not set in. Pleasant it is to lean back in a roomy chair and, at peace with every one, watch the blue wreaths of smoke curl slowly from your lips aloft, and hang about the clustering leaves and branches overhead. A companion, quaint of speech, and acquainted well with men and letters, is hard by; without such a companion half the enjoyment of the sweet summer evening were lost. Anon, as the night deepens, we stroll slowly along the road skirting the heath, amidst a silence well-nigh profound. Stay! the stillness is broken by the strange, unearthly spinning whirr of the night-jar, moth hunting above the ferns. Few sounds in nature, at least in feathered nature, are more singular, or more perplexing to the

uninitiated. It was of this night-jar, or fern-owl, or churn-owl, or goat-sucker—for in the country he goes by all these names—that Gilbert White, of Selborne, wrote so charmingly. Who does not recollect that most delightful of writer's talk of this 'wonderful and 'curious creature,' and its punctuality in beginning its buzz exactly at the close of day?

' While o'er the cliff the awaken'd churn-owl hung,
Thro' the still gloom protracts his chattering song.'

With what rapture, too, have birds' nesting boys read his note on July 14th, 1789, relative to the old woman bringing him the 'two eggs of the fern-owl or eve-jar, which she found on the verge of 'the hanger, under a beechen shrub.' Truly, as we listen to the birds' clatter to-night, the spirit moves me strongly to commence an egg-hunting expedition on the morrow. What happiness to wander once more through tangled copse and wild swamp, disdainful of rent clothes or wet feet! The delights of peeping into the recesses of the thickest furze bush, and lighting on the deftly-hidden home of the linnet, the down-built nest of the chiff-chaff, with its purple speckled eggs, or mayhap, the beautiful fabric that the long-tailed, tit has constructed, curiously worked in trailing moss and grey lichen without, and a mass of warm feathers within. More charming still, perhaps, used to be the prowl by the broken banks of some woodland stream. Then we came across great booty in the shape of grey or pied wagtails' nests, placed on some shelf of rock or earth not readily reached. Amidst the clustering roots of some great tree, from which the biting stream had eaten most of the supporting earth, we found, now and again, the domicile of the spotted fly-catcher, and under the eaves of the overhanging banks many and many a time did we light on the well-concealed nest of poor jenny wren, and, to our shame be it spoken, rifle it of the tiny treasures it contained. On other days, to be marked in the naturalist calendar with a white stone, the dipper would fly with a scream from her oak-leaf-lined cabin, and flit on swift wing down stream; and once or twice, supremest rapture of all, we have marked the gorgeous king-fisher as she left the deep burrow and the bank, and have not rested until, hot, excited, and earth-stained, we have dug down upon her pearly eggs. Ah me! those days come never, never back again!

A wild longing to hear nightingales, reported to attend in large force hard by Mr. Standish's nursery grounds, had drawn us from the hospitable portals of the Royal to the pathway by the race-course. The expedition is almost a fruitless one. We have been drawn away on an empty errand. The nightingales, it may be presumed, have been pampered and spoilt, like a great tenor, and to-night they send excuses of sore throat or what not. Representing the British public, we grumble, and complain, and decline to believe that they have sore throats, or curse their impudence for having them on this particular night. It is true that once or twice the deep rich notes are heard for an instant in some far off hedgerow.

But they cease at once. The night is, perhaps, a thought too chilly, or there is a change pending. Anyhow the nightingales will not sing. Out upon the broad heath all is still as the grave. Not even a breath of wind sighs over its wide expanse. The darkness has come down heavily, and the whereabouts of Grand Stands and weighing-rooms can barely be traced through the gloom. We stand on most famous ground. The turf of Ascot Heath is associated with much that is most famous in the annals of horse-racing. Much over a century back there was racing here, and Mr. Vernon, and Lord Orford, Lord Gower, Lord Portman, and 'His R.H. the Duke,' as the old chronicle prints it, run horses for the fifty pound plate, and trifling sweepstakes. Ascot Cup races have formed the subject of more stories, written and told, than any racing event besides, with the exception, perhaps, of the Doncaster St. Leger. A history is connected with nearly every one of the contests, since the day when Bizarre, and Longwaist, and Streatham met, and Arnall drove the first of these home the winner by a head. Chateau Margaux and Memnon—the latter a mighty steed in the Yorkshire land as well as in Berkshire—followed next, and in a year or two more came out to contest the golden trophy. That famous field of which Zingane, and Mameluke, Cadland, and The Colonel (bitter rivals of old), Green Mantle, and Lamplighter, were the brightest stars. Old race-goers still tell the tale of how Jem Robinson, on Camarine, waited on Chifney, who was riding Rowton for the Ascot Cup of 1832, and, gradually drawing up to him, made a dead heat of the race, amidst such shouting and excitement as the heath had never known before. Then came the days of such giants as Glaucus, and Glencoe, and Touchstone, when all the world and his wife (occasionally) went to Ascot, and men's mouths were full of angry revilings, and sporting papers teemed with angry letters, because Plenipotentiary and Sheet Anchor were idle in their stables on the Cup Day, instead of taking part in the stirring strife. What glorious steeds have stretched their dainty limbs over the very patch of turf on which we now stand! The dust here has been stirred by the hoofs of the cream of the 'Stud Book,' Lanercost, Beeswing, Alarm, The Hero. Is there an Englishman so degenerate as to be ignorant of their fame? Van Tromp, Flying Dutchman, Teddington, and West Australian, what a quartet to have been stripped for one race in the course of half a dozen years! The character of those who are mixed up in Turf pursuits may and does degenerate; but even with the names of such steeds of might on our lips, it must be owned that there is no falling off since their day in the quality of the racehorse. For is there not a Mortemer, to whom presently an Ascot Cup shall fall?

GONE AWAY OVER DARTMOOR FOREST.

WE well remember, and still affectionate fondly, the old Eton strain of the jovial song, when stroke-bar in the Defiance, pulling leisurely down Bovey stream, that joyously proclaimed to the world, how that 'King David, on a summer's day,—all in the merry month of May, 'was walking on his terrace.' But the Master of the South Devon, of the present time, has livelier propensities, in one sense, than the wayward son of Jesse; and, instead of gallivanting on a terrace and coveting the ripe fruit of his neighbour's orchard, met, on the last day of the season, at Haytree Gate, upon the borders—properly called Fenfields—of the primeval forest of Dartmoor. That same last day is seldom enlivened, when cantering to the meet, by a pleasing anticipation of sport. A gaudy morning, hedgerow flowers, with that pale foliage upon the beech-trees in which English painters delight, but which the dark Salvator and the softer Claude summarily eschewed, augur otherwise than favourably for a satisfactory run with foxhounds. It is generally a meet *pro forma*—a quick find, a slight scurry, with the dust flying in every direction, 'ware vic,' a nip of sherry,—and then good-bye to all jolly fellows round the wrekin until the first Monday in November. But we have a different tale to tell.

The S. D. hounds drew Heathercomb brake, a large gorse on the slope of a hill above one of the sources of the Bovey river, and 'with the wind at north-east most forbiddingly keen.' One word as to the denizen of this Western wilderness. He is a fox proper, in contradistinction to that miserable substitute imported from Gallic regions, Radical and Republican, that is put down amongst the laurel-bushes of a pheasant-merchant who gives a breakfast to the neighbouring Hunt by way of making himself popular and to prove the sincerity of his love for the noble sport. The word 'merchant' is employed to signify a titular sportsman, who rears and preserves pheasants for pleasure and profit. They are slaughtered in the morning by a select party of friends, and are hung up in the poulterers' shops for sale on the following morning. A wild animal, in a wilder country, the moor-fox does not wait to be found, but is away at the first signal, faces the hill-side of the outer waste and goes away straight over the undulating morasses for the fastnesses of those inland tors which form the peculiarity of Dartmoor forest. By-the-way, it should be observed that the gallant fox which gave the run of the season to the V.W.H. and to the Duke of Beaufort—said to be one and the same, and still alive and well for another chevy—is reported to have been brought, in the day of its innocence, from these western latitudes.

No sooner were the hounds cheered into Heathercomb brake, than away went a Hector of the moor, gaunt and grey, high upon leg, and with a stride that gave surety of a stern-chase long and lasting. The start was fair for all—every hound was at him, and the field, leaving

their vale of Eden behind, had the wide waste before them, where to choose their ground, and Providence their guide. Without abating a jot of faith in the latter, nevertheless a good pair of eyes and a firm hand to ride fast over this uneven moorland are very desirable adjuncts. Straight up the hill-side of Hamildon Down he went, leaving the famous Beacon to the left, with the Druidic idol of Bowerman's nose—so named after one of the Thanes of the Conqueror, from the elongation, probably, of his nasal appendage, looking down upon the rapid flight of the present hybrid Angles. Perhaps the Druid and Sir Bowerman the Norman would have called them degenerate; but this is a matter of taste. The ascent of Hamildon was a breather; and Mr. Alexander Monro, who had held hitherto a forward lead, fast and furious, came back to his horses. *Ambitionis amor, fræni impatiens* is a prolific source of grief both to first-flight men and to politicians, and the scheming Radical, the less worthy of the two. On over the edge of Shapeleigh Common under Hooknor Tor, by the British hut circles to Vitifer Mine, crossing the Moreton Hampstead road, not far from the ancient granite cross that marks the boundary of the parishes of Lidford and Chagford—time-worn and weather-beaten with the storms of centuries. Then by the King's Oven—*furnum Regis* in the Stannary deeds of the Duchy of Cornwall, and noted as a favourite haunt of those frolicksome elves of Devonshire—

‘Little Pixy, fair and slim,
Without a rag to cover him.’

This oven of the old British kings consists of a circular barrow of small stones on the top of a hill, about three feet high, around what was formerly a pit, and was used—so says tradition—by the British chiefs for the purpose of baking. It is related in an old chronicle, that ‘they dug a deep pit, lined it with stones, and made ‘the stones hot by burning heath or wood upon them. Then they ‘laid venison at the bottom with a stratum of stones above it; this ‘they did alternately till the pit was full, and the whole was covered ‘with turf to confine the steam.’ This must have constituted a savoury pottage like Esau's mess of young gazelle,—‘*matarmim*’—seasoned, as we are told by oriental writers it was, with salt, spices, garlic, and onions, and sweetened with honey, which must have required a Dartmoor appetite to devour, and the stomach of a British king to digest. It would have killed the patriarch Isaac out of hand. However, we are also informed, in the suave vernacular of the moor, that ‘Unting makes ‘unters very ‘ungry,’ and without a doubt the British kings ate, drank mead, and were merry withal. Leaving the frightened pixies gambolling in the nude, the hounds, heads up and without ever having had a check, in spite of the north-easter, brought the line to one of the dilapidated walls of the forest, and the fox, finding himself hard pressed, crossed and re-crossed the wall in view of the field. Threading the mazes, now on one side, now on the other, and thus having succeeded in gaining a slight advan-

tage, away he went again gallantly by South Teign Head to Bradmere Mires, on to Fernworthy hedges—*lucus à non lucendo*—within sight of the celebrated Longstone Rock Pillar, a gigantic obelisk that belonged to the *via sacra*, or processional Holy Street of Druidical worship, according to the Arkite ceremonial, then leaving the Grey Wether sacred circles to the south, on by White Horse Hill, to Western Tor, New Lake, and by Taw Head to Cranmere Pool. This point is about fourteen miles, as the hounds ran, from Heathercomb brake, and the time one hour and twenty minutes. Mr. Westlake, M.F.H., Messrs. Hole of Bishop's Teignton, Clack, Jun., of Moreton Hampstead, Barclay of Torquay, A. Monro of Ingsdon, and two or three farmers, especially one of the name of Norrington, were well in their place. The pace had been severe, the ground deep, but without fences, and a good moorman, that is to say, one who, in this dreary waste *domibus negata*, can detect the red and yellow tufts of the treacherous morass, keeps high ground, knowing his point and the rides, so called, of the moor, may command hounds tolerably well: a farmer, bred on the spot, is an invaluable pilot.

Cranmere Pool lies in the heart of a vast morass, and is about 150 feet in length by 80 broad, surrounded on every side by extensive bogs; it is difficult of access even in a dry summer. The name is commonly said to signify the place of cranes; but in reality it is derived from the Gaelic word *aun*, water, and *maer*, mother or source, meaning 'the mother of many rivers;' and Carrington apostrophises it, in his poem of 'Dartmoor,' as 'the urn of Cranmere.' The hounds went over the northern part, where it was impossible to follow or get near them, and from hence the chronicle of this gallant chase has only been obtained from turf-cutters and other incidental sources of intelligence. The last account that was heard of the hounds, authentically, states they were running under Dengator, and they were seen at Blackator, then turning southward they raced up the vale of the Okement under Annicombe Hill, where, it is supposed they killed. In that case the run would have been about twenty-four miles. There was not a single check, and the hounds carried from first to last that killing head that will not meet with denial. They streamed over the moor in a solid mass, as determined in object as certain of result. The fox was beaten out of his line, had failed to make his point, and was unable to gain, or to exist, in the stronghold of a tor. The hounds did not return until the following day; and the fur in their teeth, with other strong indications, would go far to prove that they had been successful. It was a remarkable run, from the extreme pace, held with a bitter north-easter down wind, and over high ground, and well worthy of being chronicled in the pages of 'Baily.'

M. F. H.

TURF NOMENCLATURE.

'Licuit, semper que licebit
 Signatum présente notâ *procedere* nomen.'—*Horace.*

THE Admirable Crichton would not have been worthy to 'hold a candle' to the linguist who could unravel all the mysteries of the word-lore of the stud-book. We verily believe that most of the tongues of Babel have contributed to that wonderful repertory of names; and he attempts no easy task who now essays to give to a yearling an appropriate name which has not been previously borne by a thoroughbred. The names of sire and dam, indeed, in some instances, seem to indicate the name their offspring should bear. The filly by Saunterer out of Curatrix should have been 'Dr. Mary Walker,' and the filly by Saccharometer out of Honey is clearly 'Double Distilled,' and the daughter of two fathers an indisputable 'Double Event.' The filly by Caterer out of Summerside should be an impromptu 'Picnic.' Citadel's colt out of Plunder has recently suggested 'Capitulation,' and the filly by the same sire out of Vanity may fairly be expected to ripen into a 'Garrison Belle,' whilst the filly by Caterer out of the Broom will possibly have to be contented with the humbler lot of 'Kitchen Maid.' The filly by Saccharometer from Prescription may combine the characteristics of sire and dam in the name of 'Dulcamara.' We suggest 'Yorkshire Pudding' as an unadorned name for the daughter of Artless by Caterer, and another of his daughters out of Queen of the Gipsies we should name 'Burrizimmins,' which is, being translated, 'Snailbroth,' a delicacy much relished by the gipsy epicure. The colt by King John out of Vapour must be 'Smoke Jack,' and why should not Amsterdam's daughter from the Belle ask us to 'Buy-a-broom?' The filly by Plum Pudding out of Tension (sister to Tightfit) cannot escape 'Repletion,' whilst the same sire's daughter from Contraction points to 'Expansion,' and Pastry Cook's natural child by Saunterer must be 'Slow Poison.' The filly by Artillery out of Irritation is a decided case of 'Crossfire,' and the colt by Carbineer out of Betenoir must be a 'Black Guard.' The filly by Beadsman out of Mrs. Quickly recalls to our recollection 'Doll Tearsheet.' The colt by Exchequer out of Sidewind introduces to us the 'Budget,' whilst the filly by Prime Minister out of Artesia leaves us with a 'Deficit;' and we are fairly entitled whilst meditating on its depth to give Mr. Lowe's name to the colt by Forager out of Fusee, albeit the filly by Prime Minister out of Menace threatens us with a 'Dissolution.' From Oxford and Lifeboat we should look for 'Stroke Oar.' Distin and Wild Honey combine music and sweetness in 'Bumble Bee,' whilst the conjunction of Marksman and Star in the East attracts our attention to 'Sagittarius.' We shall not be thought to possess refined musical taste when we name the colt by Orpheus out of Nutmeg

'The Grater;' and if we stand in the place of sponsor to Oxford's son from Smilax, we know no more appropriate name than 'Soapy Sam.' We shall run the risk of being accused of vulgarity when we say that the daughter of Rapparee from Merry Maid ought to be 'Up to Snuff.' The colt by Caterer from Feu de Joie should be a 'Cracker,' and the colt by Claret out of Stitched Up is no doubt already 'Half Seas Over.' From Hospitality and The Neva we should expect 'Caviare.' Oxford and Auricula may introduce to us a 'Confessor.' The only sweetness that Saccharometer could extract from a Bad Debt must be a 'Dividend;' the result of Gunboat meeting with Misfortune is most likely to be a 'Wreck,' and Surplice's daughter from Traviata will, we hope, be a 'Penitent;' the filly by Scottish Chief from Masquerade will no doubt lead many of her compeers a merry dance under the name of 'Highland Fling.' We should expect a 'Benediction' from Ely and Eulogy; and if the colt by the Marquis out of Mother Carey's Chicken is as good as Victorious, Duke of York, and other winners bred by Mr. Carey, he will sustain his reputation as 'Cock of the Walk.' Danae, however mated, should produce a 'Shower of Gold.' The son of Saunterer and Reconnaissance will do duty as a 'Sentinel.' It appears that a Remedy from High Treason exists in 'Cayenne.' Chalybeate's daughter will be a genuine 'Steel Spring,' and Macaroni and Fiancée are entitled to a 'Bridecake.' From the meeting of Saunterer and Old Maid we should expect nothing better than 'Dilly Dally.' We should have brighter hopes of Saunterer and Coquette, as they might produce a 'Dandy;' whilst Student and Merry Girl might calculate upon a 'Gamin.' We must not forget the filly by Ranger out of Chemisette, and what name could be more appropriate to her than 'Eureka?' The colt by Odd Trick out of Cypress must be our 'Last Card.'

Sir Joseph Hawley is what the gipsies call a true Lavengro, or Word Master, and Bedesman from Mendicant, his son Pero Gomez, the Spanish beggarman, from Salamanca, Rosicrucian, the red cross knight with his vow of poverty; Blue Gown by Bedesman from Bas Bleu, and King Cophetua, 'who loved the beggar maid,' attest the elegance of Sir Joseph's taste and his skill in giving appropriate names; but Mr. Cookson, the great northern breeder, made the happiest hit some years ago when he named the colt by Fandango out of Fandango 'Double Shuffle;' he has recently abstained from naming his yearlings, which, we think, is to be regretted, as his names were always well chosen. How the peculiar idiosyncrasy of individuals is exemplified in the description of names which they give to their horses! Lord Stamford, fresh from college, displayed his classical learning in his Turf nomenclature, and Archimedes, Diophantus, and Imaus recall to us the early passages of his lordship's career. It used to be a rich treat, some years ago, to hear Mr. Kempster (one of our oldest and most respectable bookmakers on a small scale) exclaim, '*Ore rotundo!* I'll lay against Archimedes, Ericthonius, Neoptolemus,

and Lopcatcher.' You never heard a false quantity from him, for he (like his lordship) has a Lemprière and Gradus at home, and if you want the very shortest odds against your fancy on the Leger day, and the promptest payment in the improbable case of your having backed the winner, look out for an old gentleman with a sky-blue umbrella and a white hat with a black crape around it (for these are the Kempster racing colours), and the voice once heard, like the King of the Forest's, can never be mistaken. Mr. Crowther Harrison, the breeder of Leonie, as he styles himself in the advertisement of his annual sale of yearlings at Doncaster (we suppose, under the idea that he will never breed a better), seems fond of reviving the names of defunct celebrities, such as Dr. Syntax and Flying Childers; but this kind of nomenclature betrays a poverty of invention, and tends to confuse Turf history. Some of the names he has lately given to his yearlings have shown an improvement on this form. Grand Coup by Gladiateur was a palpable hit. Excalibur (by the same sire), as representing the sword of King Arthur, ought to be a Slasher, and Sword Trick out of Astonishment may effect a surprise some day. Mitrailleuse sounds formidable for mowing down numbers; and the only fear we should have for Adventurer's son Charlatan would be that he might turn Rogue. It was following suit that Court Card should come after Odd Trick; and Court Beauty is a becoming daughter of a Belgravian mother. What shall we say of the Sheffield Lane Confederacy, when Ranting Tam is the best name their united wit and wisdom could invent for a son of Colsterdale? Surely the great China merchants might have discovered a better name on one of their tea-chests—Mandarin, Pekin, Nankin, Canton, Pekoe, Lapsang, Souchong, any of these would have been worthy to be carried to immortality in Derby, Oaks, or Leger, as the case might be, and the tails of the Celestials would have shaken with delight if a horse with a Chinese cognomen had been heralded the winner of a great event; but who could rejoice (unless a yokel) in the success of Ranting Tam? We strongly object to the common practice of giving the names of distinguished living characters to race-horses. It would have a very awkward sound if it were announced in the fashionable intelligence that Mabel Grey was on a visit to Dr. Temple; and we are sure the lady would not like it if it were rumoured that an alliance had been formed between Cora Pearl and John Bright; and if it be undesirable that the names of members of the legislature and the demi-monde should be brought into juxtaposition, it is easy to discern that the practice to which we have referred might lead to announcements yet more objectionable and annoying.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE DOG SHOW.

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‘The world is still deceived with ornament,’

and which is more fully alive to the advantages to be derived from a ready action on that belief than that of the Crystal Palace. That Shakespearian maxim has been their creed from the days of Blondin and Ethardo to the present, and nothing and nobody likely to prove ‘a decided hit’ has been omitted from the Crystal Palace programme, in their efforts to cater worthily for the public. High art was very well at first ‘for them as liked it,’ but these grew small by degrees and beautifully less, and the taste of the many, and not of the few, had to be consulted of necessity if the speculation was not to prove a failure. Can it be supposed that the Crystal Palace would have been a success as originally contemplated and conducted? Or, rather, can it be supposed that it was ever intended to be entirely devoted to the interests of art? A portion of the grounds are even devoted to the prosecution of cricket, and it is no uncommon and certainly not the least attractive sight, now a days, for a man to see the famous Elevens of England playing at Sydenham, after having been induced so to do by reading the names and exploits, mayhap, of the players in ‘preliminary announcements.’ The extra charge would be nothing if one was not invariably disappointed in witnessing the display, which is sure to fall short of anticipation, so unequally sustained are the efforts of peripatetic cricketers. Cricket is such an uncertain game, and itinerant celebrities are so very fanciful in their peregrinations. Circuses, menageries, and even Arabian acrobats have had and still have their day at the Palace. But a dog show! From Handel, in short, to Jemmy Shaw! Surely this is bathos.

A dog show is, however, fast becoming an institution, in spite of so many cavillers against it. From the days of the great and original Metropolitan one at Islington, it has almost always been a success, as far as the projectors have been concerned. Complaints have been frequent and general as to misjudging, false entries, and bad accommodation from those days to these; and since the National affair at Maidstone last year, the sporting newspapers have been inundated with correspondence on the subject. There has been no such complaint—at least there has been no very well or substantially founded one—of the Crystal Palace show of last year; and no doubt the general success of that show, the approbation of the sight-seeing public, and the evident attraction of the novelty have emboldened the Company to provide another such treat this season. Fault-finders there will ever be, and perhaps among dog exhibitors these individuals are to be found in greater profusion than among most other classes. At any rate it may be safely asserted that the pecuniarily uninterested spectator is by no means one of them, and he for the most part is

satisfied with the exhibition and arrangements, concluding that if we are to have dog shows, there can be no doubt that the Crystal Palace is the place at which to behold them at the best advantage.

As it may be reasonably objected that horse races, as at present conducted, are calculated to do anything rather than improve the breed of horses, so it may similarly be urged that dog shows have been attended with no other beneficial result than that of enhancing the value of particular kennels, and of sacrificing to fashion utility and what has hitherto been considered points of excellence. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* The outcry has been raised and kept up *usque ad nauseam* that dog shows are nothing more nor less than mere speculations on the part of interested individuals, that members of the committee and generous presenters of silver cups and pieces of plate have in too many instances themselves been winners of prizes, and that—worst sin of all—dogs have been entered under false pedigrees, with a view not only to influence the judges in their decisions but to induce a not too discerning public to purchase at a price far beyond the real merits of the animal genealogically considered. Perhaps the propriety of members of the committee being exhibitors is open to serious objection, and breeders may and probably will continue to prefer their complaints while the practice lasts. Most gentlemen assuredly would be disposed to question the good taste of such a proceeding as that of acting in the double capacity of committee man—not to say absolute judge—and exhibitor; but dissentients must remember that a really good judge of dogs used in field sports is a scarce article, and that many gentlemen have undertaken the post only after the most earnest solicitation, and frequently to the absolute destruction of the chances of their own dogs. This considered, it becomes a wonder, after the abuse which has been so freely launched against them for doing so, that really competent gentlemen judges can be found at all. It is not given to every man to be conversant with the points of excellence of pointers, setters, and spaniels; and if the proprietors of those animals are to be debarred from judging, resort must be had to the dealers, and in that case dog shows would become a farce indeed.

It is essential that there should be some sort of guarantee that competency in the matter of judges and judging has been attended to, and that the secretary—who should never be an honorary one—has been necessarily strict in the matter of entries and pedigrees. The cavillings and grievances of the dealers, which should under any circumstances be received *cum grano salis*, would then become much less frequent, and be of very little account when ventilated; and such a *faux pas* as that of Maidstone last year, assuming to itself the ambitious title of 'national,' too, could hardly occur again. It is not alone sufficient that a secretary should be particular as to pedigrees and classes, but it is essential also that his zeal should not lead him into the error of rendering unnecessary and unofficial advice to the judges. Indeed it should be no part of his business to offer any advice or instructions at all except when asked for it, and a neglect of

this rule has led to some curious maladministration at provincial dog shows. It is but just to say that nothing of this kind is discoverable at the Crystal Palace, and the provincials can hardly urge now that they have a bad example set them at dog shows of greater pretensions than their own. ~~The sporting~~ The sporting newspapers published much correspondence and grievances after the dog shows of last year, and while unnecessarily obliging in this matter, it cannot be denied that their action has been attended with good effect. If, however, this had been their plan of operation some years ago, the public would have been astounded at the disclosures that would have been made concerning mismanagement and misjudging, and certainly a more satisfactory feeling would have by this time existed between exhibitors and judges. There are those who consider dog shows to be extremely absurd exhibitions—to give them no harsher epithet—and last year there were not wanting a few choice exposures of some queer arrangements at various ‘national’ shows. The judges were nearly the same as those of last year at the Crystal Palace, and the committee consisted of the following gentlemen: the Right Hon. the Earl of Caledon, S. E. Shirley, Esq., M.P., J. H. Dawes, Esq., George Earl, Esq., C. Homfray, Esq., Samuel Lang, Esq., P. J. D. Lindoe, Esq., R. L. Purcell, Esq., Rev. J. Cumming Macdona, J. H. Murchison, Esq., F. Robinson, Esq., and Ernest E. M. Royds, Esq., Secretary Mr. W. Roue (of Bristol). It is to be regretted that in so many classes there were extra prizes in the shape of pieces of plate, &c., given by members of the committee, for these necessarily present most of the causes of complaint made by dissatisfied exhibitors on former occasions.

Among the regulations the following may be mentioned as being eminently to the general wish of owners:—

‘Exhibitors will be permitted to take home dogs entered in Classes 90 to 106 inclusive, and 108 and 109, and in other cases deemed necessary by the veterinary inspectors, every evening after the show is closed, on leaving a deposit of 1*l.* each dog, and producing a receipt for the entrance fee. This deposit will be forfeited if the dog is not returned before 8 o’clock every morning the show is open; and if a winner of a prize is taken out and not punctually returned, the prize will also be forfeited.

‘All the dogs shown must be the property of the exhibitor in whose name they are entered. Any misrepresentation with regard to the ownership of a dog or dogs will, on being proved to the satisfaction of the committee, be followed by the exclusion from all future exhibitions of the member making such false statement, and such dog will not be qualified to compete or entitled to receive a prize should one be awarded.’

The general arrangements were superior to those of last year, and the dogs were exhibited on the basement of the Palace, having plenty of air and room. The judges were the Rev. T. Pearce, Mr. J. Walker, Mr. W. Lort, Mr. Handley, Mr. Pool, and Mr. Monsey, names well known to fame in this business. It is difficult to discover

upon what given principle the decisions of judges at dog shows are arrived at; and here in many instances the judging was in flat contradiction to the decisions of last year.

There were upwards of eight hundred entries, and those were subdivided into one hundred and seven classes, the champion classes being limited to previous winners of first prizes. Nearly 1000*l.* were awarded in prizes; and it will be seen that the judges' duties were by no means a sinecure. As it is more than probable that their decisions will be made the subject of comment for some time to come—for it must be admitted that dissatisfaction was frequently expressed, and with what appeared to be much reason—it is but fair to render them the credit of having taken some pains in their thankless work, for they commenced their labours at ten o'clock in the morning, and did not conclude them until six. Probably a finer collection of dogs used in field sports have never before been exhibited, and among these the pointers and setters were especially deserving of mention. One almost naturally looks for the familiar names of exhibitors in particular classes, and in most instances they were to the fore as usual with their animals,—

‘Famed for their breed and famous by their birth.’

It must be a subject for general rejoicing that Mr. E. Laverack's celebrated black and white flecked dog Dash took the first prize and the plate in the champion class of English setters, and Mr. S. Lang's Duchess the first prize for bitches—the former being pronounced the better of the two. There were some queer tricks performed some time ago with the reputation of Mr. Laverack's dogs, which he was not slow to resent; and it will be allowed that, however anxious the judges might have been to render him full justice, they can by no means be said to have ‘thrown a sop to Cerberus.’ In the pointer large size champion class Mr. W. Francis, jun's. liver and white dog Sancho—the winner of four first prizes, being the only ones he had competed for—was *facile princeps* beyond any question—indeed, he may be said to have been about the finest animal in the exhibition. Mr. J. H. Whitehouse's Hirt, an animal with a plebeian countenance, was preferred to Mr. B. Bletsoe's Nell, which was rather unaccountable. Mr. Whitehouse, however, took first prize for both dogs and bitches among the medium class pointers. In the non-champion class for small-sized pointers Mr. F. S. Arkwright's Knockdown gained first honours, and well he might, for he was certainly one of the handsomest dogs in the show.

Among the black and tan setters were some very fine and some very well known animals. Mr. Lang's old Reuben, looking anything but in fit form for prize competition, took the first prize, to the astonishment of not a few, who thought him inferior to one or two others in the class. There are men that say that black and tan colour is fatal to the purity of setter blood. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ.* Of their stanchness and working capabilities, however, there cannot be much doubt, and if ‘the proof of the pudding consists in the

'eating,' the black and tan setter will be found on the whole quite equal to his more aristocratic brethren of the lemon and white order. The harriers were conspicuous by their almost entire absence, two only showing up in the place of those really beautiful eighteen of last year. No less than one hundred fox terriers competed—a fine class, in which, as usual, the kennel of Mr. J. H. Murchison was successful among the dogs, and being bracketed with Mr. Sarsfield among the bitches. 'The M's have it' with a vengeance among fox terriers—the Marquis of Huntly, Mr. Murchison, and the Rev. J. Cumming Macdona almost monopolising the market in that breed.

The spaniels were of average merit, the Clumbers being not numerously represented. The Irish water spaniels were good as a class, Mr. J. S. Skidmore worthily taking first and second prizes with Doctor and Duck. The retrievers, especially the black—the others being by no means remarkable—were good, the wavy-coated specimens being superior to the curly coated. Among the former, Mr. J. D. Gorse's handsome dog Bentinck was first, Mr. J. Coats's Sport and Mr. J. E. Shirley's Paris treading closely on his heels. Mr. Lindoe was unsuccessful with Hector, notwithstanding having previously won several first prizes with that animal. The greyhounds were a very fine class indeed, the bitches decidedly bearing the palm, Mr. A. Wilkinson's Bagnat Leght gaining first prize for dogs, and Mr. W. Sarsfield's Sparkling Cross that for bitches. The whole of this latter class were highly commended, Mr. J. H. Salter's Fair Rosa gaining second honours. These greyhounds, although very fair specimens to look at, are unknown to fame, and are not representatives of first-class coursing kennels. It is to be regretted that visitors to the show had not an opportunity of seeing some such; and their absence only goes to prove how strong is the objection on the part of owners of really valuable dogs whose pedigrees and reputation are beyond dispute to incur the risk of public exhibitions, and to submit to the opinions of judges under the present regulations. It ought to be mentioned that some dissatisfaction was expressed concerning the decisions among the retrievers not being in accordance with the rules of the National Dog Club. This was unfortunate, as the retriever is an animal in whom the Londoner takes an especial delight, and about whom he is most particular in the important matter of proper qualifying points. There were only two classes of deerhounds, old Torrum, who, it may be remembered, was so greatly admired last year, being passed over in favour of Mr. Dawes's Warrior. Mr. C. E. Holford's bloodhounds Regent and Matchless were much thought of, and gained first prizes for their respective sexes.

As is usual at dog shows, the animals not used in field sports received the greatest amount of attention, and attracted most notice from the general public, among whom the ladies were most conspicuous. Of these dogs the mastiffs were eminently favoured, and well they deserved the interest they excited, for they were unquestionably a well-represented class, though not quite so numerous as last year: Miss Hales's Lion was, notwithstanding, a comparatively easy

winner. The St. Bernards drew an extensive audience, Mr. Macdona of course carrying all before him with Meuthon and Tell II. The Newfoundlands, though not strong in point of numbers, were a creditable class, and the first prize was fairly taken by Mr. Lee's Baltic, a grand animal. ~~li~~The first prize for foreign sporting dogs was won by Mr. S. G. Holland's Russian deerhound. A Cuban mastiff, exhibited by Mr. Paul Varques, is said, when in the south of France, to have fought and killed a bear, and of a truth a minute inspection of him would incline one to believe in his power of performing such a prodigious canine feat. Another somewhat remarkable curiosity, by the way—and which should have been alluded to before—was Mr. H. D. Kingdom's mastiff Barry, exhibited in the champion class, of the pure Lyme Hall breed. This breed is said to boast the oldest and best ascertained pedigree of the kind in England. As the breed of mastiffs is a *vexata questio* at present, it may be as well to state that the real article is by no means so common as judges may suppose, the fashionable bull cross being in reality a stain on the escutcheon. The family of the Leghs of Cheshire have preserved the strain of the Lyme Hall mastiffs from the time of the Battle of Agincourt to the present; and the legend related concerning Sir Percy Legh and his mastiff, and their deeds on that field of fame, affords substantial reasons for the affection of the family for the animals, and for their natural anxiety that they should be of pure descent and well cared for.

The sheepdogs were as fine a set as any, and the judges must have had a hard task in deciding in favour of Mr. H. Lacy's Alf. The bull terriers were also very fine, Mr. Smith, jun., being first and second with Rebel and Victor. There was the usual amount of 'padding' in the shape of bull dogs, Dalmatians, terriers of all descriptions, toys, and pets of every conceivable shape, beauty, and ugliness—*quos nunc perscribere longum est*; and the last class of all—keepers' night dogs—found a worthy champion in Mr. Howel Walter Williams's strapping Welsh hound Nero. The red Irish setters proved almost a walk over for Captain Allaway's three, Shot, Grouse, and Juno; and the otterhounds of Mr. J. Summer and Mr. J. Harrison, Lucifer and Glory, were grand specimens of that scarce dog, Mr. Carrick of Carlisle not exhibiting this year, having probably 'other fish to fry' in the very heart of the season.

In order to settle satisfactorily the great Dandie Dinmont controversy, the committee went to the trouble of importing a judge all the way from Dumfries, to assist in a proper decision; but, unfortunately, from an omission to invest this gentleman with full powers, his assistance was rendered of no avail, as he was outvoted twice, once by Messrs. Monsey and Handley, and again by Messrs. Walker and Lort, all four of whom went plump for Sir Douglas, a dog now of some considerable notoriety. All five, however, were unanimous in favour of assigning second honours to Mr. Murchison's Rhoderic Dhu, a son of Mr. Bradshaw Smith's Dick. The Dumfries gentleman, indeed, would have given this dog first prize had his fore legs been a little less 'slantendicular,' and not reminding one so much of the ancient turnspit.

The intervention of Sunday during an exhibition of dogs was a mistake, and no doubt it was a deterrent to many intending exhibitors, which will probably be avoided in future. The Company were wise in holding their show earlier than before, and were highly favoured as regarded the weather, the judging of the toy specimens having been held under shelter, so cold was it at the time. Dogs that have been accustomed to exhibition and knocking about have a great advantage over their more delicate and carefully tended brethren, and look much better from being able to undergo their scrutiny more quietly. The Crystal Palace Company may fairly be congratulated upon the success of their show, and their arrangements were certainly satisfactory.

SIRIUS.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

MEN now-a-days must be hard up for amusement and excitement to lend themselves to the so-called sport of pigeon shooting.

There may be something in it for the M.P. who has a wearying parliamentary season, sitting late at night listening to the plans of the present government for making England in the shortest space of time a third-rate power, cheering, when, half awake to some remark from an honourable member, he hears cheers from his own side of the house, and accordingly follows suit. As he sits next morning spelling over last night's debate, a bright thought strikes him that a couple of hours under the old walnut-tree may do him good. He is pining for country air and familiar country scenes again; two or three hours' relaxation will do him good. Such a man may be pardoned for doing a bit of cockneyism.

But gentlemen, first-class and tip-top sportsmen in every sense of the word, to come hundreds of miles for the purpose of shooting at a few unfortunates, pounds me altogether. *Apropos* of pounds, I suppose it is a matter of *£. s. d.* to them; *i.e.*, the betting—that is the gist of the whole thing.

I know many of the members of the several London clubs to be magnificent field shots, but who cannot pull off a stake pigeon shooting, and men who are wretched performers at any kind of game, who shoot well up and brilliantly at pigeons. There are also many who are both good game and pigeon shots combined. The fact is, pigeon shooting is a knack, and with practice, for any one who has any idea at all of shooting, easily acquired.

I do not look on good pigeon shooting as any criterion of good shooting, for, as I have before remarked, good field shots are often wretched performers at the trap, and *vice versa*.

It is a very different thing walking up to a brace of well-broken dogs, backing and standing steadily 'before and behind,' uncertain as to what may get up, or where, to being placed in front of five of Baker's patent traps, knowing a pigeon must come from one of them.

The only excitement is, 'Am I to land that five to four?' or, 'Am I 'to have a snipe or an owl?' He fires; the wretched bird is missed with the first barrel, and hard hit with the second. There is a babel of voices. 'Missed, by Jove! and out of the stake!' cries one. 'Not a bit of it, ~~it returns another.~~ if the dog will gather him.' Which he does. 'What a slice of luck! Infernal hard lines!' mutters a third, as he puts his hand in his pocket to pay that five to four. The shooter, by this magnificent performance, though he does not nearly win the stake, has the honour of being put back one yard. Well, gentlemen must have amusement of some sort, and London is the place to have it. What will money not do? I firmly believe if one wished a day's partridge shooting under glass, and started a company, limited liability, a building would immediately be erected, and by next season you would be popping away in turnips and stubble, in a cool and deliciously-perfumed air, whilst a tempest was going on outside. Looking at the incredible short space of time many vast buildings have been run up in the last few years, one is almost tempted to imagine 'all things possible.'

I can well recollect as a young man I was fond of the Red House myself. Thinking of it now reminds me of old days, past triumphs, of old familiar faces, years and years ago 'gone from my 'gaze.' Where is the Red House now? and where those lovers of the trigger, Capt. Ross, Messrs. Osbaldiston, Anderson, Hyde, Bambridge, Gillmore, Hon. G. Anson, Shoubridge, Eastman, Thornton, Lord Ranelagh, and a host of others? Many of them departed this life. Looking over an old Pierce Egan of 1832, I am reminded of many names long ago forgotten.

The match for one thousand guineas at partridges, between the Hon. G. Anson and Mr. Ross, in November, 1828, was a match—a real sporting one. They commenced, by agreement, at a quarter past seven o'clock A.M., and left off at a quarter past four P.M. So evenly did they shoot and walk, that at four o'clock each had killed the same number of birds. At that time Colonel Anson grew weak. They had walked thirty-five miles—the earlier part of the day at five miles an hour, and all the day through at four and a half. This match ended in a draw. Ten minutes before the time to finish the colonel was one bird ahead; but he was dead beat, and unable to follow any longer Mr. Ross. A draw was proposed and accepted. This was a grand match indeed. How far better does it read than the following: 'Shooting match for one thousand sovereigns.

'This match was decided between Capt. Ross and Mr. Osbaldiston in May, 1828, at two hundred and fifty birds each, thirty 'yards from the shooter. At the termination of the match the captain was winner by eleven.' He having killed on this occasion 175, and missed 75. He was very ill on the last day.

Mr. Osbaldiston killed 164, missing 86.

He was a grand sportsman was Osbaldiston. Nothing came amiss to him. There was his match with Capt. Bentinck, in June, 1829, for two hundred sovereigns, at fifty double shots each, five

traps, twenty yards' distance, which ended in a tie; as did Lord Kennedy's and Mr. Arrowsmith's for six hundred guineas. Many and large were the sums shot for in those days. I had almost forgotten the great two thousand guinea match between Mr. Osbaldiston and Lord Kennedy on the 20th June, 1827, a hundred birds each, which was won by the Squire, after five days' shooting, beating his opponent by nineteen birds.

Good as many of our present pigeon shots are, I doubt much if they could have come up to Lord Kennedy, Capt. Ross, or the Squire. The match that took place on the 30th June, 1829, has never yet been approached. Here Mr. Shoubridge killed the unprecedented number of ten double shots out of the last eleven and the first bird of the eleventh, making twenty-one birds out of twenty-two. 'A 1000*l.* to 100*l.* was offered that no person can be produced 'to excel this performance. Mr. S. shot with a gun made by 'Purdey.'

I dare say many would willingly lay the same odds now. Nor do I believe there is one in the clubs who could touch this bit of shooting. If gentlemen are so attached to pigeon shooting, why do they not go in for double shooting? It would be far more exciting, and, I should think, much better sport. Let my readers get a Pierce Egan—I believe there is a new edition out now—they will see that at the time I am speaking of they shot for far higher stakes, and, to my idea, in a much more sporting manner; and, as far as shooting went, were certainly superior to most of the pigeon shots of the present day. I bar Mr. Berkley Lucy, who has just landed the 600*l.* by killing thirty-eight birds out of forty. I fancy it will be some time before any lovers of the trigger will equal or beat this performance, which must rank A 1.

There is a great deal of luck attending pigeon shooting. You may have an easy bird or a greasy one. At the moment you are called up there may be a bad light, or a thousand little mishaps that attend the pigeon shooter.

One gentleman I know used to amuse me vastly. He was no shot, though lately he has become middling at pigeons; but he is just as bad a game shot as ever. When he commenced, some three seasons ago, he invariably let a bird go from being on half-cock, and, according to his account, invariably lost the match by it. He was, and is, great fun to the members.

There are some very fine game shots in the clubs; and being the capital sportsmen they are, it has often been a wonder to me what amusement they find in pigeon shooting; but, as I remarked, I used to frequent the Red House myself, and liked the excitement of pigeon shooting. I suppose time makes a difference, and that what you enjoyed in your youth you don't oftentimes care much about as age creeps on with steady strides, bleaching your locks and destroying your nerve.

There are many of the members who have shown first-rate form for years past, amongst whom I may enumerate Viscount Holmes-

dale, Lord Stormont, Sir C. Legard, Sir G. Chetwynd, Lord Wil-
loughby de Broke, Hon. Col. Elphinstone, Mr. Berkley Lucy, Capt.
Gist, Hon. R. C. Hill, Capt. J. Hope Johnstone, Capt. Digby
Boycott, Mr. T. S. Simpson, Baron Dorlodot, Capt. E. C. Nevill,
Col. the Hon. A. Annesley, Mr. Edward Larking, Sir W. Milner,
Major Peploe, Marquis of Graham, Capt. Greville Nugent, that
elegant shot, Major John Baskerville, Mr. J. Jee, Colonel Astley,
Colonel Lutterell, who is a splendid game shot, and deadly at snipe,
Mr. Reginald Herbert, one of the very best shots out: a host of
other gentlemen who have shown capital form, but whose names
I cannot call to mind at the moment. I imagine betting must have
much to do with it; or perhaps it is the presence of the fair sex that is
the attraction; but for myself, after many years' shooting at most
kinds of game, and in many parts of the world, I confess pigeon
shooting seems very tame sport to me—in fact, no sport at all. I pity
the unfortunate birds; though under what pretence the secretary of
the Humane Society put in an appearance some time back I am at a
loss to discover. However, that gentleman very quickly came to the
conclusion it was not a case for his interference.

There is one thing, the enormous bores of former years are not
now permitted; and very properly too. The shot from those pretty
little toys covered about the diameter of a cart-wheel. I have con-
stantly seen the unfortunate pigeon caught by the full charge from
one of these baby guns blown to bits, and the feathers flying about.
It looked more like a bolster burst in the air than anything else.
But there are enormous bores now-a-days on the London grounds.
I allude to the betting men. As a rule, many of them are a nuisance
wherever they go, bawling and shouting like so many escaped lunatics.
I feel quite assured that if betting is allowed to go on, it will ruin
pigeon shooting as certainly as it is now racing. But let us hope
for a better state of things.

ROBA DI MARE.

'Et Rubentes Cancros—ubi odor cœni gravis.'—VIRG. *Georg.*

CHARMING esculents—a very delight of Sapor, to adopt the ex-
pression of Elia, in his rhapsody on Roast Pig. When people, in the
helter-skelter rush of summer excursions, hasten to distant latitudes,
away and away from titular civilization, with its social amenities, and
adopt for the nonce the habits of primitive and Darwinian animalism
by way of a recreative change, it is well to point out to these newly
enfranchised—by voluntary, and not Parliamentary act—the pastimes
that may be at hand after the first gasps of pure air shall have
reinvigorated the enervated system. In this peripatetic exodus the
sensations from without are the first to be gratified, whilst the
sensations from within are left to take care of themselves, or to
follow according to the time, inclination, and circumstance, that

'the fortuitous concourse of events' may engender. It is in keeping with these Rationalistic times to employ the language of Spinoza. Sundry of these children of the Chepe, in search of the wilderness, having borrowed from the Syro-Egyptians 'jewels of gold and jewels of silver,' are wont to go forth, jubilant, in search of fresh scenes and pastures new. The wise men, they have heard, came from the East, therefore to the East large drafts scamper away, firm in their faith of picking up crumbs of Oriental wisdom from amidst the relics of Solomon's Temple. It would be as a very token of wisdom for Smith to eschew the attempt to ascertain whether the Sirbonian bog be rideable; or for Brown to search if there be pike amongst the ruins of the cities submerged in the Dead Sea; and last year Jones—the real Jones, from Bwlch, not Herbert—might have spared himself the trouble of bringing home, as a relic to swell his puddle at Camberwell, a bitter-beer-bottle of water from the rivulet under the Rock of Etam, still flowing truly and fairly from a hole in the identical jaw-bone used by Samson to smite the Philistines, and for which that of Jones *ipse* might well serve for a future substitute when wanted. Alas! the Palestinian localities are alive with the chignons and roundabouts of Pimlico. 'First 'the world was made, and then Jeames and Sukey!' deponeth William Makepeace Thackeray. Turn then rather, oh ye of gentle faith, from the bubbles of Eöthen and the erratic Sno. Soc., to wander about the primeval homestead—

'And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings to be off to the west.'

Journey, then, towards the setting sun—to the land of Uther Pendragon and the brave King Arthur with his Knights of the Round Table—to regions where, in castle plaisance and on parochial common, abounds the *genus anser*, that forms the delight, spiritual and material, of the round tables of modern chivalry, as it were in a perpetual feast of 'Ten toes.' It should be stated for the uninitiated, that once upon a time, the chaplain of Bottreaux, in Cornwall, near the Tintagel of the late Saturday Reviewer, in the days of a Roman prepotency about to be revived, thus chanted a particular homily on the Anserian festival of St. Michael—'Tua nos quæsumus, Domine, 'gratia semper præveniat et sequitur; ac bonis operibus jugiter 'præstet esse INTENTOS.' Thereupon the devout congregation, believing that the holy man of Bottreaux apostrophised in the last words a particular goose with *ten toes*, ever after gave the festival of Michaelmas this appropriate name. Neither should it be forgotten that Queen Elizabeth—always a large feeder—with her mouth full of a Michaelmas goose, perchance one of ten toes, sent by Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Warden of the Stannaries—nearly choked herself when, at the precise moment of deglutition, she received the joyful tidings of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Was it for a goose that St. Michael fought with the Devil over the body of Moses, as recorded in 'Mores Catholici?' Chien Sabe?

But, to return to our propos of boots. It was said and sung in the patriarchal nurseries of foregone innocence, how that to 'ride 'a cock-horse to Banbury Cross' was the particular joy of the respectable ancient of Cranbourne Alley when on the loose with Sally of that ilk. In these days of popular progress the cock-horse has been exchanged for one of iron, rapid of pace and not otherwise than agreeable,—bar accidents, and a sinister blowing-up now and then from directorial incapacity and subordinate negligence. Then, the old lady of Berkeley, 'with rings on her fingers and bells 'on her toes,' has been superseded by a *filia pulchrior*, without an *obligato* ring, and disencumbered of tell-tale bells to proclaim inopportunately the poetry of motion. On, on, over the hills and far away, to a nook of the distant west, that has been described, 'once 'in a way,' by a Gammer Jane, from Halifax, in a monthly periodical, wherein the whole interest is centered in the osculation of a young surgeon at Holsworthy, louder than that famous 'Kiss 'of Madeira' criticized by Byron in 'English Bards and Scotch 'Reviewers.' Alas! the rubicund Gammer failed to obtain for herself the coveted endearment, charmed she never so wisely!—

' Each kiss a heartquake—for a kiss's strength,
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.'

Is it so, Gammer?—But you didn't get it. *Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.*

Away, then, westward; but pass not by the 'distant spires' of juvenile and Etonian loyalty, nestling under the banner of St. George, on the Round Tower of Windsor Castle, without a cheer for the olden memories of a happy youth, and in honour of a Right Royal Lady, whose throne is in the hearts of her subjects, that pray He may grant her in health and wealth long to live, and to strengthen her so that she may vanquish and overcome all the Radical enemies of Church and State.

Forwards, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, by the *aurea domus* of Beau Nash—by the fatal field of Sedgmoor, and the earthmounds at Taunton, that mark the spot where lie the victims of the butcher Jefferies, and Exeter—the Hesperides of the West—the garden ambrosial of golden pippins—comes in sight. To speak in the fashionable jargon of the fast and fleeting, in deed and means, 'What's up?' Alas! It would appear that old Isca, of time-honoured renown, on whom the Virgin Queen bestowed the laudatory designation of 'Semper fidelis,' has been frightened from her somnolent propriety. One of her own sons, 'splendide mendax,' has been trafficking 'perjuriously' with 'constitootional perveleges.'—Charming *patois!*—Look at that old crone on the railway platform, waving frantically a five-pound note over her head, and asking the station-master for some 'raal goold.' 'Wheu guv ma' thees heer noate? 'Why when but Johnny the "Chaneyman," Lor' bless him, for my 'Bill a doing of his dooty to his family.' Betwixt the *incorrupta fides* of a Parliament phenomenon and the *nuda veritas*, there is 'a

‘great gulf fixed,’ wider even than that which separates Dives from Lazarus. Now through the vale of Creedy to North Tawton and Holsworthy, once desolated by the Radical troopers of Cromwell. Yonder, to the south, extends the open range of the Broadbury Moors—the choicest hunting-grounds of the west, bounded on the east by the hamlet of North Lew, where it is reported the devil died of the cold, and on the west by the morasses of Claw Moor, whereon the record has it that the said Master Extraordinary was stogged. The old free-trader does not appear to have enjoyed life amongst these Danmonian sterilities. Did the renowned Jack Russell celebrate his obsequies, or is he yet in the bog?—*Requiescat*. Sir Bevil’s Hill and Stratton Hill bear witness to the honour and rare loyalty of the Grenville.

‘Trevainon is up, and Godolphin is nigh,—
And Haris of Hayne’s o’er the river;
“From Lundy to Looe, one and all!” is the cry—
“And the King and Sir Bevil for ever!”—*Cavalier Song*.

There is cause to be thankful that, although the proud mansion of Stow may mourn its desolation, the *prisca fides* of old survives in all honour, and it should be said that the same integrity of the right, pure and unsullied, amidst popular iniquities—personified in Acland—venerable and beloved name!—has still a refuge in the less commanding domicile at Efford.—And now we are at Bude.

Cornwall, or ‘the Rocky land of Strangers,’ according to Norden, well repays a visit. If the mossy combes of Devon are deserving of notice, not less so are the bold headlands of that iron-girt coast, broken into bays bristling with jagged rocks, each bearing its own tale of shipwreck and horrors when the shriek of the sea-bird commingled with ‘the bubbling groan of some brave swimmer in ‘his agony.’ At the storm tower on Efford Cliff, graceful forms may be seen and willing ears are listening to the stirring relation of the stalwart officer of the coast-guard. He points to the abyss of hissing waters beneath, and recounts how the recreancy of one whose craven hand wilfully reversing the rudder of the life-boat, abandoned the brave mariners of the ‘Bencoolen’ Indiaman on the frail raft which they had constructed, and pitilessly consigned the thirteen unhappy beings to a fate from which courage might have saved them. Perish such a coward! Bright the tear of pity in woman’s eye, ‘already polished by the hand Divine,’ albeit the suasive effect depends materially upon the colour, shape, and various eccentric phenomena of that lively fountain of delight. But female sympathy is not confined to sentiment. At Bideford, on the north coast of Devon, a vessel was wrecked, two years ago, in one of the autumnal gales. The crew were in imminent danger, and some of them perished. The lady of a noble lord—a celebrated Master of foxhounds—let it be said at once, Lady Portsmouth—happened to be present. She encouraged the brave fellows of the life-boat—gave rewards to those who supplied the places of the exhausted, administered restoratives to the bleeding and insensible, and, taking off

a valuable shawl, made it of use to the unhappy sufferers. It is easy to employ high-sounding verbiage, and to array acts of merit in the tropes of pompous diction; but for the simplicity of noble action, such language is out of place. There was the heart, there the courage, and there the deed.—*Semper honos laudesque manebunt.* One look at that glorious sunset, where the primary colours of creation are blended into 'one vast Iris of the West!'—that tinging faintly the Marisco rock of distant Lundy, subsides slowly, paler and more pale, till it is gone, and one day more 'joins the past eternity.' And now for a high tea—flanked by a collation of lobsters and prawns, with sundry other appetising comestibles. 'Du sublime au 'ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.' True; and in the conflict of mind and matter, necessity is the ordained victor by the immutable law of Nature.

Before partaking of the crustacean repast, lobsters and prawns, like the hare of Mrs. Rundle, must first be caught. When, therefore, the sublime and beautiful of Shelley's Ode to Heaven, and his glorious imagery in 'A Vision of the Sea,' shall have been duly digested on the breakwater, the reaction of a marine 'chasse' is a pleasant relief. Beyond the Storm Tower, on Compass Point, a path leads over the cliffs to Widemouth Bay. The beach of fine sand is about a mile in length, intersected by strata of low rocks running into the sea. In the centre uprises a solitary mass, called the Black Rock, rounded on the top, and similar in shape to the pillar of bitumen in the vale of Siddim, which was pointed out to Jones of Pimlico as being the positive remnant of the disobedient wife of Lot. This pillar also has its accompanying legend. Here and hereabouts are the coverts to be drawn, and honest Pethick, the fisherman, is waiting at the Salt-house with the implements of chase.

Shrimps are plentiful in the spring and early summer months, and are found on the sands of the beach. The proper time for taking them is at low water, or on the turn of the tide, when they come out freely in search of food. The nets for this fishing are of two kinds. The first consists of a light bag-net on an iron hoop fixed to a long pole; whilst the other, much heavier and larger, has the net attached to a triangular frame-work of wood, with the longer or isosceles side as the base. This is the net used by the fishermen for the market, and is dredged along the sand within the long sweep of the last wave, where the water is about a foot deep. Ever and anon the net is taken up, the strips of seaweed thrown out, and the shrimps deposited in the basket. These being of the same colour as the seaweed, the search should be careful, for the little shrimp is easily overlooked, and having seven joints in its tail, can spring stern foremost a long way, often escaping back into the sea, and thus brings a faint scream of disappointment from the lady shrimper. For these—and there are a few who are prone to the amusement—a species of Bloomer habiliment is convenient. Let it be said that it is becoming, and so far authorised by the articles of muscular Christianity, that we can depose to having seen a presbyter—proper in

the best sense—plying his vocation as a fisher—for men?—No, for John Stuart Mill's 'persons'—plus shrimps—and blessing these appurtenances of fashion that disclosed the gentle swell of a rounded limb with devout ardour.

The prawn, both in habit and conformation, differs from the shrimp, having a long serrated snout bending upwards, stronger feelers, a less number of legs, and two joints less in the tail. He is found in the crannies of the rock pools, after the tide has receded, and is taken with a hoop-net fixed on a lengthy shaft, smaller in size than that used for shrimping. Now, this is essentially a piscatory *chasse*, adapted for ladies—wading is unnecessary, and they can compete with the same chance of success, in rivalry of the stronger arm. Moreover, after the fatigue of clambering over rocks and searching for their game amongst the abundant coverts of seaweed, they can retire for lunch to a cave under the overhanging cliff, and, to use the words of Sidney Smith, partake 'of a slice of cold 'curate.'

But the wherewith for the 'Mayonnaise d'Homard' must be provided. On this bleak coast, with its resounding breakers, lobster-pots are not in use. The fishermen have a lance of about eight feet and upwards, with two narrow prongs, barbed on the inside only. On a calm day they cautiously search the deep waters at the foot of the rocks, where on the yellow sand, or amidst the branching algæ, a quick eye may detect the speckled back of a lobster, and the movement of the antennæ as he is on the feed. If alarmed, the lobster, by the projectile force of the six joints of the curved tail, will spring from a considerable distance to its hole in the rock, and often throw itself through a crevice barely sufficient for the body to pass. The eyes are raised upon moveable bases, which enables it to see readily every way. Like others of its tribe, it is far more active and alert in warm weather than in cold. When discovered, the fisherman silently dips his lance in the water, gradually lowers it, and being sure of his mark, makes a downward coup, and striking the prongs into the spot where the upper sheath joins the tail, the barbs clasp, and the lobster is brought up alive and kicking. This mode of fishing requires patience, vigilance, and skill, and affords far more legitimate sport than tamely hauling up a baited pot.

A few particulars of this prince of crayfish may not be uninteresting. The pincers of one of the large claws are furnished with knobs, whilst those of the other are always serrated. With the former it holds on firmly to the stalks of the submarine plants, and with the latter it cuts and minces its food very dexterously. It is most voracious, feeding on garbage and all sorts of dead bodies, a habit that does not prevent its own flesh from being most graciously flavoured. One author has observed that 'the flesh of a lobster's 'claw is more tender, delicate, and easy of digestion than that of the 'tail.' Thereupon we signify to that worthy our desire to sup with him after the opera in the Haymarket, where claws for tails shall be

willingly exchanged. In the battles of this *cancer*, immensely *ferox*, when the sexual passion fires him with hatred of his rival,—by the way, who can vouch that the inhabitants of the speluncan recesses and dim solitudes of the waters under the earth are not animated by the same tempers and jealousies like unto those that are above the waters, and, to use an expression of the biographer of Petrarch, ‘cedendo alla corruzione del senso,’ fight to the very death for Laura?—well, they combat desperately, although their blood is not red, and their sensation of pain might be doubted if they did not exhibit visible signs of displeasure upon being plunged into the boiling pot. In these encounters they frequently lose a claw, and are otherwise severely mutilated. Within a short time, however, by a singular economy of Nature, fresh claws and legs grow and become perfectly developed, although never attaining the size of the original. Again; not only is the outer shell discarded at different periods of growth, but the entire body, as it were, sloughs off, and the first action of the new and pulpy lobster, radically reformed, is to devour, then and there, its former stomach—an unrighteous appetite, verging upon the atrocity of the Jewess of the House of Hyssop, as related by Josephus, who killed and ate her child during the siege of Jerusalem. Nevertheless, pax be unto him, and as the Jesuits—*per majorem Dei gloriam*—roast their victims and devour their substance, so in devout imitation will we boil and eat our *Sacrificios*, not protesting, but with a gusto.

Once more at the Black Rock of Widemouth Bay. It has its legend, which shall be gossiped forth by way of epilogue. In a hovel, above the footbridge over the brook that comes brawling down the hollow of Wansome Combe, dwelt, long years ago, a lone man—Featherstone—a stranger in the land—sluggard by day, poacher by night, and a wrecker at all times. Not a creature lived with him save a mute lurcher, that possessed alike the illegitimacy, the ferocity, and the taciturnity of its master. Both were savage, solitary, and fearless. It is false to say that sin, in loneliness of being, is wont to be terror-stricken—that a throb of penitence at once mollifies and terrifies the adamantine obduracy that steels the nerve of determined guilt. Saint and sinner possess the same attribute of valour that, diverging into different channels, flows yet from the same source. Brute courage is absolute, and personal bravery is an accessory of the perfectibility of mightiness in good and evil. One great man—and a great man too, is an exceptional case—Cromwell: he proved this deficiency, personally, at Edge Hill and Marston Moor, and morally at Whitehall, when he was frightened unto the very death, and beheld an imaginary hell as he memoried the reproaches of a dying daughter. John Maria Featherstone was harder, not of heart, but of nerve. He did not say in the whining tones of hypocrisy with the Puritan Malignant, ‘Let us seek the Lord,’ although above his pallet was suspended a terra cotta image of the ‘Madre di Dio,’ with the ‘Bambino.’ The spirit of transcendentalism that was blasphemously dishonest in the

Malignant Regicide was superstitiously honest in the Roman wrecker, demon though he was. The blenching Malignant, not equal to the moment, used the mask of sanctity as the means to a present end of this world; the braver wrecker, in his iniquity rising superior to the moment, invoked superstition as a preservative in the unknown future of another world. Each appeal to the transcendental, however, comprised the principle of a permission to do wrong. 'Let us seek the Lord'—Ave Maria!—and then to business.

A piercing nor'-wester swept the line of coast from Hartland to Pentyre Point, blowing dead on the land. The spray, lashed up by the storm wind from the seething sea, darkened, and became as a mist over the blanched waters. Through this blight of gloom was seen looming the indistinct hull of a vessel with sails flickering and masts overboard, rolling more and more heavily now on the crest of surges, and again in the trough of waters, as she was propelled onwards by the rising tide. The disabled ship had run down the coast past Moorwenstow and Bude Haven, driven on by the irresistible current that set in towards the precipice of Melluach. Lurching round the point of the rocks at the Salt House, she got into the sea of warring breakers in Widemouth Bay. Coming broadside on, the vessel drifted steadily—on, on—until at last, upborne by a gigantic swell, she rushed forwards with the breaking crest, and quivering in every timber, as if conscious of her fate, was dashed by the broken surf upon the jagged ridges of the Black Rock. There she struck. Then the leaping seas deluged over the parting ship; masses of water curling up poured in and over, and a huge wave at last sweeping the decks from stem to stern, she crashed as it were with a shriek, and no longer 'like a thing of life,' her shivered timbers were wrenched and cast about in the caldron of raging waters.

True to his calling, John Maria, with his dog, was at hand. The keen eye of the wrecker scanned the line of breakers, and wandered minutely over the huge masses of timber that were tossed and grinding amongst the many crags. Human beings were seen for a moment and as suddenly disappeared, but not a voice was heard save the din of the tempest, clanging in a hurricane of sound over earth and ocean. One person—one alone, a woman—was clinging to a broken spar. The piece of wreck came nearer and nearer; it struck and was fastened in a fissure of the rock; a hand still clutched convulsively, and on that hand rings of jewels gleamed brightly. Brightly, also, gleamed the hatchet of John Maria. A smart chop, the hand was severed, and with a piteous cry the woman fell back into the yawning chasm of waters. The wave was scarcely coloured by a faint tinge of blood: another surged over, and one unit more was withdrawn for ever from the sum of human existence. So—it was done. The bloody fingers were wrapped in a handkerchief; the lurcher carried it in his mouth to the hovel, and John Maria Featherstone knelt before the idol of terra cotta. 'Ave Maria!

‘Judica me Domine.’ Tradition has it that he was judged verily and indeed; that his spirit, by the decree of an avenging Nemesis, is imprisoned by day within the Black Rock, and that at night it comes forth to coil a rope of sand wearily and eternally on the very spot of his crime. But it would be unbecoming to trench upon the metrical province of the Minnesinger of the western shore.*

‘Twist thou and twine! in light and gloom
A spell is on thine hand;
The wind shall be thy changeful loom,
Thy web the shifting sand!

‘Twine from this hour in ceaseless toil,
On Blackrock’s sullen shore;
Till cordage of the sand shall coil
Where crested surges roar.

‘’Tis for that hour when from the wave
Near voices wildly cried,
When thy stern hand no succour gave—
The cable at thy side.

‘Twist thou and twine! in light and gloom
The spell is on thine hand;
The wind shall be thy changeful loom,
Thy web the shifting sand.’

Sleeps now for the moment this treacherous sea of the western shore, and the wave in gentle fulness ‘hangs on the curl, pausing,’ ere in a measured cadence, soothing to the ear, it breaks on the golden sands in harmless eddies of glittering spray. And yet so lately on the self-same spot the conflict of waters was raging over the dead and dying. There is a strange analogy betwixt the process of material nature and the conduct of man, fashioned after the Divine image. The blandest words too often conceal the hidden passions, that a chance word, like the sudden blast on the ocean, may kindle into a spiritual hideousness of inborn evil. But a truce to philosophy. The Rowdies have the best of it. The temple of Greenwich has its double-faced idol, like that of Janus, and under its Milesian auspices—in holy jubilee, like Holbein’s Dance of Death,—envy, hatred, and malice are now dancing a polka in the bogs of Ireland with battle, murder, and sudden death. Therefore, Baily mine, let us make hay whilst there is yet a glimmer of sunshine, and share in an equality of faith and affection, the delicious tail of yonder lobster, teeming with scarlet berries—bright as the College of Cardinals. Then let us dispose of the entire lot of *Cardinalum*, and with a tankard of pale ale to keep the *de Propaganda* college quiet, let us be thankful, and right merry withal, at having so judiciously ingulped the *indigesta moles* of a crustacean infallibility.

* The Rev. R. S. Hawker, vicar of Moorwenstow.

CRICKET.

TAKING up our sketch of the chief matches of the season at the point we reached last month, we find the North and South next on the list. The North sent up a good representative eleven—indeed, with the addition of Freeman and Iddison it would have been almost perfect—but strong as it was, it was of no use against those terrible Graces. In fact, the match, as far as batting was concerned, turned out to be the North of England against Mr. W. G. and Mr. G. F. Grace, for the two brothers in one innings scored nearly as many runs as the whole North eleven did in two. Not that the North batted badly by any means, for their 166 and 113 would have been quite sufficient in any ordinary year to win the match. Carpenter's strong defence and steady play were as conspicuous as ever; Daft's elegant style was exhibited in both innings, though he was unfortunate in being thrown out in the first, and splendidly caught in the second; and Hayward was as correct and artistic, if not as effective, as ever. Lockwood's 58 were obtained by free and fine hitting, and the performance of this young player against the bowling of Southerton, Willsher, and Lillywhite was highly meritorious. Willsher never bowled better; but Southerton, strange to say, was singularly ineffective, only getting one wicket in the two innings. It is curious that this bowler should fail to secure wickets on a ground that seems so peculiarly suited to his bowling, when he invariably obtains them on such easy grounds as Kennington Oval and Brighton. Another singular circumstance about this match was that J. C. Shaw, on the other side, also failed in bowling, not a single wicket falling to his share. Mr. W. G. Grace's huge innings of 178, and his brother's 83 were sufficient in themselves to extinguish all the hopes of the Northern side. Of what use are twenties and thirties, however carefully and scientifically put together, when a man suddenly appears who gets his hundred in fifty-five minutes, against as good bowling as England can produce? Time was when 113 would not have been thought a despicable innings at Lord's, and 166 something quite out of the common; but now this old ground is acquiring quite a different character: matches run into the third day, and colossal innings, such as those which we have been accustomed to witness at the Oval, and to get somewhat weary of, are no longer impossible. It has been the general remark at Lord's this season, that the ground has never played so easily, and we cannot help half regretting that the difficulty, once so formidable, of playing a good innings there against first-class bowling is fast disappearing. We must not omit to mention the bowling of Clayton in this match, which fully entitles him to a place in all the great matches of the season. Though unsuccessful in his attempts against the two brothers, six of the Southern wickets fell to him. He bowls very much at the leg stump, and, as every one knows, the strongest point of Mr. W. G. Grace's

defence is his play at leg-stump balls. Clayton bids fair to take very high rank as a bowler, and though he has no pretensions to be a bat at present, constant practice will probably make him sufficiently proficient in that department of the game. Of a match between the Gentlemen of the North and South, that took place soon after at Lillie Bridge ground, in which Mr. W. G. Grace scored 118, we need only say that it was an absurd farce, the eleven of the North having no pretensions to compete against their Southern antagonists. Indeed, eleven gentlemen from the South of England could easily be picked to play against the best twenty-two amateurs the North could produce.

Gloucestershire is the county of the Graces, and therefore there is no wonder at the position it has already assumed among cricketing counties. The eleven is composed of amateurs exclusively; and not satisfied with such easy prey as the M.C.C. and G. and Surrey, has this year thrown down a challenge to the proud county of Nottingham itself. It will indeed be an event if eleven gentlemen, not drawn from all England, but from a single county, can succeed in lowering the colours of Nottingham. The first match of Gloucestershire's London campaign was against the M.C.C. and G., but the club eleven was anything but strong in batting. Thanks, however, to the excellent bowling of Shaw and Farrands in the first, and Shaw and West in the second innings, Gloucestershire only won the match by five wickets. A very doubtful decision of the umpire, however, by which Mr. W. G. Grace was given out leg before wicket in the first innings, when he was well in and had got 49 runs, was the chief reason why the club succeeded in making so fair a struggle. Smith's two innings were the redeeming feature of the M.C.C. batting, and, as usual, the three brothers had a hand in the downfall of most of the club wickets. At the Oval there was for a moment a gleam of old Surrey triumphs when Dr. Grace was run out for 3, and Mr. W. G. Grace finely caught for a single only; but accidental slices of luck cannot in the end prevent the inherent weakness of an eleven from manifesting itself. The third brother, Mr. G. F., came to the rescue of Gloucestershire, and was ably seconded by Mr. Gordon, who at Lord's had not shown a vestige of his true hitting form. And as Mr. Miles, of all men in the world, hit the Surrey bowling about to the tune of 79, the match was not only saved for Gloucestershire, but won, and in one innings too. The Surrey batting consisted of Jupp and Pooley, all else being a dead blank: but the brilliant fielding of Dr. Grace at point in the second innings was well worth going to see. The three brothers, amongst them, got every Surrey wicket in the second innings, which closed for 94, half of which were credited to Jupp. Another county—Middlesex—that, like Gloucestershire, depends almost entirely on its amateur strength, next achieved a couple of well-earned victories, and curiously enough, against the very two antagonists, Surrey and the M.C.C., that had just succumbed to the prowess of Gloucestershire. It was an even affair, on the first innings, between Surrey and

Gloucestershire, there being only two runs difference, Jupp and Stephenson (not out, 49) distinguishing themselves for Surrey, and Mr. Wilkinson for Middlesex. But in the second innings Middlesex, according to its wont, played up, and having disposed of Surrey for 135, Mr. Green and Mr. I. D. Walker (not out, 55) won the match with six wickets to fall. The Middlesex and M.C.C. contest was perhaps the most extraordinary that has ever taken place at Lord's. The M.C.C. eleven, one of great strength, including Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Yardley, Mr. Thornton, Mr. Dale, and the usual professionals, went in first. The telegraph indicated 160 when the first wicket fell, and the innings closed for 338, a staggering score to go in against on a ground like Lord's, yet not only did Middlesex surpass this great total, but exceeded it by 147 runs, and then turned the tables on their opponents, and got them all out for less than one hundred. This was a veritable battle of the giants, and the giants all, or nearly all, came out in their full strength. Mr. W. G. Grace (88) and Smith (81) went in first for M.C.C. and obtained their runs in two hours. Next Mr. Cobden (73, not out), who has become a wonderfully dangerous bat, laid about him with a will, and Mr. Yardley (33), and minor contributors swelled the score to the above-named total. There is, happily, not much betting on these matches, but we should be inclined to say that at this period the odds were about 3 to 1 on the M.C.C. and G.; but when the first wicket of Middlesex—and that wicket Mr. I. D. Walker's—fell for 0, we are sure the backers of Middlesex required a considerable expansion of the odds. Horseracing is said to be uncertain, but, according to our experience, cricket is more uncertain still. What followed must have driven to despair the *cognoscenti*, the critics, the veterans, the *habitués*, the old fogies who seem to earn a new lease of existence by the regularity of their attendance at Lord's and the stupidity of their remarks. Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Hadow were in together, and with the total at 81 the former, who had played one of his usual serviceable but not brilliant innings, was caught, and the first day's play ended. On the second day Mr. Hadow returned to the wickets like a giant refreshed with sleep (and, let us hope, with meat and with drink), and like the aforesaid giant he commenced the game and sport of hitting, and continued the same till he had amassed 217 runs, and surpassed all previous achievements at Lord's, except the 278 of Mr. Ward, a gentleman who existed in the legendary ages of cricket. And though Mr. Hadow was on this occasion a veritable Triton among the minnows, yet the minnows were tolerably big fish, for eight of them got double figures, from 55 downwards, and the ninth (Mr. I. D. Walker) will probably have an average of 40 or 45 at the close of the season. Mr. Hadow never gave a chance till he got 200; but, judging him by his prior and subsequent performances, this great score must be considered as something above his true form. That he is a good bat we have had frequent proofs, but after he had tired out Shaw and Farrands (and these two bowlers have been pretty well worked this year), there

was little or nothing for him to fight against in the bowling department. A word in praise of Farrands' bowling, which has been extraordinarily good this year, with plenty of judicious variation of pitch and pace. Imagine, therefore, the strength of Nottingham, which is able, and ~~has been able, to~~ dispense with his services. The total of the Middlesex score, as contributed by the Triton and the minnows, aided by that rather large minnow—extras (29), was 485, so that 823 runs had been accumulated in two innings. This was like old days on the Brighton ground, when 1,000 runs were made in three days, 100 catches were missed, and the match was left unfinished. At this rate the match must be drawn, for there was only one day left, and there was Mr. W. G. Grace to get out. Here the vicissitudes of cricket were experienced, even by that unapproachable player, and he and all his strong colleagues fell for 92 runs only, six wickets being taken by the slow bowling of Mr. Rutter. Comment is needless; but it strikes us that if a match could be arranged next year between Middlesex and Gloucestershire, the cricket world would have one of the greatest treats imaginable.

The match between Surrey and Yorkshire was sadly spoiled by the rain; and even when the rain cleared up, the obscurity of the atmosphere was such that cricket was hardly possible. The ground played very false during the latter part of the game, which resulted in a draw, and also, we are sorry to say, in some amount of unpleasant feeling, owing to the abrupt and unauthorized retirement of Jupp from the wickets. Freeman, who has been an absentee this season hitherto from the great matches, came out in great force, both with the bat and the ball, scoring 46 runs, and taking seven Surrey wickets, six of which were clean bowled. The feature of the Yorkshire batting, however, was the long partnership of Rowbotham and Lockwood in the second innings. The former got 40 in his well-known free style, which he has not had the luck to show to advantage of late on London grounds; and the latter's 89 was a new feather in the cap of one of the most rising of professional batsmen. Surrey played a very creditable innings of 165, almost the whole merit of which, however, is due to the brothers Humphrey, the younger scoring 80, and the elder 60 (not out) quite in the style of old days, when he and Jupp used to go in together, innings after innings, and defy whatsoever bowling was presented to them. This, against Freeman's bowling, was no small performance: but, on the other hand, Freeman was not so strongly supported at the other end as might have been, Clayton and Emmett being both absent—a serious loss to Yorkshire. Surrey had 157 to get when their second innings commenced, and fifty minutes only were left for play. At the end of the first over Jupp left the wickets, and refused to play any more, on account of the bad light. That the light was bad, and possibly too bad for cricket to be continued, is very true; but it had been just as bad nearly all through the second innings of Yorkshire, and the Yorkshiremen had stuck to their work without complaint. Surrey, we think, was bound to do the same, and play up to time;

and, in any case, the umpire's decision should have been waited for before any player presumed to leave his wicket. Jupp had no business to take the conduct of the match on himself, and we hope that such presumption will never be tolerated.

A clever victory was achieved by Kent over Lancashire, two amateurs, Mr. Stokes and Mr. White, doing good service for the hop county, and Willsher being, as ever, invaluable in the bowling department. But Kent sent such a weak team down to Brighton (and in addition Willsher was unable, from indisposition, to take much active part in the match) that Sussex beat them easily in one innings. Bennett got nine Sussex wickets, but at a heavy expense; and Southerton, who, strange to say, gets hit off at Lord's, but always succeeds on the easy Brighton ground, was master of nearly all the Kentish batting. Charlwood for Sussex was head scorer with 80, and the two Phillips alternately kept wicket. The Sussex eleven, as at present composed, is by no means insignificant, and, with some more encouragement than it at present receives from the county, should be able to rise to something like its former height in the cricketing world.

The Oxford and Cambridge match, which ended in so decisive a triumph for Oxford, together with its prelude, the M.C.C. and G. against each University, shall be fully commented on in our next number.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

YACHTSMEN have had a busy time of it during the past six weeks; the principal London clubs provided plenty of sport for their constituents. After the orthodox opening cruise, the Royal Thames commenced the season with a cutter match, announced as from Gravesend to the Mouse and back: The Aloyone (Sir W. Topham), Heron (Capt. G. Ross), Julia (G. F. Moss), Niobe (A. Heymann), Vanguard (W. Turner), Volante (H. C. Maudsley), Foxhound (Marquis of Ailsa), Glance (J. R. Rushton), and Vampire (T. Cuthbert), the three last ranking as second class. The Aloyone, a new Hatcher, was expected to do something, but she suffered sadly from tackle stretching, and sails not standing properly. The same remarks apply to the Volante, which has had a good deal done to her during the winter. There was a fine E. breeze as they got away, Vanguard, from her position, having the best of the start. The leaders were well together through the Lower Hope, but, as they went on and felt more wind and a lumping sea, Vanguard crept ahead with Volante in attendance, the Foxhound holding her own capably. Past the Chapman, Vampire and Heron retired, and, the ebb being spent, they were signalled to round the steamer about a mile below the Nore; Vanguard, Volante, Julia, and Foxhound, were the first round, the rest together. In the run home, Julia beat Volante, Aloyone and Niobe passing Foxhound, which won the second-class prize easily; the first of course went to the Vanguard, Volante taking second honours. On the following day the New Thames had an almost identical match, the course being, however, set

down as round the West Oase Buoy. The entries, also, were nearly the same, with the addition of—Thought (G. Wells), and Santry (A. C. Stearns), while the Glance was not entered. The wind was again easterly, but much lighter, and at the start they made but little progress, though Vanguard and Foxhound had the best of it. In Sea Reach the fleet got more wind, and lower down Alcyone and Niobe, after some very pretty sailing, disposed of the Foxhound. As on the previous day, the course was shortened, and they rounded the steamer near the Nore, Vanguard having a good lead, Thought—which, with Vampire and Santry, had been started as a separate class, six minutes earlier—next, Alcyone and Niobe close up. The run back was a slow affair, the wind falling very light, though it freshened a little nearing home. Vanguard and Foxhound, first and second, took the first-class prizes; the Vampire winning the second-class from the Thought by time. The Royal London Match, the next day, was but a slight variation of the foregoing, starting at Erith, round the Nore back to Gravesend. Vanguard was not entered, but the Gwendolin (Major Ewing) made up the number of entries, though she did not start. The smaller class were the same as on the previous day, with the addition of the Lizzie (G. Coddington), and had ten minutes' start of the rest of the fleet, which got away about noon with a fair N.E. breeze, the Volante showing the way, but, ere long, the Julia ran through her lee, and going on kept well in advance, though in Gravesend Reach she had to take in topsail to repair, and Santry, Alcyone, and Thought, in turn, came more or less to grief. Julia rounded first, Foxhound and Volante following, while forty minutes later came Niobe and Alcyone close together. During the return journey the wind, which had been shifting southwards, died away, and Foxhound and Alcyone got home well within their time of the Julia, and took the principal prizes; the second-class falling to Vampire and Lizzie. Thus ended a good week's sport.

The Royal Harwich Club's Match, from Southend to Harwich, open to all rigs, secured eight entries, but of these Gloriana and Heron did not start, leaving six competitors. Time allowance on R. Y. S. scale was taken at the start, and the vessels went away in this order: Volante, Alcyone, Flying Cloud (Count Batthyany), Niobe, Gwendolin (Major Ewing), and Livonia (J. Ashbury). Special interest was felt from this being the first public appearance of Mr. Ashbury's new vessel, of which great things were expected. The principal prize being his gift, as Commodore of the R. H. Y. C., he had announced that in case of the Livonia's winning, he should take the second, the first to the next vessel. There was a good N.E. breeze as they got off, Flying Cloud being the first to show anything of a lead, but past the Mouse the big schooners, Livonia and Gwendolin, left the others well behind in the rough water, and were having a fine race, until off the Swin Light Major Ewing's ship got aground on the lee shore and lost several minutes. The Livonia had a narrow escape close home, getting aground in the harbour channel, but was luckily hauled off at once by a steam launch, and passed the winning-post at the Pier thirteen minutes ahead of the Gwendolin, besides giving her nearly eight minutes at the start; Alcyone, Volante, and Flying Cloud, following close together half an hour later. Protests were plentiful. Livonia had started wrongly, Gwendolin had passed a buoy (not specified in the regulations) on the wrong side, and Alcyone had only carried a dingey instead of 'usual boats' as per rules. The dingey being maintained to be the only boat ever carried by the vessel; this protest was disallowed, as well as the objection to the Gwendolin, but the Livonia was disqualified, and

Gwendolin and Alcyone took the prizes. The races at Harwich had secured fair entries, but the threatening aspect of the weather kept away spectators, and induced the management to alter the course, twice round the Cork Light being substituted for the Shipwash Sand. In the cutter race only Foxhound, Niobe, and Volante started, and the race lay between the two latter until the Volante retired owing to an accident which, unfortunately, caused the sudden death of one of her hands. The Schooner and Yawls Match lay between the Flying Cloud and Bird (W. Bird), the former winning with allowance to spare. A match for small craft brought the Harwich doings to a conclusion. Owing to the unseasonable weather they were less enjoyable than usual, and some would-be competitors were unable to get to the scene of action. Ten were entered for the New Thames race from Harwich to Gravesend, each rig being well represented: schooners—Egeria (J. Mulholland), Gloriana (A. O. Wilkinson), and Livonia; yawls—Bird, Druid (T. Groves), and Rose of Devon (E. Johnson); cutters—Heron, Nettle (J. D. Lee, Commodore), Julia, and Niobe. Of these, Egeria, Heron, and Bird, were absentees. The wind was strong N.N.W., and when fairly under weigh the pair of schooners, goose winged, were sheering ahead, Druid and Julia keeping close up, until off the Cork Light the Druid's mainsail came down, the halliards having gone. The Gloriana held the lead to the Swin Middle Light, where Livonia, after a long stern chase, took first place; Gloriana, however, was well within her time all the way, and gained the schooner prize easily, Rose of Devon and Julia being the other winners.

The Royal London took the start, in what we may call the schooner and yawl week, on the Thames, commencing on the Monday with their match, Gravesend round the Mouse and back; what wind there was came E.S.E. The entries were excellent, Egeria, Gloriana, Gwendolin, Flying Cloud, and Livonia, representing schooners, while the yawls were the Druid, Rose of Devon, and Gertrude (Major Sharp); the latter is a converted schooner by Wanhill. The yawls were despatched first, the Druid showing the way, and when the others went off, Egeria and Livonia got away first, the former gradually taking the lead. Off the Chapman, the Druid still led the yawls, Rose of Devon second, but further on she drew level, and the pair showed some fine sailing. Count Batthyany's clipper had taken third place among the schooners, the Egeria increasing her lead at every board. The tide having run out, they rounded near the Nore, Rose of Devon and Druid leading close together, Egeria, Gertrude, and Flying Cloud next. No change affecting the prizes occurred during the run home; Egeria passed the yawls by the Chapman and won easily, Flying Cloud taking second prize from Livonia by time. Rose of Devon just headed the Druid, but the latter's allowance made her winner by several minutes. The next day's sport, provided by the Royal Thames, was very similar. Rose of Devon was the only yawl, and sailed with the schooners, having one-third of her tonnage added as usual. A prize was offered for schooners under 100 tons, but Flying Cloud was the only entry, so Count Batthyany applied to be allowed to sail with the rest, rating as 100 tons. Some of the competitors, however, objected, so his clipper was idle per force. The schooners, with this exception, were the same as on the previous day. Having more wind, it was expected by the admirers of the Livonia, that she would improve upon her yesterday's form, but though she was smartly off, she failed to do so, Egeria again leading the way, weathering decisively on the new ship, and showing her abilities by standing up like a flagstaff under both topsails. For a wonder the whole course was sailed, and Egeria, Rose of

Devon, Livonia, Gwendolin, and Gloriana, rounded the Mouse in the order named. As the flood rose, the wind fell, and getting home was a slow affair. Egeria was first in; and won, Livonia, Rose of Devon, and Gloriana following, the latter securing second honours from the yawl, by a bare half minute. The last of the trio of matches resulted in a victory for the Livonia, which had so disappointed owner and builder that the latter felt convinced something was amiss, and lightened her three inches, in the hope of a change for the better. The wind had shifted to S.W., and the race looked more than ever a good thing for the Egeria, after her brace of victories. Flying Cloud led a long way, Gloriana next, Egeria and Livonia keeping close together all the way down. Between the Nore and the Mouse they had passed Gloriana and Flying Cloud, and rounded as near level as possible, Egeria being on the inside and thus getting first turn. When well started homewards Livonia reached through the Egeria's lee, and in the most marvellous manner drew right away. Still it did not seem impossible she could save her time. However, the wind dying away to occasional puffs, of which the big schooner always seemed to catch the best; they almost drifted home, the Livonia saving her time with something to spare, Egeria taking second prize. Livonia, it will be seen, thus in some measure avenged her previous defeats, but we hope to have more reliable trials to chronicle, as this appeared from a yachtsman's point of view the extreme of an unsatisfactory day. It was however destined to be well rivalled, the same week, by the R.T.Y.C. match from the Nore to Dover, for which there were plenty of good entries, but no wind. Any attempt at a sketch of such a match would be tedious beyond measure, suffice it to say that the Guinevere (Commodore Thelluson) won first prize and Egeria second. In the Channel match, Dover to Boulogne and back, the Club were more fortunate, securing both a numerous entry and fine S.W. wind. Egeria, Flying Cloud, Gwendolin, Guinevere, Livonia, schooners; and cutters, Aloyone, Julia, Niobe, Oimara (J. Wyllie), and Volante. They got away at noon to a flying start, Oimara showing the way, while the Guinevere took a line of her own to the westward, towards Shakespeare's Cliff for perhaps a mile, when she went about, and commenced one long board towards Boulogne. Meanwhile Oimara was holding her own well to windward of Egeria, which led Livonia and Gwendolin. Nearing Cape Griesnes the Livonia improved her position, as did the Julia, and the vessels rounded as follows off the Baths at Boulogne—Guinevere with twenty-five minutes lead, Oimara and Livonia together, Julia and Egeria next. In returning, Livonia, in spite of carrying away balloon jib, beat Oimara, but Mr. Thelluson's big ship maintained her advantage and won easily. It was remarkable that the two leading schooners were exactly the same time doing the run home, and this is at present undoubtedly Livonia's best performance.

The Sailing Barge Match, which, thanks to the energy and liberality of Mr. H. Dodd, its original promoter, has become an annual affair, came off with great *éclat*, though, especially in the opening, the wind was scarcely strong enough to display the weatherly qualities of the craft to the best advantage. The number of spectators was something enormous, in craft of all sorts and sizes: large saloon steamers crowded with father, mother, and the family; private steamers with considerably more elbow-room, and where the good things of this life with 'dry creaming' *ad lib.* were to be had for the asking, or without that trouble; puffing steam-tugs and barges from the Medway, all contributed their quota to the floating population of sight-seers. Twenty-three entries among the two classes made a goodly sight, as they beat down

the river, and Flower of Kent, the winner of the topsail prize, was most appropriately named, Mars taking the first prize for sprit sails. We were much amused by some remarks of the 'Daily Telegraph,' which in a patronizing leader on the event, says, 'race' is too violent a term to be applied to a contest of barges, and goes on to compare the barge match after a yacht match, to a donkey race after the Oaks. This great nautical authority has, we should infer from the above, never seen the affair, and takes his notions of the craft from the coal barges he has seen about Queenhithe and Blackfriars. The 'largest circulation' has been singularly unfortunate lately in its aquatic ventures, it ridicules the barge match in a most one-sided manner, and publishes a glowing panegyric on Johnson, the hero of the London Bridge barney!

The American schooner *Enchantress*, owned by Mr. G. Lorillard, of New York, has recently arrived at Southampton. This gentleman will be remembered as the owner of the *Vesta*, one of the three yachts which raced here from New York in winter four years ago. We believe and hope Mr. Lorillard intends taking part in some of our open races. Mr. Andrew Arcedeckne, for many years the genial Commodore of the Royal London, died recently in London, and Mr. Thellusson, Commodore of the Royal Victoria Y.C. and owner of the *Guinevere*, is elected to the post. Mr. Arcedeckne, though he had not owned a vessel for several years, was an enthusiastic votary of the sport, and his many amiable qualities had endeared him to a large circle of English and American friends, by whom his loss is severely felt.

For a wonder, we commence our rowing items with a waterman's wager, which is so rare a thing nowadays, that even minor affairs of the kind demand a notice they would scarcely have obtained a few years since. Spencer, a young man of untried powers, rowed from Putney to Mortlake against Kilsby, who, in his time, was a fair oarsman and sculler, but has lately been on the shelf. The old 'un led at first, but, after a while, the younger man wore him down and won easily. On the Tyne Renforth and his merry men, consisting of Bright, Chambers, and Kelley, with Percy for an emergency, are at work for the second Anglo-Canadian match, which is progressing in due course; and as a Regatta at Halifax, Nova Scotia, is announced for the end of August, with large money prizes for all sorts and conditions of oarsmen, it is possible another Tyne crew may go out there, with the hope of showing the blue noses there are other good men in Newcastle besides the redoubtable four. Intense excitement was caused at the Tyne Regatta by Taylor and Winship beating Kelley and Renforth in the pairs, as the latter, it may be remembered, won a match for a large stake against these men not long ago. Kelley was certainly not fit, but Taylor's party were so elated, that they at once talked of another challenge for a match, though we doubt if anything is absolutely decided.

Oarsmen at the Universities have been fully occupied. At Cambridge the leading boats of the first division kept their places, Sidney lost five, and there were other changes of a minor character. In the pairs, the brothers Close had an easy journey, and, we observe, intend flying at higher game on the Henley waters. At Oxford it was very generally rumoured that University, the head boat, would succumb to Balliol; and night after night the decisive spurt was expected, but it never came—or rather, didn't come enough—and Balliol had to rest content with the honour of bumping St. John's, which was meagre enough, as that boat afterwards lost three places, while Pembroke and Christchurch

gained three. In the sculls, Maclintock-Bunbury and Chappell were probably first and second best, and will perhaps meet to fight their battle o'er again in the Diamonds at Henley, for which both are entered. Bunbury, with Lewis, also won the pairs without much practice, so he may be considered in rare form this term. ~~Kings Lynn Regatta~~ was, as usual, a sort of benefit for Cambridge University—Goldie winning the sculls, the Closes the pairs, and Trinity College the fours and eights; the latter race was, however, interesting to Cantabs, as their two head boats were competing. No opinion of their relative merits could, however, be formed, as an over-active committeeman must needs start a race of ships' boats at the other end of the course, and some of these ran into the Johnians just as the race might have been exciting, though we are bound to say Trinity had rather the better of Lady Margaret. Hendon has to the uninitiated little connection with oarsmen, unless to remind us of the Welshers who post themselves by the Red Lion lawn, at Henley, on Regatta days, and occasionally get a bath gratis. A sculling handicap was, however, announced at the Welsh Harp lake, and obtained several entries, including Messrs. Chillingworth, Shoolbred, and May, the last of whom proved the winner. The officers of the Royal Artillery and Engineers, who rowed an eight-oared match from Putney to Mortlake in 1869 and last year, this time contested in fours, owing to the difficulty of finding men; and, in order to combine with the race a variety of amusements for the soldiers, fixed the venue on the Medway, two miles and a half down river, finishing opposite Rochester Castle. The gunners, who were the heavier, had less practice than their opponents, who, going better together, jumped away with the lead, and though hard pressed, won throughout. Henley Regatta, fixed for the 29th and 30th of June, has secured excellent entries—in this respect even surpassing last year, which provided a very full card. As the events will be decided before these remarks are in our readers' hands, it is useless to comment upon the various competitors, but it is gratifying to notice an infusion of new blood. The Dublin University Boat Club, which last year made so promising a *début*, have again entered; the oscillators have abandoned the minor eight-oared Cup, of which they are holders, and this time make a bid for the Grand Challenge; while the Ino, from Hammersmith, are for the first time represented in the Thames Cup. A pair from the Medway are a novelty for the goblets, and amongst the scullers we find Slater of the Thames Club, May of the West London, and Fawcus from Tynemouth, all of whom are first appearances.

There are several pleasant gatherings in prospect. Pangbourne Regatta appears to be abandoned, and Marlow-cum-Maidenhead reigns in its stead on the 3rd inst. Walton on the 8th, and Barnes a week later, afford almost an *embarras de richesse* without thinking of the Metropolitan, which is perhaps too severely business-like to be absolutely enjoyable.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—June Jollities.

AND very jolly they were. How we find time for them all, though, is the amazing thing. What work do we not get through in that leafy month by poets sung! How do we survive the week after the Derby, with that tearing institution, the Horse Show, which is chiefly remarkable, we think, *par parenthèse*, for the criticisms it evokes on the judicial awards? Commend us to the amateur judges for amusement. They are dull dogs enough in themselves, and their opinions, as a rule, worthless; yet they are great fun. Then there comes Ascot, Middle Park Sales, Hurlingham Saturdays, Botanic receptions, South Kensington ditto, perpetual meets at Lord's, days with the Thames Yacht, a run down to Stockbridge, Henley Regattas, with a pic-nic or two thrown in—how do we do it all? A month sacred to a good many things, but chiefly horseflesh, and towards the end of it we get sick of the sight of a yearling. A month when we are specially devotees of pleasure, when the great world lives in a round of excitement, which inferior worlds seek to imitate, when there are no such things as little miseries or little bills, when creditors are invariably bland and lovers kind—the sunny side of life, in fact, when our rose leaves are smoothed for us, and misery, and pain, and little ills have no existence. Is it so indeed? Let us not too curiously inquire. Sufficient that it is June, the height of the London season, when society is one revel, home a dreary solitude, and publicity the atmosphere of life. A month in which we have nothing to do but chase the rosy hours and sing *toujours gai*.

It is hard though to sing it in an east wind—at least we found it so on that Ascot Tuesday, when, on the top of a drag, we tried to eat pigeon-pie in its teeth. (And here we must apologize for again referring to that Eurua. We thought we had done with him last month, but he is irrepressible, and we don't feel at all sure that he will not intrude upon us in July.) A howling, tearing wind that brought rain with it and spoilt the effect of the Royal procession and Lord Cork gently caracoling on a horse, the property of a fair lady, who had come to the aid of the Master of the Buckhounds and lent her steed to grace the scene. Rather damped, too, our loyalty; for though we were very glad to see our Prince and Princess, to expect us to cheer under the circumstances was too much. That eminently loyal body the British Ring did so; but then they are equal to every occasion, even to laying odds against a Woodyeates favourite for the Hunt Cup,—and if they can do that, they can do anything. Ascot was swept and garnished for the occasion beyond even the order that always reigns there, and the entrance to the Grand Stand never looked prettier than it did, thanks to Mr. Standish's flowers and the well-mown lawn. It only wanted warmth; there was plenty of colour,—a little too much of it, perhaps, both here and in the Royal Enclosure. When lovely woman stoops to the folly of dressing in March weather as if it was July, she commits, we think, a solecism on good taste. True, she had the calendar to back her up, and could triumphantly point to the fact of its being the 6th of June, and that, therefore, primroses, pinks, blues, and yellows were her only wear. With due submission, we always thought that the weather was to be suited to the dress, and the dress to the weather; but our great dames, and our little dames too, were quite oblivious of the rule, and the Royal Enclosure and the Stand blossomed like a parterre of flowers in a dusty Sahara. The effect was not

pleasing, and nobody but a milliner could have gone into raptures over the scene. Ladies, pink, blue, and yellow from their boots to their sunshades, under skies of lead and in a temperature which made most of us males take to Usters or any substitute we could find, was not what we expected from Ascot quality; and when, in addition, the eager air had blanched the cheeks and unbecomingly nipped the nose of many a fair one, our regret for their bad taste was mixed with pity for their sufferings. The sport, though, was royal, such as has not been before witnessed even here, over a course of grand contests and great performers. The two first days, as usual, saw the cream of the affair; and the meeting of the Derby cracks, the win of Rosicrucian, the smartness of Chopette, and the unexpected appearance of Christopher Sly—who, like a true Tuppill horse, came when he was least expected—were all events worth, and doubly worth, the journey, the dust, and the discomfort; and the performance of King of the Forest and Hannah in the Prince of Wales' Stakes gave racing men, for once in a way, something worth talking about. Everything in training that could pretend to be in the first class ran at Ascot, except Albert Victor, and him, Mr. Cartwright, frightened at the hard ground, sent home; so we lost the pleasure of seeing the two dead-heaters renew their Epsom fight. Hannah ran a wonderfully game mare under her penalty, and the result of the race—rehabilitating King of the Forest, as it were, in the form his two-year-old running warranted us in expecting—proved what a mistake the Two Thousand was, and that perhaps it was as well for Mr. Cartwright's peace of mind Albert Victor returned home. The King won like the good horse he is; and though something was said about Bothwell being shut in, and Sterling nearly knocked off his legs, we do not believe anything could have affected the issue of the race. It is true King of the Forest was beaten next day by Sterling, and a good deal was sought to be made out of the circumstance by people who, seemingly, totally ignored the fact that then it was over a course five furlongs shorter than in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, and that Mr. Merry's colt, whose forte is staying, had to make all his running against such a speedy one as Sterling. Would Sterling, undoubtedly a very smart horse, beat him over the T.M.M. at even weights? We rather think not; and yet there are people found who declare Sterling to be immeasurably superior (we forget how many stones) to the King! Such are racing men, and such are their manifold opinions. It must have been a great triumph to Sir Joseph Hawley—not to see, we are sorry to say, for illness made him an absentee—but to hear of Rosicrucian's brilliant performances in the Ascot Stakes and the Alexandra Plate. The horse that he always said could stay, in the teeth of both Porter and the public, who maintained he could not, to come and carry his top weight of 9st. over the two miles and a half of the Stakes and the three miles of the Plate in the way he did, must have been very gratifying to him as well as his backers. Another good sportsman must have been gratified too; and Lord Portsmouth, thinking of his five Beadsmans coming up on the following Monday to Albert Gate, may have mentally rubbed his hands in anticipation of their very successful sale. Then the Royal Hunt Cup—what is there to be said about that? When a six-year old with the imposing weight of 6st. 6lb. canters in, what can be said about it except that William Day is a wonderful man, Sir Frederick Johnstone very fortunate in his trainer, and the handicapping very wonderful handicapping? We shall see the day perhaps when the old order will change, and a turned-loose six-year old with feather on him will be an impossibility: a time when the lowest weight in a handicap shall be 7st., and ribs and platers will be more effectually stopped than they ever were by 'Captain Armstrong.'

Who will inaugurate *that* reform?—and what a dreadful row there will be among owners of that profitable property, rips and platers, if ever it is inaugurated! Valuers will be at a very low valuation then, we fear, and we shall not see such a lot of worthless animals in training. But these are Utopian ideas, and, we fear, *heresies into the bargain*; and we may be warned off Newmarket Heath, or something equally dreadful may happen us, for promulgating them. Enough that Woodyeates won; that the long expected came at last, and that William Day got back, we hope, the 700*l.* which he had invested on the brute in past years—bread cast upon the waters of Stewards' Cups and Great Eastern Handicaps, which returns to him after many days. Jack Spigot distinguished himself in this race by getting third, carrying 8st. 5lb.; but we demur to the statement that he is the best horse of his year until we have seen him beat Favonius over the last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch course in the Houghton. He appeared to us to tire very much at the finish. There were several in the race, of course, and several who were not, and were never intended to be, and Valuer won, we are inclined to think, from start to finish; and that was the Royal Hunt Cup of '71, about which there is generally so much cry and such very little wool. The Baron had his usual Ascot turn with Corisande and Chopette on Wednesday, as he had with the latter on the previous day; and it was a curious circumstance, that though Chopette in the Queen's Stand Plate was meeting Cymbal, Vulcan, and Countryman on stones better terms than she did in the Rous Stakes at Newmarket, she actually was not favourite, and four, or as much as five to one might have been had about her; an instance of the talent overlooking one of the best things of the week, which was very remarkable. Thursday was, of course, the day of days in the estimation of the many; and the Stand presented the usual well-dressed bear-garden appearance which we have been accustomed to at Ascot for some few years. There were more people than ever, the receipts showed, and the police said there were more carriages; but—though we should not like to differ from such good authorities—we fancied we had seen a greater number in past years. Again did the Royal Enclosure in glimmer of satin and cloth of gold shine out a shivering galaxy, most incongruously apparelled; again did the Royal procession come up the mile amidst a little more demonstrative applause than greeted it on the first day, and the royal and noble personages seemed pleased with the greeting. Isabel was there, at her former post by the gate, looking in her mourning garments—(she and another Frenchwoman in purple velvet were two of the best-dressed women there)—rather careworn, and carrying, too, some few marks of that terrible complaint of *anno domini* which afflicts us all—but she had a smile for old friends and new, and prospered as well as the weather would allow. Lord Cork appeared to be hard pressed by claimants for Enclosure tickets; but he got through his rather difficult task of distribution with happy tact and courtesy; and if he had to refuse, like Ariel, 'did his spirting gently.' The Cup was, of course, the event of the day; and when Mortemer appeared coming out of the Paddock, with Tom Jennings at his head, there was an unmistakeable murmur among the crowd of gentle and simple, and all eyes were turned on the grand son of Compiègne, who walked down the course every inch a king. He looked a splendid picture; and how anything but him could have been backed is one of those mysteries which only a racing or betting man could explain. Mr. Lombard said he only feared Verdure; and his judgment was shown by her getting second; while Bothwell, to the surprize of some people, got third. We think the key to what has appeared puzzling in his running will be found in the supposition that he is a

good honest horse, but slow, and that when it comes to real racing he has to strike his colours. The pace for the Cup was nothing very grand, and it served him; while in the Derby he could not live with such horses as King of the Forest and Albert Victor—and we doubt, if the pace is good, that he ever will. It was a grand win; not so grand as Gladiateur's—nothing ever came up to that—nor is Mortemer quite Gladiateur the Second, but he is a very good horse indeed; and Mr. Lombard may whip or challenge creation with him if he is so disposed. We have got nothing like him, nor—as far as we can see—anything likely to grow into his resemblance—nothing coming on out of which we might make a second Knight of the Garter or a Vespasian, but there is no telling. All the rest of the racing was on a par with the few events we have noticed—all good. Probably there were platers there: for the plater is, like the east wind and the nigger, irrepensible—but nobody minded him. The only fault found with the sport was that it was too good. One wanted a little repose from the excitement which each event engendered. We had that embarrassment in regard to our sport which some unfortunate people find in their riches—there was too much of it, and it was all *toujours perdrix*.

At Stockbridge our lines are always cast pleasantly; and if the pleasant line of the S. W. R. would not be such an unconscionable time taking us from Southampton there and back, we should find it pleasanter still. That is the only drawback to the delights of what Turf writers loved to call the Hampshire week, but which pretty phrase, by the cruel cutting down of the meeting to three days, they are cut off from. It is a little Goodwood, minus the trees, the toilettes, and the pretty faces, though there are some of these to be seen on the Bibury Stand, too; and as in the matter of sport things generally turn out favourably for backers on Danebury Down, we generally make merry there. Not quite so merry as we used to do, though, some two or three years back, when Danebury was whipping creation with its two-year olds, and there were more Dukes than one, and hoops was its only wear. Ah! those *were* days, when the plungers 'dashed it down,' and, moreover, took it up again, when things were made pleasant, and the unfortunate bookmakers must have felt pretty much like a squad of Communists taken red-handed—there was not a chance for them. Indeed, to a despairing cry (at which, be it said, they are good) uttered by—we think it was in '67—them after an unexampled warm day, when the favourite number had gone up all through the afternoon, and they had been goaded to madness by Historian at 7st., honest John is said to have replied in forcible terms, reproaching them for their ingratitude, and reminding them that for years Danebury 'had fed and clothed them,' and that they should not now grudge it that day which comes to every dog. But it is not with the past that we have to do, but with the present, which, though not so abounding in good things as in those memorable years '67 and '68, still had balm in Gilead, if we would but seek it. And here, we must say, one of the most reassuring spectacles, and one at which we gazed with pleasure on this occasion, was the well-known form of Mr. John Baldwin, wearing an elaborate scarf of the Duke of Beaufort's colours, a masterpiece of art, reminding us (and this was a painful reminiscence) of a tie we had donned with high hopes on a certain Derby morning when a horse called Vauban was to carry it, ourselves, the Duke, and a great many other people to glory, only he didn't. But though this elaborate tie of many colours was in honour of a half-brother of the unlucky Vauban, which was a bad omen, it did not seem to affect the wearer with any doubts, and, indeed, we may as well say here that the colt by Beadsman out of Palm was a very efficient Almoner, and Mr. Baldwin's con-

fession of faith was not recanted. By the way, Almoner is hardly a happy name for a Beadsman, and one suggested by Sir Reginald Graham—Capuchin—would have been more appropriate, both as regards sire and dam. But, however, the good thing of the first day was this colt of the Duke's; and every one was glad to see Fordham in the old colours working his arm at the distance after that happy fashion which is so delightful to his backers and so terrifying to jockey boys. It is when Master George sits still that the situation is grave. Then Lord Anglesey followed the Duke's example with Sir Amyas, but we fear neither he nor Almoner are Derby nags, and that unless there is something better in the stable there will be no Beaufort colours at Epsom. The thought of yellow and scarlet is painful, but if Cremorne goes on as he has been going, and those hocks, about which knowing people shake their heads, stand the preparation, conscientious Cremornites will have to don that very trying colour on the Derby day. He won his race (*pace* the reporters) like a racehorse, with a bit in hand. Maidment rode him full of confidence, never touched him with whip or spur, and he had scarcely turned a hair when he returned to the paddock. It was a fine race, doubtless, and the game way in which Nuneham stuck to the winner we must confess was somewhat unexpected by us. The Messrs. Graham are to be congratulated in having two such good sons of Oxford as him and Sterling; but still we feel pretty certain that if the race had been another hundred yards the distance between first and second would have been further than it was. Cremorne, there is no doubt, is a very good horse indeed, and though it may be true that 'we have yet to see the winner of the Derby'—a sort of parrot expression which we raise every year about this time—it is quite on the cards that the long run of ill-luck which Mr. Savile has experienced for some time has come to an end, and that we shall see the bay with his grand action (the finest goer since Belladrum in his early prime) come thundering along to the chair on that Wednesday in May.

A wet Saturday afternoon by the Magazine in the Park, time about 5:30, a few solitary individuals standing under the dripping trees, a long row of carriages by the Serpentine, and a chilling whisper spreading through carriages and among people that 'They won't come.' Three fat Frenchmen seem much relieved and make preparations for departure—when a mounted Bobby appears on the scene with uplifted arm, and the spectators, who have rapidly increased within the last five minutes, pluck up heart as broughams containing the Princess Christian and the Princess Mary—who have been doing a rather dull Botanic reception up in the Regent's Park—drive up with their fair occupants, and it is evident that the show, whatever it is, is coming off. And, not to deceive you, my lords and gentlemen, it is the show of the Four-in-Hand Club, which is to meet here on this same Saturday and, *pace* the elements, drive down to Greenwich. The rain rather spoils it, though; for a drag heavily freighted with umbrellas might as well be a 'Royal Blue' or an 'Atlas' for all the enjoyment the outer world get from it. Still we are not daunted by the first arrival, though it comes be-caped and be-mackintoshed,—a pale-blue with a rather scratch team, which goes up to the bridge end of the Magazine and keeps there till the procession moves; to which, after a disheartening interval, succeeds the neat turn-out of Lord Craven, and then come the spanking chestnuts of Lord Carington, one of the best and most promising of our young whips and the President of the new Coaching Club just sprung into existence, and Col. White follows him quickly, and to him succeeds Col. Dixon with, perhaps, about the best leaders there,—but he gets chaffed about a kicker in the

team, and replies to his kind critics with that curtness which a seat on the box always engenders. The scene is more lively now. The rain has held up—the footpath is lined with ladies, who recognise 'Charlies,' 'Freda,' and 'Jims,' and pass knowing remarks on their gets up and are rather sharp on their 'seats.' Mounted police gallop up and down the road, and say, 'Pray, gentlemen,' &c., and get quite imploring, as Lord Londesborough, radiant, with his Lady by his side, and Prince Christian, with a large umbrella, behind him, brings up the well-known coach; and next comes an old familiar face, tooling the no less familiar chestnuts of Lord Sefton—the face of Mr. W. G. Craven, with Mr. Baldwin by his side, followed by Major Knox, having Lord Drogheda as his companion—and it is evident that it will be a good show. That the Squire of Rokeby should be out of it would be an impossibility, and the old yellow drag and the roans next take up a secure position under the trees; and then an expectant murmur and a straining of necks heralds another *entrée*—our Princess, accompanied by Prince John of Glucksburg, the latter taking his leave of society and bowing farewells to fair women and brave men. A distracting conversation, in which reference was made to a fiasco (on our part) at a South Kensington *soirée* on the preceding evening—the meeting at the wrong gate at the Botanic (an unpardonable crime), and a plaintive remark that we had taken up the very worst position for seeing the Princess, must be our excuse if we have omitted (and doubtless we have) any of the Four-in-Hands, and the coachmen thereof. But we must not omit the Duke of Sutherland, with the Prince of Wales on the box, H. R. H. looking remarkably comfortable and defiant of the weather; and, though the Duke's team might have been better, they were useful. There were many absentees; and we heard some inquiries for the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Chaplin, who were 'scratched' at an early period of the day. Some went down to Greenwich, some went (*prob pudor!*) to the Islington Philharmonic to see Colonna; but, then, after that Botanic reception one might have done anything. We went—but never mind.

Brave men have lived before Agamemnon. Previous to Mr. W. G. Grace's time two hundred runs have been scored by more than one batsman on Lord's ground; but the *habitués* of the metropolitan cricket grounds were never more taken aback when Mr. Hadow scored 217 against the M. C. C. while playing for his county, Middlesex. Nor was this huge score the only noteworthy feature in the match just mentioned, inasmuch as the two first batsmen of the Marylebone Club, Mr. W. G. Grace and Smith, put together 160 runs ere the first wicket fell, Smith scoring more rapidly than Mr. Grace. The total of the M. C. C. first innings amounted to 338; and when Mr. J. D. Walker lost his wicket for 0, it was 'any odds' against Middlesex. The uncertainties of the game, however, are proverbial, as Mr. Hadow's huge score above mentioned, backed up by a very steady 55 from Mr. Pauncefote, with seven other two-figure contributions, enabled the metropolitan county not only to equal the total of the M. C. C., but to amass the uncommonly large score of 485. Failing to obtain the number requisite, the county defeated the M. C. C. by a single innings and 55 runs to spare. The star of Surrey has not been in the ascendant as yet this season (at the time of penning these lines the match against Yorkshire, at Sheffield, was not concluded), but a more close and exciting finish than that between eleven of Cambridge University and Surrey can hardly be imagined. The Cantabs had slightly the best of the first venture, 153 to 128; but it cost them nine wickets before they rubbed off the 125 runs necessary to win the match. It was highly amusing to see the way

in which that very 'dodgy' bowler, Southerton, completely cramped the hitting powers of those two sensational batsmen, Mr. Thornton and Mr. Cobden. In addition to this, a defeat by Marylebone, by Gloucestershire and Middlesex, has been sustained by Surrey, while they have managed to make a draw in one instance, viz., in the first match against Middlesex. By-the-by, in the match against Gloucestershire the Grace family (with the exception of Mr. G. F.) did no great wonders; but Mr. Gordon proved himself a very hard nut to crack, while Mr. Miles, formerly of the Oxford Eleven, against whose making ten runs in an innings any one would readily bet 10 to 1, was not disposed of until he had amassed no less than 79!

It is almost too much to attempt to judge what will be the result of the coming match between the two Universities, but unless Oxford make no better show against the M. C. C. than did their future opponents, the odds of 7 to 4 either way ought to be as freely taken as offered. Doubtless the damp state of the ground on Monday (June 19) and following days, coupled with the really frightfully bad light, may, to some extent, account for the pauper scores on either side. The M. C. C., by no means a weak team, including Mr. W. G. Grace, Smith, Mr. Dale, Mr. I. D. Walker, and Shaw, Wootton, and Farrands, scored in both innings 107 and 99, Mr. Grace contributing 4, and 4 only ('Tell it not in Askelon!'). The University in their first attempt made 91, and had only, in consequence, 116 to make to win; but how lamentably they fell short of this may be more easily imagined than described, when the simple fact is stated that the seven first wickets fell for 19 runs only, and the grand (?) total of the innings amounted to 45.

Before taking leave of cricket, it cannot be out of place to call attention to the really magnificent ground recently opened in connection with Prince's Racquet Court, Hans Place, Chelsea. To be brief, the ground inclosure contains 14 acres, of which 9 are turfed for cricket. Be it borne in mind that the Oval, hitherto the largest ground near the metropolis, contains only 11 acres. Added to all this, there is a croquet ground for the summer, which, in the winter time, is to be converted into a skating rink. Already have the Brothers Prince obtained the greater part of 1000 members, and unless the ground ultimately proves a most fashionable resort, some one has made a grand mistake.

A small parcel of aquatics comes to hand in the annual rowing match between the officers of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, which was brought to a conclusion on the 17th June, and resulted in a victory, though not an easy one, for the 'Sappers,' as the Engineers are familiarly called, in contradistinction to the *nom de guerre* of 'Gunners,' by which the Artillerymen are known. The match was first established as an eight-oared one in 1869, and in that year and 1870 great interest was manifested in the result in military circles, and several steamers crowded with the friends of the crews accompanied the races, which took place on the Thames. This year, however, so much difficulty was experienced in getting together eight-oared crews, that the two clubs had to content themselves with being represented by fours, and the Thames having been found inconvenient, it was resolved to change the *venue* to Rochester and the Medway, where, from the success of the late race, we think it is likely to continue. A special train was chartered by the boat-clubs, and left Charing Cross Station at eleven o'clock. The platform shortly before that hour was crowded with gaily-dressed ladies and their attendant cavaliers, all bound for the scene of action, to witness the race and avail themselves of the kind hospitality of the officers, who had issued

many hundred invitations to lunch in the grounds of Rochester Castle, the whole of which they had hired for the occasion. The train duly arrived at its destination, and many were the greetings exchanged on the platform at Strood Station, and many the prophecies indulged in as regards the result of the race, and, ~~what was a matter of equal~~, if not greater importance, the state of the weather. A steamer was waiting off the pier in readiness to carry the umpire and a few friends of the rival crews, but she had by no means an extensive load of passengers, though it was thought possible that H.R.H. Prince Arthur would witness the race, but he came not. Before the race of the day there were some races between Sappers and Gunners in galleys and pontoons, which caused much amusement, the eccentric vagaries of the coxswains causing great laughter. What they were intended to represent it is impossible to say, but we heard a whisper that the motions of the coxswain of the Artillery galley were intended to represent the washing of a 24-pounder, whilst that of the Engineer coxswain imitated some part of the work done in the trenches. After the conclusion of these matches preparations were made for the great race of the day, and in numbers of the bosoms enveloped in muslin of various hues and colours, hearts beat high in anticipation of the result, and many were the wishes expressed that the sombre hue of the coats of the privileged few of the male sex who were on board the steamer could be toned down by some of the pink, blue, red, and white toilettes of the occupants of the stand and enclosure which had been erected for the accommodation of the fair visitors. The race proved most interesting, as, though the Sappers held the lead from its commencement, yet they were never more than two lengths in front of the Gunners; the latter, who were so short of practice that hardly two of them rowed simultaneously, sticking manfully to their work, so that at the finish they were only beaten by a length, after putting on a most exciting spurt, in answer to the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs on shore. As soon as the race was over the rain, which had previously been threatening, began to fall, and continued with more or less vehemence until the time fixed for the return to town of the special train. An adjournment for lunch was made to the grounds of the Castle, in which a large marquee had been erected; but so great was the number of visitors that the accommodation was insufficient, and a long table was laid in the Castle *sub Jove frigido*, as well as a few smaller ones in some of the nooks and crannies of the old edifice, which gave some really good shelter. The pic-nic luncheon would have been most enjoyable if the weather had remained fine only for one half-hour longer, as, though those visitors who were fortunate enough to procure seats in the marquee were enabled to eat a dry lunch in peace, the less fortunate ones in the basement of the Castle were not quite so lucky. In one of the nooks, which was an archway about eighteen or twenty inches in depth, four or five ladies had ensconced themselves, and, with a wooden form in front of them to serve the purpose of a table, were enabled to lunch without a wetting, though they attracted many envious glances. One of them, a tall brunette in a mauve dress, seemed especially to enjoy the fun, and to watch with great amusement the efforts of the various cavaliers to secure some dry luncheon for their fair friends. The mayonnaise of salmon was perhaps a trifle wet, as it was exposed to the rain, and so perhaps was the lobster salads; but though the crust of the pigeon pies were sodden, the contents were comparatively uninjured, and though the beef and fowls were in a condition similar to the pie-crust, the brew of claret cup was delicious; and every one seemed to enjoy themselves, several couple taking the oppor-

tunity of playing simultaneously knives and forks and spoons. The mud in the ruins soon became ankle deep, and though some who had been fortunate enough to obtain shelter remained in it until it was time to return to the railway station, there were others who explored the lofty niches of the Castle, and, too careful of their white petticoats and stockings, exhibited (accidentally, of course) their pretty boots and ankles and still prettier stockings in a prodigal manner to the sojourners below, who every now and again were casting wistful glances at the heaven above, anxiously looking for the departure of Jupiter Pluvius. At length the rain ceased, and the majority of visitors made their way back to the station, and were soon on their road to town, having spent an uncommon but by no means an unenjoyable day.

The success of the race having been so great, we see no reason why there should not be further trials of skill between the different branches of the service, and a race between the Guards (who are now much addicted to aquatic pursuits at Maidenhead) and other corps would, we doubt not, afford themselves and their friends great enjoyment.

Poor George Stevens! An honest, quieter, and more straightforward fellow did not exist, and his untimely death will create a void in the ranks of our cross-country jockeys not easily filled. At the late Cheltenham Meeting, in answer to a question from a friend as to whether he was to pilot another Grand National winner, he said, 'Oh, yes; I have taken a lease for six;' and now his cob bolts with him down Cleere Hill, and the 'lease' falls in. He has always been intimately associated with Cheltenham, and his first great win was in '56, when he landed his first Grand National on a Cheltenham horse, Free Trader. Stevens, indeed, took the highest honours in the profession of his choice, for he won the Liverpool no less than five times, and did moreover what no man had ever done before, won it twice on the same horse, as well as on two occasions twice in succession. How well he assisted his friend, Mr. Matthew Evans, whose niece he married, in the management of The Colonel, the horse's career will testify. Long associated with the brown and blue of Lord Coventry, his wins with Emblem (he called his cottage on Cleere Hill 'Emblem Cottage'), and the following year on Emblematic, were crowning points in his career. It is well known that on Emblematic's appearance in her preliminary at Liverpool she was greeted with derision, such a wretched-looking weed was she; and Stevens, who had never crossed her before, went up to Weever and bewailed his fate for being on such a 'roaring brute.' Weever implored him to ride her according to instructions, and the result was the hollowest win on record; and it was said at the time that the placings should have been Emblematic (or 'the blue mare,' as the Irishmen called her) first, Lord Coventry second, and Weever third. Before George dismounted to weigh in, Weever got up and gave him a tremendous slap over the thigh, inquiring 'if she roared now?' but certainly we must say, as far as appearances went, George was right in remonstrating. After Emblematic won, people found out that she was a wonderful-looking mare (as indeed she was); but there is no doubt what the public verdict was before the race. The connection between Lord Coventry's stable and Stevens was severed soon after that, Lord Coventry not being satisfied with the way in which George rode Chimney Sweep at Warwick—the first time, we believe, that horse performed over a country. George pulled him up when they had gone two miles, declaring he was dead beat; but Lord Coventry, knowing what a lazy horse the Sweep was, placed no confidence in this statement, and put James Adams up at the Autumn Meeting, when he won in a canter, Stevens being on the

second string, Balder. We are all liable to error in judgment, and this was one on the part of poor Stevens, though he was as fine a judge of pace as ever got into the saddle. He loved steeple-chasing, but he was not a betting man, was a good husband and father, saving without parsimony, and a sportsman without stain.

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The death of Mr. Arcedeckne removes a well-known figure from some of the busy haunts of men, one we shall miss at Thames Yacht réunions, at theatrical gatherings, and theatrical dinners, at many a place where good fellows most did congregate; always ready with purse and hand to help any good work, or any struggling fellow-creature. He had a kindliness of heart which showed itself in trifles, and a vein of eccentricity which ran through it as well. Those who remember his sending out a cargo of tobacco pipes to the Crimea for our poor suffering soldiers will be apt to think there was method in that eccentricity, and surely there was never a more welcome gift. He was what is popularly termed excellent company; there was always a circle round him after dinner, and his words were choice, though few. We first saw him in Christ Church quad; our last meeting was at the banquet given to Charles Mathews before he sailed for Australia. Everybody knew him, everybody liked him, and by how many he will be missed for his good deeds not done before men, it is hard to say.

We have been much pleased to see a movement in favour of Hunting Servants, which deserves every encouragement. The Hunt Servants' Fund is an admirable idea, and one that all hunting men ought to support. The servants have done and are doing their part of it well, but they cannot do all, and therefore a suggestion that comes from Captain Anstruther Thomson, that during the present season (and the sooner the better) a meeting should be held at Boodle's, for the purpose of enacting rules for the management of the fund, such rules to be drawn up by Mr. Lane Fox, Lord Poltimore, Captain Thomson, and Captain Percy Williams, is deserving of every attention. The servants will have every confidence in these names, and this good idea would, under such auspices, be fairly established. Of course no servants or their widows and families would derive any benefit from the fund unless they were subscribers, and that, from the letters that have appeared in the 'Field,' there is little doubt most of them would become. We hope that hunting men, now that huntsmen and whips have evinced a resolve to help themselves, will help in turn, and subscribe to the fund. But it is important that that meeting should be held, and we hope there are enough M.F.H. left in town to get one together.

The poor pigeon shooters have been, in expressive phrase, catching it hot, and, from the Thunderer to the 'Echo,' journalistic indignation has been poured out on their doings. We confess we think pigeon shooting very poor sport indeed, and think, moreover, it is terribly overdone. There is a mania for it, and some men seem to count every hour wasted that is not spent at Hurlingham or the Gun Club. That old complaint with which we English people have been afflicted from of old—that of making a good thing too common—has found its way into pigeon shooting, and to what lengths it will go there is no saying. On one point we quite agree with the writers who have assailed these 'dove tournaments' in such scathing terms, and that is that the presence of ladies thereat is not a pleasant sign. Doubtless, Hurlingham is a very delightful place, and on a summer afternoon for a little croquet, a little flirtation, and a little dinner, we will back it against the field. Monsieur Garetier, the *chef*, can turn out a perfect little banquet for eight or ten people

in a private room, and then if the weather is warm, and there is a moon (though it does equally well, perhaps better, if there is not), nothing half so sweet in life as a stroll under the magnificent trees. But, dearest and fairest, eschew the shooting. Dine there, drink tea there, flirt there as much as you like and can, 'Baily' gives you free permission. But have nothing to do with the gunning, for you know you really care nothing about it, and assisting at wholesale slaughter of innocents is not pretty of you, it isn't indeed.

We finish the month, at least 'Baily's' month, with an *éclat* beyond expectation. Having dimly alluded to a 'Coaching Club,' under notice of the meet of the Four-in-Hand, it is right and proper that we chronicle a meet to which the Four-in-Hand must bow down. On Tuesday the 27th, the Club, which, thanks to the efforts of Mr. George Goddard's pen, sprung into existence ready armed and equipped, had a field day, and afforded West-Enders a spectacle, such as the oldest *habitué* could hardly call to mind. One-and-twenty coaches assembled at the Marble Arch, Lord Carrington, the President of the Club, leading the way, and Col. Armytage, its Hon. Sec., bringing up the rear, and trying to keep some line and order in one of the most crowded parks seen this season. Carriages were three and four deep on each side the drive from the Arch down to Hyde Park Corner, and all the rank, beauty, and fashion of London were there to do honour to the new club. Some of the teams were such as could only be seen in this country, and the whole spectacle indeed was one of which Englishmen might be proud. Among the twenty-one coaches were those of the Marquis of Downshire, Earl Poulett, Lord Carrington, Viscount Cole, Col. Armytage, Mr. Forster, Mr. Reginald Herbert, Mr. Grenville Nugent, Mr. Candy, Mr. J. Harrison, &c., &c.; and as they swept along down Piccadilly and St. James's Street (where there were conclaves of critics in each club window) such a sight, so unexpected, stirred Pall Mall to its foundations. The Trafalgar at Greenwich was the find, and seventy sat down to dinner, Lord Carrington in the Chair, supported by Lord Downshire, and Lords H. and B. Lennox, &c., and Lord Poulett in the Vice-Chair, which he said he had dropped into by accident, but which was voted *nem. con.* an accident of the happiest character. To say that everybody was very jolly is almost needless. We do not believe the Club has yet appointed a Chaplain; but as one of its members has lately received the tonsure, probably he will be nominated to that important office. Most happily placed by the side of a gentleman who showed a very intimate acquaintance with the cellar of the Trafalgar, our lines were very pleasant ones, and nobody's digestion was impaired by long speeches. One there always will be at the meetings of the C.C. 'The Queen and The Road,' and it will always be drunk with enthusiasm but to-day there were some supplementary ones. Who could help drinking with all the honours the health of the Club's most popular President? and when he in reply paid a graceful compliment to Mr. Goddard, and said that but for him they would not be there that afternoon, the applause was loud and long, renewed again and again when Mr. Goddard rose to return thanks. What more natural, too, that the health of that good coachman, the 'accidental' Vice-Chairman, should be toasted with all honours (it was suggested by some, indeed, that the 'happy accident' should be made a permanent institution), or that that of Col. Armytage should follow? It was a most enjoyable evening, and if one of the leading coachmen had not had to attend the Queen's Ball our sitting might have been longer. The conductor of the 'Van' wishes all success to the C.C., and hopes to assist at some more of their pleasant meetings.

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J. I. Miles

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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. GEORGE J. WILLES.

AMONG our young M.F.H. (though now, we are sorry to say, unattached) few have earned so good a degree as the late Master of the Craven. Succeeding Mr. Coxe, in 1865, he started his establishment by purchasing Lord Poulet's dog pack—a very clever lot—with which he hunted the Craven country to the satisfaction of all dwellers within its borders until he resigned at the end of last season, and sold his pack to Mr. John Coupland, the present Master of the Quorn. Possessed of great *savoir faire*, courteous, but at the same time firm, he was extremely popular with his field, and succeeded in showing good sport in a country perhaps not the best calculated for showing it. Born in 1841, Mr. Willes joined the 13th Light Dragoons in 1858, and after serving a short time with them he exchanged into the 3rd Hussars, with which regiment he remained until his quitting the service in 1865.

In 1869 he married the second daughter of Mr. Tyrwhit Drake, and at Hungerford Park, in the pleasant county of Berks, he has laid aside the horn, and subsided into the happy *role* of an English country gentleman. A stanch friend to foxhunting, his successor will find his hands strengthened in every way by Mr. Willes, whose retirement was much regretted in the country over which he had hunted for the last six years.

THE YELLOW AND BLACK.

‘ Oh ! give us the colours that never were furled
 In the cause of deceit, or at anger’s behest ;
 And we’ll follow their sheen to the end of the world,
 Whatever their fortune, the worst or the best.’

WHEN the saddling alarm rings fitfully out,
 And novices arm for their maiden essay,
 When the talent will plunge, though the knowing ones doubt,
 There’s a jacket the million will follow for aye ;
 And thousands press round for a peep at the crack,
 Who bears on his forehead the Yellow and Black.

The Southron of Thormanby’s fame will discourse,
 The Tykes over Sunbeam be found to agree,
 And north of the Tweed when they prate of a horse,
 The Scot ‘ cocks his bonnet’ for Bonnie Dundee ;
 Be it Sunshine the peerless, or bold little Mac,
 They all have a cheer for the Yellow and Black.

Let Fortune o’ercloud, and like fruit ere its prime
 Unmellowed by Autumn, some favourite fall,
 Another succeeds at the calling of ‘ time,’
 No fate can deter, no example appal,
 No gale of misfortune can alter their tack,
 Who sail in the wake of the Yellow and Black.

You may ask why they follow the lead of the Laird,
 They’ll answer, No treason has tarnished his silk,
 In the hour of reverse he has never despaired,
 Refusing to palter, disdaining to milk,
 Deluding the hopes of the clamorous pack
 Who’d fain make a feast off the Yellow and Black.

The gay sleeves of tartan, the crimson and white,
 Have faded from Scotland’s remembrance away ;
 And belted P’Anson is nursing his might,
 Nor comes, as of old, on a border foray ;
 And the Gael for the racer might loyalty lack
 Were it not for the standard of Yellow and Black.

So I’ll give you a toast : here’s ‘ The King,’ may he face
 Like a lion the gallops of Weathercock Hill,
 Till foemen retire from the desperate chase,
 With Snowden in front sitting vengefully still ;
 And Yorkshire excitedly press in his track
 As he crowns the best hopes of the Yellow and Black !

AMPHION.

THE OTTER AND OTTER-HOUNDS.

It is certainly somewhat remarkable that in this country, the inhabitants of which are so devoted to field sports of every description, one wild animal at least, among the few civilization has spared us, should have attracted, comparatively speaking, so little attention as a 'beast of chase;' and yet it may fairly be said that the otter, from his mysterious habits, his dark paths beneath the waters, the wiliness of his shifts when hunted, his fierce combativeness when attacked in close quarters, and, above all, from the avidity with which hounds, once entered, cling to the scent, is an animal that tests the instinct and endurance of the hound to the utmost, and consequently is keenly appreciated by all who love wild hunting and legitimate sport. When the following established otter-packs are mentioned; viz., those of Mr. Trelawny, Mr. Collier, Mr. Cheriton, and Mr. Newton, in Devonshire,—a county, from the bright streamy character of its rivers, and their contiguity on all sides to the sea, admirably suited to the sport,—the Honourable Geoffrey Hill's, Mr. Lomax's, the Carlisle, and Mr. Gallon's, in Northumberland,—most, if not all, have been enumerated, claiming to be considered as established packs, hunting the rivers of England. Besides these, however, there are a few harrier-packs, here and there throughout the country, that manage to kill an occasional otter, when the meadows are shorn and the brooks low; but which would have no more chance with that wild animal in strong water, than with a seal in the Firth of Forth.

Mr. Trelawny's and Mr. Collier's packs are, with the exception of a hound or two, kept for drag-work, exclusively fox-hounds, not given, indeed, to the first detail of the business, but, when the animal is a-foot, unequalled in their perseverance and endurance in swimming, marking, and recovering the otter in deep water and on cold days; a shake and a canter dries them, and they land with no weight of water on their backs to hamper their action or chill their bones. The absence of all disposition for 'towing,' is also an especial feature in their character; a valuable qualification, for which heavy hounds are rarely conspicuous. Then if, from the usually more compact form of their feet, they are found to be better road-travellers than their rough congeners, that is another important point in their favour, and one which the breeders of the latter would do well to improve. The advantage of a broad foot in the water is a trifle compared with its disadvantage on the roads; over which, dry and dusty as they so often are, otter-hounds have frequently to travel long miles ere they reach their work or return to their kennel.

So far, for travelling, the absence of blab, courage, and powers of endurance, the fox-hound is unquestionably the better otter-hound; but, as a drag-hound and a finder, he is not to be compared with the old-fashioned rough hound of the North of England, nor with the big blue-mottled harrier of the Western Counties. The reason is

obvious ; the latter draw slowly, making the ground good as they go, and investigating every nook and cranny into which an otter could creep ; dwelling, perhaps, occasionally a little too harmoniously over spots which the prowler has chosen for dissecting his fish or dropping other unquestionable marks of his recent presence. But this is a fault on the right side ; for although this freedom of tongue may too often end in disappointment, it at least keeps hounds on the river, and attracts them from straggling into covers and hedge-rows sacred to foxes and pheasants' eggs ; a species of riot not unfrequently resulting in trouble to the master of an otter-pack.

The fox-hound, on the other hand, flings too freely a-head on the drag : bred to pursue an animal whose trust is in his legs, and whose habits are totally distinct from those of the otter, his high spirit carries him on impetuously, and seems to scorn the slow process and drudgery needful for the discovery of the slower animal. Consequently, too often he is apt to leave his game behind him, when a less aspiring hound would have probably found it, and saved a blank day. Nevertheless, this indisposition for close-drawing and curious investigation of every nook and willow-stump matters less on rivers long hunted by a pack of foxhounds ; because the usual hovers of an otter on those rivers are, or ought to be, as well known to the men and hounds as the haunts of a woodcock are to a game-keeper in a home-cover. If a fresh drag is touched upon, the same old drain or hover from which he has hitherto been bolted will usually prove the stronghold in which he or his successor has again taken up his quarters in that neighbourhood. No pack-man is more constant to his way-side inn than the otter to these holts. When closely pursued, he also visits every strong place in turn, and is thus himself the unwitting indicator of every 'hide,' be it drain or hover, in which the hunter may expect to find him on a future occasion.

So a foxhound on a well-known river will, if he understands his business, draw these places as carefully as any other hound ; and the great charm is, he rarely tells a lie : let him but speak, and he is more to be relied on than all the bell-mouthed hounds that ever were littered : one word from 'Rubicon,' and the otter is found.

But the chief objection to the fox-hound is the general difficulty of getting him to 'enter,' here and there, an occasional puppy, following the example of older hounds, will drop his nose to the apparently unnatural scent, but the instances are few and far between ; more frequently, although taking an active part in the 'worry' of many an otter, the fox-hound will do little or nothing towards killing him, by hunting the drag or marking him when found, for several seasons. On the other hand, the rough hound takes more readily to the scent, and often becomes a useful drag-hunter during his first year ; thus indicating what he may be expected to do when age has given him more experience of river-work and otter craft.

The habits of the otter, in his wild state, are probably as little

known as those of any British living quadruped: the coupling season, the period of gestation, the number of young produced, the age at which they arrive at maturity, and their migrations to the sea, are mere blanks on the page of his natural history: nor is it likely that much light will ever be thrown on the mysterious ways of this wild animal. He travels, except by accident, only by night; and while the sun is above the horizon he never ventures forth to fish, even during the longest days of summer, except indeed in strong water and on the sea-coast. Even in such places, however, he is but rarely viewed; and then, if he views the intruder or catches him up wind, he vanishes from the scene like a ghost at cock-crow.

On the 9th of March, during the present year of 1871, one of the wildest and wettest days ever remembered in the West of England, Mr. Bulteel, a gentleman well known in the county of Devon, was favoured with a rare peep behind the curtain of Nature; so rare, that we almost doubt if any man ever witnessed the like before; at all events, there is, so far as we know, no record of a similar scene. Before, however, we tell the tale, as we propose doing, in the graphic language of this observant eye-witness, it will be necessary to give a brief description of the ground and water, on which a foretaste of the millennium appears to be enjoyed by the swans, pheasants, moorhens, and otters dwelling in that happy valley. On the right bank of the River Erme, and within a short distance of the sea-coast, lies a charming nook, hidden and deep-seated between the hills of the table-land forming so prominent a feature in that district. Nature, with a bountiful hand, has blessed the spot; for all is prolific here—the earth, the water, and the very air of the valley; art, however, has added its decoration, and produced a landscape that Penry Williams would love to paint. The course of a babbling brook that chatters ‘over stony ways,’ and slips along—

‘By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland, set
With willow-weed and mallow,’

is at length intercepted by a dam that bars its last efforts ‘to join the brimming river,’—the tidal Erme below; and a fine sheet of water, in lieu of some acres of submerged meadow, is the picturesque and pleasing result. Then several varieties of rare coniferæ, and exotic shrubs, especially rhododendrons, which seem to flourish here as luxuriantly as on the banks of some African river, afford a fine dense cover for the otter and game that frequent the spot. The piping twitter of the kingfisher as, like a living emerald, he flashes by; the crowing of a defiant cock-pheasant, resenting the intrusion of some unwelcome neighbour; or the splashing of a heavy trout, springing at a ‘fern-web,’ as it flutters invitingly over his dark retreat, are the only sounds that disturb the serenity of this quiet pool,—in every respect a suitable home for otter life.

In addition, however, to some hollow natural hovers, formed by overhanging banks and matted rhododendrons, Mr. Bulteel has constructed an artificial drain with three separate entrances, two

above water and one below, but all debouching on the pond, and giving the wild animal the choice of either a wet or dry access to this inviting retreat. The drain, which runs under a dense rhododendron grove, is also intersected by three or four dry flues, each of which ends in a *cul-de-sac*, and affords a secure and, above all, a dry bed to the sleeping otter. No wonder if the animal, wild and suspicious as he is, 'lives at home at ease' in such comfortable quarters; supplied too, as he finds them to be, with an abundance of the best fish in season; salmon, peel, trout, flounders, and water-souchet, the produce of the pond, the river, and the sea. With no cook to spoil his food, the happy cannibal must dwell here in luxury indeed.

But now let this favoured spectator describe the rare peeps vouchsafed to him in his own words:—

'Yesterday (9th March), in the deluge we had, I thought it likely the otter might be moving about; so I sat down in the cover by the edge of the pond, hidden by bushes, and waited. In about ten minutes I saw the otter emerge from the opposite bank—about fifty yards from the rails on the sand—and begin to fish. For full twenty minutes she kept on diving and rising to the surface—her attitudes most graceful—when suddenly she came up with a bright white fish. She then, without diving, swam off with her head just above water, and with wonderful rapidity, to the bank opposite—dived—and then I heard the most extraordinary sort of whistling—I suppose the young quarrelling for their prey. In three minutes she came out again, repeated the same fishing, again caught a fish, again went to the young ones. She then came out a third time; but as I was pretty well soaked, I moved on; and from that moment all was quiet.

'The swans have got accustomed to them; for, although the otter came up several times within ten yards of them, the old drake only set up his hackles, and did not seem to mind her much. Now, of course, I know where the young ones are laid up, and I shall see, I daresay, very many interesting episodes of otter life. I think you ought to come over some day and enjoy the sight.'

Again, on the 10th of April, Mr. Bulteel thus records his farther observations:—

'About a week after that tempestuous day, I was again favoured with a grand sight; and I only wish you had been present to witness it with me. I was sitting at the farther end of the pond from where the young were laid up, when suddenly I saw two large otters, as I thought, fighting. The tussle first began at the very place where, a week before, I had seen the bitch-otter feed her young. The otters, when under water, at length loosed their hold, and one rose to the surface two or three seconds before the other; but, as soon as the head of the latter appeared, they went at each other again *con amore*. I am inclined to think, from what I have since observed (more of which as I go on), that it might have been a game of play and romps; but certainly they went at

' it hammer and tongs, until the bitch had driven the intruder half
' across the pond. He then (the animal I suppose to be the stranger)
' landed, set the moorhens and even the cock-pheasants all on the
' *qui vive*, and finally I lost sight of him in the dark.

' The next evening a neighbour and friend of mine paid me a visit,
' and, as he expressed a strong inclination to share this sight with
' me, I wrapped him up in a great-coat, put him on a camp-stool,
' and with a good pair of opera-glasses we bided our time. Sud-
' denly, just opposite to me, and within twenty yards of where I sat,
' out came the bitch-otter, fished for ten minutes, caught a white
' trout, and swam with it to her young. I looked intently, but in
' vain, at the farther end of the pond, whence she had emerged on
' previous occasions; the careful mother, however, owing, it struck
' me, to the fight of the night before, had shifted her young to other
' quarters. I can scarcely describe my friend's delight at witnessing
' this novel and genuine bit of wild sport.

' A few days after this visit I let out the pond, and during that
' time saw nothing of the otters: I observed, however, that they
' still used my drain. On Wednesday last, 5th of April, the waters
' having risen to a respectable height, I went out for a watch, and
' at 7-20 glided forth from the drain the finest dog-otter I ever saw.
' He was alone, and evidently on the look-out for company—not
' fishing, but cruising about restlessly all over the place. Once, he
' actually lifted himself on his hind legs, until his middle was fairly
' out of the water—the wildest-looking beast I ever saw; it then
' became dark, and I saw him no more.

' Again, on Good Friday evening, when all was quiet around, I
' took up my position near the pond, and at 7-20 I viewed a brace
' of old otters emerge from the middle outlet of my drain, and fish
' industriously for half an hour. During this performance they
' constantly returned to the drain. I have marked the place with a
' cross.

' On Saturday I hunted at Sheepstor Tor; came home late, so
' gave my friends, or rather myself, an evening's rest. The next
' night, however, being Easter Sunday, I saw at ten minutes before
' seven a sight I would not have missed for gold; a brace of otters
' —evidently male and female—having, in broad daylight, the same
' sort of turn-up I had witnessed a fortnight ago, when they were
' located on the other side. They tumbled over each other, lost
' sight of each other, and then had, what we call in Devon, "a real
' "scat" at one another. Suddenly, one landed and looked out for
' the other; then up he came suddenly, and both flew into the pond
' locked together. Now, I must say, all this appeared to me to be
' a friendly business. I watched them till a quarter to eight; and
' latterly they worked independently, returning to the drain every now
' and then; but I saw no fish in their mouths.

' I shall be able to see in a few days whether they are not, as I
' strongly suspect, a brace of otters that have no communication
' with the party opposite; but if one happens to be the old bitch-

‘ otter I first saw with her family, all I can say is, we shall have yet ‘ some pretty sights when she brings out her young and teaches ‘ them to fish for themselves.’

To Mr. Bulteel, who is not only a keen sportsman, but a thorough lover of Nature, these revelations must have been a grand treat. The shepherd Aristæus, when he lost his bees and wandered forth from the pleasant Vale of Tempé, could scarcely have been more surprised at witnessing the tricks of the sea-god Proteus than our friend at the mysteries of otter life, now first revealed to mortal eyes. His anticipations, however, of farther peeps will not, we fear, be soon again realised ; inasmuch as the romps and domestic happiness of the colony, a fortnight or so later, were rudely disturbed by a set (to them) of most unwelcome visitors, in the form of a pack of hounds, all dashing like demons into the peaceful lake, and driving its wild occupants at once into distant and involuntary exile.

We can almost fancy it was a relief to Mr. Bulteel to find that, gallantly as the hounds did their work, there was no blood shed on the occasion. The pond was so big and the weeds so strong, that, in the language of the Squire, ‘ the otters laughed at them.’ Mr. Trelawny, however, will, sooner or later, find some of the family on the Erme, the Avon, the Yealm, or even the Dart river, and then it will be a stout otter that saves his skin.

For more than a month afterwards there was no sign of seal or spraints on the sands of the Pamflete pond ; and we doubt if the old mother, secure in the strong cliffs of the seashore, will venture again into the jaws of the Erme, before the dainty peel travel up the fresh water, and induce her to lead her young in pursuit of the tempting shoal. A hare, however sorely she has been hunted, will, if she escape with her life, again lie in a ‘ form ’ within an acre or so of the same ground whence she was kicked out but a few hours previously ; and even a fox soon forgets the hurry-scurry and yell that drove him from a favourite cover ; and thither he too will return after the lapse of a few days. But find an otter, and hunt him, and he will at once quit the disturbed locality for that season at least : no Greek brigand, in dread of pursuit, shifts his quarters with greater celerity. Hence the necessity of a wide range of rivers for an otter pack ; in fact, the more frequently the *draw* is varied by fresh streams, the greater the chance of continuous sport. Two or three counties of ordinary extent are by no means too much for hounds hunting two days a-week. Mr. Hill, of Murrayfield, near Edinburgh, than whom no living man pursues the otter with greater success, hunts *five* counties. His hounds are of course conveyed in a van to his distant meets ; but, at the same time, he is especially particular in choosing hounds that have good legs and feet, and can travel without lumber ; and they need be light-footed indeed to stand the walking work he gives them. Then, when he has exhausted his meets on the Lothian rivers, he and his hounds take ship and finish the season in Ireland, showing unrivalled sport on the limpid streams of that country.

Again, the Hon. Geoffrey Hill adopts the same plan with similar success : travelling in quest of fresh streams through many a Welsh county, and passing a kind of nomad life in pursuit of the wild game. In Breconshire and the adjoining counties, during the present season, he brought home, dead or alive, no less than ten otters in the course of one month,—an unparalleled feat, we believe, in the annals of otter hunting. Five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Lomax travelled with his hounds in like fashion, and was probably the originator of this most successful plan ; but whether he is still to the fore and continues his raids, as we trust he does, we are unable to say.

The nose of the otter is furnished with a perfect net-work of nerves, and probably to no animal has Nature given a more acute power of smelling than to it. The writer had a rare opportunity of proving this power by experiments with a tame otter, which, thirty years ago, he captured with Mr. Bulteel's hounds on the River Avon. ' Jack ' (for that was the homely name by which he was called) was not bigger than a wild rabbit when he was first taken, nor during many months afterwards, although fed daily on fresh fish or frogs, which latter, by-the-by, he seemed to prefer, did he increase much in weight or size. He continued, however, in excellent health, became perfectly tame, coming to a whistle, jumping on the lap, and eating fearlessly from the hand. But this was not the usual mode in which ' Jack ' was fed ; when old Tom Adams, the shrimper, brought his daily supply of small refuse fish, caught in the shrimp-net, and hitherto cast back into the tide, the bowl containing them was carried to the edge of a small pond adjoining ' Jack's ' quarters, and into it, before the otter's arrival, one fish was thrown, to induce him to take the water and hunt it out for himself. This he was always eager enough to do, and almost immediately, first above and then under water, went straight to the spot where the fish was lying ; then, if it was a large fish, he always landed to eat it, but a small one he demolished in the water. On the other hand, if no fish had been thrown into the pond, nothing would induce ' Jack ' to wet his jacket ; after cantering two or three times round the pond, tossing his nose in the air and winding the water carefully, like a spaniel hunting for a wild duck, he returned always with a disconsolate look, and endeavoured to scramble up the feeder's legs and reach the bowl in his hands. The quickness with which he discovered, by nose, whether there was or was not a fish in the pond, and the exact spot where it lay, convinced every one who witnessed these experiments that the otter's nasal perception in search of his prey was rarely acute and discriminating.

This power, however, is turned to other account by the animal besides that of obtaining his food ; it enables him to discover if the banks of a stream he is disposed to frequent are tainted by hounds, and, moreover, warns him to beware of traps laid for his destruction. When unfortunately he becomes the victim of a gin, the deadly instrument has probably been long immersed in water, and all taint of man's hand has been washed away ; otherwise his nose is usually

sufficient to save him from this danger; and in the case of hounds drawing his hovers and leaving behind them traces of their presence in the tracks he is wont to follow, his suspicion is quickly aroused, and he loses no time in taking himself off for many a long day to some quieter and less offensive stream.

Once, and once only, was it the lot of the writer to see an old dog-otter by broad daylight, traversing a meadow and hunting, with the accuracy of a hound, the game he had started from a willow hedge. It was from a window in the breakfast-room at Buckland Tout-Saints: some heavy rain had fallen during the night, and the little brook in the vale below, becoming a bumper by ten o'clock, had probably choked out the otter from a drain falling into it, and thus exposed him to the garish light of day. The game was a moorhen, which he had found in a hedge adjoining the stream; and it was most interesting to witness the rapidity with which he followed it from bush to bush, hunting it by nose every inch of the way, crossing the meadow from one bend of the brook to the other, still on scent, and diving after it when it sought refuge in the water. The chase had continued for at least ten minutes; the moorhen appeared 'dead beat,' and evidently succumbing to its pertinacious foe, when those who witnessed the scene could restrain themselves no longer. Out of the house master and mistress, children, visitors, and servants, all dashed, unkenelled the terriers, one hound and a big spaniel, and rushed to the rescue. For one hour a most exciting chase ensued; up stream and down stream, which, though swollen, was luckily still sufficiently clear to 'gaze' him on the stickles: through the matted weeds and tangled hedge; till at length he was compelled to quit the brook; and the terriers, now on him, after a gallant struggle killed him in an open meadow. Another kill very nearly followed: one of the party, having done ample justice to a good breakfast, was all but suffocated by a fit of indigestion brought on by the violent exertion he had just used. However, after some minutes of great agony, he weathered the attack, or the history of that unusual scene would have been left unrecorded for ever.

THE CHALLENGE WHIP.

'Eheu, fugaces
Labuntur anni.'

THEY do slip by, alas!—these flying years—each one faster than its predecessor, leaving behind them, perhaps, some regrets, but, without doubt, many pleasant remembrances, the latter part of which legacy should console us a little; for the retrospection, like the anticipation, of happy days is a great pleasure. Nearly all men who have spent some time as undergraduates at either University, will agree in considering their life there the most enjoyable they have yet known; whatever their tastes, they were sure to find congenial

companions, amusements, or studies. Their age, too—ah! with what a zest could you enjoy life when you were twenty years old! with what a keen pleasure did you negotiate the double posts and rails at Hisham pastures, although your nag might be blown after his twenty minutes' burst over the Cotley meadows! and with what intense enjoyment did you finish first past the individual in a green coat who had been dragging the aniseeded rabbit-skin which your straggling hounds hunted with such ease! *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

But enough of moralising; *ad rem*, which is a tale of days gone by at the 'Varsity, how the Challenge Whip was won.

I.

John Wells, the head groom of Mr. Mortlit, the livery-stable keeper at Camford, was short and round, and his small eyes peeped out from between puffy cheeks on either side of a slightly rubicund nose; he spoke with rather a nasal drawl, without attending much to the advantages of punctuation, was not averse to a drop, and was great in extracting halfcrowns from freshmen. Yet he knew his work, could be trusted to look after a good one, and, with his short round legs, would stick to the bare back of a rusty one as well as most men. It was about half-past eight o'clock one evening towards the end of October, in the year 18—, when Mr. John waddled past the porter's lodge of St. Margaret's, and took a straight line between the close-shaven grass-plots, by the buttery and the deserted hall, to where he saw a comfortable light showing through the crimson curtains of a room at the far end of the inner quad. 'Come in,' was the answer to the solid single tap he gave at the door, and in another moment he stood smoothing his flabby wideawake in the presence of two undergraduates, who were luxuriating in comfortable chairs before a bright fire; between them was a small round table with glasses, a bottle of claret, and some biscuits; behind them the polished mahogany reflected a shaded moderator presiding over the *débris* of some dessert, two green plates—denoting that there had been a *tête-à-tête* dinner—hunting and racing prints, a rack full of crops, cutting whips, and ash-plants, a fox's brush over the mantelpiece, and a rare-looking fox-terrier on the hearth-rug—these were some of the surroundings which told the tastes of the occupant, Jim Rickworth by name, who was now enjoying the post-prandial claret in company with his friend Philip Turner, *alumnus* of Trinity Church College. While a few lines are devoted to a short description of these our heroes, John Wells must wait, and may take a chair. Jim, then, was rising twenty-one, had a keen handsome face, short black hair and whiskers, walked nine-stone-eight or nine, stood five-foot-eight in his stockings, was strong of arm and long in thigh; Turner, about the same age, an inch or so taller, and a couple of pounds heavier, with a round good-natured face surmounted by a shock of fair hair, did not look such a good cut of a man for a rider, but in reality was not at all inferior, and they were both of the very few

who composed the cream of the performers across a country in the year 18— at Camford 'Varsity.

'I thought I'd just drop down to tell you Mister Rickworth,' drawled out Mortlit's head groom, 'that the mare you told me to expect ~~has arrived safe and sound~~ thank God and that she is looking first-class and picks up her grub first—'

'All right, John,' interrupted Rickworth; 'you will find some beer in that tankard on the sideboard. Have the mare and Essex out for an hour's walking on the common to-morrow morning; I will be down after breakfast.'

'How is Artless, John?' broke in Turner; 'is that leg all right again?'

'Well sir I was just a-going to tell you that I have tried every-thing to that 'ere leg for the last three days and I am downright sure that you will have to lay her up and give her a touch of the irons or leastways a blister—you must have given it a very bad knock sir, or twist, for I don't think the spensory is gone sir for as I said scores of times that mare had legs like a bar of iron and a constitution like a yard-dog and it's very unlucky you are sure enough Mr. Turner and only three weeks to the Huntbury meeting too.'

The fair-haired undergraduate did not seem to be paying much attention to the latter part of the groom's speech, but kept gazing into the glowing embers.

John Wells continued; but in almost a whisper, as if he were afraid of being overheard. 'The Honourable Wykeham has got a new one too, I see'd his groom out a exercising of him yesterday morning and a very nice one he looked too as far as I could see in his clothing, they tell me he's by Champion and was bred at the old Lord Wykeham's place—it 'ull be a job to win the Whip this year and I was a-thinking to myself as I walked down Pont Street, now that the Artless mare has gone amiss and that Mr. Rickworth has got two good 'uns why don't he send both of them for the Whip and ask Mr. Turner here to ride one of them for him—ask your pardon gentlemen if I have been too free and wish you a good-night.' With that John Wells pulled his forelock, and rolled out of the room.

'By Jove, it's too bad,' groaned the luckless owner of the screwed gray mare, as he got up and stalked round the room, 'after pawning my last shirt, as I may say, and travelling half over Ireland to pick up a good thing, to go and screw it at a little bit of a double that I could hop over myself, and, after spending three such jolly days at Haywood, to come back and hear such infernal bad news when I *did* hope—'

What he *did* hope never transpired, for at this moment the door was flung open, and Tom Millington, the best fellow in the University (at least, all good fellows said so), walked in, and taking off his short olive-green top-coat and discovering a weather-beaten pink, said, 'Hullo, what's all this about bad news; nothing serious, I hope, Turner?'

‘Why, the fact is,’ said Rickworth, ‘his moral for the Whip is screwed, and Wells says that she never can come round in time, and suggests that he should ride one of mine.’

‘Oh, ah! you have a couple now,’ replied Tom. ‘Major Barford was out to-day, and he told me that you had bought Kate of him, and that it would take a good one to beat her at eleven stone seven, if she is well steered. Well, nothing like having two strings to your bow, and I have made up my mind that one of you shall win the Whip this year and beat Wykeham and Methlin and all that lot. Give me a glass of claret, that’s a good fellow.—Thanks!—I am just a bit beat; I hacked out to Westerton this morning; we had a long day: a capital spurt in the morning, by the way, and now I have just hacked back. I saw Smith at the gate, and he told me there was a light in your room, so I thought I’d drop in and see what form you were in after your visit. Upon my word, though, with old Essex and this new one—what do you call her—Kate?—you should have a goodish chance. Now I must be off to my virtuous couch; I have to be up reading with old Jones at 7:30. Are you coming my way, Turner?’

‘Wait a minute,’ said Rickworth; ‘just let us come to an understanding: what do you say, Phil, will you help me to pull through?’

‘No, I’ll be—’ began his friend, in a great hurry, and then checked himself; ‘I mean to say, I do not think—that is—well, confound it, why should I not run Shavings?’

‘If you mean that little bay horse of yours, I do not think you will have much chance unless Essex and all the others tumble down two or three times; however, that is your affair: are you really going both of you? Have another glass, Tom?’

‘No, thank you, must be off now, really; come along, Turner. Good night.’

The two undergraduates walked on some time in silence. At length Millington said:

‘Well, Philip, I never would have believed it of you, I always thought you the best-natured man in the world till this evening; as to your running Shavings, that is all nonsense; why, he would not see the way the others went.’

Turner stopped, laid his hand on his friend’s arm, and said, ‘Tom, old fellow, I was wrong in speaking as I did, but if you knew all, I think you would forgive me; come, let us stroll on quietly; I will tell you, although I would not any one else. You know that Rickworth and I have been spending the last three days at Haywood, Colonel Lariat’s place near Fullingdon, and that he is a widower and has got only one child, a girl of about seventeen; but you do not know that ever since I first saw that girl at a ball last May term, I have been head over heels in love with her. They were staying down in our county this summer, and I got my people to ask them over for a few days, and, by Jove, I never was so happy before in all my life; she seemed to like me very well, and must have

' seen how fond of her I was ; and we talked so much about the ' steeple-chases at Huntbury and the Challenge Whip, and she said to ' me that she would so like to see me win it ; in consequence I raised ' the wind somehow or other and invested in the Artless mare, who, ' you know, would have had a good chance if I had not screwed her : ' but that is not the worst ; I am jealous ; jealous of my best friend, ' too. I never told Jim of my love for her, and he was struck down ' (no wonder either) at first sight ; and what chance have I with the ' eldest son of a baronet with seven or eight thou a-year ? Besides ' he is more of a lady's man than I am, sings duets, reads Tennyson ' out loud, and all that sort of thing, went out riding with her yester- ' day while I was shooting with the old colonel : still you cannot ' think how the mere fact of being under the same roof as Mabel ' has made me happy the last three days ; and now I feel miserable. ' What am I to do, Tom ? Give me advice, like a good fellow.'

' Well,' replied Millington, ' you know my opinion about women ; ' they are all alike ; but let that pass. What you have to do is to go ' back at once, catch Rickworth before he gets to sleep, and beg his ' pardon for the way you answered just now, and say that you are ' willing to ride for him, and that it was all nonsense about your run- ' ning Shavings. I would not say anything about the young woman : ' wait ; and if, as I think probable, she prefers an embryo baronet ' with lots of coin to a younger son with doubtful prospects, why ' then you may consider yourself well out of it.'

' I *will* go back, old man, and that at once. Many thanks, and ' good night.'

With that Turner went straight back to St. Margaret's, and found Jim Rickworth just in the act of putting the candle out ; then, seat- ing himself on the end of the bed, he made his peace with him, and the following arrangements for the training of Kate and Essex for the important race for the Whip, which was to come off in three weeks' time : firstly, every morning they were invariably to have one hour's walking exercise ; secondly, three days a-week, a fastish two miles on the common ; thirdly, on the remaining days, a schooling gallop over the fields to the right of the Botley road for about three or four miles ; and fourthly, five days before the event, there was to be a grand trial at even weights on the Fullingdon course at an early hour.

The clock was striking twelve when the two friends parted, and the Trinity Church man was actually humming an air as he turned down the street towards his lodgings, and some such thoughts as these were passing through his mind :—After all, perhaps it will be all right with Mabel ; I shall bide my time and come with a rush ; anyhow we will have great sport getting these horses a little fitter, and I shall back the two coupled for enough to cover Artless' price ; and *crepi l'avarisia*, as Jim would say.

II.

At a very unseasonable hour, viz., 7.30 A.M., and on a raw un- pleasant morning, the west wind blowing fitfully over the bleak fields,

and driving up before it an array of suspicious-looking clouds, Mabel Lariot, radiant with grace and beauty, was mounted on her pretty little bay hack, and cantering along the country road that leads from Haywood Hall to Fullingdon race-course.

Splash went the muddy puddles, and the groom behind internally anathematised his young mistress for bringing him out at that early time of day to dirty his swell tops. She herself did not heed the mud or the damp chilly wind, for her two admirers had ridden over to Haywood the day before, and had told her that they were going to try their candidates for the Whip early the next morning; and she had persuaded the old colonel to allow her to ride out before breakfast to see the trial. It was more to see one of the riders, though, than the actual gallop, that she left her snug white bed before the first glimmer of dawn, and performed her dainty toilet by candle-light, and swallowed the hasty coffee and bread and butter in her riding habit; but that she did not tell her father. He may have made a shrewd guess, but he had implicit confidence in his fair little daughter.

It is not far from the Hall to the course, and Mabel soon turned the corner of the plantation, and cantered on to the soft, springy turf. At first she saw nobody, and reined up suddenly. What a picture for a painter! The little horse, fore legs planted well in front of him, mane streaming out in the gusts of wind, nose well up in air, as if to seek a rival, or as if to express his wonder and doubt; the exquisitely-chiselled figure in the blue riding habit, the wealth of dark silky hair gathered up into a knot at the back of her well-poised head, the neat chimney-pot hat shading a pair of deep-blue eyes, chief ornaments of an oval face where all was simply perfect, and which at length discovered a group under the shelter of the plantation.

There two warmly-clothed horses were being led up and down, and, perched up on a dogcart, high enough to please the fastest of undergraduates, was John Wells, who muttered in the folds of his spotted muffler, 'Hullo, 'ere's a tout,' but, nevertheless, could not do otherwise than answer, 'Yes, miss,' to the charming young lady who now rode up and asked him if those were Mr. Rickworth's horses.

'I suppose you are John,' she continued. 'I have heard of you before; I hope you have been taking good care of Kate and Essex?'

'Well, miss, I think you will say as how I have done my duty by them; and the two gen'lmen have been out every morning regular with them, and you can see your face in their coats, like as if it was a looking-glass; and, as I said many times—'

Old John was cut short by the sudden apparition of our three friends cantering round the corner of the plantation.

'Oh, how good of you, Miss Lariot!' exclaimed Rickworth. 'Fancy your getting up this time of day to see our trial! Let me introduce Mr. Millington, our stanch ally.'

'I would not have missed it for anything,' replied Mabel, blushing a little, and answering Tom's ceremonious bow.

‘Now then, ‘John,’ said Rickworth. ‘Have you got the ten-pound saddle on Essex, and the seven on the other?’

‘Yes, sir, all ready.’

‘Let’s get to work at once, then, Turner. Will you be judge, Miss Lariot, and stay in a line with that stunted tree over there? Tom, you had better go down to the winning-post, and we will pretend to finish there, so as to put any touts that may see us off the scent.’

The horses were soon stripped and mounted, the mare by Turner, and the horse by his owner; and Millington said, ‘Now, you have to go once round to do a mile and a half, which is quite far enough on the flat to try their turn of speed, and staying, too. I should advise you, Phil, to make the running. You are a good judge of pace, and I fancy she is the best stayer. Let Miss Lariot start you.’

Mabel tied her pocket-handkerchief to her slender riding-whip, and, raising it above her head, said, in tones of mock severity, ‘Now mind, if either is unruly at the post, I shall suspend him from riding for a month. Are you ready? Go.’

Down went the impromptu flag, and off jumped the horses.

Along the straight, down the dip, and up the hill they went; the mare making the running strong, and leading by about four lengths, both riding as if it were a match for a century. As they rounded the top turn and descended the hill, the pace improved. In the dip the horse’s head was level with the mare’s quarters; inch by inch he drew up; along the straight they ran as if locked together, but he could never quite do it; and Miss Lariot gave her verdict, ‘Kate has won very cleverly by a neck.’

‘Upon my word, that *was* fine,’ said Millington, in a high state of excitement, as they all jogged on to where the grooms were waiting behind the trees. ‘Why, there isn’t two pounds between them.’

‘It was a lovely race,’ chimed in Mabel; ‘and I think you both rode very nicely; but papa will be waiting for me to make his tea for him, so I must say good-bye.’

Off she cantered; and two wistful pairs of eyes followed her graceful figure till she turned out of sight on to the road.

‘They are pretty fit, and no mistake,’ said Tom, as the grooms were rubbing the horses down. ‘Why, they are all but dry already. I suppose you will ride the horse, eh, Jim?’

‘Why, yes. You see we have got accustomed to each other, and Phil here knows Kate pretty well by this time, so I shall declare to win with my mount; and, if anything happens to me, why the mare ought to be pretty handy. The one I am most afraid of is that new one of Wykeham’s.’

‘I am dining with him to-night,’ said Turner; ‘and I shall back our two coupled to win a hundred.’

‘I never bet, as you know,’ said Rickworth; ‘but I think we should have a fair chance. Old Essex’s form is good enough to win, unless the others have a clipper, and Kate is a splendid

‘fencer, although a little rash sometimes; but you can manage her, Phil.’

‘And, gentlemen,’ drawled out John Wells, ‘would one of you be so good as to put a fiver on the pair for me? I have got it at home in an old stocking a purpose, and I don’t know which to back now, after all.’

‘I will stand you a tenner to nothing, John,’ said Rickworth; ‘and you can invest your coin on the course, I dare say, if you like. Let’s see, to-day is Saturday, and the race is next Wednesday. Have them out for two hours’ walking to-morrow morning, and we will give them a good striding gallop on Monday; and now, lads, let us be off; I am as hungry as a hunter.’

III.

Huntbury, like all provincial towns, is uncommonly dull, and there is hardly any one to be seen in the straggling streets except on certain occasions, such as the assizes and fair days. On the morning of the Wednesday after the trial at Fullingdon there was a wonderful liveliness apparent. The bars of the White Lion and the Huntbury Arms were driving a roaring trade; Camford dog-carts, some of them with a leader, sporting farmers mounted on all sorts, from the well-bred young one that is for sale to the short-legged, punchy colt of all work, neat turn-outs of the neighbouring gentry, hired hack carriages of the *bourgeoisie*, and spring-carts from the country, came rattling over the paved and crooked streets in quick succession. The weather was lovely, the sun shone out bright, and a light, exhilarating breeze blew from the north—the sort of day that a man feels a pleasure in the mere fact of existence. Pretty faces peeped from upper windows at the ‘college gentlemen;’ the bald cranium and spectacles of paterfamilias were visible above the parlour blinds; while the maid of all work, with red arms akimbo, gaped with undisguised admiration from the open door. The excitement rose to a climax as the twang of a horn was heard, and a four-in-hand, tooled by Lord Methlin, turned the sharp corner into the market-place, shaving an apple-woman’s stall on one side, and grazing a ponderous waggon on the other, and pulled up in a handsome manner at the door of the Huntbury Arms.

‘How are you, Methlin?’ shouted out a tall man, with thick moustache, in cords and butcher boots. ‘Are you going to win to-day?’

‘Well, I am going to try, Barford; but I think Wykeham here has got a better one than mine. He is only a four-year old, and so infernally hot that I call him “The Maniac.”’

‘I want to back Rickworth’s lot,’ replied the Major. ‘He bought one of them from me, and I should like to have a trifle on.’

‘I will lay you fifty to twenty,’ said Wykeham. ‘I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb; and I gave Turner a hundred to thirty the other day. You do not want to lay against St. George, my mount, do you, Major?’

‘No, thank you, that will do. Just to have a little interest in it, you know.’

‘You don’t want a lift on to the course, do you, Barford?’ said Methlin. ‘I just pulled up to see if I could pick up any friends.’

‘I have my hack here—much obliged; and it is high time to be off.’

‘So it is; *au revoir*. Let go their heads.’

Away went the team clattering over the uneven paving, and followed by the admiring gaze of the crowd.

The course was not far from the town, and resembled a racket in shape. The horses started from the end of the handle, ran straight to where it joins the frame, where was the winning-post in a long, narrow grass field, and then turned to the left round the oval. The latter part of the course could be well seen from the winning field, and was about two and a half miles in circumference.

The two first races, one for farmers of the Camfordshire Hunt, the other for horses the property of livery-stable keepers in Camford, have been run off; the winning field is crowded with horsemen and pedestrians, and from each side of the judge’s box extends a goodly array of carriages; the competitors for the Challenge Whip, eight in number, are all mounted, and walking down the grassy lane towards the starting-place. Jim Rickworth, in a bran new blue jacket, is looking very confident on Essex, who is as quiet as an old sheep, as if he knew that he had all his work cut out for him. Turner carries a white belt, to denote second colours, for a notice has been put up outside the weighing tent that Mr. Rickworth declares to win with Essex; Kate walks along daintily, like a proud lady as she is, every now and again tossing her pretty head, and giving a warning glance behind, when The Maniac, who is doing his best to pull Lord Methlin over his head, comes a little too close. Wykeham is mounted on St. George, a bright boy, showing plenty of breeding, and looking very fit: the rest we do not know.

‘What is that last one?’ said Major Barford to Millington, as they rode back together after a close survey of the lot.

‘Oh, that is some small college man,’ replied Tom. ‘Smith, his name is, and he has kept that horse of his uncommon dark; he calls him “Dot-and-go-one,” but he looks sound enough now, and is likely to give them some trouble; he has made a book for his horse, and laid me against Rickworth’s pair just now.’

‘Well, it is too late to hedge now, but I should have liked a trifle on Mr. Dot-and-go-one.’

Seated in an open barouche close to the judge’s chair, is Miss Mabel Lariat, her large blue eyes sparkling and her little person simply trembling with excitement; the old Colonel at her side is cruelly chaffing, and telling her with suppressed glee that that Mr. Smith on Dot-and-go-one is sure to win, and offering to bet any amount of gloves on the result.

In the meantime the horses have reached the starting-post. Rickworth has given Turner his instructions, which are to wait upon him, and not to come unless he falls, or is manifestly beaten.

They are off to a capital start. The Maniac, rushing to the front, and clearing the small stake and bound which forms the first obstacle as if it was a six-foot wall with a canal on each side, soon places four or five lengths between himself and the field. Rickworth keeps his eye upon St. George, whom he considers his most dangerous opponent, and determines to wait on him; Kate, not to be denied, takes the bit between her teeth and rushes to the front in hot pursuit of the four-year old; while Smith, on Dot-and-go-one, bides his time in the ruck.

They come in sight of the carriages about three fields from the turn, all fencing well; the severity of the pace has told upon a couple of the outsiders, who are gradually dropping to the rear. The fence into the winning field is rather ragged, with a wide ditch on the far side. The Maniac takes it first in grand style, so does St. George, who is second now; but Essex either loses his head or does not like unnecessary jumping, or he swishes through a thin place, catches the opposite side of the ditch, and—thud—over went he and Jim like a couple of rabbits shot in the head.

Dot-and-go-one, whose pilot has been carefully getting a lead at every fence, just misses putting a foot on to our friend's head, while at the same moment Kate, who is now under control, lands handsomely into the field wide of the pair.

They have now turned along the line of carriages to commence the circular part of the course, and Turner looks round to see if Rickworth is on his legs again. As he does so he catches sight of Mabel, who, pale as death, is leaning forward out of the carriage and trying to catch a glimpse of Jim's prostrate form. On her face is a look which expresses not mere interest for a friend, but agonized anxiety for the safety of a lover.

Turner in that short moment felt that he had lost her, that he could never hope to win her, let go the mare's head, and reeled in his saddle like a drunken man.

Major Barford, who was thinking a good deal of his fifty pounds, galloped up alongside and said, 'What is the matter? For God's sake get on! you have most of them beat, the horse is down, but you can win yet, don't come too soon.'

Turner recovered himself at the first sound of the Major's voice, clenched his teeth, pulled his mount together, and set her head straight for the water, which was the next fence.

It was not a very wide jump, but rather awkward because in a hollow: there was a hurdle on the taking-off side, and on the other a greasy slope; here the young one came to grief, and Lord Methlin not keeping hold of the reins, they parted company. St. George, Dot-and-go-one, and Kate got over cleverly in the order named, but the best of the outsiders swerved, and gave his rider a cold bath: the other two were dropping still more astern, and completely out of the hunt.

Major Barford, looking through a pair of glasses, said to Millington, who was at his side, 'Turner is riding with judgment now; see, he

'has taken a pull going up the hill; that chap Smith will come to grief at those post-and-rails at the top if he pumps that old crock of his.'

'By jingo! you are right,' exclaimed Millington. 'He is down, and a nasty one too. Fancy riding at strong timber at that pace: the other two are over all right: it is a match now.'

'Wykeham has been making the pace a little too strong lately,' said the Major. 'See, he is coming back to the mare: they have only got three more fields. I do believe we shall win.'

'Whoever gets to that gap in the last fence first should have the best chance; he will cut off the corner, and there is only about two hundred yards straight afterwards.'

'Well, and that is just what Turner thinks, too,' said Barford. 'Look how he is putting on his spurt now,—well over: it is his best chance, and he does it too. St. George is only a length behind. If he falls there will be a smash; he's over, so is Wykeham. He wins! No, he doesn't. Kate!—St. George! No, Kate. My word, a splendid race; we have just pulled through, and that is all.'

John Wells' wideawake went up in the air, and he attempted a husky hurrah; he was too much excited; his fiver was trebled.

Philip Turner, as he walked the winner back to scale, was in the seventh heaven. He hardly heard the cheers of the crowd and the congratulations of friends; he heeded not that Jim was seated in the carriage at Mabel Lariot's side: a more powerful passion than love, his ambition, had been gratified.

The soldier who wins the V.C.; the Member of Parliament who makes a successful maiden speech; the barrister who gets his first brief, do not feel such intense gratification as does the undergraduate the first time that he rides the winner of the Challenge Whip.

Two years have passed and gone since Turner won the Whip on Kate. It is the season, and lounging on two chairs in the Park are Adolphus Fitz Jones and his country cousin Buckthorn.

'Whose is that neat turn-out, with the very pretty woman with blue eyes in it?' said Buckthorn.

'That is Rickworth's; Sir James he is now. I was at Camford with him; a lucky dog he is; nice property and very pretty wife: belle of the season she is. He will come into a nice place in Camfordshire when her father, Colonel Lariot, dies. There is another man who was at college with me, Millington he is called, a rattling good fellow, just elected M.P. for some place or other: got the gift of the gab—always had.'

With that Fitz Jones yawned; reminiscences of his college friends had caused him to make an exceptionally long speech.

Perhaps my readers wish to know what became of Turner. He was a younger son without much money; he may have become a curate down in Bankshire, or tried his luck in the colonies; or he may have assisted the quarter-master and the captain of the day to inspect the bread and meat, and may have worn

JACK BLAKE; OR, LANDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER I.—SIR FREDERICK GOES TO LONDON.

‘OH! Sir Frederick, you must forgive him this time. I am certain he will be steady for the future; and he has sown his wild oats.’

‘Wild oats be hanged!’ burst out the Baronet; ‘that’s what you are always saying; here he is three thousand in debt again. You know, Di,’ said the old gentleman, softening a little, ‘that I am continually paying for him. It was only a few months ago he got fifteen hundred out of me, and gave me to understand he had squared all. Now, in addition to his other infernal follies and extravagances, he coolly tells me he owes three thousand more, and is going to be married to a penniless girl. I have allowed him a handsome income; I keep the hounds chiefly for his pleasure; he has got as good a stud of hunters as any man in the country, and can ride as straight to them. If his dealings with me were as forward as his riding I should find no fault. By jingo, I will not forgive him; and if he marries that girl I’ll—I’ll—why I’ll disinherit him. I will, by jingo. No, Di, I will not go near the fellow or see him, after all that I have done for him to serve me in such a way. He was very well till he was introduced to and made the acquaintance of that ass Lavender, that sprig of nobility who hunts in patent leather boots with pink tops; he gives me the blue devils when I see him in the field. I never feel so angry with Jack as when he brings him down here; his infernal London ways and idiotical conversation sickens me; it is all his fault that our son has come to this pass; but I will make him feel the curb this time, the unprincipled young rascal! I will, by jingo!’

Sir Frederick having let off the steam, Lady Blake thought it her time to put in a word for her darling but spoilt boy.

‘My dear Frederick, consider, for one instant, he is our only son. You know he is your pride; you know you doat on him. You have only him, Nelly, and my poor old self to care about.’ Lady Di laid her hand fondly on her husband’s arm. ‘Yes, Frederick, we will go up to town, see this dear misguided boy of ours, and try what can be done. I am certain he can be brought to reason. You have never refused me anything yet. This is the anniversary of our wedding-day. We have been married twenty-five years. It is my birthday, too; and I am—I am’—like all women, she paused before uttering a dreadful truth—‘I am—well, never mind my age. You will not, I know, refuse me anything to-day. Grant me what I ask this once, and I promise never to intercede for Jack again.’

The old gentleman, who had by this time lost every appearance of wrath, gave his hand to his wife.

‘This, then, Di, is your birthday? Yes, we have been married twenty-five years,’ he said, in a musing voice. ‘By jingo, it seems

‘ but yesterday I married you. You are as young-looking and pretty as ever, Di ; you are, by jingo ! I tell you what, Di. I’ll—I’ll—damme, I’ll forgive Jack this time, and pay his debts ; but he must not marry that girl if I disapprove of her. We will have a look at her, Di. *If she is only half as good and as beautiful as Jack says she is, why he shall have her, though she is portionless.* They shall live here in the old house with us ; for if Jack has, as you say, sown his wild oats, I will not part with him. I’ll give him grey Hercules, and the hardest rider in the county will not be able to live with him twenty minutes. Go, Di, and tell Nelly to pack up her traps ; we will post up to town, for I hate those railroads. What do you say to ten days in London, eh ? What do you think of that ? Remember, I mean to give Jack a lesson about all this. You or Nelly must not tell him I mean to square him ; if you do, by jingo I won’t ; or he shall go to quod—or a sponging-house—or—or—or the treadmill—or some of those infernal holes. Three thousand !’ he ejaculated, as his wife left the room ; hang me if he would not ruin a Bishop, let alone an old country Baronet. Binns shall go with us. I warrant he finds out every thing. I’ll have him up and arrange all with him whilst I am alone ;’ and, touching the bell, he waited the coming of his old butler.

In obedience to the summons Binns presently made his *entrée*. He appeared, as he was, the essence of a good old English servant—rosy-faced and stout, a spotless white tie, blue coat, velvet collar, and bright buttons. ‘ He looked,’ as Mrs. Flounce, the lady’s-maid, said, ‘ like a juke.’

Binns was everybody in the servants’ hall, and, next to Sir Frederick and Lady Di, the most important person, not only in the house, but the whole village besides. If any poor person wanted the way paved and made easy to approach her ladyship or Sir Frederick, Binns was the first person consulted.

‘ If you please, Mr. Binns, I hope you won’t take it amiss, sir, if I asks your advice about summut. Lady Di—God bless her !—likewise Sir Frederick and Miss Nelly, ’as been unaccountable kind to me this winter, they av ; but do you think, sir, I might be so bould as to ask her ladyship for a blanket ? for my old man he be terrible bad with the rheumatics ; he were took with ’em three weeks ago come next Toosday, he were ; and how he’ll get about again next winter goodness o’ me knows.’

‘ Sally Matthews, I tell you what it is,’ Binns would say, in a solemn and warning voice, ‘ you are a good and hard-working woman, and your husband is a good and hard-working man, and we will do all we can for you.’ Binns always said we, for he considered himself almost one of the family. ‘ Yes, Sally, we will do all we can for you ; but how can you expect anything from her ladyship when that young ruffian of a son of yours is always poaching in Sir Frederick’s pet preserves ? It was only last week he was took by Barrells with three pheasants, and he had been

‘blazing away for an hour and more. He forgot the dummies ; and by jingo’—Binns used the ‘by jingo’ as well as his master—‘if it had been the live ones he had fired at, a pretty *battoo* he would have made. Why, Barrells said there was not a dummy in the cover that had not been peppered. Well, you know, Sally, we forgave him—leastways Sir Frederick did ; for he said there was not much harm done, seeing he had only three birds, and that he had wasted all his powder and shot on the make-believes. Well, as I said, we forgave him and let him off ; the very next day but two we catches him a-netting the trout stream. When he goes before Sir Frederick again, who is too easy a gentleman by half, “Tom,” says he, “this is too bad. I shall make out your committal this time, and give you a month.”

“Oh ! Sir Frederick,” sings out your scapegrace ; “Oh ! Sir Frederick,” says he, “I warn’t a-poaching. I had no gun. Please, sir, fishing ain’t a-poaching.”

“The devil it is not,” said Sir Frederick. “What the deuce do you call it, then ?”

“Poaching,” says Tom, considering a moment. “Poaching, Sir Frederick, is a-knocking over the long-tails of a dark night ; poaching is setting gate-nets, and wires, laying trammels for the partridges before September ; that’s what poaching is, sir. Fishing is quite another thing. I’m quite aware, Sir Frederick, I oughtn’t to have done it ; and I give you my solemn dick, sir, if you let me off this time, I’ll never be brought before a beak again.”

“Well,” says Sir Frederick, almost bursting with laughing, “get out of my sight, you young vagabond ! Don’t let me hear of you any more. And, mind, if you are ever brought before me again, I’ll give you three months ; I will, by jingo. And, Binns,” says he to me, “give that fellow a horn of beer, and tell him to transport himself.” But he called me back again, and says, “Binns, if that fellow will only be steady a month—a month, mind you—I’ll make him one of the under-keepers ; that is the only way to cure him of poaching.”

‘Mind you, Sally,’ continued the worthy butler, ‘he will get two suits of velveteen and six-and-thirty pounds a year ; and if that won’t make a man of him, he ought to be—to be—to be damned ; by jingo he ought !’

‘However, Sally, you go up to the house on Toosday, and you’ll find it all right about the blanket, and perhaps a sprinkling of coals.’

We have digressed to give an insight into Mr. Binns’s character ; more especially as he will play no inconsiderable a part in our narrative. ‘Like master like man.’ Binns was an honest, trustworthy servant, and his master’s right hand.

‘Binns,’ said Sir Frederick, on that individual presenting himself, ‘I want you to get ready to accompany us to town. Lady Di, myself, and Miss Nelly start at two this afternoon. You will tell

‘Mrs. Flounce—no, you need not say anything to her; she knows it from her mistress already. Tell the coachman we travel in the yellow chariot, and that he is to send one of the lads on to order posters. And, Binns,’ continued the old Baronet, ‘Mr. Jack has got into another infernal mess. Too bad, Binns; too bad, by jingo. The mad boy is going to marry some girl without a shilling. We must get him out of the fire at any cost. I take you, Binns, as my right hand in this business. You must find out everything. Of course you know I will never forgive him,’ added the old gentleman, winking at his factotum; ‘and that I won’t pay a farthing more; that I am in an infernal rage; and all that sort of thing.’

The butler was perfectly aware something was the matter when he opened the bag in the morning. A letter from Mr. Jack was an unusual thing. He had made a pretty shrewd guess that money was the object of his epistle, but the marrying part of the business had never entered his astute head.

When his master spoke of his marrying a penniless girl, it absolutely took the worthy man’s breath away.

‘Mr. Jack going to marry,’ said he, ‘without your leave, Sir Frederick. No money. Good heavings! It cannot be—it must not be. It’s all that Lord Lavender’s doing. Mr. Jack ain’t been the same gentleman since he took up with that hass; before he knowed him he was the finest and best gentleman in the county; not such another; as handsome as a picture. I knew there was something up. We must save him, Sir Frederick. I can get all out of that Lavender’s valet, Studs. Warm him up with port wine negus, and he’ll tell you anything. You will excuse me, Sir Frederick; you must not manage this affair by yourself; you would be done in ten minutes. You must call, directly you arrive in town, on Captain Portman; he will put you up to every dodge and move; there’s no getting over him. Take it easy with Mr. Jack, sir; don’t let him get aggravating you. Take it easy, and you’ll bowl him out. To think of Mr. Jack going to marry without your leave is horrible; it’s monstrous, Sir Frederick!’ And talking himself into a passion, the worthy butler talked himself out of the room.

Before proceeding with our story we must devote a little time to Sir Frederick Blake and his family.

Sir Frederick was the correct type of a good old English country gentleman; nearly sixty winters had passed over and furrowed his brow; and although age had frostbitten his locks, nay, more, rendered them silvery white, yet his heart and feelings were as fresh and kindly as in the heyday of his youth, and in his old age he looked the picture of health and vigour; time, in truth, had used him well, and at the period we are speaking of he was far more active and vigorous than many men of forty.

His son Jack was what any lady, even the most fastidious one, would have called ‘remarkably handsome;’ and by the men he was

universally admitted to be a 'splendid young fellow;' he was the best and boldest rider in the county, and a rare shot—in fact, was up to all field sports, and though he might be equalled in many of them, could not be excelled. He was a monstrous favourite everywhere; in the ball, or drawing-room, he always held his own. No one danced or sang better than he did, or could flatter, or whisper soft nonsense into the country belles' ears more artistically than Jack Blake; he was the life of the place, and mammas declared, 'It was 'a thousand pities' that Mr. John Blake, although he had passed his three and twentieth year, did not marry.

He had been educated at Eton, and brought up to nothing but a seat in the saddle; but another one for the county was in perspective for him; his popular father was often wont to declare that, 'Directly he had sown his wild oats, and married respectably, he 'should be returned without opposition.' How long he was in sowing those said 'wild oats,' and how they were being reaped will appear in the course of our story.

His lady mother had been a very beautiful woman in her day, the toast of four counties; and though now verging on the 'sere and 'yellow leaf,' was looked upon as being quite as fascinating as of yore, so gentle and kind to the rich, so good to the poor, high and low all loved her. No one had the least hesitation in asking her advice on any subject, so she allowed herself to be tormented by old Sally Matthews, who used to come weekly for soup, or something for her 'old man's rheumatics, which were unaccountably bad surely,' and a dozen more at her tail, with their aches and pains, or Mrs. Deeds, the lawyer's wife, whose daughter, a gentle blooming girl approaching forty, who had fallen deeply in love—in fact, clandestinely married Dr. Tonick's—the village apothecary—assistant, one Mr. Blyster, who was supposed to be a cousin of Mutton, the butcher of the adjacent county town; so while Sir Frederick and his son were coursing over the country at the tail of their hounds, Lady Di was enduring the tales of a dozen 'malcontents,' or ladling out soup, or giving away blankets, to half a hundred poor famished creatures.

Nelly Blake was a beautiful high-spirited girl, beautiful in mind and manner. If it was only known that Lady Di and her daughter were coming to see the hounds throw off, the best pinks and tops would be in immediate requisition; and the barber—I ought to say, perfumer and hairdresser—Mr. Combes, of the next town, would dispose of such a quantity of cosmetic for the moustaches, beards, and whiskers, that there was invariably a large poster next day outside his door and placarded all over the place, announcing the astounding intelligence that 'another fine bear was to be slaughtered,' though when the first one had been killed, and where, was never known, and has been shrouded in mystery to the present hour.

The Blakes were popular, and deservedly so. Now, having put them before the reader, we will proceed with our story.

Punctually at two o'clock the well-appointed travelling carriage was at the door. The luggage and a pair of horses had been sent on

by rail, under the care of the coachman and a lad. The greys' place in the carriage had been taken by a pair of raw-boned posters, the off-sider mounted by a being in a shabby blue jacket and still shabbier white silk hat.

The so-called postboy had evidently outgrown the stage of measles and chicken-pox, and if he had ever been a boy—which all seemed to doubt—it must have been a very long time ago; for it was admitted on all hands as an undeniable fact, that Sam had never altered, and was exactly the same as when he was found in the hay-loft of the 'Green Dragon,' one cold winter's morn, some thirty years previous, half frozen and famished.

No one knew or had the least idea where Sam came from; indeed, he was never, in his most communicative moods, known to allude to his parents, or to smile; and it was facetiously remarked by the village wags, 'that Sam never had a father or mother, but had 'been won at a raffle.'

Sam, however, cared naught what was said of him, and would sit the whole evening in the tap-room of the said hostelrie, or in the kitchen, smoking in dignified silence his 'yard of clay.'

He was delighted when the order came to don his blue jacket, old white hat, cords, and tops, which were so seldom worn now that they were almost forgotten; he gloated over them as he dragged them from the depths of a spare compartment of the vast old corn-bin and held them up to his admiring gaze.

'You wouldn't be there, my boys,' he soliloquized, 'in the jolly 'old days of posting, but them cussid rails has done for us—men 'and osses too. I spose there won't be any osses at all soon. No 'guards' bugle now—no home-made beer, nothin but that cussid 'bitter stuff, and as hard to get hold of a churchwarden as to catch 'a heagle in a mouse-trap.'

To Sam was entrusted the first two stages—Sir Frederick would have no other; and as it was already buzzed about that the family up at the house were going to London, the Baronet wisely thought that, whatever might ooze out, Sam would be silent. So to Sam was entrusted the guidance of Sir Frederick's carriage for the first twenty-five miles.

The gossip in the village as to Sir Frederick and family's departure waxed fast and furious. At the blacksmith's shop, which was the rendezvous of all the idle, as well as village politicians and juvenile part of the inhabitants, many were the surmises on this occasion. One knew from what Mr. Binns had told him—though the vagabond had not even seen him—that Measter Jack had fought a jewel with a Monsieur Frenchman, and shot him in the hi. The ball having lodged in the brain, there were but faint hopes of recovery. If he did die the Minister for Foreign Affairs had sworn to have him hanged at the Tower of Lunnon. Old Towler, the rat-catcher, pooh-pooed this; he knew better nor that; it wasn't no sich a thing; he'd be bail he knew the whole grist of it, but wasn't a going to let the cat out of the bag, not a bit on it. They'd see what they should see; he'd knowed Sir Frederick five and forty year come next Candlemas, and

he wasn't a going to peach on the family secrets. They'd best all be a holding of their tongues, and not let them wag about what they knew nuffin about.

Innocent of all this momentous conversation, the carriage rolled on towards its destination. Binns and Mrs. Flounce were warmly wrapped up in the rumble; the latter fell asleep after many fruitless attempts to get out of the butler what was the matter and why they had taken this sudden journey. To all inquiries Binns sagely shook his head, and replied, 'We must not betray confidence; Sir Frederick had reposed a secret with him, and he was not at liberty to divulge it; that Mrs. Flounce must excuse him; she would know all on their arrival in town, and had better go to sleep;' which advice she followed to the letter, and in ten minutes was in 'the arms of Morpheus,' as Binns pronounced it, 'and driving her pigs to market at a famous rate.'

The day waned, and the carriage rolled on, far away as yet from the busy 'little village' to which it was bound; its inmates had stopped at a small market town for an early dinner, and then resumed their journey. They were dozing away, though every now and then they would start up as the hideous shrieking of some noisy urchin disturbed them, bellowing out 'Slap Bang,' or the 'Young Man from the Country,' in the shrillest of trebles, chorused by a wild hurrah.

Night was coming on, and as a village was rapidly passed through, a labourer might be seen standing at the door of his humble but well-kept cottage, smoking his pipe, and waiting for his supper, which the eldest daughter was getting ready, whilst mother was undressing baby, who, with ceaseless prattle, begged hard to see 'dad before me go to doe doe.'

Night closed in, and as the carriage still whirled on, a flickering light was visible for an instant in a rose-covered casement, and all was dark again. The whistle of the ploughboy was hushed, and Nature was now in sleep.

The only one of the party awake was Nelly, who turned over in her mind how to get 'dear Jack out of the scrape,' though to what extent he had gone she knew not. The Baronet and Lady Di were particularly silent on the subject, and she knew it was useless asking. At midnight they stopped at an old-fashioned inn about fifty miles from London. As they had been expected, from the ordering of post-horses, the obsequious landlord and landlady were at the carriage door the instant it pulled up, the former, hat in hand, 'hoping Sir Frederick and the family were well;' the latter, with a low curtsy, remarking 'that her ladyship looked dreadful tired, and what a beauty Miss Nelly had grown, to be sure!'

With the assistance of the landlady and Mrs. Flounce, they were soon in bedrooms, where we will leave them for the night; and Binns, having smoked a pipe and drunk a glass of hot rum and water in the cosy bar with Spilpeg, the landlord, 'hooked it,' as he termed it, 'into Bedfordshire.'

(To be continued.)

ARCHERY.—POWDERHAM CASTLE.

THE task of the present day is to shape amusements in such wise that they shall include the presence of the gentler sex, not as spectators only, but as participators and companions in the glad recreations of the outer day. The advantages may be nominally reciprocal, yet the substantial gainers in every sense are those whose natural asperities under a happy influence become mollified and adapted for the refined suavities of society. There may be exceptional details appertaining to this charming intercourse, that, if trivial, are not the less palpable, and worthy of a passing word. Unbecoming roundabouts, adopted to disprove the integrity of the Darwinian theory, and lively chignons, garnered from mortuary premises, rifled by the parochial sexton, are not symptomatic of a suavity either ideal, ornamental, or sweet-smelling. These, however, must be held to be the passing eccentricities of Fashion—a prime minister without principle, as without reason, that tyrannically sways the boudoir of the ladies and the Larranaga dens of the common males, making them subservient to a despotism insolently capricious, intemperately wayward, and extravagantly preposterous. But this screw Prime Minister must not be too minutely examined in the mouth. That he has been doctored—Bishoped, it should be said—is certain; that he cannot be warranted free from vice, or sound upon any leg, is as notorious as that he comes from a stable nobbled all round, and got at in every shape, for the deception and robbery of the public. Yes, fashion is like unto the almighty dollar of the Yankees, that takes for its device, ‘By fair means,—yea—’ if not, then by any Warrant;’ and, from the unfair pressure of such an intolerant Prime Minister, ‘Would it surprise you’ were we to say, ‘Good Lord, deliver us!’

No pastime systematically regulated, and capable of admitting a large or any number of persons, offers greater amusement to those engaged in it, and to the spectators, than that of archery. Locality contributes much; the general gathering brings persons together who otherwise might not have had an opportunity of meeting; and old and young join together in a festivity, which partakes of a jubilation, in the interior of a marquee replete with substantialities that console at once and contribute to the well-being of one generation, and ushers in, at a later hour, with a flourish of trumpets, another and brighter generation, that joyously carols forth—

‘Strike the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
 And as true to his beam as the tides of the ocean;
 Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,
 Obey the mute call, and spring into motion.
 Then sound notes,—the gayest, the lightest,
 That ever took wing, when heav’n looked brightest.’

MOORE.

‘All under the greenwood tree’ is the spot consecrated by

metrical tradition as the rendezvous of 'the merrie archers;' and a fairer glade than that in Powderham Park, where the South Devon archers assemble, cannot be found in any part of England. The expanse of green sward on which the targets are placed, hemmed in by the mass of surrounding ferns, and partly overshadowed by the stately patriarchs of the forest that have done sentinel duty for ages by the side of the crenelated towers that have been possessed by and have harboured royalty in times of yore and of a later date, form a gay scene that challenges its fellow in any portion of the world. And here Fashion, to whom a harsh word has been applied in a former sentence, now wears a comelier aspect, for the rainbow colours of the dresses of the lady archers, flashing in brilliancy of hue, as their wearers wend their way between the targets, literally irradiate the living picture. There are écrus costumes, with dark brown trimmings; dresses of pale lavender, with deep flounces, each edged with a broad band of ostrich-feather trimming of a deeper shade; then, again, a black velvet petticoat, with numerous flounces, over which is a Dolly Varden costume, trimmed with white muslin frills edged with Valenciennes lace, and looped up with black velvet bows, with a gipsy bonnet and quaint little white muslin fichu; and, yonder, is the new costume, called 'pêcheuse de crevette,' consisting of a petticoat of white Spanish serge, striped white and red, and a skirt of red Spanish serge. In proximity is the 'Rouge République,' looped up in front, 'à la paysanne,' bordered with black velvet, and tied at the back with a black velvet bow, and bodice with basques of striped red and white serge. The same costume may be seen again in dark sailor-blue poplin, blue gimp, to match the poplin, replacing the black velvet, and the poplin petticoat edged with fringe. But the last novelty is a costume composed of a material commonly called Baden-Baden towelling. The threads are drawn to form a pattern or fringe, and the effect is exceedingly pretty.

'Stop!' cries 'Philosophy,' Calvinist and Puritan. So we stop. But, oh anchorite of Geneva! you cannot gainsay the simple truth that these bright feathers are less bright than the very birds of beauty themselves—ripe and real—in all 'the might and majesty of loveliness,' and utterly dissimilar to the Jenny Daw, whose deceptive plumage beguiled you, and who is now the Xantippe of your household. One word ere we part, in charity. Bear in mind that the great philosopher and opponent of the thirty tyrants of Athens, after having partaken of his noonday repast of bitter herbs, 'à la Tartare,' with his canonical partner in the vale of tears, solaced himself by a lunar symposium of crustacean delicacies and Scian wine with the benignant Aspasia. So Socrates the Good said, as related by Plato in his dialogues,—'There be more ways to the wood than one.'

And the olden banner, with its streaming folds flouting the Dartmoor breeze on the castle tower, contains in itself the history of many an age teeming with bloody deeds of tyrannical malfesance. There was

once displayed the imperial eagle of the Emperor Severus (A.D. 207), followed by the cross or of Octavius, Duke of Cornwall (329); that gave way to the griffin sergreant or of Aurelius Ambrosius (483), second son of Constantine, and then were seen the dragons endorsed ~~vert-crowned of the famous Uther Pendragon~~ (503). Who shall maintain that the cross argent, with our Lady and her Son in her arms on the first quarter, on the standard of the renowned King Arthur (506), is a wanton imposture, and that his sarcophagus at Glastonbury, found by Henry II., on which were inscribed the words, 'Hic jacet Rex Arturus,' and which must still exist, is not a reality? Then came the griffin sergreant of Cerdic, King of the West Saxons (519); that gave place to the cross palée azure of Kingil, the first Christian King (612); that was displaced, in its turn, by the cross counterchanged azure and or of Egbert, first King of England (800); followed by the cross-crowned or of the victorious Athelstane (925). For a time the piratical Dane was triumphant, with his raven proper on an argent ground (1041), but yielded at last to the cross or between five martlets of the Saxon St. Edward (1045); and then the six leopards' heads of Harold were finally laid low by the two lions passant gardant of William the Bastard, of Normandy. Powderham Castle had been hitherto a royal stronghold. Willelmus de Auco, Count of Ewe, son of Robert of that name, one of the chief councillors of William of Normandy, had the castle and lordship of Powderham bestowed upon him, forming one of the one hundred and seven lordships that he had received for his services. In an after day, having joined the conspiracy of Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, at the suggestion of the Earl of Chester—whose sister he had married—against William Rufus, he was put to death with much torture and ignominy at Salisbury. The Powderham gonfalon now displayed the bend argent of the Fitzosberns, Earls of Hereford, Lords of Wight, and Lords Constable of England, whose heiress married Miles, Earl of Gloucester (1141), adding another bend or to the hereditary standard. From an alliance with the Bohuns, Henry Bohun, grandchild of Margaret, daughter of Miles, the Lord Constable, inherited the title of Earl of Hereford (1199), and in 1377 Hugh de Courtenay, marrying the daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, received, as an appanage in dowry, the lordship of Powderham Castle; since which time, notwithstanding the axe and other appurtenances of Plantagenet and Tudor rule, the olden standard with the three torteaux and a label of three points azure, has waved, and still waves proudly, in all honour and loyalty, over the battlements and archery ground in the park of Powderham Castle.

That which is now considered in the light of a jocund pastime was held to be of grave import in ruder times. The yew trees within the ancient limits of God's acre attest at once the value and the necessity of a patriotic system of self-defence, to provide for which our ancestors counted to be one of the principal virtues of statesmanship, but which is now ridiculed in a tone of banter like

that of a fool over his cups, or with the obliquity of a knave over his ill-gotten gains. In reference to these implements of warfare in the Trojan era, we learn from Homer that the Grecian bows were frequently inlaid with gold or silver, those of Glaucus with gold, and of Diomed with brass. They were of wood; the Scythians constructed them of horn; but the Cretan bows were in greater repute, and held by the Greeks to be superior to all others. The bowstrings were of horsehair; and there is a latent satisfaction in the consciousness that if the example of the Carthaginian damsels were to be once more a necessity in the nineteenth century, a profusion of the material is at hand, hidden underneath the mendacious and unsavoury chignons. To come to a later date, 'Ich Dien' is a record of the victory of Cressy; that of Agincourt was also won with the bow; and in the battle of Hormildon, between the Douglas and Hotspur Percy (1402), the men-at-arms did not strike a blow, and the field was won by the archers. The Earl Douglas, who commanded the Scots, enraged to see his men falling around by a storm of arrows, rushed with all his body-guard into the fight, sword in hand; but his rashness cost him dear, for the English arrows were so sharp and strong, and discharged with so much force, that no armour could repel them. Philip de Comines, in his memoirs, bears witness that the English archers excelled those of any other nation; and Sir John Fortescue relates his belief that in those days 'the myghte of the realms of 'Englond standyth upon archers.' In the fifth year of Edward IV. an Act was passed by which every Englishman and Irishman dwelling in England shall have a bow of his own height, which is directed to be 'made of yew, wych, hazel, ash, or awburne, or any other 'reasonable tree, according to their power, and the arrow shall 'be half the length of the bow.' Richard III. also paid great attention to archery, and sent a thousand bowmen to the Duke of Brittany, who were hastily recalled, to take their share in the conflict of Bosworth Field. Henry VII. issued an edict forbidding the cross-bow, because 'the long bow had been much used in this realm, 'whereby honour and victory had been gotten against outward 'enemies, the realm greatly defended, and much more the dread of 'all Christian princes by reason of the same.' But the enemies of the realm in this era are from within, and not from without; and the thirty pieces of silver, the price of blood, by the disreputable juggle of a mechanical majority, are to be lavished for a suicidal purpose. In the reign of Henry VIII. several statutes were made for the promotion of archery, and the King, with his Queen Anne Boleyn, presided at a gathering of two hundred archers on Shooter's Hill, in Kent, where he distributed prizes to the successful competitors, which gave the name to the locality. By the 13th of Elizabeth, the price of bows is regulated, and it also insists that archery should be an object of attention to the legislature. A MS. of the time of the titular Virgin Queen gives the following description of an archer, his bow and accoutrements. 'Captains and officers should be skilful 'of that most noble weapon, and to see that their souldiers, according

‘ to their draught and strength, have good bowes, well nocked, well
 ‘ strynged, every stryng whippe in their nocke, and in the myddes
 ‘ rubbed with wax, braser and shooting glove, some spare strynges
 ‘ trymed as aforesaid, every man one shefe of arrows, with a case of
 ‘ leather defensible against the rayne, and in the same fower and
 ‘ twentie arrowes, whereof eight, of them should be lighter than the
 ‘ residue, to galle or astonye the enemye with the hailshot of light
 ‘ arrowes, before they shall come in danger of their harquebuss shot.’
 Charles I. appears, from a dedication of a treatise entitled the
 ‘ Bowman’s Glory,’ to have been himself an archer, and in the eighth
 year of his reign issued a commission to the Chancellor, Lord Mayor,
 and Privy Council, to prevent the fields near London being so
 enclosed as ‘ to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of
 ‘ shooting.’

Catharine of Portugal, Queen of Charles II. (1676), gave a prize
 to the London archers, of whom she was patroness, consisting of a
 silver badge representing an archer drawing the long bow to his ear,
 with the inscription ‘ Reginæ Catherinæ Sagittarii.’ In 1682, a
 magnificent entertainment was given by the Finsbury archers, when
 they bestowed the titles of ‘ Duke of Shoreditch ’ and ‘ Marquis of
 Islington ’ upon the prize winners. The pigeon butchers of 1871
 should adopt similar titles. ‘ Would it surprise you ?’

The Royal Company of Archers in Scotland owe their origin to
 the commissioners appointed in the reign of James I. of Scotland, for
 enforcing and providing for the exercise of archery in different
 counties. An act of the Privy Council of Scotland, in 1677,
 recognises it by the name and title of ‘ His Majesty’s Company of
 Archers.’ It consisted of the principal nobility and gentry of
 Scotland, and a piece of plate was given at the annual parades,
 ‘ weapon shawings,’ of the value of 20*l.*, called the King’s Prize.
 But their strong attachment to anti-revolution principles and Bonnie
 Dundee almost put a period to their existence. Their public parades
 or marches were discontinued, and the royal prize was withheld.
 At the accession of Queen Anne, their former reputation was in
 some degree restored ; but their partiality to the cause of the Stuarts
 remained the fruitful source of confusion ; and it was not until 1788,
 when George III. revived the royal prize, and that the Woodmen of
 Arden and the Toxophilite Companies admitted the Royal Archers
 to be honorary members of their societies, that the company was
 permanently re-established. The Royal Archers of the Body-guard,
 under the command of the Duke of Roxburgh and Lord Elcho, did
 duty, and accompanied her Majesty and Prince Consort when at
 Edinburgh in 1842. The last time that they had performed personal
 service was at Flodden Field, when the body of King James IV. was
 found covered and surrounded by the bodies of the faithful guard ;
 and should perils again be forthcoming under a modern Cromwell
 they will be found to be equally faithful.

In former times at Harrow School an old custom, now obsolete,
 in connection with archery was wont to be observed on every 4th of

August. By the rules laid down by John Lyon, the founder, bows and arrows were required to be furnished by the parents of every boy on his entering the school. The ordinance, drawn up in 1592, says, 'You shall allow your child at all times bow-shafts, bow-strings, and a bracer.' The butts were placed on a beautiful spot, backed by a lofty insulated knoll crowned 'by a diadem of trees,' and having rows of grassy seats cut on the slopes for the spectators. The prize was a silver arrow, and the competitors, amounting to twelve, were attired in fancy satin dresses, decked with spangles, with green silk sashes and caps. It is said that one of these dresses is still preserved in the school library, where it has been for nearly a hundred years.

Whoever shot within the three circles which surrounded the bull's-eye was saluted with a concert of French horns, and he who shot twelve times nearest the mark was proclaimed victor, and marched back in triumph to the town at the head of a procession of boys carrying and waving the silver arrow. The traditions of Harrow assert that, in the last century, three brothers carried off three silver arrows, which were conspicuously placed in the corners of the hall of the paternal mansion. It became a matter of family pride to fill up the fourth corner, and this was effected by a fourth brother in 1766. The Harrow shootings were abolished by Dr. Heath, the head master, in 1771, and were succeeded by annual speeches, which, under various modifications, have continued ever since.

It is not meet, nay, it would be graceless, that any Toxophilite annals should be related without mention of that prince of outlaws and tutelary incarnation of archery, Robin Hood, of Sherwood Forest, apostrophised by Camden as the 'gentlest thief that ever was.' The 'verifying faculty' of modern times has induced many to dispute the identity of Robin, and maintain him to be an impostor; but the mass of evidence in his favour confounds the abusive and petulant Solicitors-General of historical doubts and forgeries, and puts them entirely out of court, without requiring a long vacation to invent fresh fables. R. Langlande, a priest, in his satire of 'Pierce Plowman's Vision,' notices him—

'I kan not perfitly my Pater Noster, as the Prest it singeth,
But I kan rimes of Robin Hode, and Randall of Chester,
But of our Lorde and our Ladye I learne nothyng at alle.'

The liberationists belonging to the educational boards of that period considered the evangile element to be superfluous and apocryphal. Stow, in his 'Annals,' says, 'In this time (about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.) were many robbers and outlawes, among the which Robert Hood and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none else than such as would invade them, or by resistance of their owne defence. The saide Roberte entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or

‘ otherwise molested. Poore men’s goods he spared, abundantly
 ‘ relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and
 ‘ the houses of rich carles ; whom Maior (the historian) blameth for
 ‘ his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the
 ‘ prince and the most gentle theefe.’ In modern times, contrary to
 the ethics of Robin, poverty is made a crime, but the cathedrals
 and rich landlord carles are plundered according to the principles of
 ‘ the gentle theefe.’ The costume of the freemen of Sherwood was
 green and red. In Drayton’s ‘ Poly-Albion ’ it is said,

‘ An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
 Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
 All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue ;’

and in ‘ Robin Hood’s Garland,’ it is related that when he went to
 court

‘ He clothed his men in Lincoln green,
 And himself in scarlet red.’

It is said, in ‘ Baker’s Chronicles,’ ‘ that he was of noble blood,
 ‘ at least made noble no less than an earl, for deserving services, but
 ‘ having wasted his estate in riotous courses, very penury forced him
 ‘ to this course.’ He is reported to have lived till the year 1247,
 when he died from an act of treachery. Having been wounded in
 a casual encounter, Robin retired to the Benedictine nunnery at
 Kirklees, to be nursed by the lady abess, with whom, in an early
 day, he had been on terms of special intimacy. She repented her of
 the evil, and had devoted herself to holiness and prayer under the
 symbol of the cross. The early pulse, however, survived the claustral
 oaths and stripes of penitence, and reigned as strongly within the dwel-
 lings of the spouses of the church as in less sanctimonious localities.
 The affections and desires of nature have peremptorily the same
 object everywhere, and it is simply a change of venue. Envenomed
 by hatred to the Maid Marian, by whom she had been supplanted, the
 lady abess tended on Robin with much external solicitude, bringing
 to his cell a word of holy consolation for the spirit, and a cup of
 herbal medicine for the body. The benison was false-hearted, and
 the cup was poisoned. So he died. The elect would condone the
 deed as a special act of providence. The renowned outlaw and
 enemy to the oppressors of the poor by law was buried near Kirklees
 Park, in Yorkshire, where may be seen a gravestone whereon the
 following epitaph is engraved, according to Thoresby’s ‘ Ducatus
 ‘ Leodiensis ’—

‘ Hear undernead dis litl stean,
 Laiz Robert Earl of Huntington,
 Nea arcir ver az hie sa geude :
 An piple kaud im Robin Heud.
 Sick utlawz as hi an his men,
 Will England nivir si agin.
 Obit 24 Kal. Dekembris, 1247.’

But there are those in the West, at Powderham and Bitton, who

can draw the bow with a dexterity that shall not be far behind the prowess of the Sherwood foresters. Prominent amongst the archers are, Mesdames Walrond, Fitzgerald, Templar, Lambert, Eyre Hussey, Pinkney, Hicks; Mademoiselles M. Lockyer, Karlake, Parson, A. Parson, Joan Ley, Maule, G. Prior; Messieurs H. Walrond, E. N. Snow, Admiral Lowe, Capt. Fisher, Jenner Fust, R. Price, T. L. Coulson, C. Everett.

The meeting of the Grand Western in the grounds of Bitton House, near Teignmouth, the residence of Mr. Parson, is one of the best appointed belonging to archery. It is admirably managed by Mr. Walrond, himself the champion archer of the Western counties.

M.F.H.

OTTER-HUNTING ON THE ERME, SOUTH DEVON.

DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO JOHN BULTEEL, ESQ., PAMFLETE,
DEVON, THE SUCCESSFUL BREEDER OF THAT WILD ANIMAL.
BY RING-OUZEL.

IF haply thou to Lethe's shore
In spirit sad would stray,
Go, tarry by the meads of Erme,
Elysian fields are they.
From Dartmoor Hills a thousand rills
Come carolling along,
Charming the flowery braes of Erme
With many a summer song.

The song-birds, too, the livelong day
In music sweet their homage pay,
The river-god to greet;
While nodding willows stoop to lave
Their verdure in the placid wave
Beneath the woods of Flete.

But if, unmoved by minstrelsy,
This fairy vale thou doubt to be
The true Elysian plain,
Go, join Diana's gladsome throng,
Disporting on its banks along—
Thou'lt never doubt again.

E'en now, a group of men and hounds,
And many a maiden fair,
Are mingling in those hunting grounds,
The revelry to share.
Lo! down beneath yon antlered tree,
O'ershadowing the shore,
The otter's holt is found to be
A fathom deep, or more.

Ay, see the hounds with frantic zeal
 The roots and earth uprear ;
 But the earth is strong, and the roots are long,
 They cannot enter there.
 Outspeaks the Squire : ' Give room, I pray,
 And hie the terriers in ;
 The warriors of the fight are they,
 And every fight they win.'

Then ever, where the felon lurked,
 Bravely they followed on ;
 And every yard those sappers worked
 A goodly yard they won.
 And underneath that gnarled oak-tree,
 That quivered to its core,
 The Naiads of the Erme could hear
 The angry battle roar.

Above, below, on every side,
 Full many a bright eye guards the tide,
 To ' gaze ' him as he flies ;
 But brighter still two blue eyes glow,
 As, mantling from the depths below,
 The silver bubbles rise.

He's gone ! he's gone !' in raptured tone
 Escapes Belinda's tongue ;
 And straight amain, o'er stream and plain,
 A thousand echoes rung.
 Dashed in abreast of hounds, I trow,
 Ten couple in his wake ;
 Their mettle did that otter know,
 His gallant heart would break.

Then holds the chase its devious way,
 Through many a dark unfathomed bay,
 O'er sandy creek and shoal ;
 Up stream and down ; they swim, they wade,
 ' Mid hidden stump and alder shade,
 And many a willow bole.

Now frequent, from the depths below,
 The bubble-chain upsprings ;
 Now, every hound enjoys the scent,
 And all the welkin rings.
 In vain he vents ; tries fore and back,
 His stronghold seeks in vain ;
 Black Waterwitch is on his track,
 And Lavish marks again.

Ah me! amid this jocund scene
 Of innocent delight ;
 My modest Muse is shocked to tell
 Belinda's tattered plight :
 Her petticoat and silken hose
 Rent by a cruel spell,
 The loveliest foot and limb disclose
 That ever blessed a belle.

Ah ! fain would fair Belinda rush
 To close the robe, and hide the blush
 That mantles on her face ;
 But hark ! the transient pang is gone !
 She hears old Nestor throw his tongue,
 And cannot quit the chase.

That very e'en a hunter keen
 Told her his tale alone ;
 And when he gave his heart to her,
 Belinda lost her own.

An hour more, and on that shore
 The whispering winds are still ;
 And slumbers every echo now
 On yonder woodland hill.
 Scourge of the stream, he slumbers too,
 And never more shall hear
 Trelawny's horn at dewy morn,
 Nor Bulteel's ringing cheer.

June 20, 1871.

CRICKET.

BAD weather spoiled the matches between the Universities and the Marylebone Club in the week immediately preceding the great contest, and cricket was played under such difficulties as to render the results wholly unreliable as a test of the comparative merits of the rival elevens. Mr. Butler, indeed, rattled out the M.C.C. players in such fine style as to make one half believe that another providentially-sent bowler had turned up to bring triumph to his university. And, well as Mr. Butler has bowled this year at Oxford, we doubt whether those of his admirers who are calm enough to retain their critical faculty in the midst of their enthusiasm have been more surprised at his extraordinary success against the strong M.C.C. eleven and the Light Blues, or at his signal failure, a week later, to make the slightest impression on the wickets of the Players of England. For ourselves, remembering the careers of University bowlers in recent years, we are surprised neither at the success nor

the failure. But of this more anon. In their preliminary match the Cambridge men did not avail themselves of the services of their crack bowler, Mr. Powys, keeping him in reserve for the following week; and the weather throughout was so against cricket that we may pass without further comment to the great contest of the year.

When the University match began the ground was in fair, but not first-rate run-getting condition. That was accounted for by the heavy rains that had so recently fallen; for no possible fault could be found with the wickets, which, all through the season, have been of unsurpassed excellence. In fact, Lord's is fast losing its character as a difficult ground for the batsman, one of the most recent matches played on it, between M.C.C. and G. and Surrey, being conclusive proof of this, for the Surrey eleven, to whom Lord's ground has hitherto been a sealed book, scored no less than 352 in their first innings, and despite Mr. W. G. Grace's 146 (ordinarily about good enough by itself for Surrey), succeeded in defeating their formidable opponents, though by one wicket only. But for the proverbial timidity of the batting in the University match, a large number of runs might have been expected on this occasion, considering the number of experienced players there were on either side. But, on the contrary, a tamer and more insipid contest, from beginning to end, we have never witnessed. That Oxford were the favourites in the betting was solely due to the presence of Mr. Butler in their eleven, coupled with the well-known fact that the real batting strength is seldom brought out in this match on either side. Judged by the test of longer experience and approved performance against the best professional bowling, Cambridge was certainly the stronger batting side. Mr. Yardley played for his county years ago, and Mr. Scott and Mr. Thornton (the latter especially) have successfully contended against every sort of professional bowling. We might also include Mr. Money and Mr. Fryer, but we do not, because we do not think much of Mr. Money at Lord's, and of Mr. Fryer, on the same ground, we think nothing at all. But supposing the match had been played at the Oval, we should unquestionably have been of opinion that there were more well-known run-getting men in the Cambridge than in the Oxford eleven. In the latter Mr. Pauncefote and Mr. Ottaway were the only two much known to the public from their participation in great matches, and Mr. Ottaway's experience is far less than Mr. Yardley's or Mr. Thornton's; in addition to which, though a run-getter, he takes a considerable time to obtain his runs. Mr. Hadow, indeed, jumped, at one bound, into notoriety, on the strength of his gigantic innings for Middlesex against M.C.C. and G.; but that performance was rather above his true form, and we think he will have to rest for some time on those laurels and be thankful. Then there was Mr. Tylecote, and there is not a sounder batsman in the two elevens; but he, too, is comparatively unknown in the great county and other matches of the year. If we come to

what we may call the second division of the elevens, the new men and those who are put in for other merits than their batting, we shall equally find that Cambridge had on paper by no means the worst of it. Oxford had among the new men Mr. Harris and Mr. Marriott. The former is a very fine bat, and the latter a very steady one—so steady that he was bowled on this occasion by a simple slow; but their first appearances for their university were not attended with success. Correspondingly, Cambridge had Mr. Stedman, who both in fielding and in batting sustained the high reputation he has earned this year on the University ground. Then against Mr. Townshend we may fairly set Mr. Money (and, curiously, each got just the same number of runs), and Mr. Law against Mr. Tobin (the former being rather flattered by the juxtaposition). Mr. Francis and Mr. Bray may pair off together, and there remain Mr. Butler and Mr. Pelham *versus* Mr. Powys and Mr. Ward. And still there was a Cambridge batsman, Mr. Cobden, for whom there could be found no correspondent on the Oxford side. Having lost his bowling, like most amateurs, he has gained wonderfully in his batting since last year, and his 32 (not out) was not only the largest individual contribution on the Cambridge side, but also the most pluckily-hit innings throughout the match. Whatever the bowling was, and much of it was not really so good as it looked, he treated it with the utmost nonchalance. Whether he hit always to the right side of the wicket is neither here nor there; he always hit clean and hard, and played, not to exhibit a fine style, but to get a fine number of runs. And, in spite of the purists, we maintain that there are only two objects in cricket worth seeking. One is to get runs, the other to prevent them from being got. How they are got is quite a secondary point. *Si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo.* If you have a naturally graceful or correct style, like Daft, or Mr. Lubbock, by all means exhibit it, keep it, cherish it, and corrupt it not. If you are not so gifted, do not try a bad imitation of a good thing. Stick to your native rusticity. Hit hard, and anywhere out of reach of a pair of prehensile hands. Never mind what the old fogies, who can barely distinguish you, and are quite unable to follow the course of the ball, say about your style. Genius is a better thing than style, and genius consists not in keeping rules but in breaking them. You may very correctly and gracefully play a ball straight to mid-off and not get a run; how much better to hit it over mid-on's head for four. And if you can get a middle-stump ball well to square leg over the heads of the spectators, your triumph is complete. You have bothered the field, exasperated the bowler, alarmed the wicket-keeper, exhilarated the somnolent umpire, and aroused the drooping energies of the scorers. You have accomplished two of the great ends of life—you have put yourself into a good easy complacent temper, and you have spoiled the tempers of most of the people near you. What more can a man desire? or could he be recommended to exchange such beatitude for the sake of placing a ball to the right of his right

leg instead of to the left of his left leg, or of satisfying the insatiable *exigencies* of the bookworms of cricket? Nothing pleased us so much in the University match as Mr. Cobden's innings. He always played in the wrong way, he always hit to the wrong place, he cared nothing for the ball or the bowler, and he got 32 runs (not out), which number might very possibly have been doubled or trebled if any one would have stopped in with him, and abstained for an hour or two from playing on unsuccessfully, attempting to play what people are pleased to call the correct game.

On the whole, we are quite unable to understand how Oxford could have been judged the equal of Cambridge in batting, much less superior to it. The result, however, justified the anticipation; and those who win have, of course, a right to the victor's self-satisfied exultation.

The *cognoscenti* laid odds on Oxford all through the spring and early summer, and Oxford won. We cannot refute the logic of facts. But we will never believe that, under any other circumstances, Mr. Butler or Mr. Anybody-else would dispose of that Cambridge eleven for 65 runs. The traditional spell was on them on June 26th, and the most practised batsmen played feebly and uncertainly against bowling which, at its best, was indifferent stuff after the deliveries of Emmett, of Wootton, of the two Shaws, which they had so often combated with ease. The mention of bowling leads us to extend our comparison of the two elevens. Here Oxford had the superiority—on that day, at least, for we are not altogether prepared to say that Mr. Butler is a much better bowler than Mr. Powys. He was better, however, on this occasion, or, perhaps, more successful, and success in the early part of the innings is everything to a bowler in the University match. But in the short second innings of Oxford, when 25 runs only were wanted, Mr. Powys bowled so finely, and rattled out Mr. Townshend and Mr. Law with such unplayable balls that, had he gone on in the same style, there would not have been 170 runs put up on the telegraph had the innings been played out. Then as to the bowlers. Mr. Francis and Mr. Cobden have both so gone off, that neither can now be called better or worse than the other; but Mr. Bray is, to our thinking, a better slow bowler than Mr. Pelham or Mr. Hadow. As for Mr. Law, who was put on at the close of the second innings of Cambridge, he bowled more half volleys to leg in a quarter of an hour than would usually be seen in a whole day's play: only the tail of the Cambridge eleven could make no use of them. Then, also, Cambridge had a reserve of bowling strength in Mr. Ward (who won the match for his University last year) and Mr. Thornton. Mr. Ward, who requires time to get into his bowling, was not kept on long enough this year, and Mr. Thornton was not tried often enough. It is clear, however, that Oxford had not so much change of bowling as Cambridge, and that all their hopes depended on Mr. Butler. The wicket-keeping was only moderate on both sides, Oxford having a slight advantage

in this respect. In fielding, however, the dark blues were far superior to their antagonists, not so much from their own merits as from the culpable indolence and carelessness shown by several of the Cambridge side. Mr. Scott and Mr. Stedman must be excepted from this censure. Having thus glanced at the composition of the two elevens, we must confess that our own opinion remains, that unless a man had been gifted with the spirit of prophecy and could have foreseen that on that particular Monday Mr. Butler would bowl as he has never bowled before, and as, in all probability, he will never bowl again, he would have been very rash to lay odds on Oxford. Let us now make a few notes on the progress of the game. Mr. Townshend and Mr. Ottaway made the first stand for Oxford, but Mr. Pauncefote and Mr. Tylecote did the real mischief, scoring nearly one hundred runs between them, and bringing out Cambridge fielding in a very poor light. We were pleased to see Mr. Townshend play as well as he did, for we have always asserted that he might be relied on for runs if he were sent in early enough. Mr. Ottaway, also, showed his customary strong defence, and time will probably develop his hitting powers. Mr. Tylecote's was a first-rate captain's innings. He began a little timidly, but soon settled down into firm defence and good clean hitting, and his confidence must have been increased by the easy and faultless play of his partner, Mr. Pauncefote. That gentleman never showed to greater advantage. He treated all the bowling with the ease and assurance belonging to an old hand whose nervousness has long since departed, and whose experience has familiarised with every sort of bowling; and we certainly expected that some of the Cambridge old hands would do the same. At this critical point in the game, when the captain and ex-captain of Oxford were well in, the Cambridge fielding was shockingly loose, and the bowling arrangements were anything but well managed. There was not enough change, and that valuable law enabling a bowler to change ends twice was not brought into play. Mr. Fryer used to bowl: we do not know what his form is this season, but he might as well have been tried, otherwise his presence in the eleven was more ornamental than useful. When once Mr. Tylecote and Mr. Pauncefote were separated the end soon came, and six Oxford wickets fell for 10 runs. On paper Cambridge were quite equal to the task of getting 170 runs, but their signal failure is fresh in the recollection of all cricketers; Mr. Butler carried all before him, and achieved the unprecedented feat (in this match) of taking every wicket. Only Mr. Money and Mr. Yardley made a stand, and, though the latter played well for his 25, yet there was a constraint about his batting, and an absence of that fire and dash which so constantly characterise his performances against far superior bowling, that could not fail to be noticed. He was caught at his weak point, short-leg; and we may remark that with Clayton to bowl, and half the field on the on-side, Mr. Yardley's innings would seldom be of long duration. For the rest, the Cambridge men came

in only to go back again, the last four men not adding a single run to the score ! Was the bowling of Mr. Butler, then, so very wonderful as to be unplayable even by this strong batting eleven ? We cannot say that it was. He bowled a very great number of long hops, and a considerable number of pitched-up balls to the leg stump. The long hops generally took wickets, and the pitched-up balls invariably escaped punishment. It was painful to see such a batsman as Mr. Thornton waving his ponderous bat and his muscular arms idly in the air in vain efforts to hit the ball. True, the ball that despatched him in the second innings would have bowled any one ; but before that reached him, he ought, with the chances he had, at his usual pace of hitting, to have got at least 30 runs. But throughout, with the sole exception of Mr. Cobden's, there was no life or spirit in the Cambridge batting. And, after the first melancholy condition of the Light Blues, there was no longer any life or spirit in the game. Mr. Cobden, indeed, by his grand indifference to rules, aroused a little enthusiasm, and succeeded in arresting a one-inning's defeat ; but the game got tamer and flatter as it advanced to its inevitable conclusion, and, when all was over, there was hardly a cheer.

Very different was the cause of the defeat sustained a fortnight later by Harrow at the hands of Eton. Seldom has so weak a Harrow eleven made its appearance at Lord's, and in all parts of the game they were palpably over-matched. It was not a case of luck, or of chances missed, or of faint-heartedness, but it was the simple case of a weak eleven receiving a beating from a strong one, which, if they played together a hundred times, they would be unable to avenge. Not that the cricket, even on the winning side, was very remarkable. We have often expressed our opinion on the Eton and Harrow match, and we give it again. There is a remarkably fine show of ladies ; also of carriages ; also there is a very grand influx of money into the coffers of the M.C.C. ; and all these are very good things in their way. But they are no concern of ours, nor do we care a straw about the ladies, the carriages, or the income of the M.C.C. We have only to do with the cricket, and in this match the cricket is subordinated to the external attractions of the two days. The cricket, in fact, is very seldom worth going to see : it is not likely that when one can see Mr. Grace bat, and Freeman bowl a dozen times during the season, one cares much about the immature and hesitating efforts of a parcel of boys. The Eton and Harrow match is, however, an established institution, and there is little use in railing at it. It is, for the present, the fashion and the rage, and, like other fashions and rages, a delusion and a gross piece of humbug ! We are not going to waste many words on it. Eton scored 308 off the puerile bowling of Harrow, which would be laughed at in any twentieth-rate grammar school ; and that number might have been doubled if the Eton batsmen had chosen to hit the most tempting loose balls. Those, however, according to the traditions of the public school match, were suffered to go by, for fear of catches being

given. A word must be said, though, for Mr. Cammell, who displayed great freedom in his leg hitting. No words can give an idea of the feebleness of the Harrow batting. Of hitting they had no notion: indeed, they are not taught to hit—that is incorrect play—only to play the ball so that it shall not ascend into the air—that is correct play. They did not cause the ball to ascend into the air: they suffered it rather to hit the wickets. In the two innings of Harrow fifteen wickets were bowled down, and only four were caught. The style of Harrow play and of Harrow training may be inferred from this fact. The farce was over early in the second day when Eton obtained an easy one-inning's victory. There are plenty of schools that would make just as short work of the winners!

It is a pleasure to turn from this trumpery spectacle to the series of matches that have taken place between the Gentlemen and Players of England—matches that for fine play, sustained interest, and close finishes, have never been surpassed. The first, at the Oval, between the Gentlemen of the South and the Players of the South, was won, after tremendous scoring on both sides, by the Players by three runs only. Mr. W. G. Grace was easily disposed of in both innings; and as we have often fancied that when he goes in first and makes a colossal score the energies of his successors are somewhat depressed, so now, when he failed, they seemed stimulated to put forth their utmost exertions. Where nearly all distinguished themselves, it is invidious to single out one or two for especial commendation. Mr. Thornton's 61, however, obtained in a number of minutes varying, according to varying timekeepers, from seventeen to thirty-five—let us call it half an hour—was the marvel of that afternoon and the crowning achievement of that wonderful hitter. The Oval is a large ground, the pavilion is a tolerably remote structure, and the racket court is of remarkable height; but out of the ground, over or through (we are not quite sure which) the pavilion, and high above the racket court went the astonished ball, seeking rest and finding none. Mr. Fryer, too, an infant at Lord's, showed himself a giant at the Oval, and his 76 was not only the highest numerical score on the part of the Gentlemen, but the best example of graceful play and correct hitting. It is impossible to go through the list of run-getters—they were so many; and, if the truth must be told, the bowling was not so very formidable on either side. The lions on the Players' side were Jupp, Charlwood, and Pooley, and the last-named may fairly be accounted the most dangerous professional batsman in England. After three days of hard play, and almost ceaseless running, the Gentlemen were beaten by three runs.

The genuine matches between the Gentlemen and Players of England were wonderfully well contested, though the first and greatest at Lord's was spoiled by the rain, and ended in a draw. Mr. Buchanan reappeared in the great matches, and with signal success; in fact, the Gentlemen would have been in poor plight without him. On the strength of his bowling in the University match Mr. Butler

was put among the amateurs of England ; and at Lord's he obtained a pair of spectacles (which might have been expected), and he failed to obtain a single wicket (which might not have been expected). On the other hand, Mr. Yardley, against the bowling of Freeman, J. C. Shaw, McIntyre, and Southerton, displayed his true form, and scored 51 in each innings ; and better cricket will not be played by any amateur this season. Next to him in point of merit came Mr. Lubbock, whose long retirement has not diminished the grand defence and vigorous hitting for which he has always been distinguished. Mr. Grace of course scored : as it happened, he did not get into three figures. Jupp, Lockwood (the most rising professional batsman of the day), and McIntyre monopolised the scoring on the part of the Players, of whose wickets Mr. Buchanan took six. He had the honour to bowl out Daft for a duck's egg. When the match was declared drawn, the Players had to go in a second time and obtain 165 runs to win. They were quite worth that number, and, in all probability, the finish would have been exciting. At the Oval the corresponding match was won by the Gentlemen, after a wonderful struggle against time—a more powerful enemy than either of the Shaws, who were the principal bowlers on the occasion. The scoring was heavy, as usual on the Surrey ground, and towards the close of the third day the Gentlemen had 145 runs to get, and not more than an hour and a half to get them in. They ran a splendid race against time ; not only did every man hit his hardest, and run his hardest, but there was not a moment of delay at the fall of a wicket, a new batsman being in before the outgoing one had reached the pavilion. The honours of the match fairly rest with Mr. Green, who went in when there was no time to play the bowling, but when it was imperative to hit almost every ball, or the match would be lost for want of time. Even he was fairly knocked up by the desperate pace he had to put on, and we doubt if he could have stood much more of it. His 57 (not out) were obtained in about thirty-five minutes ; and when he made the winning hit it wanted only about three minutes to the time fixed for drawing the stumps. Neither Mr. Yardley nor Mr. Thornton played for the Gentlemen, for whom Mr. Hadow made 97. Mr. Buchanan took six wickets in the first and five in the second innings of the Players ; while Mr. Butler's success was so small as to show still more clearly what a piece of luck the Oxford and Cambridge match was. Jupp, Daft, Carpenter, and Pooley did most of the run-getting for the Players ; and it is worthy of notice that Mr. Hornby was out leg before wicket in both innings. Every one who has seen him play will have noticed the defect in disposition which so frequently leads to this unpleasant result ; and it is not a little singular that so good a cricketer should allow so glaring a fault to go uncorrected.

Hitherto, in these matches, Mr. W. G. Grace had been kept within moderate bounds, and to this may be attributed the closeness of the finishes ; but in the Married *v.* Single of England, at Lord's,

he came out in that crushing force which at once settles the fate of a match without any hope of salvation. When a man goes in first and carries out his bat for 189 in a match of this class, the confidence of his antagonists becomes considerably abated; and, as the single side had three such good bowlers as Clayton, Lillywhite, and Rylott among them, the task of the married men was rendered still more arduous. And, despite the good and steady play of Daft, of J. Smith, of Carpenter, of Pooley, the dead weight of those 189 runs were too much to be overcome. The match gradually waned in interest, as the end, a one-inning's defeat, became more and more evident, and, as the weather also was unfavourable, every one was glad when it was over. It was rather unfortunate for Willsher, for whose benefit the match was played; but, as we have often said, these matches depend, now-a-days, almost entirely on what happens to Mr. W. G. Grace. If he is disposed of for a moderate score, say 40 or 50, there may be a good fight and a close finish; but when once he gets into his three-figure innings, particularly at the beginning of a match, the affair is virtually over. With a crushing lot of runs to go in against, the other side is generally obliged to follow their innings, and then all the interest is gone, and people doubt whether it is worth their while to come up to the ground at all on the second day. There has been one striking exception to this rule, however, in the M.C.C. and Surrey match at the Oval, where so many fine finishes have been witnessed this season. Surrey, it is true, went in first, and made one of their old-fashioned innings of 352, Pooley, despite a bad finger, making 88 (not out), and Southerton 82. (Very good, as we once heard one of the best of amateur cricketers observe, under somewhat similar circumstances; but, pray, sir, how *did* you do it?) Then Mr. Grace went in and made 146 for M.C.C. out of 245, and as it was still necessary to follow the innings, he made a further contribution to a gross total which left Surrey with 111 to win, and not very much time to do it in. The game was desperately fought out on both sides, and the last Surrey man was in, and the clock was almost on the stroke of seven, when the winning run was made. Surrey sadly wanted a victory, but after so many failures against comparatively insignificant antagonists, we certainly did not look for her first success against an eleven in which Mr. Grace scored the best part of 200 runs off his own bat. All honour to the old county for gaining such a well-earned triumph against such odds.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THOUGH the past few weeks form a sort of dull season between the fag end of the Thames and London engagements, and the commencement of the gay doings off the Wight, there are a few items since our last worthy of passing notice. The Channel match, from Dover to Liverpool, arranged by the Royal Thames, for Mr. Brassey's prize, was a capital idea, and should have secured a larger entry. As it was, but four entered, and of these only the Livonia and Oimara were prepared to start. Owing to the wind, S.W., being light, and a strong tide running against them, but little progress was made, and after a few hours they parted company, but came together about forty-eight hours after the start, when the cutter had a slight advantage. On parting company again, they met no more during the match, which the Livonia won in 5 days 9 hours and 50 minutes; from which may fairly be deducted an hour and twenty minutes, while the schooner was waiting for the tide to make to get her over the Liverpool Bar. This match was the longest yet sailed on the English coast, the distance on the chart being nearly six hundred miles. The Royal London concluded a successful season with a match for small cutters, the entries ranging from 15 tons down to 4 tons. The struggle lay between the Ildegonda (whose brilliant doings last season may, perhaps, be remembered), Dudu, Fairlie, and Ianthe. The first somewhat disappointed her friends in running down; but working home she had the best of all of them, and won by over two minutes from Dudu, which took second honours. The New Thames produced a novelty in a handicap for cutters and yawls, any size, round the Nore and back to Gravesend; to start together, and the handicap to remain closed until the end of the match. Julia (Mr. G. F. Moss) was the Great Eastern of the fleet, and Aerolite, 8 tons (Mr. F. Dowdall), the launch. Marina, Amazon, Nettle, Night-thought, and other well-known names were on the list, of which six were absentees, and twenty-one started. With a strong N.W. breeze, they were round the Nore Light in no time, though the beat up with a good deal of ebb to run was naturally a slow business. Julia, which was first down, just managed to lead the fleet home, followed pretty closely by Volante and Gertrude; but on opening the handicap, Vice-Commodore Rudge was found to be the winner; the Night-thought having saved her time. The Small Cutter Match resulted very similarly to the R.L.Y.C. affair just mentioned, Ildegonda and Dudu taking the honours. The Fairlie again ran well, but lost in the beat home, while Ildegonda, as before, made up lost time on the way back. Mr. Ashbury's new fifteen-tonner, Esthonia, sailed in the match, but did no good, being short of ballast and altogether unfitted to start for a race. Following close on the R.T.Y.C. Match to Liverpool, the Royal Mersey had a goodly gathering for their regatta. The principal event on the first day lay between the Livonia and Enid (Mr. F. Putland); Oimara and Garrison (Mr. T. Houldsworth) being disabled. Livonia got home first by over twenty minutes, and lost by something under a minute; and the next day Enid won again. In a Channel match to Barrow-in-Furness, Oimara, Livonia, Vanguard, and Enid showed some capital sport, and the big cutter beat the big schooner by ten minutes; but the best performance was Vanguard's, which, in such first-class company, was less than a minute over her time. In concluding our yachting memo., we may notice

that while on the Irish and Scotch coast Corinthian matches are frequent and popular, they are comparatively ignored by English yachtmen, especially those of the Thames Clubs. To performers and spectators alike these matches have especial features of interest, and we hope to find a revival ere long.

Renforth and his crew are already on their way across the Atlantic to fulfil their match with the St. John's men; and, on the principle that it never rains without pouring, his late associates, J. Taylor, Winship, and Martin, propose joining with J. Sadler, to go out and row for the four-oared prize which will be given at the forthcoming grand regatta out there. A change has been made in Renforth's lot, Percy having shown himself so smart with the steering apparatus, that he was permanently installed as bow, *vice* Bright, who goes as odd man, for the great match on the Kennebecasis (copy the address if you can). This wholesale exodus of British rowing talent will make the Thames National Regatta a very open affair, and should tempt a host of promising novices to come forward for oars and sculls. It will probably be postponed until next month to give some of the crack salt-water crews from Hastings, Dover, and Margate a chance of entering; and with the prospect of so much new blood, the regatta, though perhaps not up to the average in form, bids fair to excel recent years in genuine interest.

This year's Henley Regatta was unusually successful, a large entry combining with beautiful weather to render the meeting one of more than average enjoyment. Rain, on at least one day, is an almost invariable accompaniment; but on this occasion Jupiter Pluvius was fortunately 'scratched,' and nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the gathering, though those who remained until Monday had a good specimen of the height of human misery—a wet Sunday in a country town. The Committee, with the laudable view of equalising stations, had adopted the suggestion of Mr. H. H. Playford, and buoyed the course from Poplar Point to the finish, in a slant towards the judge's seat, so that the Berks station had less advantage than formerly; and though at first the result did not appear quite satisfactory, on the second day, with slight modifications, it was unquestionably a success. Fine as was the weather, recent rains had caused a deal of land-water, which, coupled with strong wind off the Bucks shore, and down the course, made racing much harder work than usual, and proved a severe test of watermanship to pairs, scullers, and coxswains. The Grand Challenge Cup had seven entries, including Oxford-Etonians, the holders; but of these, Black Prince, Cambridge, did not start. In the first trial heat, the Eton boys disposed of Dublin University and the Oscillators pretty easily, the latter having what throughout the regatta was undoubtedly the worst station, centre. Berks was little superior to Bucks, which was sheltered from the wind, but both were lengths better than the middle, where there was all the wind as well as the full force of a strong stream, which the others escaped. In the second heat, London easily beat Kingston, who were hot favourites and undoubtedly a fine crew indeed, having the towpath side; their friends, and indeed most people, thought the heat a moral, and this defeat afterwards made London a tremendous 'pot' for the final, in which, however, they had the middle station, and meeting a fresh crew in the holders, were beaten by the Oxonians, who, fortunately for themselves, had the Berks side, while, the Eton boys being on the other shore, London had no escape from wind or stream, and after a grand race for a mile, were beaten by over a length. The winners were, as usual, a strong, useful lot, though inferior in appearance to recent specimens, but with the double advantage of freshness and station, they were able to dispose pretty

easily of London, who rowed somewhat stale, from the first day's exertions, in which stroke had pulled thrice, while two others had a couple of races in them. London led from Remenham, and looked vastly like winners, but the Oxonians drawing up on the inside, got on terms with them before the Point, and spurling into the straight, had the race in hand. For the Stewards' Cup, Kingston beat Dublin, and London did the same for Tynemouth pretty easily, while in the final the London four, who, like many of their predecessors, were a model, had some revenge on the Oxonians for their defeat in the Grand. Kingston, contrary to expectation, were last, though, with Darbishire as stroke, they were considered formidable, and the Oxonians were probably held in least general estimation. The Eton boys' lease of the Ladies' Plate was at last cancelled by Pembroke (Oxford), who were a very good crew, and certainly did not bely the reputation they brought from the Isis, where they were voted the best boat in the May races. The Black Prince (1st Trinity, Cambridge), on the other hand, scarcely upheld their position on the Cam, as from the best station they were beaten by their namesakes of Dublin. The Visitors' Plate showed, however, the weak points of their team, as the Cambridge four had a far more decided victory over Dublin than the latter had achieved in the Eights. Returning to the Ladies' Plate, the winners, Pembroke, were voted by many of the talent the best eight at Henley, and their race with Eton was certainly the fastest time, though, as the wind had then somewhat moderated, too much must not be made of that. It was certainly a pity they did not enter for the Grand, as they must have made a rare race with Kingston, London, or the winners, even if they had not cleared out the lot.

-The Wyfold was retained by the Thames Club, who last year won it after a fine race. Kingston easily beat Dublin in the trial, but in the final the holders, after a stern wager to Fawley Court, rowed the Surbiton men down, and won easily at the finish. The Ino Club made a successful *début* by carrying off the Thames Challenge Cup from London and Radley, neither of whom were ever dangerous. The Sculls were unusually interesting, there being just now a number of men, each of whom was a presumed dinker, and certainly rated as such in his own parish, but most of whom had not met previously. Oxford sent Bunbury, the winner of the University Sculls, and Chappell, who was confessedly next to him; from Cambridge came Goldie, winner of the Colquhoun, and R. W. Griffith, who rowed close up for the Diamonds last year. Ashby of Staines, who also rowed in 1870, was reported to be improved; Chillingworth of Twickenham, though not a probable winner, was known to be very fast, and might puzzle some of the cracks to catch him; Fawcus, from Newcastle, of whom nothing was known here beyond whispers of his local fame; while the Londoners consisted of Slater, a tough customer, perhaps too tough and thickset for a perfect sculler, but a rare stayer, likely to come up unpleasantly at the finish; May, of Wandsworth, just the reverse, being a slim-built man, who pulled a lively stroke, but probably lacked power for first-class company; and lastly, Long, who has been expected to win the Diamonds so often, but though undoubtedly a fine sculler, and twice holder of the Wingfield, had not yet succeeded, though he was reported improved in pace and lift, lack of which latter essential has apparently been the cause of his previous reverses. Oxford form was soon out of it, as Bunbury was nowhere to Fawcus and May, the northerner winning as he liked, and Chappell fell an easy victim to Goldie and Slater, both of whom he had to row in the trial heat. The struggle between the two latter

promised some excitement. Goldie, who was quicker, had taken Slater's water on the Berks shore, but near the Point the Londoner came again on the outside, and overhauled the Cambridge man, who was apparently exhausted, and having to come out on account of the flag, Slater fouled him and stopped, Goldie paddling ahead. Had the Londoner kept clear and rowed wide, he must, it seemed, have won the heat, as he was pulling far the stronger. The second Cantab, Griffith, rowed well with Ashby to the Point, where he fouled a ryepeck, and the Staines man won easily. Long beat Chillingworth anyhow, but in a second trial Fawcus beat him easily, and most unaccountably, for Long had a clear lead when the northener ran into a boat, but nevertheless came on and passed Long, who seemed to lack the power to quicken, though rowing apparently well within himself. Goldie and Ashby should have met for a trial, but by some mistake the former did not appear, and Ashby had a w. o. ; Goldie was, however, allowed to start in the final with Fawcus and Ashby. The northener led throughout, and won as he liked from Goldie, Ashby astern. With the exception of the winner, none of the competitors showed either marked improvement or much promise of it. The Silver Goblets had five entries, and the final lay between the brothers Close, and Long and Galston ; the latter pair had the race in hand after Remenham, but drew it so fine that they had to row in real earnest just on the post, as they had let the brothers up so near that the least mistake would have lost them the race. It was a dangerous game, but had at any rate the merit of concluding the regatta with what was to the spectators a most exciting struggle. After the rowing the customary festive ceremonies were duly celebrated, and most of those in attendance revenged themselves on their digestive organs with industry worthy of a better cause. The ridiculous spectacle of an umpire fifty yards astern was fortunately obviated by the Committee's hiring a wonderful little screw, built by Mr. Thornycroft, of Chiswick, which did the course in about four minutes and a half on an emergency, and is equal to twenty-five miles an hour. We need scarcely say the umpires had a sufficient view of the race ; but in spite of this advantage, unpunctuality was more than usual the order of the day. This appeared owing to the umpire being changed after every race, instead of acting for a couple of hours, or half the day's racing right off. It is to be hoped this will be done next year, as with the abolition of the Watermen's crew nuisance, and the perfect facilities offered by such a craft as the *Miranda*, there is no reason for not keeping time to the minute. Maidenhead and Marlow Regatta, instead of preceding Henley, was this year fixed for the Monday following, and secured some good entries and capital finishes. The Grand Challenge Cup lay between Kingston, Ino, and Oscillators, the Dublin men not appearing ; and after Kingston had settled Ino, and Oscillators performed a w. o., the local rivals met for the final, which was, however, a one-sided affair, as Kingston won easily after half a mile. For the Fours Cup, held by the Thames, London, Kingston, and the holders had to fight it out. The latter were soon outpaced, and the others rowed a fine race, the red and white winning by five feet. Kingston had their Stewards' four ; while London took the brothers Close, instead of Routh and Ryan, a change which proved no improvement, especially as they rowed quite scratch. The London four was split for the pairs ; and the result of the final was 'as before' at Henley. Long beat Slater by a couple of lengths for the Sculls, though the latter showed most pace at starting. The weather, which opened promisingly, changed for the worse as the day advanced ; but altogether the regatta was a

most pleasant day's sport, and its promoters may well congratulate themselves on its success. At Walton-on-Thames, the Regatta arrangements were made with the usual liberality, and a Challenge Cup for senior fours had been added to the programme. Racing was a good deal spoiled by a violent wind down stream, which, as at Henley, made the centre station top-weight throughout the day. The Challenge Cup attracted London, Kingston, and Twickenham, but the last were absentees. On paper, it was a moral for London, who, with the exception of Long, had their best Henley four, while Kingston had almost their Wyfold four, A. Trower being substituted for his brother, doubtless a change for the better. As the Kingston Wyfold had been beaten, while the London crew had won the Stewards', usually considered a bigger thing, it did seem all over; but, in the race, Kingston starting well, while London didn't, got under shelter of the bushes and led throughout. London at one time looked like picking up, but were stopped by one of the many pleasure-boats with which the course was crowded. In the Senior Sculls, May walked over for the first heat, and Slater beat Ashby for the second, in which Chappell was entered, but did not appear. In the final, however, the Committee allowed him to start—a proceeding most unfair to the other two, who had already had a journey over the course, which on such a day, against wind and stream, was no mere breather. As Slater was first, and May second, no harm was done; but had Chappell won, his antagonists would have had just cause of complaint, especially if the race had proved a close one. Junior Fours fell to the Oscillators; and the Junior Sculls to Knollys, of the Twickenham Club, who showed excellent form, and spread-eagled his field rarely. The number of pic-nic parties was well up to the average, and consumption in every stage was perceptible among the hampers. Mount Felix presented the usual festive appearance; and the prizes, which were almost too good, were eagerly stared at by aspiring oarsmen, their brothers, sisters, and other belongings. Altogether, Walton was very nice for the lazy contingent; the performers would doubtless have preferred less opportunity for the display of their weatherly qualities. Barnes Regatta, which, previous to the establishment of the Metropolitan, certainly ranked next to Henley, was blessed with fair weather, but, owing perhaps to a plethora of fixtures, proved perhaps less successful than usual, though honoured by the presence of Royalty in the person of the Princess of Teck. The Committee altered the course; rowing all the races down, starting higher than before, and finishing at the Bridge, so that a better view of the finishes was obtained by the bulk of the spectators. Instead of the State Barge, Maria Wood, which is usually a prominent feature on these occasions, a third steamer was engaged, which, however, scarcely answered the purpose of an equally agreeable resting-place for ladies, and those calm natures who prefer a general view of the scene from a cozy vantage-ground, to immediate information of the result of each race. For the principal event, London had no difficulty in holding the Challenge Cup against the Thames crew; and Long and Gulston were unopposed for Pairs. Slater beat May and Ryan for the Sculls; and in the Juniors, Routh, of L.R.C., won easily at the finish. The Metropolitan Regatta produced some excellent racing, and in two or three instances very exciting struggles, notably the Eights, between Kingston and London. Neither had their Henley crew entire, but their substitutes were well enough in form, if lacking condition, and after a neck-and-neck race to the post, a final spurt of Corrie's landed the up-river team by a few feet. The Junior Eights proved nearly as good, London beating Ino with very little to

spare. The Fours were also won by London; and the Sculls produced a deal of excitement, as Fawcus, Long, and Slater came together. The Tyne man again proved an easy winner; but Slater reversed the Marlow form by finishing well in front of Long. Junior Fours fell to the London Club; and Knollys and Gwatkin, of the Twickenham, won the Metropolitan Pairs rather easily. Altogether the meeting was most satisfactory, and, under the management of the London Rowing Club, all the arrangements were ably carried out.

The Amateur Championship of the Thames has at last followed the professional Championship northwards, and now both these titles are held by Tynesiders. Last year, it may be remembered, Ross came from Scotland with a great reputation, and after beating Yarborough in the trial, started against Long for the final, going off at a great pace, and leading well at the quarter-mile, when the rapidity of his strokes had quite exhausted him, and he absolutely stopped, leaving Long to paddle over at leisure. This time, Fawcus was the only challenger, and after his victories at Henley and the Metropolitan, it appeared probable that he would repeat the *coup*. Slater, who has lately shown very improved form, asked to be allowed to row, though his entry was, of course, late and informal, and both Fawcus and Long agreeing, a trial heat between the two challengers was expected, as Fawcus objected utterly to three starting in the final. Owing, however, to the Metropolitan Regatta, and the inability of one of the men to stop in town after Saturday, there was no time for a trial heat, and the two properly entered started on the 22nd, as agreed. Fawcus won the station, and took the Middlesex shore, where he was out of the wind. The northerner went off with a quick stroke, and Long was livelier than usual, holding his own past the Star, and a little higher up showing a lead of half a length, which he slightly increased up to the London Club rooms, where Fawcus began to draw up, and at the top of the Cricket-field was about level. Nearing the point, the northerner forged ahead, so that above the Grass-wharf he was able to take Long's water, and steered over towards Surrey. Long now came up on the outside, and off the Crabtree looked very dangerous, but as they neared the Soap-works, the Tynesider drew away again, and so rapidly, that under Hammersmith Bridge he was a length and a half a-head, and kept about the same position almost to the bottom of Chiswick Ait. Here Long, who was wide of the leader, appeared to draw up, Fawcus being apparently much distressed. Along the ait, however, he was never headed, though Long stuck gallantly to his work, and as they rounded into Barnes Reach, Fawcus was just able to cross in front of his opponent. Again and again did Long draw over him, but Fawcus retained the lead throughout in a masterly style, while the game manner in which Long rowed the stern-wager was deserving of all admiration. The judge's verdict was half a length clear, and on returning to the London Club House Fawcus received the time-honoured trophy with appropriate acknowledgments. We only hope to see as good a race next year.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—July Jocundities.

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'Joy rules the day, and Love the night,'

DURING that month in which Sir John Suckling tells us, in one of his charming ballads, it is as dangerous to look upon the bright eyes of lovely woman as upon the sun. Bright eyes we have had in plenty, and have gone through their ordeal as best we could; but the sun's piercing blaze we have been, except in the latter days, unkindly spared. The two did come together for the first time, however, at that Battle of the Blues, looked forward to by some people as the liveliest episode of the season, and which has the plain of Lord's for its ground. There we had bright eyes galore as well as a bright sunshine; and as the battle we came out to see was no battle at all—a sort of sham fight, in fact—it was lucky there was something to fall back upon. What a sight, by-the-way, is Lord's on an Eton and Harrow day! 'Twenty-two boys playing cricket,' will probably sneer some bilious 'reviewer' or another—'the gentlemen for gentlemen' writer, always ready to carp and gird at the sports and amusements—it may be the faults and follies—of the class to which he pretends to belong. Yes, but they are twenty-two representative boys, please remember, bilious one—boys selected from the playing-fields of Eton and Harrow—that rich seed ground which has sent forth so many Englishmen, cunning of brain, brave of heart, and skilful of hand, to fight in other battles of which such contests as those at Lord's are most fitting preparation. And then—we will not talk of the game, but leave that to be ably dealt with in another place—then, bilious one, look at the pleasure, the harmless innocent pleasures, it affords our women, and sneer not. Behold the dark blues and the light, the golden hairs and the browns—the young woman who is Etonian to her stockings, she who is Harrovian to her stays—look at their lithe forms as they stand up in their carriages getting enthusiastic about a good drive of Longman's or Ridley's, or gallantly cheering on the efforts of Hadow or Macan. Twenty-two boys at cricket indeed,—why it is all London society at large, from Imperial and Royal Princesses down to little Polly Hopkins from Rhododendron Square, Bayswater, who has an incipient lover in the fifth form, and whose skyblue kid gloves are rapidly becoming, under tumultuous clappings, and it may be insidious squeezes, what she herself terms 'perfectly disgraceful.' It is a curious sight though, and one that has a slightly ludicrous side, we grant the bilious one that. Half those worthy people here assembled had gone to much personal inconvenience, and for probably three days denied themselves the use of their carriages, which were turned for that period into the similitude of those Ascot caravanserais on wheels that supply us with everything eatable and drinkable on the occasion of the Cup Day festival. More than half these people lived probably within comparatively easy distances of Lord's, but still were content to leave comfortable dining-rooms and go through all the tumult and excitement of a gigantic pic-nic, to eat lobster salad *coram populo* and take their champagne in the presence of admiring crowds. A carnival, in fact, where Polly Hopkins might flirt to an unlimited extent (which she does), and Materfamilias look calmly if not approvingly on,—where love is made on carriage-steps and coach-roofs, and no one intermeddles with the joy,—where Blanche and Maud, and Mabel, abandon themselves to manners and customs that in the

calm seclusion of Rhododendron Square would not be tolerated,—where arms are much wanted for a support, and there is a general disposition to be affectionate, which, seeing the reputation we have for being a cold-blooded puritanical nation (both undeserved), astonishes the intelligent foreigner to a great extent. But it is the Eton and Harrow match, and that explains everything—and if it does not—why, there is no other explanation to give. One of our few red-letter days of happy abandon which tyrannous custom permits us, and when the pent-up enthusiasm of our dearest and fairest is allowed a little vent. The opening of a safety-valve, in fact, and the steam blown off—why we return to the ways and habits of Rhododendron Square, and blue stockings and other adornments to match know us no more.

But the London season has come to an end, and the ten thousand readers of 'Baily' require a rest after the labours of the pursuit of pleasure. Late hours, hot rooms, high living, and a liberal mixture of champagne during dinner, and claret after dinner, have brought about the usual results of impaired digestion and depressed spirits. The whitebait have grown big, the salmon has lost its crispness, the truffles are ill-flavoured, and the peas are like bullets.

It is high time that Juvenis should 'dry his nets,' as John Warde used to term it; that he should try a change of air, somewhat purer than that of St. John's Wood or of Brompton; that he should seek some quiet retreat, where he could not hail a hansom cab at the dead of night to take him to Grafton Street or Cremorne. So the ten thousand effect a rapid retreat from the vile smoky town which they were so anxious to rush up to a few months back. Time was when Goodwood was considered the termination of the London season; but by common consent that is all changed now, and, save for our overworked legislators, the Eton and Harrow match above referred to is the finale. At the commencement of the month many make off for the salmon rivers of Norway. Later on, others take their places in the limited mail for that moor in Perthshire where they ought to get their fifty brace on the 12th of August. Others, spoiled children, turn up their noses at the grouse, save when it appears upon the dinner-table, and go after that stag with a fabulous head, about which the Foresters tell such monstrous yarns. After Goodwood, 'Some love to ride on the ocean-tide,' at least that portion of it which flows inside the Needles; but for the racing sinner there is no rest.

And to begin with the Summer, or, as it is more generally styled, the July Meeting 'behind the Ditch' at Newmarket, which has long been looked upon as the most jovial and enjoyable of our racing trips during the whole year. We have, for several seasons past, revelled in brilliant sunshine, still brighter smiles, eaten our luncheons in no undue haste, spent very many hours under the grateful shade of the spreading trees, with a little bit of racing, and a match or two, coming off every now and again, to remind us that we are assisting at a little more important business than a mere picnic.

But this year we have changed all that; for, with the exception of on the last day, the weather was anything but summerlike, the attendance of the ladies fair not nearly so large in consequence, although, by-the-by, there were a select few who can hold their own anywhere, and would be equally bad to beat in a gallop to the music of Coote and Tinny, or the more rapturous melody in a quick thirty minutes from Crick or elsewhere. The fields were overwhelming, the quality superior, and the quantity larger, and we almost began to think that we were at one of the autumnal 'Hay and Corn' gatherings instead of the generally select and aristocratical July Meeting. Racing commenced with a Private Handicap Sweepstakes of 50*l.* each, to which there were three sub-

scribers; but Typhceus, who was the top weight, declined the contest, and Gertrude, on whom 6 to 4 was laid, had no difficulty in defeating Steppe in a canter, and thereby drew first blood for backers, who, however, burned their fingers in the next race, and sadly spoiled the gilt on their gingerbread by rushing on to Capsule-cum-Fordham, who were beaten by an outsider of French extraction ycleped Méléurge. The followers of Mr. Lombard's hoops were, however, more fortunate in the Match which followed, wherein the lucky Maidment, on Mr. Feeder, gained a decisive victory over Wheatear. The Filly Stakes introduced us to Maid of Perth, a half-sister of Mr. Merry's unfortunate Perth, as the only opponent to the flying Chopette, the latter of whom landed the extravagant odds laid on her with ridiculous ease. A large field for a Fifty Pound Plate had then to lower their colours to Gouache, who hailed from the same stable as the previous French winner Méléurge. Admiral Rous, it need scarcely be said, won a Match, and then ten numbers were telegraphed for the all-important race of the Meeting, the July Stakes, for which Sir Amyas was quickly proclaimed first favourite. The good people of Danebury made it no secret that their horse had done well, and improved much, since he won his first and only race, the Troy Stakes, at Stockbridge last month, where he ran very green, and only got home a short head in front of Mr. Merry's Highland Fling, better known perhaps as the Masquerade filly, who, however, proved herself to be pretty good, the week after, at Newcastle, where she gave weight to and defeated seven other youngsters in the Stephenson Biennial Stakes. Bethnal Green, like the favourite, had only appeared once in public previously, when, however, he did not obtain the same success, for he had the misfortune to meet the great gun, Cremorne, who beat him easily. The adherents of 'the lucky Baronet's' stable were nevertheless very fond, and, there being no Cremorne in the field, extremely confident of carrying off the prize. Meteor had run twice unsuccessfully, at Newmarket, when he was nowhere to Cremorne, and at Ascot, where he ran second to Helmet. Night Star had won her only race, a Plate at Newmarket; Queen Bee had been twice before the public, having run third to Night Star, and she won a Plate at Epsom; and Caligula, Artilleur, Whitehaven, Leila, and Miserrimus on this occasion made their début; but there was nothing to fear from any of them, although Artilleur came with a great reputation, which he may perhaps some day endorse, for on the present occasion he was not half fit, and therefore he is probably capable of more improvement than the others. The race is soon told. Sir Amyas had nothing to oppose him after the first half mile, at which point Bethnal Green held command, but was shortly afterwards beaten, whereupon Sir Amyas took up the running and won in a canter. He was bred at the Royal paddocks at Hampton Court, and is very like his sire, Trumpeter, although on a larger scale. He was the highest-priced yearling at the sale, and was knocked down to John Day's bid, who, however, told Mr. Tattersall to put the colt to the Marquis of Anglesey, much to the latter's astonishment, who was busy bidding on his own account, and had already bought two. John Day's bargain has, however, turned out the best. It having been reported that Baron Rothschild was the happy owner of a most promising Derby candidate, about whose chance for next year's Blue Riband short odds had already been accepted, great was the anxiety manifested to get a peep at the colt by King Tom out of Maid Marian, the result of the inspection being anything but complimentary to the opinion of those who fancied that they had found out a second Favonius, whom it may be recollected was first brought into notice at the July Meeting last year. The betting, that true indicator of

popular opinion, underwent some strange changes. First of all, The Maid Marian colt was favourite, 5 to 4 being laid on him, when he suddenly retired, and Marquis of Lorne was backed against the field. In cantering down to the post, renewed hostility was displayed against the Baron's colt, and, after the flag had fallen, so badly did the ~~the~~ **overgrown colt** begin that almost any odds was offered against him; but we could scarcely believe our eyes, or thought our Voightlanders had gone wrong, for Maidment, who sat perfectly still, never hurried his charge until he had fairly settled down into his tremendous stride, when he quickly overhauled Marquis of Lorne and Pactolus, his only opponents, and won very easily by a length. After the race the winner did not increase in favour for the Epsom event, but was rather, if anything, on the decline: he will, however, be a thorn in the side of the best, if he strips well and fit, next May. Two sweepstakes brought the first day's racing to a close at an early hour, and all went home well pleased with the very excellent sport provided.

Although the card on Wednesday was not quite so plethoric, the day was a very busy one, for from dewy morn till dinner-time, between racing and sales there was plenty to do. Some time before eleven Mr. Tattersall commenced to sell Lord Stamford's yearlings and some other thoroughbred stock. The first race was set for a quarter before two o'clock, and before dinner the Hooten yearlings were sold. The highest-priced yearling in Lord Stamford's lot, a very nice colt by Cambuscan out of Cassiope, fetched 450 guineas, at which price Mr. T. Lombard got a bargain. His Lordship also disposed of Normanby for 1000 guineas; last year he was bought in for double that sum. Mr. Naylor's twenty that obtained new owners realised within a pony of 3000*l.*, and they may be said to have obtained their fair value: the highest-priced one was an own brother to Stephanotis, for whom Mr. T. E. Walker gave 620 guineas. The first race was the Midsummer Stakes, for which Mowbray and Headingley opposed, or, more properly speaking, started against, Favonius. The Derby winner, who looked the picture of health and condition, gave 17 lb. to the former and 16 lb. to the latter, and literally cantered home in front of them. Roma was quickly spotted for, and easily won, a Handicap Sweepstakes over the T. Y. C., when Vulcan and Chopette played out their rubber game. It had been fondly hoped that Countryman and Nuneham, who were coloured on the card, would also have run, but they declined the contest. Odds of all sorts were laid upon Chopette, but the talent were wrong, and must have altogether lost their memory: they forgot, or they ignored, the fact that Vulcan was meeting Chopette on 10 lb. better terms than when she beat him at Ascot, and that he had actually 1 lb. to the good, on the weights they carried, when he beat her for the Rous Stakes at the Second Spring Meeting. One thing is also certain; Chopette was all wrong, and when once collared could not or would not try another yard. Meteor scored his maiden win in the Exeter Stakes, having only The Gong filly and Mitcham to defeat. Admiral Rous added another to his long list of matches won. Echo and the Yule Cake filly won a sweepstakes each, Lady Masham carried the late Lord Glasgow's colours to victory in the Beaufort Stakes, and the uncertain Mr. Feeder, having put the Town Plate, to which was added the Perram donation, into Mr. Lombard's pocket, we had arrived at the evening of the second day. The sport improved as we went on, and never before was so good a day's racing seen behind the Ditch as on Thursday. The first race was for a Plate of 50 sovs., the winner of which was liable to be claimed for 300 sovs., but to which there is added an absurd

condition to the effect that if an owner does not wish to part with his horse he must put up 7 lb. more. This completely does away with the original purpose of the race, which was established to bring moderate horses together, and further, to enable an owner to dispose of his horse at a fair price; but Vulcan carried 7 lb. more, was entered not to be sold, long odds were laid on him, and the farce was concluded by his winning in a canter. The Summer Stakes brought out a field of twenty; such an unusual occurrence that the wretchedly small telegraph-board was quite inadequate for the purpose, and the numbers of several of the competitors were exhibited in anything but a neat and effective style on temporary arrangements. Azalea and Sterling were nearly equal favourites, the filly having slightly the call, but the colt, who gave her no less than 36 lbs., won in a canter; and to make this performance really more astonishing, Azalea, later in the afternoon, administered like treatment to a fresh field of nine. Such excellence set people thinking that he could not have been all right when he ran for the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, and naturally called attention to his chance for the Great Sweepstakes between him, Favonius, and Jack Spigot. Maid of Perth, who had received 5 lb. and fifteen lengths' beating from Chopette on Tuesday, had no difficulty in landing Mr. R. H. Long's new colours, for the first time at Newmarket, some three lengths in front of eleven antagonists for a 10*l.* Sweepstakes, for which the Miss Peddie filly was a hot favourite. The Chesterfield Stakes, the most important of the day, enabled Cremorne, carrying 7 lb. extra, to score his sixth consecutive win, Meteor being his only dangerous opponent; and Mr. Savile's colt was again brought to a most absurd price for next year's Derby. Nadel won a sweepstakes, and Leoville rewarded her owner for his long patience by doing the same, and the day's sport concluded with one of the most extraordinary matches on record. It appeared to be thought a foregone conclusion that Oxford Belle would beat Serenity, and odds varying from 5 to 1 upwards were laid upon her; but she was beaten after a rattling set-to by a very short head. On Friday we suddenly found that summer had at last arrived; we discarded our Ulsters, and dust coats became the order of the day. With eleven events to get through, an early start was requisite on Friday morning, so before noon a move to the Heath took place, where at 12.15 P.M. half a dozen weighed out for the first event, which One of Two won after a good race with Peacock. Twenty-one numbers, the largest field we have seen telegraphed behind the Ditch for a long time, were put up for the Newcastle Stakes, but one of them, St. Vincent, could not be found, and only twenty ran. Glaucus was the favourite, and he won; but had not Webb, on Blenheim, mistaken the winning-post—a very unusual and unaccountable occurrence at Newmarket—the outsider's number would have gone up first. For a wonder, the Admiral lost a match; the talent laid 5 to 2 on his Théodoros, who was receiving a stone and a half from Pearl, and she beat him easily by two lengths. Seven mares were entered for the Queen's Plate over the long Round Course, all but one of whom were bred in France; three, however, including the home-bred one, only opposed Verdure, who added another to Mr. Lombard's long list of victories in races of this class. Lighthouse carried the same colours to the fore in the next race, after which Admiral Rous avenged his previous defeat. Old Thor, with a three-year old weight up, beat a good field, which included many previous winners, but he only struggled home first by a head. A good deal of speculation took place in the match between Blenheim and Leoville, the former of whom had slightly the call when the flag fell, and won very easily. Faith upset a tremendous

pot in Countryman in the next race, on whom odds were laid, but he could do no more than run a dead heat for second place with Gladness, two clear lengths behind Faith. Newsmen won a fine race from Sarcolite by a head in a sweepstakes over the Bunbury Mile; and, Nobility having won for Prince Barthyany the race called after that popular sportsman, the curtain fell—the last act had been played out of the best July Meeting it has been the lot of the present generation to attend.

After such a 'gala' week at head quarters, the doings at the various places of sport that followed appear tame indeed. At Nottingham, and at Southampton, the performances of two of the competitors slightly affected their future prospects, but at Derby, at West Drayton, and in the Isle of Man, all interest in the racing terminated with the meetings. At Nottingham, Rose of Athole unexpectedly defeated Mr. Feeder, on whom long odds were laid; and 'Mr. Gillman's' filly began to be talked about in connection with the Goodwood Stakes; but that the performance was a fluke appears to be the opinion of the talent, as she has not maintained her position. At Southampton, the only event worth recording is the disgraceful defeat Nona sustained in the Trial Stakes, which, indeed, must be too bad to be true. She had lately become the property of Mr. Forbes Bentley, at a high figure, whose stable has been very successful lately; she was reported to have acquitted herself very creditably in a spin with Free Trade, had advanced with rapid strides in the betting for the Goodwood Stakes, was entered for and started favourite for the Trial Stakes at Southampton, and ran absolutely last of everything, and immediately went through the process of being 'knocked out.'

After a most tempestuous night, the morning of the opening day at Goodwood broke fine, and gave every promise of much better weather than we experienced last year, and, with the exception of a few showers before the racing began, the day, although chilly, was most enjoyable. There were seven events on the card, the Craven Stakes, as usual, set first, ending in a walk over, none of the quartette entered against him daring to oppose Mr. Lombard's Vulcan, who, under the conditions, which spoil all such races, and which it is to be hoped will be shortly done away with, had to put up 10 lb. extra. Pearl was made favourite for the Gratwicke Stakes, at first being backed against the field, but started with slight odds against her. She was rather troublesome at the post, moreover did not please the cognoscenti in her preliminary canter, and was beaten easily by Dalnacardoch; and we have now probably heard the last of the daughter of the famous Caller Ou in connection with the St. Leger. Gowdie was promoted to the rank of favourite for the Ham Stakes, but only got fourth in the race, Lord Falmouth's stable supplying the winner in Patriarch, who won after a good set-to with Impulse, both being rank outsiders. Traitor beat a baker's dozen by three-quarters of a length for a Sweepstakes over the T.Y.C., and then the business of weighing out the starters for the Stewards' Cup began, which was got through very expeditiously, considering that they numbered no less than thirty-nine. Neither was much time cut to waste in the preparatory canters, and shortly after the hour set on the card the mighty field met the starter at the post. But here a long delay took place, for which no blame can be attached to either starter or jockeys, the cause of the mischief being the very small space in which to manœuvre so large a body of horse. At length, an hour all but a quarter of a minute after time, the flag fell to a moderate start; and as the phalanx, spreading across the course, charged over the top of the hill, it was indeed a sight only to be witnessed at Goodwood. The result is a matter of history.

Oxonian got a good start, and piloted the way to the bottom of the hill, where Anton rushed to the front, and in the easiest manner possible placed the cup to Mr. T. E. Case's credit. The winner, it will be recollected, was supposed to be one of the best, if not *the* best colt of his year as a two-year old, but went amiss last spring, and this is his first win as a three-year old. Half an hour before the numbers were put up he was backed for a considerable sum, until he became a warm favourite; but before the flag fell he had again retired to 33 to 1 offered. Peak won the Halnaker Stakes, and Ravola the Lavant; and the first day of Goodwood was brought to a close. We have barely time to announce that old Taraban and old port have been triumphant in the Stakes, and that the black and gold jacket that has been associated with the old victories of White-wall has been worthily carried in the van by that son of Rataplan whom John Scott declared was one of the best two-year olds he ever trained. We were rejoiced to see the fine old trainer's opinion and judgment borne out by the result, and the cheering that greeted the winner (who was undeniably the gentleman of the lot) was long and loud. Woodyates had a dreadful facer in the defeat of the Lady Hungerford colt, who ran an honest, game colt, but could not live with Taraban, who, under Fordham's skilful riding, won with a bit in hand.

From Handel Festivals and banquets to the Comédie, to cat shows and fireworks, what should we do without our Crystal Palace? How pleasant, on a day of the first-named, to hear the rolling volume of sound which the orchestra sends forth, and the mighty strains of that Hailstone Chorus penetrating even that vast space—to sit among the palms and cocatoos and listen to the pure Parisian of my Lord Granville, on another—to enjoy 'the whole series of fountains,' and the wonderful fireworks of the Messrs. Brock, while you sip the not bad claret of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts—and finally to spend an afternoon among the cats (we feel the bathos of our last recreation), what place like the Sydenham temple? We believe we ought to be funny about 'poor pussy;' but really we don't see why we should. We candidly confess to a liking for the sharer of many hearth-rugs and the companions of many solitary hours—the somewhat careworn, but yet attentive puss, whose rôle in life seems constant maternity—the well-fed and quiescent Thomas, condemned by circumstances over which he has had no control to a life of comparative retirement—the sprightly kitten, whose ways and manners are half a charm and half a torment—all this or all these find favour in our eyes.

'Mitiasa, well-bred puss, descended
From cats of Cyprus much commended,
In whom more fondling arts are seen
Than had that wheedling, Cyprian queen,'

is the commencement of an ode to his cat by a county gentleman of the last century, who, in addition to being a scholar and a gentleman, was a mighty hunter before, or rather after such hounds as Dorsetshire then afforded (they were the pre-Adamite days, before Pleydell had arisen on the earth, Farquharson and Treadwell were in embryo); and as we have the honour of being that worthy gentleman's unworthy descendant, it is right and proper that a liking for cats should come down with the blood. A liking for cats! What a humiliating confession that will appear to many 'Baily' readers! Will they give up subscribing, we wonder? or will a deputation arrive at Cornhill, demanding the instant dismissal of the conductor of the 'Van?' We could not wonder if they did. What does the outside world know of cats, except as

animals to be 'chevied,' to have Pinchers, Bills, and Tobys set at them—objectionable beings who pass the night on tiles, and make that night hideous beyond compare. What said our most accomplished living novelist—a statesman to boot—in the opening verses of a poem he wrote some few years back, describing early dawn in the great metropolis?—

'The lean grimalkin, who since night began,
Hath hymned to love amidst the wrath of man,
Scared from his raptures by the morning star,
Flits fiercely by and threads the area bar.'

Yes, that is it. We much fear the immoral conduct of our favourites has brought upon them a great deal of their unpopularity. They *will* stay out late, and they have a habit of letting people know it that has roused 'the wrath of man' against them. Now *we* go to Cremorne; but then we don't make any noise about it, and no one, save the unfortunate dwellers in the neighbourhood of the King's Road, curses *us* as they turn on their pillows. But Thomas is a bad boy when he has the power, defying public opinion and outraging propriety too, in a way that we cannot defend; so by three parts of the world he is 'chevied,' and by a small minority he is considered a companion and a friend. But we fancy, after the great success of the show at the Palace, and the figure the cat world there cut, will do much to raise it in the scale of nations. Men and women who came to scoff remained to admire, while devotees (not necessarily old ladies, we beg to observe) had their enthusiasm roused to a greater pitch. It was a case of the cat with many friends. The sociable tabby, the coy white mother, half pleased at, half alarmed by the admiration her offspring excited, a brown tabby Angora, Mrs. Grey's magnificent Persian, and last, not least, Mr. Harrison Weir's 'Old Lady,' would have appealed to the most hardened heart. The sulky cats were in the minority; and it was impossible to believe that the docile, neat-looking ladies who came to the bars of their pens to scrub against an offered hand, and be called 'dear' and 'sweet' by pretty lips, were of those who would make night hideous by caterwauling. No, these were all well-behaved pattern animals, with marriage certificates and unexceptionable morals; and very gratifying must it have been to Mr. Wilson to see the interest they excited. Of course the Duke of Sutherland's wild animal roused a respectful interest, and old ladies gazed at it in doubt whether he could belong to the same species as their Mitissas. An awful brute, who looked as if he could have eaten the four white kittens reposing opposite with satisfaction—something very uncanny about him, and by no means an animal one would have liked to encounter on a dark, or any other sort of night. But enough of Pussy. The show was a decided success, and is likely, we hear, to be repeated.

For the last time this season do we stir the Olympian dust of the Richmond road. Another pleasant gathering, similar to one last month recorded in these pages, and the curtain falls on the meets of the Coaching Club for '71. We shall expect to see some of its members again though. Goodwood will be a sure find for some, it may be Doncaster for others; but the Park has beheld the last of the blue coats, and the last new thing in pins, to which 'George' points with the becoming pride of a parent in his bantling. A goodly gathering that of Tuesday, the 18th, though it was Huntingdon Races, which took away many of the members, and the wane of the season, which lessened the crowd of spectators. Those who were there were of the sort that is called 'right;' and though there had been a heavy field-day of the House-

hold Brigade, and we found many exhausted warriors at Knightsbridge Barracks, they were up to time, and the noble Vice-President of the Club, Lord Carington (the Duke of Beaufort is now the President), led the way with his chestnuts, having a distinguished brother whip, Lord Londesborough, by his side. The Duke, to his great regret, was not able to be present; but the club mustered well, considering the time of year, and there were Colonel Armytage, Sir Charles Legard, Lord Algernon Lennox, Hon. G. Nugent, Mr. Copeland, Mr. Forster, Captain Chaine, Captain Hartopp, Captain Candy, Major Dixon, Mr. De Murietra, Mr. Hope, Major Carlyon, Mr. Harrison, Captain Goddard, Mr. Mitchell, &c., while the guests included Lord Fitzhardinge, Hon. H. Wood, Major Holden Rose, and other gentlemen we did not know, making in all a pleasant party of about five-and-forty. But though the dinner is all very well—and of course it is always delightful to find oneself in a cool room at the Star and Garter on a splendid summer evening, and gaze over that lovely landscape that has not its equal in Europe—yet 'the road' is the chief attraction. Did we like our drive—did our coach run smoothly—and was the goal reached happily, and not 'shunned' *fervidis rotis*? Who can doubt it? The day was made to order; the dust was trifling; everybody down the road was glad to see us; and the way the faces of the omnibus-drivers lighted up, and the manner in which they saluted almost amounted to enthusiasm. Certainly, coaching is popular among high and low; and though we have no wish to go back to the good old coaching days—the terrible *business* of five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, when the North Western ran to Tring, and the G.W.R., with a Maidenhead terminus, was thought by many clever people to be 'Brunel's folly'—yet the *pleasures* of coaching are still to be enjoyed. We who have lived in that consulate of Plancus, known by name if nothing more to so many country gentlemen, remember well what we went through in the days of the Tantivys, the Wonders, and the Tallyhos—how we crawled up long hills, sitting in a pool of water, and a nor-wester in our teeth—how frozen fingers refused their office, and benumbed feet beat the footboard in vain. 'It must have been awfully jolly the coaching in your time, old man,' says young Candidus of the Blues, as he descends at the Star and Stomach Ache at —, after about a couple of hours' driving, in which he has suffered no greater detriment than a little dust in his whiskers, and a slight disarrangement of his 'back parting.'

Ah, fortunate Candidus, you little know! It is all very well to put on a blue coat and a white hat (and very well you look in them, my Candidus), to drive down to the Star and Stomach Ache on a sunny afternoon, the cynosure of all (female) eyes, and to know that you are going to have a jolly dinner with a lot of other good fellows. There is, or rather was, another side to the picture with which we will not harass you. Be yours the pleasures of the road, my Candidus, and leave to others to patter about the miseries. Thank you and your pals for giving us seniors a happy reminiscence of the old days, and letting the new generation see what a well-appointed coach is like. We drink to the Coaching Club, its members and 'their families.' May their drives be pleasant, and their dinners fit and not few.

How doth the busy barrister improve each shining hour. The affecting lines of Barbauld or Watts (which was it?), slightly altered, occur to us after attending the Northern Circuit Summer Meeting, held on the 15th of July at Newcastle. What would England be without its Bar? some one once asked; but there is one part of the kingdom more peculiarly favoured than others, and Newcastle is that place. For, there, that palladium of the Constitution

unbends, and Brother Buffles and his learned friend hold high jinks by the coaly Tyne. Simply the Northern Circuit have races on the celebrated course, hire Newcastle hacks, name them, *apropos*, of some peculiarity in the nominator, ride them themselves, and have a very jolly day indeed. All the rank and fashion follow to see them, there is some brisk betting, and, we believe, the favourites always win. (Couldn't the Northern Circuit, by-the-way, manage to come South? We don't know how to do it here.) This year the racing was of the usual brilliant character, and all the good things were pulled off. The feature was the extraordinary form shown by Mr. Fenwick's stable, which carried off three out of the four events; and '10 to 1, 'bar Fenwick,' was the last despairing cry of the bookmakers. Mr. Milvain's Spanish Bull, by Stern, out of a Tristram Shandy mare, was the easy winner of the Light Weight Handicap, and Mr. Fenwick's colt by Barnum, out of Curacoa, carried off the Welter race. Having been favoured with a private view of the Northern Circuit Stud Book—not published in Old Burlington Street—we are enabled to state that great attention has been paid to the breeding, and that Colonel Maude or Mr. Blenkiron could not pick a hole in the pedigrees. When we say that Mr. Shand's Novice, who made a rattling finish for second place in the Welter with Mr. Greenhow's Crockford, is by Circuit, out of that good mare Approval, while Crockford is by the celebrated Speculation (a wonder when he would take it into his head to try) out of a Hades mare—we think we have said enough. No wonder the good things came off. Lucus-a-non, by Lowe, out of Match, of whom great things were expected, turned out a duffer; but we think Tichborne, by Ballantine, out of an Orton mare, will see a better day. He ran unkindly at first, and just as he was settling into his style was interfered with by Odd Trick, a clever-looking colt by Luck out of Honours, who, in his turn, was cannoned against by The Chickaleery Cove (pedigree unknown). We think, however, the best horse won, but the running of those behind him must be taken with due caution. Were they in reserve for anything, we wonder, and has the Northern Circuit 'a back end?'

Mr. Tegetmeier, name well known beyond the world of poultry and pigeons, that he has made his speciality, has just published a little work, which at this time, now that the pigeon occupies so large a share of public attention, comes very *apropos*. 'The Homing a Carrier Pigeon' discourses very pleasantly on the habits and customs of the bird which the late Continental war brought so much into notice—his breed, management, and training. It is interesting to others than the mere carriers and 'flying' men, and the chapter on the Homing Faculty—the means by which these birds are enabled to direct their flight, we have perused with much pleasure. Mr. Tegetmeier maintains that the carrier flies by sight and observation, and not by instinct, and his remarks are well worth perusal.

At a picture-dealer's in Conduit Street, near the corner of Bond Street, may be seen some photos of paintings on hunting and horse subjects, which Mr. Wheelwright, an artist who is a good sportsman, and rides to hounds as well as he paints, has just done on the panels of Captain Douglas Whitmore's smoking-room at Gumley. Full of vigour, there is also a novelty about them very taking. A huntsman is laying on his hounds; a whip is correcting one; a lady is taking some hurdles; while, in the next panel, we come to an old-fashioned French diligence, with white Norman percherons, that is absolutely perfect. To those who have seen the originals, the photos will be disappointing, but still they give an excellent idea of the dash and life of the originals.

Mr. Wheelwright is favourably known for an admirable picture of Lord Cork, Harry King, and the Royal hounds, painted last year, and these new paintings will add much to his reputation.

Lord Combermere's sale was a wonderfully good one, though not too good considering the cattle. The steeple-chase horses included Joey Ladle, Yankee Jack, Lincoln Lad, &c.; the high-priced one being Lincoln Lad, a cast-off of Baron Rothschild's, who went to Mr. Angerstein for 900 gs. When we say that the eighteen hunters realized 3,970 gs., or an average of 231 gs. each, we think we have said enough to show what a sale it was. Mr. Anderson bought the highest-priced hunter, Vixen, a mare, by Varmint, for which he gave 400 gs.; and Mr. Coupland purchased the next high one, Crown Prince, by Red Deer, out of a Venison mare, for 340 gs. The total was very close upon 9,000 gs.; and Lord Combermere, than whom a better judge does not exist, must, we should say, have been well pleased.

The Hunt Servants, Widows, and Orphans Fund will not, we are happy to say, be allowed to drop to the ground for want of support. The movement has the warm support of many M.F.H., but the healthiest sign is that the men themselves have taken the initiative; and at a preliminary meeting held at Tattersall's on the 26th, at which fifteen of the leading huntsmen were present, with Mr. Pain in the chair, some rules were settled, and it was agreed that another meeting should be held on August 3rd at York at the time of the Horse and Hound Show, when both masters and men are invited to attend. That all hunting men will warmly support the movement we have little doubt, and the letters which we have seen from huntsmen in all parts of the kingdom, who were unable to attend, prove how keenly they are alive to the desirability of establishing the fund on a secure and proper basis. One gentleman wrote to the 'Field,' a journal that has taken a warm interest in the matter, saying he would give 100*l.*, and we have reason for believing that he is only one of many who have promised donations as soon as the preliminaries have been settled.

A report has reached us that the Duke of Grafton, being in doubt as to the present that he should make to his huntsman, Frank Beers, upon his recent marriage, solved the question by raising his wages 50*l.* a year.

And while we are writing of things pertaining to the noble science, an anecdote, for the truth of which we can vouch, comes in rather *apropos*. The little daughter of one of the best known and most popular Masters of Hounds in the Midland Counties was being shown by her grandmamma, not long since, a large Bible embellished with engravings, which the old lady commented upon, at the same time testing her granddaughter's biblical knowledge as to their interpretation. Going steadily through Genesis, the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, with an astounding representation of the chosen people on its borders, and Moses looking on, was reached. Some comments and explanations were made by the senior, who then asked the little girl what she thought Moses would say to them. 'Yoi, over my lads—yoi, over there,' was the prompt reply. Grandmamma closed the book. 'That day they read 'no more.'

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Elcho

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD ELCHO, M.P.

THE Right Honourable Francis Wemyss Charteris, the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, stands out a conspicuous figure among the portraits of the soldiers, sportsmen, and politicians that adorn our gallery, and has something to say in each of these capacities.

There are those among us who can carry back their memories some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, when Peckwater quad boasted a gallant company of golden youth, among whom 'Frank Charteris' held his own, whether in the first flight with the drag, riding at the Quintain, keeping high festival at Bullingdon, a gallant figure on the Broad Walk on 'Show Sunday,' popular alike with Undergraduate and Don. A year or two later, and we find him among the knights and squires

' Who once went on
To the castle of good Lord Eglintoune,'

and at that memorable tournament won for themselves name and fame. But Mr. Charteris was not content with these 'spurs,' and sought a higher arena in which to distinguish himself. In 1841 he was returned to Parliament for the Eastern Division of Gloucestershire, and soon caught the attention of the House and the notice of the leading statesmen of the day. Originally a supporter of Protectionist principles, he became a convert from conviction to the Free Trade measures of Sir Robert Peel, and in 1846 resigned his seat for Gloucestershire, being in the following year, however, elected for Haddingtonshire, which county he has continued to represent to the present time.

One of that distinguished band of statesmen who took their name from their great leader, Mr. Charteris became a Lord of the Treasury under the Aberdeen ministry of 1852—5, retiring with the other Peelites in the February of that latter year from Lord Palmerston's administration, and has since held a prominent position in the House as a Liberal Conservative, and at the same time an independent member of Parliament. Possessed of debating powers of a high order, a fluent and elegant speaker, with a dash of keen sarcasm under which many an opponent has winced, of scholarly

and artistic tastes, Lord Elcho (as he became in 1853, on his father succeeding to the earldom) has won himself a place in the front ranks of the politicians of the day. Few are the questions on which he is not at home, rare the occasions on which his voice is not raised in that strife of tongues. A high authority on matters of art, he is always listened to with attention when that much-vexed subject is broached in the somewhat ungenial atmosphere of the House, and his passages of arms with a certain Chief Commissioner are not the least interesting, as they are not the least amusing episodes of debate.

But it is as a leader of the Volunteer movement, the originator and head of the National Rifle Association, and Colonel of the London Scottish, that Lord Elcho perhaps is best known. His Lordship has been the untiring and consistent advocate and friend of the Volunteer from the moment that individual sprung into existence, and he may well be proud of the success of the N.R.A., and the hold it has taken on the country, for he certainly is the parent of that very promising child. We claim Lord Elcho as a sportsman too, though we cannot say he is the enthusiastic one which his father at 74 still is. He is, however, a noted deerstalker and a good shot, began shooting at eight, had his own gun at nine years of age, and has scarcely missed a year since. He shot the Reay Forest for seven years, stalking himself without the help of a forester; and on one occasion fired at eight separate stags in two drives, and got seven of them. Muckcross (Mr. Herbert's place at Killarney) has always been noted for woodcocks, and the scores there have been high; but we think Lord Elcho in 1863 topped them all. In eight days his Lordship shot 245 woodcocks: his best day he shot 53; his worst 18. At Wimbledon one year, in the Lords and Commons match, he made the highest score, including seven consecutive bullseyes at 500 yards. When his Parliamentary duties are over, Lord Elcho is generally to be found pursuing his favourite sport, among the scenes with which he has been familiar from boyhood, and enjoying it with the avidity and keenness of one to the manner born.

He is married to a daughter of the late Earl of Lichfield, and has a family.

THE BETTING BILL.

THE Betting Bill has shared the fate of many a more exalted and important measure brought before the consideration of Her Majesty's most honourable Commons during the session now concluded. The ship of State has summarily dispensed with its troublesome burden, and we have yet to learn whether any great fish has swallowed it, to cast it upon shore for the discussion of future Parliaments, or whether it has sunk to those unfathomable depths of the limbo of forgetfulness, to which the good sense of the country has long since consigned

it. For ourselves we have no wish for its reappearance among us, like the more fortunate prophet: rather let it share the fate of that disobedient one who encountered a lion in his path, and died the death.

Its history is ~~short, and totally short~~ of all those sensational incidents which serenaded the existence of 'Ginx's baby.' Lord Morley's Bill is the second of that name and title. The first derived its existence from Mr. Hughes, and first drew breath in the Lower House. But ere its infant cry began to be heard abroad, the innocent little bantling was stifled or 'laid over' by the great wet nurse of the Home Office. Its short period of existence merely sufficed to evoke some ridiculous remarks from members, who spoke at random on the subject, and to show how far mistaken philanthropy can carry its hobbies, when no other special business of the kind is in hand. So it died; but a sort of understanding prevailed that the next pledge of the sort given to the world should meet with a kindlier reception, a more fostering regimen. Turf abuses had not decreased; on the contrary, the new game of 'discretionary investments,' and other equally undesirable schemes, had arisen and flourished; and all chance of a safe investment by the public in the hands of the substantial commission agents having been minimised, the current of speculation was turned from its legitimate channel into obscure ditches and drains. Hence the necessity was deemed to have arisen for a new Bill to abate some of the nuisances indicated. The 'little stranger' was born in higher circles than its less fortunate relative. Peers were its nursing fathers, and any number of old women of the same sex were found to take the part of nursing mothers. Lord Morley claimed the sireship of the Bill, while, to adopt Turf phraseology, its dam had previously had produce by Mr. Hughes. So on that side at least there was 'running blood.' But the purple and fine linen of the Upper House could avail nothing to strengthen an inherent weakness of constitution. Believers in omens said it was an unlucky sign that it did not cry at its christening, *i.e.*, that it provoked no debate in the Peers' Chamber. Lord Grey, indeed, made a very apposite and pungent remark anent its one-sided tendency; but the rest of the assembly, deeming no doubt that it did not affect their usual mode of transacting business on the Turf, silently acquiesced, and sent it down for confirmation to the Commons. But that body, having much and important business on their hands, could not at once receive it; therefore it was handed over to the tender mercies of the baby-farming establishment presided over by Mr. Bruce, from whose portals the Cab Act and Licensing Bill had been carried out, never to return. The charge consigned to the Home Department was in reality little better than an abortion. It was lop-sided, badly-proportioned, and essentially of a sickly temperament. The doctor had little attention to bestow upon it; and as often as its appearance was announced, it was withdrawn to make way for more healthy subjects. Moreover, its entrance into society was opposed by men of all ranks and politics, and the voice of the people was heard in the multitude of petitions

presented against its adoption by the nation. And so it happened that one evening it was found dead in its bed, and decently interred in the family vault of Liberal mistakes and failures. *Requiescat in pace.*

It may seem superfluous to attempt any description of so weak and short-lived a measure; but we are bound to place on record in the pages of 'Baily' any traits of success or failure which it may have exhibited during its brief existence. And any future framer of an Act, having for its object the improvement of public morals, may hope, by eliminating what is unfair, and retaining that which is reasonable in Lord Morley's Bill, to work some manner of reform in a sphere where reform is confessedly needed.

As most of our readers are aware, we have contemplated the proposed plan of Governmental interference with betting from a different stand-point to the majority of commentators. We have not sided with that more numerous body who, instructed by their special organs and excited by means of sensational articles, have lashed themselves into fury over what they are pleased to term an interference with the liberty of the subject, and have been content to follow the cuckoo cry of 'class legislation;' neither, on the other hand, have we sought an alliance with that section of the Sporting Press which affects to promulgate the views of the 'Upper Ten,' and which, with a show of maudlin morality, has given its unqualified support to a measure which, while it did not interfere with the interests of its clients, sought to exclude the *profanum vulgus* from an imitation of their betters, and to make speculation a close borough. We have invariably advocated the adoption of a middle course, between an unbridled system of betting and any attempt at its actual repression, deeming the former an unmixed evil, and regarding the latter as a hopeless and impolitic measure. In November last we wrote, 'The Chancellor of the Exchequer might do more than swell the State revenue by issuing betting licenses, which would bring in infinitely more than the gun tax, and over the holder of which a perfect system of control might be established. Why should there not be licensed betters as well as licensed hawkers and licensed victuallers? Is there no middle course of *control* between total suppression of an evil and an unfettered license for its indulgence? And above all, does any grave necessity for interference in betting affairs exist at all, save in the minds of regenerated gamblers, and a section of pragmatical members who consent to become their mouthpieces in Parliament?'

Lord Morley's Bill, independently of any taint of 'class legislation' which clings to it, was framed on the questionable principle of doing much evil with the chance of little good resulting, and was crude and incomplete in its details. Its framer, like many other philanthropists of the *dilettante* order, knew but little of the subject selected for his maiden efforts at legislation. He made no attempt at classification, but at one fell swoop he sought to compass the destruction of the just with the unjust, to burn the wheat with the tares. His indiscriminating eye saw no difference between the modest announcement

and list of prices of Mr. Safeman, and the lying advertisements of Messrs. Bolt and Defaulter. That section of the Bill which extended the provisions of the former Betting Act to Scotland at once cut the ground away from under the feet of those who would have continued to make their moderate investments without fear of exposure, and without chance of being defrauded of their dues. The white sheep of the flock were those first selected for extermination; and it was only by a subsequent and more sweeping clause that the black members of the fold were proposed to be included in the general dis-establishment of betting agents. Thus reformation was to be commenced at the wrong end, just as if it were contemplated to put down mock auctions by prohibiting those duly holding licenses, and occupying high positions in the trade from exercising their calling.

We have never had a word to say against the publication of price-lists by those members of Tattersall's and others whose names are a guarantee for their solvency and integrity. And the insertion of such announcements is clearly a source of legitimate profit to the journals who can be under no apprehension as to their readers' safety in dealing with the advertisers. But, in too many cases, editors, over intent on the main chance, have grievously transgressed against public morals in introducing to the notice of their readers prospectuses of undertakings which they cannot conscientiously recommend as investments, but which they have not the honesty to condemn. And it does not excuse their conduct that they repudiate in one column what they virtually advocate in another, and warn their readers off the track they have been the first to point out. A wonderfully specious excuse, too, has latterly been urged against the discriminative power of managers and others, namely, that it is impossible to distinguish between genuine and mendacious advertisements. We fully admit the difficulty of deciding upon the admission or non-admission of advertisements submitted to their notice for the first time, but we hold them guilty of criminality in the highest degree in not suppressing matter which has long since been a subject of complaint from hundreds of their duped subscribers, and which they well know to be injurious to the interests of their readers. The analogy between the advertisements of discretionary investors and quack medicine-vendors will not hold water, for in one case the victims advance with blinded eyes to the altar, in the other instance he at any rate procures for his money an article which, however unprofitable or inefficacious is, in the majority of cases, at least harmless. We would rather invest in a box of bread pills than deposit its value in the hands of the 'Kingsclere Commission Agency' for discretionary purposes.

Whatever amount of delay and mismanagement may have characterized the proceedings of Government with regard to Lord Morley's proposed measure, there can be no two opinions but that their action in the case of Walter was a step in the right direction. For a long time had this prince of swindlers reaped a rich harvest of 'opulent gains' from the credulity of a too-confiding public, and it was only

upon the discovery that a warrant had been issued by the higher powers, that his flaming announcements ceased to occupy a prominent position in the journals which his large profits enabled him to subsidize. That he should merely have been mulcted in the same fine which was imposed on certain of the most solvent and respectable commission agents a short time since, is to be attributed rather to the impotence of the law than any public sympathy, or any desire of the judge to let loose again upon society such an audacious charlatan. And we apprehend that had a pillory been in vogue (and we wish it had been specially retained to accommodate such offenders) the appearance of the delinquent therein would have been the signal for his victims to muster in strong force and 'have their fling' at this young man whom the papers describe of such 'respectable appearance.' It is understood that further proceedings are promised against sundry others of the same gang, and we trust that the resources of Scotland Yard, under the directing energies of the Home Office, may be found equal to the occasion of finally extinguishing the clan M'Millan, and long firms of the infamous Balliee and Walter type. During the recess Mr. Bruce's myrmidons will be better employed in ferreting out the burrows of the Welsh principality, than in practising manœuvres which may strike terror by advancing against matchmakers' processions, but only incur ridicule by executing an orderly retreat before the hordes of Whitechapel and the *fascies* of those tribunes of the people who defile the British Lion in Trafalgar Square. And we commend to Lord Morley the pursuit of a deeper insight into betting operations before attempting to legislate either for their suppression or control.

Whether the Bill shall be laid aside for ever after the session just concluded, or whether it is destined to appear again in some other shape before a future Parliament, it of course depends upon circumstances to determine. Should its present promoters feel assured that in consequence of its threatened interference with journalistic rights, the offending section of the sporting press has seen fit to purge its pages from the objectionable advertisements which lately crowded their front sheets, things will doubtless be suffered to go on much as usual, and nothing further will be heard of a measure, which even the 'unco guid' were lukewarm in supporting, while its provisions provoked much adverse criticism from the general public, and stirred up to an unwonted degree of opposition and dissatisfaction in the breasts of those more immediately connected with the pursuit of racing. But of this we may rest assured, that should those journals, which either through fear of the consequences or an awakened sense of honesty have lately withdrawn the objectionable matter, trespass again after the same fashion, and become induced, either from love of gain or a fancied sense of security, to renew their connection with the worst type of swindlers, then the law will once more be invoked for their better regulation, and they will be admitted to have brought such judgment, as will then ensue, on their own heads. We are glad to see that the majority of them have wisely preferred expurga-

tion of their columns to the suppression which their own shortsightedness threatened to involve. And though their gains may be lessened for a time, they will gain in public esteem what they had previously lost by their very impolitic proceedings.

We presume that the regulation and legalisation of betting would be too trivial a matter to engage the attention of a Legislature already embarrassed with pressure of business; otherwise it is obvious that some scheme might be propounded which should make the operation as easy and safe as the ordinary run of Stock Exchange transactions, though the individuals who acted the part of brokers might not perhaps be capable of assuming the unimpeachable attire and jaunty bearing invariably associated with those frequenting the great city receipt of custom.

Without entering into the *vexata questio* of class legislation and its results, it is obvious that a state of things which permits the 'Upper Ten' to gamble in a certain place, while it excludes the multitude from any participation in a similar transaction without the walls thereof, is most undesirable, and a stumbling-block in the way of any proposed reform. We do not see what middle course lies between the total abolition of betting and its due supervision and regulation by Government, except the somewhat unsatisfactory condition at present subsisting. Therefore, we apprehend, for a time at least, '*Stare super vias antiquas*' should be our motto, and we must accept the compromise, admitting that, with all its imperfections, it has continued to work fairly well. If its equilibrium is to be disturbed, we trust it may be in the direction of a wise and moderate system of control, the provisions of which it would be premature to discuss at the present moment. But we hope to revert to this subject at some future time, when the minds of men shall have cooled down from their present state of excitement and suspense.

The repeated postponement of the second reading of the Bill, precluding its final withdrawal, have given ample time for the discussion and ventilation of its subject matter, and much good has resulted from its open examination in the public press. Persons who have been hitherto led to look upon betting in the light of 'contagious disease,' have discovered how totally unfounded have been the notions instilled into their minds by nursery and school teaching, and tracts of the 'Stiggins' type. They have discovered that its operations can be, and are, as openly and honourably carried out as any Capel-court transaction; and while their good sense has shown them how hopeless would be the task of disestablishment, their minds have been moved to consider how best speculation could be regulated, and so brought into better repute. The fruit of their cogitations has not yet had time to mature, but we trust when next the Legislature takes the matter in hand, it will be with some well-digested scheme for the licensing and control of betting.

THE OTTER AND OTTER-HOUNDS.

NO. 2.

It is quite remarkable that in most localities unhunted by otter-hounds, the country people utterly disbelieve in the existence of the otter amongst them. It is useless to tell them that all animals have their natural enemies; and that in every river and brook in which fish or frogs are to be found, there will the otter be found also. Not more surely does the stealthy tiger infest the haunts of the Sambur deer of India, than the otter even the smallest rivulet frequented by his prey. On the coast of Devon and Cornwall, for instance, intersected as it is by numerous small valleys, every one of which is blessed with its purling brook and speckled trout, not a valley is there in those counties which does not pay its fish tribute to the prowling otter. If the water is very small, and consequently insecure, he falls back before daybreak on the hollow cliffs in his rear, and in these strongholds he is safer than ever Cacus was in his cave of old.

A drag on these small brooks is, consequently, almost always to be obtained, even in the driest months of summer; and, although it is rare training ground for young hounds, the result is not altogether satisfactory, as 'the kill' is wanting to complete the sport. 'Finis coronat opus' is the hunter's motto, and without a kill he will regard even the finest drag as an unfinished day's work. There is but one plan for meeting this difficulty, and that is, the otter's retreat to the cliffs must be cut off before daybreak; he will then, finding hounds in front of him, make the best of his way to the nearest mill-pond up stream, and, barring the accident of an inaccessible drain, will there probably show some fine sport; falling at last, however, in the unequal fight, not without a gallant struggle to save his life.

For many a year in the height of summer, when brooks were at their lowest ebb, and otters only visited them for a night's fishing, returning always ere the sun rose to their safer quarters in the cliffs, the writer adopted this plan with great success; an old housekeeper, of a stamp that does not exist in the present day, called him at one o'clock a.m., gave him and a groom their breakfast, and then retired for her night's rest. By this early start many a small stream was crossed within a distance of eight or ten miles before the first streak of light glimmered in the horizon, and one or two old manageable hounds being kept uncoupled, if an otter had passed up the signal was at once given by those pioneers. Then, if there were no distant meet appointed for the day, the hounds went to work, and 'blood' was the frequent result. On one occasion, however, Bow Bridge was the fixture, and the writer even now, after a lapse of nearly thirty years, trembles to think of the wrath he incurred from not keeping his appointment. He was crossing a small stream, at least six miles short of the meet, when the hounds, all uncoupled, in order to travel the more freely, dashed into it as if in view, and, heedless of horn and lash, carried the scent up water at a pace that rendered it hopeless to

stop them. There was no course left but to follow at once, and at the first check to 'whip off' and call them from the scent; but there was no check; from hot drag they ran to view, and before the groom could head them a whole village, through which the brook ran, had turned out to join the chase. A stalwart son of Vulcan, in particular, greatly distinguished himself on the occasion; his shirt sleeves were turned up above the elbow, and, with a long iron pincers in his hand, he took water and entered into the sport with unqualified zest. Under these circumstances, it would have been scarcely human to stop the hounds, even if it had been possible to do so. Every moment, the writer hoped, would bring the chase to an end, and still enable him to reach Bow Bridge in time; but the otter was strong, and although the blacksmith had vowed to catch him with his pincers on the first stickle, it was two hours before he accomplished this feat successfully. He caught him at length, by the root of the tail, and, with the help of two or three others, the otter was bagged, and tied up alive and uninjured in the blacksmith's flannel shirt, of which he at once denuded himself, to the great amusement of his village friends.

At the commencement of the chase a messenger was sent off to the meet; but as he showed a decided repugnance to quit the sport, he probably lingered on the road so long that on his arrival not one of the 'field' did he find at Bow Bridge; however, the miller on the spot told him that 'it fairly made his skin crackle to hear the hard words 'the gentlemen used' to express their vexation. That night's post carried, of course, the amende to all, with a full explanation of the untoward event; the bagged otter, too, was turned out on the following day in their own neighbourhood; and as he showed full three hours' sport, and finally beat the hounds by getting into a deep water drain, the misadventure of the previous day was happily soon forgiven. The otter lived, and the chances are no blacksmith ever took him with a pincers again.

When the writer first introduced otter-hounds into the South Hams of Devon, the disbelief in the existence of the otter on their small streams appeared to be almost unexceptional among the inhabitants of that district. 'Us ha' never seed no otters in these 'bottoms, nor never heerd tell o' mun;' and again, 'They dogs o' 'yourn be good for rats, I zee: plenty o' they hereabout.' These were the usual salutations that first greeted old Midnight's notes as she threw her tongue freely and sweetly in the brook that flowed through their very gardens. One there was, Squire Lanacombe, as fine a specimen of an honest hospitable Devon freeholder as ever lived,—alas, he has long slept with 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet' in the peaceful God's acre of his own parish,—who stood to it that, sooner or later, he must have seen such an animal if it had frequented his water meadows. Yet from a drain that ran under his own house, and even into his cider cellar, an old dog otter was bolted and killed in his cabbage garden. That was a proof he could no longer resist; still, to his dying day, he and others of that district firmly believed that the parson, who was 'cruel fond of otter-hunt-

'ing,' had witched them there for his particular diversion, and that 'Never before he comed here had sich animals been seed in their 'bottoms.'

The otter certainly lives among us much more frequently than his presence is suspected even by the closest observer. The machinery of an old disused mill, whose clatter has long ceased to disturb the quietude of the spot, or the lumber of some locked-up out-house, from which a convenient drain falls into a brook hard by, are lodging-houses which he often turns to account for a day's rest. But nine times out of ten the access to these drains is under water, and the best hounds and terriers will then fail to discover his whereabouts and disturb his tranquillity.

By a singular accident, on one occasion the writer came upon an otter in a most unexpected fashion. In vain, for many a year, had a fine drag always been obtained on the lower portion of the Harberton Brook; the animal could not be found. At length, about midday, a heavy thunderstorm broke over the vale when the hounds were enjoying their usual hot drag among the alders fringing this water. The nearest shelter was immediately resorted to, and that proved to be an old barn half filled with sawn timber, which for many a day had been stored within its dry cob walls.

'What better place or time for our luncheon?' proposed a hungry hunter, drawing forth at the same moment a packet of sandwiches from the recesses of a spacious pocket. So every man took his seat on the timber, and while the frugal meal was being despatched and the hounds stood around catching an occasional scrap as it was pitched into their mouths, a restless, inquisitive terrier, called Fox, began jumping about the pile of planks and striving to get in at something lying between them and the wall.

'It must be a cat,' said the Rector of East Allington, usually right in such matters, but on this occasion very wide of the mark.

'Probably,' said the writer; 'that terrier is always at riot.' But in another moment old Rattler threw his tongue with such a ring that every man cast his sandwich to the ground, or, bolting it incontinently, sprang to his legs, knowing it was an otter and no other animal. Then to the river rushed all simultaneously, save Fox, Prince, and their master, while these, like bum-bailiffs intent on ejection, at once proceeded to force an entrance and compel the tenant to quit the premises for ever. By the removal of a few planks the mouth of a large drain was revealed, and into it head-foremost dashed both terriers, eager for the fray. A wild scream from the river side immediately followed this process—a brace of old otters had bolted, one up stream, the other down; the latter was first pursued, his point being the sea cliffs closely adjacent; these, however, he failed to reach, as the hounds pulled him down just one hundred yards short of his stronghold.

Heads about and up stream after the other; this proved to be 'my lady,' always a more difficult subject to manage than the more bulky and less shifty male otter. However, a large mill-pond, full to the

brim, about a mile above the drain, tempted her to tarry beneath a low stone archway that spanned the flood and almost touched it at the highest point of the arch. Here the hounds, after racing up stream, came to a steady mark, and a regular to and fro chase from this archway to a hollow bank ensued for one hour. A more exciting bit of sport was never witnessed. At length the jolly miller, who was present, and who, oblivious of his grist, entered heart and soul into the chase, proposed lifting the floodgate above, and so by lowering the water enable the hounds to swim under the archway and at once dislodge the otter. This was at once done, and now, the hounds giving her no rest nor time to catch fresh wind, she landed on a willow-hedge, which she traversed with the agility and quickness of a martin cat; but the terriers were too quick for her; and she and they rolling over together into the meadow, the hounds closed in, and the joyous *who-whoop* resounded through the vale.

To recur to the find. It should be observed, that the lower mouth of the drain from which the otters were bolted was at least three feet below the surface of the water, and, moreover, was farther concealed by a flat wooden bridge that crossed the stream exactly over it and cast its dark shade over the pool below. So, without the power of divination, there was no discovering its access either by eye or nose.

Some few years ago, when Old Bitton, near Teignmouth, was occupied by its owner, the late Mr. Wm. Mackworth Praed, brother to the poet, his footman having been sent to a lumber-room on the cellar-floor, was terrified at the appearance of two strange beasts, that, according to Jeames, glared fiercely at him as he entered the apartment. One, however, making its exit with all haste through the aperture of a drain, the affrighted footman descended from a table, on which he had taken refuge, and had the wit to cram an old sofa-pillow into the said aperture, and prevent the escape of the other. Then, reinforced by a whole garrison of servants, armed with every available weapon, from a tongs to a pitchfork, he descended again, and a mighty chase at once ensued between the unknown beast and his many foes. A pile of boxes forming his barricade, it was marvellous with what rapidity the animal slipped from one point to the other, and avoided the heavy blows aimed at him on all sides, many of which did far more damage to some of the garrison than to a single hair of the poor otter's skin. At length, when they were all fairly blown, the butler, like Nestor of old, held his *bâton* aloft—the kitchen-poker—and proposed prudent counsels.

'Butcher Veale,' said he, gasping for breath, 'has a bull-dog that would tackle him in no time; so run down, Joshua, and bring them both up.'

This advice was at once followed; the butcher and his dog soon appeared, and a fine dog otter, weighing 25 lbs., was speedily captured and carried in triumph to the tanner's yard.

Again, to elucidate farther the general ignorance on this subject, very recently, when a gentleman proposed keeping a few couple of

otter-hounds to hunt the Wiltshire and Somersetshire streams falling into the River Avon, he was regarded by many as a man of Quixotic views, anxious to do battle with an imaginary beast that might have been coeval with the elk or the mastodon, but certainly did not at present exist on those waters. 'Was not Bristol,' it was argued, 'with its polluted harbour and vast mercantile population, situated at the tide-way head of that river? and would a wild animal like the otter, always on its travels, be likely to pass such an obstruction as the Floot, a modern Avernus, all but fatal to piscine life, and teeming, night and day, with boats, steamers, and sailors, ever stirring and ever noisy? Improbable to the last degree. Then, if that be not sufficient, was there not Bath above, occupying both banks of the river, and possessing at Twerton extensive carpet manufactories; besides Bradford-on-Avon, and numerous paper-mills in the neighbourhood, all infecting the waters, if not with poison, at least with a refuse from their works, to which a free, wild animal like the otter would doubtless evince the strongest repugnance?'

Nevertheless, in spite of this argument, otters do exist on the Avon in the very midst of its trade, and are always to be found here and there on its deep navigable waters between Keynsham and Bradford, and, of course, occasionally on the minor trout streams falling into that river. Nay, they exist in the very gardens and within the borough walls of its riparian towns, the drains and sewers of which afford them a secure refuge and an ever ready retreat.

In the month of June, of the present year 1871, a respectable tradesman living in the most populous part of Walcot, the garden of whose house terminates on the river bank, lost, one by one, nearly the whole of a large brood of ducks, without being able to account in any way for their disappearance. His neighbours, during the snow of winter, had constantly tracked at the bottom of their gardens what they pronounced to be the footmarks of otters; but still, as he had neither seen nor heard them on his premises, he did not imagine for one moment that they were the depredators, and indeed scarcely believed in their existence at all on those waters. One Sunday morning, however, all doubt on the subject was cleared away: he was up earlier than usual, shaving at a window overlooking his garden; the last few ducks of his brood were busily engaged nozzling for slugs in a lettuce bed, when, lo! an animal strange to his eyes rose from the river, landed in his garden, and, rushing rapidly at a half-grown duck, snatched it up and carried it off triumphantly, in spite of a screech he raised to scare the beast from his prey. Of this circumstance he personally informed the writer on the following day.

About a week afterwards, a butcher laid a steel gin in a drain adjoining that garden; and although fortunately the gin was carried off the first night, unfortunately indubitable marks were left to prove that an otter had been entrapped in its accursed jaws.

The existence, then, of the otter among us, on all streams in which his food is to be found, being sufficiently proved, the question will

naturally be asked, how it is that so few are aware of this fact, or know anything whatever of the habits of the animal, except that he is a fish-devourer and a frequenter of river-banks? The answer is a very simple one; he is purely a nocturnal animal, lying by day in earths accessible only to terriers or digging tools; and when on prey by night his colour is dark and his movements smooth as oil on the surface of the waters, so that he is rarely seen or heard by passers-by, who are wont, if they are wise, to give the water's edge a wide berth in the gloom of night. Hence the insurmountable difficulty of acquiring a knowledge of the wild habits of so inscrutable a beast.

Nor is this difficulty confined to mere ordinary observers; men, who have all their lives pursued the otter with the keenest appreciation of the wild sport afforded by his discovery, have yet owned how scanty is their knowledge of his natural habits.

The ancients, too, must have been equally at fault on this subject. The fables, for instance, of Æsop, Phædrus, and others teem with illustrations of the habits of the wolf, the fox, the hare, and other beasts with which they were conversant; but of the otter they say nothing, simply because they knew nothing of his mysterious ways.

The old otter-hunter, however, who has long studied where to find and how to hunt his game, will, so far, rarely be at a loss on these points. If, perchance, his hounds have hit upon a drag, and the indications from it are uncertain as to whether they are or are not running heel—a matter of infinite perplexity to the uninitiated—he will soon discover what is the real state of the case. Either the animal's *seal*, as his footprint is termed, or his *wedging*—the Devonshire name for his spraints—will indicate, with tolerable certainty, the up or down-stream course taken by the otter in his night work. The wedging, if the animal has fished up-stream, will invariably be found on the down-stream end of the stone on which it has been deposited; whereas, if the otter's head has pointed down-stream, the wedging will be dropped on the up-stream side of the boulder on which he has landed for that purpose. The seal, with its *five* pats, is very similar in appearance to the impression made by the points of a man's four fingers and thumb when compressed together; it has no nail marks, and consequently can at once be distinguished from those of a dog, a badger, or a fox; those animals, too, leaving an impression of four pats only on each foot.

By these signs the experienced otter-hunter knows at a glance if the drag is being carried by his hounds in a right or a wrong direction. The scent left by the otter is remarkable for this peculiarity: that hounds will run over the same foiled ground and carry it backwards and forwards over and over again, enjoying, apparently, the grateful scent quite as much the third, fourth, or fifth time, as they did when they first hit it; and yet, to the human nose, the odour emitted by the otter's skin is not only not unsavoury, like that of the fox and fougart, but is imperceptible.

Having used the word 'grateful,' as applicable to the scent, it should be explained that it becomes so by tuition; that is, hounds

are trained to stoop to it ; and then, by practice, they soon seem to love it better than all other scent. The writer has heretofore expressed his conviction that the scent of the otter is an artificial one to hounds ; and for sundry reasons, which he will recapitulate, he still adheres to that opinion.

In the first place, there is an apparent indifference to the scent on the part of most young hounds ; they do not enter nor take to it with that freedom and zest which characterises their action on other game ; on the contrary, whole seasons pass and many an otter is killed before some hounds enter, while others never take to the scent at all. In the second, it is very questionable if hounds, on any average river, could hunt down and kill an otter without the help of man ; and if not, then the inference must be that the game is not natural to them. Again, the veriest cur in the creation, if put for the first time on the scent of a deer, will take to it instinctively ; a kitten will spring on a mouse, and a half-fledged hawk strike at a sparrow the first moment he comes within reach ; this is Nature coming out and indicating the prey provided for its subsistence. But, with respect to the hound, he not only manifests no fancy, but actual indifference for the otter, and is only brought to love the scent by tuition and practice ; a satisfactory proof that Art and not Nature is the mistress in this school.

Once more ; the hide of an old otter is so tough that it is a rare thing indeed to see hounds tear it in the longest worry ; much less are they able to eat him, as they do a fox, almost before the life is out of his body. This fact adds to the improbability that the otter was ever intended by Nature to be the prey of hounds. It never occurred to the writer to see an old otter eaten by hounds ; but he is bound to acknowledge that one of the most experienced otter-hunters in Great Britain, Mr. Hill, of Murrayfield, told him that he usually encouraged his hounds to break up and eat the otters they killed, and that they did it with a great appetite. It should be remembered, however, that Mr. Hill's hounds had a strong strain of wolf-blood in their veins ; and it might be that these were the Tartars, with their powerful jaws and natural savagery, that were able to make mince-meat of this tough animal. At all events, this case is quite an exception to the general rule.

THE POOL SIDE.

SCENE—*The grassy bank by a deep, dark pool, in a northern river. A waterfall ; thickly foliaged trees.* PRESENT—*Greybeard, The Scribe, Birds, the B—— ; but wait a little. Two fishing-rods, propped on crutched sticks, overhang the water.*

‘ UPON my word, Scribe,’ says Greybeard, awaking after a refreshing twenty minutes’ nap and affecting to have been merely buried in thought, ‘ upon my word, you’ve dragged me to a nice place ! I

‘ must have been under the influence of witchcraft when I consented
‘ to travel ever so many hundred miles into this uncivilized county.
‘ If there was one invitation for me to spend the autumn abroad there
‘ were twenty. Austria, with such shooting and fishing as you never
‘ dreamt of. Saxony, with a trout and grayling stream to swear by,
‘ and a countess of matchless beauty and millions of thalers, who
‘ would no doubt have fallen in love with me. Cintra, Algiers,
‘ Lassah, Timbuctoo—my society was sought at all of them. And
‘ yet, deluded by your extravagant promises of sport, I consented to
‘ come to a place that it is flattery to call a depressing hole. We’ve
‘ fished two miles of stream this morning without a rise. Don’t tell
‘ me. There’s not a trout in the river. The paper mills, or the
‘ lead washings, or the poachers have killed them all. I don’t call
‘ pottering with live minnows and worms as we are doing now fishing
‘ at all, and we don’t get a touch at them even. And the sun is hot
‘ enough to singe your whiskers, and that infernal boy has clearly
‘ decamped with the money we entrusted him with in order to buy
‘ beer. Phew! Bosh! Humbug!’

Scribe, who is himself half-dead with heat and thirst and chagrin, makes no reply, but gazes doggedly at his line, and puffs a short clay-pipe.

The stream glides on with a pleasant murmur. There comes a sweet smell from the thick woods around. The waterfall tinkles and babbles right musically, and the tiny side rills chatter amongst the pebbles. Foam gathers in large flakes under the tumbling water, and the deepest corner of the pool is white with floating bubbles. It is just such a deep hole as you would expect to find full of heavy perch, and there might be a big trout in it, or at any rate one of those lumbering chub that will find their way into any water. Close to the anglers the water shoals somewhat, and the beautifully coloured pebbles may be counted at the bottom for a foot or more from the bank. Occasionally, they are partly hidden by a great flock of minnows that now and again shoot in from the deep water as if they meant to dash themselves ashore. Four or five have just flung themselves several inches above the surface, as if some dreaded foe was in pursuit. This looks promising. Something large and voracious in scales must be astir down below them; and Scribe watches the spot where *his* minnow has sailed, with a neat hook through its upper lip, and is not unhopeful of the future. The bait is just beyond the line of clear water that allows the pebbles to be seen—the very spot where fish would lie on a hottish day like this. Greybeard is too old a hand not to be alive to the probability of a sudden bite, and he, too, steadfastly regards the water, grumbling slowly the while, as he leans on his elbow and tugs impatiently at a tough stalk of grass. At last his line is seen to tighten, and then there are two sharp jerks at the rod-top; so, with compressed lips and a stern brow, Greybeard strikes smartly, and lifts on to the grass a gudgeon about the length of a cigarette! This causes a terrible display of evil temper on my friend’s part; and there is no saying to what lengths his bile might have led

him, but for the long-delayed return of the urchin who had been despatched for beer to the Phoenix in the neighbouring village.

'And it was to drink such mawkish trash as this,' exclaims the veteran, taking a preliminary gulp of about a pint-and-a-half and keeping fast hold of the stone jar, 'that I abandoned the Steinberger 'at my friend the Grand Duke's!'

Made happy by an extra donation of pence the village youth is sent off with a landing-net to get some more minnows, at a point where he will not disturb our fishing, and then we set to work again. The sun streams down more furiously hot than ever, there is hardly a breath of wind stirring, and altogether the morning is highly suggestive of empty panniers. However, there is nothing else to be done; so baits are renewed, and one of the party tries to console the other with reminiscences of days equally unpromising that have finally witnessed wonderful takes.

'You must own, old man,' says Scribe, as he hooks a bright, lively minnow through the back fin, and then drops him near a likely looking eddy under a willow root, 'that, fish or no fish, we are better off 'here than in that hideous hole Stockton. Much as I love horse 'racing, a solemn vow has been registered in my heart of hearts that 'that darkest, dingiest, dullest of towns knows me no more. 'Nothing under ten thousand a year would compensate for a lifetime 'to be spent there. In fact—though I backed nearly every winner, 'from Roedeer to Queen Mab, and dashed it down on that clever 'Druid—I never recollect spending three more miserable days, save 'once, when, through the treachery of a friend, I underwent an en- 'forced seclusion in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane. The only 'redeeming feature in the neighbourhood is the ability to reach Salt- 'burn, and blow off the dust and dirt of the Tees' banks in the 'gardens or on the cliffs of that most charming of watering-places. 'It is really a glimpse of Paradise to one who has previously misspent 'his time at any of those detestable Cockney haunts that London 'affects, or that flashy, tinselly nest of illness, Brighton. One of 'the charms of Saltburn is its freedom from the ordinary class of 'racing men. There is not a better hotel in England than the 'Alexandra, with that great, bold, hard cliff frowning on the sea in 'front of its windows, and the broad firm sands stretching away to 'the Tees' mouth all-glorious in the sunshine. I whiled away a 'couple of days there right pleasantly—(you have a bite, Greybeard) '—and came away refreshed in mind and body. It's a perch, by 'Jove, and a good one, too! Wait until I slip the landing-net 'under him; they'll begin to feed now.'

And so they do in earnest. Before the veteran has rebaited his companion gets a fish, and then another, and nearly a dozen are flapping their broad-barred sides on the bank of turf behind the fishermen—when Scribe strikes too soon and loses a whopper. Then dismay falls upon the finny horde, and again the lines hang idly in the water. On flows the stream; merrily sings the waterfall. The cows low in the pasture hard by, and the birds twitter in the brush-

wood around. A solitary cushat complains, of his solitude apparently, in an ivy-covered oak on the densely wooded precipice that frowns on the fishing pool, and the air is filled with day sounds as the farm lads drive their teams homeward, with barking dogs careering in front, all gladly responsive to the echoing shout from the farmhouse that summons them to the welcome noontide meal.

‘Let us send the boy for more beer,’ says Greybeard, softly. ‘I have a sympathetic craving for sustenance, and would quaff a measure with one of these honest rustics, who may, perchance, guide us into a better pitch than the one you selected so ill this morning.’

Presently, a pretty, grey-eyed, black-locked lass trips down from the homestead to fill a can from the shallow of the pool. Both anglers survey the sunburnt beauty with paternal interest; and Greybeard so far shakes off his sloth as to volunteer assistance not only in obtaining water, but in bearing it back to the farm. With bashful reluctance he is permitted to do so; but, ere well out of sight, there is a short scuffle amongst the bushes, and then a sharp, angry female cry; and in a twinkling Greybeard returns with a very sheepish expression on his face, and one cheek a dark purple, whilst the other is almost white.

‘It is a very strange thing,’ I begin, in a tone of melancholy remonstrance, ‘that a man at your time of life cannot refrain from the wildness and follies of your grandchildren. I myself, in my younger days, was wont to admire the sex hugely; and even now, maybe, were I to give myself the trouble—’

‘You have lost your bait,’ remarks Greybeard quietly.

‘So I have; a chub has sucked it off most likely. But, hullo! look there! What in the world possesses the lad? he is tearing towards us over stock and stone as if a posse of duns or a jilted old maid was at his heels.’

Boy (*breathless and weeping*). ‘It’s t’awd bull o’ Jackson’s. He’s chased me o’vert river, and ah’s lost half t’mennies, and ah’s tor a gurt hoyle iv my—’

GREYBEARD. ‘Be decent, my man, and stop that hideous noise too. Whoever heard of a man being frightened of a bull before? Why, when I was on the prairies, ten years ago, I faced two old bull buffaloes that charged, and dropped them right and left with a patched-up double-barrel, that as often missed fire as not.’ (*The last assertion to Scribe, who has been peering into the wood with some signs of trepidation and uneasiness.*) ‘Good gracious! there is the top of my rod in the water, and something running the line out like a whale. Steady, there, steady! Come away from the edge, you little fool, the landing-net will only scare him yet. Another rush and he’ll be dead beat. So! now he comes—out with him. A chub, by the powers! and a good four pounds if he is an ounce. Now, Scribe, you may well hide your diminished head, and own that I am champion. This reminds me of a fish I once killed with a spinning-bait

‘in a river on the west coast of Africa, that no white man had ever—’

‘Do shut up,’ I say. ‘Your eternal boasting and fibs and exaggerations become quite troublesome. If you must talk, let us have a horse gossip. Do you remark how the taste for the sport is spreading, in spite of Betting Bills, and vamped training reports, and fictitious quotations, and all the other weapons which friends and foes alike employ, as if their aim in either case was to put a stop to the pastime? The tales from the training grounds are amusing to a degree. Not very long ago a crack Newmarket trainer told me that one returned as doing good work had been for months in the hospital, owing to a split pastern. Even when the horse-watchers do not draw solely on their imagination, they are, as a rule, men most readily outwitted. It is as true as that the river runs past us, that, not many moons ago, a certain owner had a certain mare a great favourite for a monster race. She went amiss; and the trainer was naturally anxious to keep the misfortune quiet; at least for a short time—why or wherefore is not worth asking. Providence had willed it that there should be a five-year-old horse in the stable much akin in colour to the filly, save in the case of his white legs. The trainer’s skill was called into requisition; the white legs were effectually disguised for the time being, and during ten days the five-year-old horse passed twice a-day under the very noses of the touts, on his road to the training ground and on his return from it, and not one of these clever fellows was acute enough to discover the trick played them. This, Greybeard, is as true as that the sun shines! The sporting writers are just as bad, you say? I don’t believe you know anything at all about them; and only wish one or two that could be named were by. Tipperary is rich in terms of abuse; and there are towns in the West Riding that raise men with the gift of virulent tongues. And these, and more, would be loosened upon you, until you would fain fly from the wordy torrent. Kindle the wrath of the prophets, and a fire is lighted that shall burst forth furiously once or twice a week with never-failing regularity, and endure as long as the sacred flame in Vesta’s shrine. Ordinary means will fail to quench it. Gulliver’s own desperate remedy was in one instance suggested; but the threatener himself succumbed ere the plan could be put into operation. Depend on’t that the Turf writers and reporters—and, in fact, all men employed on the racing department of a newspaper—work harder by ten times than you imagine. You forget that when *your* day’s racing is over, and the drive back to the hotel is occupied by no more weighty thoughts than a doubt as to whether the fish will be overboiled, the Turf reporter’s day’s work is only very partially completed. For him there is no meal to be enjoyed because eaten slowly, and with no immediate care or anxiety to spoil digestion. *He* does not lie back in an arm chair afterwards, and have a cigar, and perhaps an hour’s nap. He cannot sit at dessert until his eyes are pink, and his hair

' becomes disordered, and his neckcloth out of place. Mr. A., or B., or C., his employer, would in such case read him a lesson every word of which would cut like a knife. His very night's rest must be broken by visions of press messages gone astray, of parcels forgotten by some faithless guard, or of some grand "par" known to all his rivals, but denied by Fortune to himself until copy has been sent away for hours and the paper hopelessly gone to press. Pray leave off whistling in that distracting and rude way, and talk about something you understand. How about the St. Leger? No! that wasn't a big chub rising. Cannot you see the water rat that has dropped into the stream, and is crossing, with a wake behind him like a steamer?'

The old gentleman frowns heavily, as is his wont when about to be oracular, and speaks after the fashion of a great turf magnate whose manner he always copies when giving an opinion on Turf matters.

' Folks who run away with the delusion that Ravenshoe is a bad horse,' he says, ' will have their eyes opened presently. Three weeks will make him a horse better by a ton than he ran at York. Let those who will call him a lumbering brute, and remember what I say about the distance post when they are running the Leger. I wish Tom Jennings had five weeks instead of three to get him ready, and then I should advise my friend the Grand Duke (who adores a bit of racing) to have a thousand on. I had a morning at Malton not long ago, and saw enough of Général to make me doubt whether there is a St. Leger for old John this year. If they would canter for three-quarters of a mile perhaps the Malton bells might ring. I predict that Tom Dawson will take enough snuff on the 13th to stock a small shop, and blue and silver will be the popular colour for the Yorkshire lads' cravats this autumn. Grand Coup has never put foot to turf since the Derby day; and Tom Oliver may shake his ash stick as knowingly as he pleases, for I will not believe, even if it were cut from witch hazel, that Albert shall pull through. Ripponden has come to the end of the journey on which Cremorne will soon set out; and if Dalnacardoch is more than a moderate horse, I am mistaken. Ask Field Marshal if this is not so. When people talk about Rose of Athol, the only fitting answer to them is pooh-pooh! and to the lunatic who babbles of Noblesse, my remark is—bosh! The King and Hannah are in the same boat, and I think the boat is leaking already. No, Scribe. You must stand the old man again when he tells you that the Sellinger will go to Tom Dawson or Ravenshoe.'

My friend peeps slyly at me from the corner of his eye to mark the effect of this extraordinary statement, and his severe manner relaxes when he marks no trace of ridicule or contempt in my features.

Warmed, too, into something like feeling by the scene, the sounds, and perhaps the contents of the brown jar, Greybeard opens his heart. He apologises for the many slights shown me, for his virulent tongue—'The greatest enemy I ever possessed,'—and for the rude manner in which at times he has disputed my statements and denied

the truth of assertions I have made. Gazing languidly on me through a fleecy cloud of bird's-eye smoke, he launches out into promises or future good behaviour.

'Never again, Scribe, shall you have cause to complain of your old comrade, who, you know, would go through fire and water to save a hair of your head from injury!'

Not ungratified by this demonstration of affection, I return the pressure of his hand; and we both fall into a train of half-melancholy, half-soothing, thought that draws our attention from rod and ripple. Softly steals in the god of noonday naps, and anon the soft long grass receives in its embrace the stalwart form of Scribe, who dreams of four-pound trout and faithful friends, whilst the summer flies buzz a low sleep-song in his ears. In phantasy he roams through peaceful pastures where no sound falls on the ear save that of softly falling water, and the twitter of gently whispering birds. He has passed into a new life; one where there is no toil of body or mind, where perpetual association with nature has expunged from man the mass of human infirmities. Perfect calm and content reign.

'Hey! holloa there! Run—run for your life!'

Good heavens! what is this? The beer boy is scrambling up a tree with screams of terror; the rods have slipped into the water; the bait-can is upset; Greybeard, who has clearly waded through the stream up to his middle, is swiftly and silently ascending the opposite bank; and down—down straight upon the defenceless Scribe comes furious, and roaring, and rampant, the dreaded and dreadful bull!

DOZMARYE POOL.

AT last!—after the chilling prelude of icicle months—the wind has veered round from the glacial quarter, and our old Tsabeian ally, Sol—the deity of the primitive Unitarian—pardon, Monotheist—has issued forth once more, and caused gladness in re—or—perverting us back to the original festivities of worship *sub dio*. Out in the open air is preferable to the shade of the greenwood trees, 'where the mavis and merle are singing.' In hot weather the gnats—the selfsame *sinzali* of the Lung' Arno at Pisa—are never ceasing in their persecution; and if 'you have a harem for a grot,' in obedience to the apostolic Don—how distressing it is to perceive underneath that the eye of blue of the reigning Sultana, which inspired your last sonnet,—an intumescence—we are choice and dainty in expression—of the size of a pigeon's egg,—a red spot swelling in anger at the end of that delicate nose, that neither Wenham ice nor sparkling Moselle can pacify, and at the corner of the chiselled lip, destined for other uses than that of coarse carousal,—an unsightly excrescence that has the similitude of an over-ripe and

bursting pomegranate. These are amongst the drawbacks of the haunt in the merry greenwood. But we must away somewhere—anywhere for an escape from the Stygian appurtenances of corruption and over-civilization. Fiction, falsehood, uncleanness, and all uncharitableness of sewer and spirit, with malice as a promovent, and a raging Sirius for a prime minister of the revel, having done the work of pollution until the effluvia, riverain and political, moral and material, could not any longer be tolerated—primitive scenes and a purer atmosphere were required as a corrective for the offensive nausea. Bearing in mind, also, that the cholera is on its way, headlong and unresisting, without any attempt, ministerial or municipal, for prevention or arrestation of progress—it was a prudent resolve—so we travelled into the wilds of Cornwall. With gun-case and fishing-tackle, and a tent from Edgington, of Smithfield, closely and neatly packed together, we started for Plymouth, and having dined really well and comfortably in the refreshment-room of the South Devon Railway at Exeter, on we went to Plymouth, just in time for the Agricultural Show of the following day.

The exhibition was superior to that of last year. In the hunter class, the light-weight carriers of Mr. Trelawny were remarkable for shape and fashion. Mr. Lancaster exhibited some powerful weight-carriers—Ploughboy (1st prize), and Father M'Carthy (2nd prize). As he is about to hunt the Holsworthy district—properly the Broadbury country—the best in Devonshire, holding good scent, without hills beyond a fair undulation, but with the drawback of an occasional bog, the merits of his horses will be put to the test. Shape and strength will go far for the first twenty minutes, but fifty minutes, or over an hour, over Hollow Moor—a well-named common—and Whitely and Claw Moors, will demand a purity of blood to be well placed at the finish. One word to that gentleman who is about to hunt that good and open country. There are three cardinal points of this hunting compass, upon the treatment of and by which success depends—those of Tetcott, Dunsland, and Ashbury. If the owners of the coverts belonging to these respective mansions are sincere and true in their promises and their deeds—which are not always synonymous—that wide expanse of moorland district will be fairly stocked with foxes. On the Castle or Ashbury side the foxes migrate from Dartmoor by Prewley, Bowerland, and Thorn Moors, Wadland Down, to Chester Moor, and Northcombe and Rowden brakes, and this extent comprises the cream of the country. After Christmas, when the dog has travelled far for amusement and duty, the run is safe to be a clipper upon his returning to the native tors. The Dunsland, Hollocombe, and Morecombe woods and coverts hold an occasional cliff fox; but it is always uncertain which line he may take; and having his point determined, he cares little for wind or any other impediment to secure his object. At Tetcot, the key of the western side, foxes formerly were plentiful. In the days of the

late Sir William Molesworth—a most gallant and liberal supporter of the sport of others, hospitable and generous in an unwonted degree—the fun always waxed fast and furious; but the sun of Tetcot has set, and the memory of the happy past only serves to make gloomier and more contemptible the unhappy and present converse. At Dunsland, the ancient seat of the Bickfords, Mr. Bickford Coham is a strict preserver of foxes; and being the leading personage of that part of the country, with Mr. Melhuish of Court Barn—both good and true men in and out of the hunting field—the prosperity of this fox-hunting district will depend. Mr. Lancaster will find upon experience that these trite remarks are not without their worth.

Major Ballard's Clapham, a son of Stockwell—a grand specimen of his sire and grandsire—brilliant in a golden coat burnished by the sun, and having proved his merit by his tried stock, only obtained the second prize, although deserving of the first. What constitutes merit in a stud-horse, if it do not depend upon his success in the uses to which he is applied? It matters little now the fact of Eclipse being a high blower, which would have disqualified him for a prize by the judgment of a modern Vet. Clapham possessed every qualification that should have found favour with breeders. Mr. Trelawny's bay mare Bessy obtained the first prize for light-weight hunters. The mare, as a huntress, is remarkable for a combination of symmetry and goodness, having both pace and endurance, without which, with a good fox, and the animal can be warranted, it is in vain to attempt to see a run over the wastes of Dartmoor. She is by Lascelles, a son of Touchstone, out of Mr. Henry Deacon's (Master of the H. H.) Fawn, by Jack in the Green from the late Sir William Trelawny's Elfrida from Barbara, by Bucephalus, by Alexander by Eclipse, Lufra the dam of Barbara being by Coriander, by Pot8'os, another son of Eclipse. Mr. Trelawny of Coldrenick (M. F. H.) possesses the remnant of this famous blood; and perhaps scarcely any event would have caused greater satisfaction to the late owner of Lufra and Barbara than the idea that the race of hunters upon which he so prided himself should be preserved with care and belong to the stud of his worthy namesake.

The late Sir William Salusbury Trelawny was one of the most thoroughbred sportsmen in the West of England. With a strong vein of originality, an uncommon share of sound sense, and with a heart large as were the other two qualities combined and to spare—his name was wont to be, as it were, the popular property of Cornwall. High and low, rich and poor, were anxious alike to gain the good word of the renowned 'Old Sarum,' and his pseudonym will outlive for many a long decade the memory of that other and Parliamentary one which he helped in the day of his glory and might to level and to destroy. A faithful servant, and an honest, in a public sense, to a faithless crew and a dishonest, he received in life the wages wherewith political treachery, according to the law of experience, is wont to requite a benefit conferred. But the

memorial ivy clings tenaciously with its evergreen chaplet around the cherished name. It is regarded with affection in the moorland hovel of the poor man; it exacts the tribute of reverence in the saloons of the highborn and wealthy; and, where he would best care to be remembered, it is ever the theme of honour at the hospitable board of his namesake of Coldrenick, amidst the living forms of those with whom in life he loved to associate.

Pre-eminent amongst the cobs was the roan, Taffy, belonging to Mr. Strode, of Newnham Park, twenty-one years old, of Welsh pedigree, combining action and symmetry, and equal to any amount of weight. This is as it should be since his owner, a powerful and hale man, is over 20 stone.. The Welsh cobs have, deservedly, a great reputation, but they have frequently loaded, albeit strong shoulders, an error from which Taffy is wholly free; and although in their native mountains the defect does not militate against the safety of their action as much as might be anticipated, it is nevertheless calculated to cause misgivings, and to make a person nervous in riding fast down a Devonshire hill with loose stones.

Of the ponies there was more than an average show, and any one, with an eye for proportion, might pick up a Brent pony, at a price little more than nominal. Three years since, a friend bought a two-year-old pony at Brent fair for 2*l.* 10*s.*, and so small that he brought him home by train in an open hamper. It is now five, and stands up handsomely under fourteen stone, and no day is too long for him. He has the solitary defect of not being steady under fire, but is serviceable as a hack anywhere and everywhere, fast and safe, and, comparatively, large sums have been refused for him. Mr. Jackman's Dick was an excellent representative of the class. It would not be becoming to dismiss this short notice of an excellent show, well attended and perfectly managed, without a word in commendation of a lady, who, for elegance of seat, quiet hands, and determined nerve, conspicuously distinguished herself in riding many of the horses over the stone wall and other fences made to test the jumping powers of the competitors for prizes. Without choice, Mrs. Radcliffe volunteered to ride any horse in the show yard that was exhibited for a premium. One animal, restive and 'a bucker,' that reared and fought with a will, put her powers of hands and seat to the test, and the manner in which she subdued and brought him to his bearings, elicited universal and well-deserved applause. He had to yield and become as quiet, albeit as clumsy, as a lamb. In her meritorious performance 'the lady' ruled paramount without any affectation of virile habitudes. Foxhounds are ever seen at disadvantage in a show, and seem always discontented themselves and out of place; but it is sufficient to say that they were rightly judged, and deserved every praise for symmetry and blood. How is it possible for a stranger to the particular hunting field to judge 'the best *working* hound,' according to the proper and implied sense? He cannot be guided by report, and his eye can decide upon exterior merit alone, so that he may give the palm to a skirter, a mute hound, or a rioter and babbler. Mr. Raddle, V.S., of

Plymouth, by his exertion and urbanity, greatly contributed to the success of the show. One solitary individual dissented from the otherwise general approbation. His fox terrier had not obtained the prize, and he indignantly demanded of Mr. Raddle, 'Why his dog was not allowed to win?' 'Because, sir, the judges considered there were others superior.' 'That's no reason at all; any one can see, with half an eye, that mine's the best a long way, and I say so, and that's enough.' This genius came from the far West—not Cornwall—and is no doubt qualified himself for an exhibition, where merit is adjudged by an auricular amplitude of development.

Away by rail to Tavistock and Launceston, and at the latter place hiring a trap with a stout cob from a worthy, named Palmer, grey-headed in the cause of fox-hunting, when Phillipps, of Landue, was master, and with a stout moorman; onwards, bag and baggage, to Five Lanes. Here the signs of the agency of man begin to wax faint, and become fainter still when crossing the rapid stream from Fowy Well; the highway through the moor is left, and after a couple of miles over heather and stunted gorse, you arrive at the silent strand of Dozmarye Pool. Beside this sterile shore shall be our encampment. For a description of this savage and solitary region, Richard Carew, of Antonie, in his history of Cornwall, dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, 'and printed by S. S. for John Juggard, and to be sold neere Temple-barre, at the signe of the Hand and Starre, 1602,' gives a faithful account in antiquated and concise words, that are preferable to much of the florid jargon of the present day. 'In the mids of the wilde moors of Lethenewth Hundred, far from any dwelling or river, there lyeth a great standing water called Dosmarye Poole, about a mile or better in compasse, fed by no perceyed spring, neither having any avoidance, untill (of late) certaine Tynners brought an audit therefrom. The countrey people held many strange conceits of this poole,—as that it did ebbe and flow,—that it had a whirl-poole in the midst thereof, and, that a fagot once thrown thereinto, was taken up at Foy haven, 6 miles distant. Therefore to try what truth vested in these reports, some gent, dwelling not farre off, caused a boate and nets to be carried thither over land. Fish they caught none, save a few-eeles upon hookes; the poole proved no where past a fathome and halfe deepe, and for a great way very shallow. Touching the opinion of ebbing and flowing, it should seeme to be grounded, partly from the increase which the raine floods brought thereunto fro the bordering hils (which perhaps gave also the name, for *Dos* is come, and *maur* great) and the decrease occasioned by the next drowth, and partly for that the windes doe drive the waves to and fro, upon these sandie bankes, and thus the miracle of Dosmarye Poole, deceased. Of this wonder, 'tis sayd—

“ Dosmary Poole amidst the moores,
On top stands of a hill,
More than a mile about, no streames
It empt, nor any fill.”

This inland mere, nestling in a hollow amidst the heather land, and sparkling in its purity of water, has all the distinctive qualities of a diminutive lake. It has its beach of white sand dotted with shells, an occasional hillock jutting out forms a tiny creek, and with the wind sweeping over the waste from the distant Tors of Browilly and Roughtor, the wavelets break at its base and on the surrounding shore with a faint ripple and a gentle sound. There it lies lowly and desolate without a token of life, save the sigh of the moorland breeze that curls its dark waters—the dead sea of Cornwall. And now up with the tent.

It is very well to boast in a vain-glorious tone of being able 'to rough it,' nay, more, to be desirous and eager to suffer the penalty of privation without a rational cause for the infliction; but in the very truth it is not pleasurable, and to speak soberly, by courting inconvenience when it may be avoided, you commit an act of egregious folly, and in voluntarily undergoing discomfort without the necessity of hardship, you are chastised justly for an impertinent pretence to the virtue of heroism, in which you play the part of an impostor. Self-sacrifice for the benefit of one's fellow as the immediate object is a transcendental virtue; but the display of a pitiful vanity in the pride of self-torture is nothing less than an impertinent vice. No; it is all very well 'with mantle folded round, to couch 'in rest upon the ground, scarce to be known by curious eye, from 'the deep heather where we lie;' but we will none of that face of the Knight of Snowdon, so up with the tent at once, Uncle Dick; be alive,—march,—which the Duke of Somerset says, our armies under the blight of the Board of Control cannot do; or else the goblin lake for the alternative, where you will share the fate of our navy, that, like the Megæra, cannot swim according to the authority of the self-same Whig potentate. 'Dearie me!—dearie me!—oh drat it!' and the uncle scratched his head, like a secretary at war or a first lord, but went to work with a will, which his inferiors had neither the disposition nor the competency to do.

Our henchman, known by the soubriquet of 'Uncle Dick,' had, for a grandsire, one who, well known in and about the Bodmyn Moors by this patronymic, had held a prominent position in the provincial register of pedestrian sportsmen; and as qualifying titles of personal eminence in this locality cling tenaciously to the renowned of old and their posterity—as in the case of the great Arundell, brave Sir Beul, glorious old Sarum, rascal Thomas of Launceston, and explosive Arcott, so did the nomenclature of the one avuncular, exalted above all others, attach its importance of designation to this branching offshoot in descent from the original hero. The Uncle Dick in the flesh held his own gallantly in the day, and on the moor before the face of all men; towards sundown he became 'timor-some; and as the gloom of evening darkened, the quicksilver of his pluck fell lower and lower, until, at night, he became a poltroon proper, a devout believer in the entity of ghosts, and one of the elect in the faith of Jan Tregagle and the goblin hounds of Bodmyn Moor.

'Yes, we are going to camp out, Uncle Dick, titivate your noddle 'as you may, so up with the tent.' We had had an experience in auld lang syne of the Messrs. Edgington, of Smithfield, whose archery marquees are so well and deservedly known, and felt assured about the comfort and capabilities of our Dosmarye domicile. According to the advice of the head of the firm we had a square, and not a bell tent, and the advantages in every way are evident; it affords far more elbow room. Instead of being inconveniently centralised, there is plenty of space to move about, and to have separate locations without being constantly hustled towards the common centre. The four corners become handy receptacles for stowing away odds and ends without interfering with the general dispositions of the interior; there is room for a larger table, and the net hammocks are ample and independent, with a comfortable length which is a grand desideratum. Then the canteen apparatus: a stove for wood, sauce-pan, frying-pan, gridirons, tea and coffee-pot, cups and saucers, claret mugs, and other appurtenances, and there you are, the modest proprietor of a well-appointed mansion, without a repairing lease or ground-rent; free from the persecution of the tax-collector or the importunities of a churchwarden; not an article for imperial assessment; no cause for a church-rate; the unbroken heather-way is not the turnpike work of man's hands, and Dozmarye pool is exempt from water dues. Do you desire a change of scene and residence? There is not any obligation for a six months' notice, or the payment of a quarter's rent, as an extortionate toll for the liberty to depart. Would you seek a temple for worship that is not made a den of thieves, with gorgeous habiliments sanctified by clouds of incense? Kneel on the fragrant heather amidst the primeval tors, and there, in the all-pervading presence of the one great Creator—intone the *gloria in excelsis* of the heart, in which surrounding Nature joins in an eternal chorus of congregational Hallelujah—no cause for a bishop with his jewelled mitre—no need for a priest with his stole and chasuble; still less for a mendicant confessor with his sorry penance and delusive shrift; but let the heart be the true counsellor, conscience the lively monitor, and the one above the sole judge, and if the mercy-seat on high be not inspired by a charity other than that which animates the creature-judges on earth, whom Shelley styles 'Those puny babes of luxury 'and ease, who make men the playthings of their babyhood;' then launch your 'etherial boat' on Wordsworth's 'drivel seas,' and look out for squalls. 'Well done, Uncle Dick,' so far well, and place within reach of the hammock that hinged box, which opening with a spring, folds back, and discloses our peripatetic library, with its diamond editions—excepting always the full-sized logos of the Christian Society. See there Milton's grand work, a 'little prosy, 'but no less Divine'—the Don, Butler's Analogy turned down at the page that treats of the nature of virtue, which is yet under discussion—has been since the day of lost Paradise—and still remains an open question; Shelley, the orations of Père Hyacinth, Burns,

Victor Cousin's Philosophy of Kant, Hawker's Records of the Western Shore, fully equal, if not superior in ballad minstrelsy, to the songs of Tennyson, and as a *compôte* of sweets after the *pièce de resistance*, Moore's Melodies, not forgetting 'Fill the bumper fair,' in which Uncle Dick will not fail to do good service, and then, as a charming *chasse-café*, 'If I were yonder wave, my dear, and thou 'the isle it clasps around;'—no sooner said than here comes the island itself, solid and material, in spite of Bishop Berkeley and his theory of idealism which he borrowed from Malebranche without acknowledgment, and representing a Leibnitz monad, with the undoubted conditions of substance, accident, and extension.

Bets, familiarly known as 'our Bets' of Five Lanes hamlet, the harbinger of coming joy, carried on her brawny arm a basket containing eggs, butter, fowls, trout from the Inny, which, with some of Fortnum and Mason's portable soup, made up a sufficient feast for *Giovedì Grasso*. Bets was a moor-maiden, and if there be any doubts of the verity of the latter condition, the judges of the assize invariably direct the jury to give the panel the benefit of the doubt. Well, Bets had shed her lustres, was stout of limb, yet imperfect in action from faulty knees, well ribbed up, a powerful forehand with quarters that could send her well up hill, and going somewhat wide behind like old Touchstone. She had a cast in her eye, which is sometimes turned a-swivel. Bolingbroke's beautiful ballad-singer, Clara, who sold cresses at the Court of Requests, and to whom he was extravagantly attached, had a similar defect; so had 'cock-eyed Julie'—not Rousseau's—the delight of another privy councillor and judicial peer, of a very modern date; and we remember one of yore, a male, somewhat famous by that cognomen, who, for honesty, truth, and common goodness, was not worth one of Bets' muscular legs, albeit claiming a proprietorship in the latter word with the addenda of a capital 'L.' But our Bets bears a letter with the fixtures of Mr. Trelawny's otter-hounds, and it says, 'Yesterday we did our duty well, finding below Callington 'New Bridge, the otter being on land not underground; 2 hours 'and 46 minutes. We had a brilliant burst, and rolled him over as 'we do a fox.'—Saturday at Plym Bridge. 'Now, Squire, don't 'ee be venturesome,' said kind-hearted Bets, 'and bide out here 'to-night-time! I mind how when I was a follering on with Bill 'Burt, a fule I was and he a darned rogue that's cut away to Ostraly 'and left misself with the cheeld—us was a coming along by Deep- 'Hatches and we heard Janny Tregagle hollering dreadful up 'to Tobor Tor, and then the lights came a dancing over the 'moor and all along the bogs as if they wor alive with devils 'a hunting of 'un, and then away Janny he rins like a flying fou 'mart skimming away, and the dogs arter him a striving to catch 'un, 'and hur went right plop into the middle of that there black water 'that there's no bottom to, with a hawful crack of thunder, and the 'dogs all hom to his tail. Aye, faicks, us a seed 'un with our own 'eyes. Now don't 'ee, squire.' Uncle Dick chimed in with many

a marvel, and asseverated by his blessed davy that on returning with some pot-companions from the Jamaica Inn yonder at night, that 'they see'd a light all round the pool, and Janny Tregagle hisself 'a teeming out the water with a shell, swearing most tremendously, 'as if he didn't take kindly to what he was a doing of, and then 'when he seed us he skeer'd away, screeching and kicking, backsy 'fore all away to the chapel up to Roche Rock, with the dogs a 'chivving on him, and us askeered away too, you may take my 'davy.' For all that John Tregagle was a real man in the flesh, a man of mark, and a rascal to boot, not a singular occurrence. He belonged to a family of distinction and of property, mentioned by Cary as having held lands with a knight's fee in the reign of Henry IV. '*Record. Feod. Milit. in Cornub., Anno 3, H. 4 Johannes de Tregagle, tenet dimid. mag. feod in Tremorde. Hundred de Pider.,*' and before that he appears to have been ennobled as a follower and retainer of Piers Gaveston: '*Nom. Milit., Anno 7 regni Regis Edw. filii Regis Edw., Johannes de Tregager, Vicecomes.*' Sir John Tregagle resided at Treworger, in the parish of St. Breock. Not taking account of the tenth commandment in the decalogue, he coveted the property of his neighbour, and invited that neighbour, his wife, and child, to partake of the hospitalities of Treworger, where he poisoned them and seized upon their property, which he held fast and enjoyed in spite of law or process. For his punishment, he is condemned to ladle out with a limpet-shell the water of Dozmarye Pool, and to be hunted each Friday night by spectral hounds, as in Dryden's tale of Theodore and Honoria. Such is the origin of the Tregagle legend, with its stories of the goblin hounds of Bodmyn Moor.

'Slow sinks more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hill the setting sun;
Not,—as in northern climes,—obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.'

The gradual fading away of the light of earth, gradually and majestically, without impediment to the range of sight, and with the globular and electric radiance, more brilliant still in its moment of evanescence, is more solemn and impressive in the open wilderness than in the gardens of palaces, or in the marts where the irreflective snobs do congregate. There is ever a stern lesson imparted by nature, of Thackeray undefiled, that willingly or unwillingly challenges, and challenges peremptorily the serious thought that no smile can mock, even amongst the most senseless, the most ignorant, and the most obdurate. Stifle it as you may—it will come unbidden and perhaps be unwelcome—but man and his conscience are of a Siamese construction, and are bound together for better, and for worse—for richer or poorer, till, in defiance of the radical divorce-court, death do us part—when the last great secret will be revealed. In the meantime, soberly, and with the words of Plato clinging about us as of a garment of safety philosophical, yet with a relish,—be alive, Uncle Dick, and fill

out a cool bumper of claret from the earthen jar steeped in the Tregagle pool, that has served—and served well—for a wine cooler, and then for ‘tir’d Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep!’—perchance to some the happiest period of the twenty-four hours. Even oblivion hath its charms. What a sorrowful reflection! The breeze freshened in the night, and came rushing down from Brown Willy with a swirl of storm and rain, but the tent was tight and true as a canvas castle, and the whistling through the tent-lines was a pleasing and soothing accompaniment. Messrs. Edgington! you of Smithfield and none else, we would pour out a libation in your honour, were we not rolled up in the net hammock like a dormouse. Uncle Dick snored in the corner, and only disturbed the nocturnal quietism once, by indecorously howling with affright when a cow, attracted by the light of the lamp swinging on the cross-pole, bellowed forth a Tregagle imprecation. It is refreshing to have a plunge on first encountering the career of day, and to tumble into a sheet of water by way at once of a bath and a washing-basin. ‘Why ‘you be’ant a going for to swim in that ghostese’s water—I shall ‘never see ‘ee more, my dear squire, never no more—that shaver ‘Jan, he is sartin sure to be near, and do’ant ee make bowld agin ‘that dreadful spirit. The parson to St. Clether said as how that ‘not no one could kick agin him, heel and toe, and save his body, let alone his soul, alive.’ The pool is shallow at the Five Lanes end, and deepest on the western side; but nowhere is it more than nine feet in depth, depending upon the rise and fall of the water, since it is quite true that although there is no ostensible ingress or egress of water, the volume sensibly increases or decreases, according to a wet or a dry season, precisely as described by Carew of Antoine, in 1602. Uncle Dick followed our course along the bank, with affectionate solicitude, and with a painful and honest anxiety, and when we dived down, as in larking at the Upper Hope at Eton, he staggered with affright, and either appealed to a high source for protection, or anathematised, with all his might, the truculent Tregagle of Treworger Manor, who he made certain would appropriate for his especial benefit a carcass of not slight proportions. Then, on our coming up with a shake of the head and a cheer, and with a handful of sand from the regions of the evil one below, he gave a yell of delight. Once more was the diving passage of arms with Jan Tregagle performed, and then Haidee looming in the distance, with cream and eggs, like the one of the Cyclades in a different livery, Uncle Dick cried out, ‘Come hither, Bet lass; look ‘now at the squire, down he goes agin, head foremost and ends ‘uppermost—d’ye see? I’m blamed if he hasn’t a tackled the old codger, and got to wind’ard of him. He can’t harm him, he can’t, ‘he’s bin a blessed somhow or anither, like them as are charmed for ‘long cripples and vipers. Now look to him coming along brave ‘like.’ ‘Well, I never in my born days,’ ejaculated Bets, ‘but ‘he’st a rue feller, he is—the Squire;’ and issuing forth from the

pool of terror and dismay, as in the days of a primeval state of bliss or convenience, our Bets wrapped us in a rough towel, and hissing through her teeth like an ostler, curried the cuticle with a rough hand and a soft heart. And Uncle Dick! Tregagle was beaten, and thereupon **enthroning himself** triumphantly upon a hillock that commanded the pool and its pigmy billows, in a jubilant voice, so that Tregagle might hear, he roared out in spite of the Megæra, 'Britannia 'rules the waves.'

M. F. H.

SWEET FODDER FROM MOULDY HAY.

THE conversion of old clothes into new cloth, by means of a shoddy machine, was doubtless an ingenious contrivance for producing a cheap material and making fortunes of fabulous magnitude in the briefest space of time. But were not the public imposed upon by the process? could that be called new cloth, every fibre of which had already done its work and suffered a certain amount of decay in another form? As well might that be called a new cable whose strands have been re-manufactured from the cordage of an old coaster; or that a new ship constructed from the timbers of a condemned hulk.

Mr. John Strange of Bath, however, has adopted a plan which is open to no such objection; by it, unsavoury, mouldy hay is at once converted into a fodder not only sweet and wholesome, but most acceptable to horses. The process is simple enough: the damaged hay is first chaffed by a most ingenious machine, contrived by Mr. Strange, and made to pay a double debt; namely, to chaff the hay and, at the same time, to break-in young horses. The chaff is then laid in an air-tight stone chamber, and through it a continuous jet of steam is forced, until the whole mass is thoroughly cleansed from its impurities and an aroma eliminated similar to that of new-made hay.

The mould is found to be a collection of minute fungi, which, when removed by the steam, no longer obstructs the development of the saccharine matter that still exists in the hay. The transmutation is perfect; sweeter chaff never went into a manger than is thus manufactured from hay which, in its mouldy condition, a hungry donkey would be loth to consume.

This conversion of bad fodder into good food, by a simple and inexpensive process, is unquestionably a great boon to man and horse; and we especially commend it to all interested in the well-doing of that most valuable animal. Indeed, after the late wet hay-harvest, its adoption in large establishments, we anticipate, will become general throughout the country.

JACK BLAKE ; OR, LANDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER II.—SIR FREDERICK ARRIVES IN THE 'LITTLE VILLAGE.'

ONE afternoon about three o'clock might be seen sauntering down Piccadilly towards the Park two gentlemen, both young though widely different in appearance ; the taller of the two was a magnificent young man of some two or three and twenty years, he was dressed with scrupulous care and neatness, quietly and without any effort to display or ostentation ; the other was an insipid good-looking *roué*, some years older than his friend ; he was got up in the most approved London style, within an inch of his life, and in his well-curled whiskers and varnished boots one might see at a glance the town *habitué*.

These were no other than Jack Blake and his friend Lord Lavender.

'Fwed, my boy !' said the latter, 'have you got no answer from your governor ? I twusted you would have had a line before this. What an infarnal bore dads won't wite as soon as one wants them ! I do not suppose for an instant you care about any letter that does not contain a cheque, or the pwomise of one.'

'Indeed then,' hastily interposed his companion, 'you do me a great wrong : on the contrary, there is nothing I like better than a good long letter from home, cheque or no cheque. I am not the mercenary fellow you take me for. I tell you what it is, Lavender,' said the young man, earnestly, tightening his grasp nervously on his companion's arm, 'I have been an ass ! No man in England has better parents than I have ; every comfort at home, do as I like—every want supplied, and nothing grudged. What right, then, have I to be in this cursed town killing myself by inches in idiotical riot and dissipation ? I have not been bred to it ; I don't like it ; I can't stand it. I shall give it up.'

His lordship stopped and looked for an instant at the flushed and excited face of his angry companion, and then burst into a merry, but forced fit of laughter.

'Good gwacious, Jack ! why you have lost all your spiwits, and got a fit of the blues. You took too much supper after the Opewa last night : the lobster disagweed with you. You have not been dinking this morning, have you ?'

'D—n the drink !' savagely answered the other. 'You know I do not drink ; that is not one of my many failings, or likely to be ; though it would have been better if I had drank prussic acid and put an end to this worthless life of mine.'

'What !' exclaimed his astonished lordship. 'Pwussic acid ? horwid idea ! Look here, Jack ; you have only been in town two months, and you have lost pretty nearly, or more than thwee thousand. I own it is a deuced bad entewy, but you must go on, and get it back. I would not twouble you for the two thousand

'you owe me, won at ecarté and loo—which you must own are splendid games, especially when you win—but your time will come—you cannot always lose, my boy. Now, I should like to handle those two thousand, or even part of it, because Anna Mawia is getting infewnally pwekking—in fact, I may say, mewcenary—and sweaws, if I do not give her a new bwougham and a pair of gweys, she will go off with Silery of the Blues; which would make me look uncommonly blue.' And he laughed listlessly at his own miserable joke. 'Not,' he continued, 'that I care for her now; but it makes a fellow look such a muff to be done, you know. I tell you what, though: if you will take her off my hands, I'll let you off the two thousand.'

'Take that painted Jezabel!' cried his friend. 'I would as soon take the devil, and sooner, too. But perhaps, Lavender, you forget, through your advice and instrumentality, I am engaged to your cousin; and most probably Kate would not like to hear of such a proceeding on my part.'

As he pronounced the word 'cousin' a peculiar look of pity, disdain and exultation flitted over the countenance of the unprincipled young nobleman; but the next instant all was as listless and indifferent as before.

'Good gwacious, Jack! what the dooce has that to do with mawiage?—a fellar can be mawied and have a *cher ami* too, can't he?'

'Upon my soul, Lavender,' returned his companion, 'you will forgive me—in fact, take it as a compliment, I know—when I say you are, without any exception, the most unprincipled rascal I ever met with. As for principle you do not know what it means—by Heavens, I ought not even to name it, for I have none myself, or I should not have gone on as I have; but sooner than be guilty of the act you have proposed, I would cut my hand off first. Your ideas and mine are totally different. I would not for worlds deceive any poor girl in that way.'

As he uttered the words, 'poor girl,' a close observer might have again remarked that peculiar look of his lordship's; but his young companion was too busy with his thoughts to observe it.

Whilst talking they had sauntered on and were just opposite Apsley House, where they stopped for an instant to observe a string of hunters going to Tattersall's.

'That is what I call a wemarkably nice and neat stwing of nags—are they not, Jack!' said his lordship. 'Some poor devil has been making the pace too hot, wattleling the bones, shaking his elbow, or something of that sort. Don't you ever wattle the bones, Jack, it does not pay; stick to ecarté or loo.'

'Yes,' replied the other, 'and if I go on and finish with those games as well as I have began them I shall make a good thing of it. No, Lavender,' he continued, bitterly, 'I play no more. I will pay what I owe, go down to the country again and live a quiet respectable life.'

‘ A wespectable life, Jack, is all very well but it’s devilish slow, and would not suit my constitution at all. What will you do with Tearaway and Wild Oats—do you mean to scratch them? But look at this twavelling cawidge coming along at a juce of a pace. Expwess railway speed!’

His companion as he looked became ashy pale, for he knew at a glance it was his father’s.

‘ D—n it, Lavender, come along—it’s the governor’s—I mean my father’s—they have come to town. By jingo they have seen us, and pulled up! You must stick by me—there will be a nice scene. You don’t know my father when he is up.’

‘ Take it cool, Jack, take it cool; don’t mind what is said to you—don’t get in a wage; it’s no use getting into a wage with one’s governor, you know. Do the affectionate and all that sort of wot.’

The young men approached the carriage which had drawn up by the curb; but instead of the burst of wrath the son expected the old Baronet held his hand out of the window, and kindly grasping that of his son’s, exclaimed—

‘ Well, my boy, you did not expect us, did you? We have all come up—your mother and Nelly. How do you do, Lord Lavender?—Lady Di and myself expect you to dinner this evening with Jack—Bath Hotel, Piccadilly—at seven o’clock.’

His son in the meantime had gone round to the other window.

‘ My dear boy,’ said his mother, ‘ we got your letters; your father is dreadfully cut up; but he will not be angry with you.’

‘ No, dear Jack,’ put in his sister, her sweet little face peeping out of the window; ‘ tell papa all, he hates concealment; it will be all right if you will only promise to be good and careful for the future—I know it will.’

‘ Got your letters, Jack, all right,’ whispered Sir Frederick, popping his head over that of his wife and daughter’s. ‘ Going to be married are you, you rascal? Well, well, we will talk about that by-and-by. Now do not be late. Go on, boys.’ And away went the carriage, leaving his lordship and his companion looking at each other in blank astonishment.

Jack was recalled to his situation by a ‘bus-driver bawling out, ‘ Now, governor, look alive! Brains a wool gathering? Wot’s the use of your hies?—Royal Pru-sian Blue ul be over yer—look sharp!’

His lordship was standing on the pavement complacently pulling his whiskers.

‘ Well, Jack,’ he exclaimed as the other approached, ‘ this beats cock fighting. Sir Fwedewick seems all wight, and thinks no more of those thwee thou, than thweepence. Take my advice and go in for a few hundweds more.’

His remarks fell unheeded, for the other seemed in a deep reverie.

‘ Let us move on,’ he continued; ‘ every one is looking at us; we will have a turn in the Park—there you can compose yourself;

'you weally look quite overcome. Better not see Kate to-day. I will call and make your excuses ; it won't do to go near her in that wretched state. I will tell her Sir Fwedewick, Lady Di, and your sister are come up. We must pwepawe her and get her into good spiwits.'

'I tell you what it is, Lavender,' exclaimed his companion, 'I am puzzled—deucedly puzzled. There is something about my father I cannot understand ; I cannot make it out. There is something under all this. However, I deserve anything I may get. I only wish I was out of this infernal scrape.'

Sauntering into the Park, bowing to one, talking to another, shaking hands with a third, our friend Jack gave up conjecturing and awaited the issue, which he doubted not would take place after dinner. At five they separated, the one to see his cousin Kate and dress, the other to consider what he should say to a deceived father.

'Well, Di,' said Sir Frederick as they drove off, 'did that please you ? Now, Nelly,' he continued, 'you must know your brother is engaged to be married to a cousin of Lord Lavender's. I do not know what she is like or anything about her ; but this I know, I do not like the connection ; the more I think of it, the less palatable it is to me. I must have everything my own way : neither you nor your mother must interfere with me. He must be got out of this mess and return to his home and duty.'

'But, Sir Frederick,' cried Lady Di, 'you will do nothing harsh—will you ?'

'Oh ! papa, you will not break his heart ?' exclaimed the daughter.

'Break his fiddlestick ! You are a little simpleton. Jack is made of stouter stuff. Hearts are not so easily broken, you puss. He must return with us ; and I will give him Grey Hercules—I will, by jingo ! Binns !' he exclaimed, as they passed into the hotel, 'come up to my room in half an hour.'

At the time desired the worthy old servant made his appearance in his master's room. The Baronet was busily engaged writing.

'There,' said he, folding up the note—'there's the first cast. Take a cab, Binns, and give this to Captain Portman ;—mum's the word, you know.'

'I hope it will be all right with Mr. John, Sir Frederick. I never saw a gentleman so much altered in my life : he never so much as said, "How are you, Binns ?" when he saw me : he never asked how his tap of claret was getting on. I, that nussed him him when quite a little kid—in fact, almost before he was born, as one might say ! It's right down heart breaking, sir, that's what it is !'

'Never mind,' interposed his master. 'Mind you bring the Captain back with you.'

And away went the old servitor on his errand.

Before going on with our story it may be as well to take a glimpse of the Baronet's note to his friend, which ran thus :

' Bath Hotel, Piccadilly,
' Tuesday Afternoon.

' DEAR PORTMAN,

' This instant arrived in town with Lady Di and Nelly.
' Jack has got in another mess and is going to be married. I cannot
' find anything about the young lady in "Burke," or others. There
' is something underhanded going on. Come to me at once.
' Old Harmony had a splendid litter of pups, by Bluebeard. I
' shall have a grand entry this year. I send Binns with this: he will
' tell you it is important I should see you.

' Yours ever,

' FREDERICK BLAKE.'

CRICKET.

WE must apologise for, and correct an error into which we fell last month, in making the *locus* of the Surrey and M.C.C. return match Lords', instead of the Oval. We are indebted to the writer of 'Cricket Notes,' in the 'Sporting Gazette,' for the opportunity of rectifying this mistake, and we must thank him for his kindness in so frequently casting a critical eye over our short paper on the month's cricket. We always read 'Cricket Notes' with interest, though we are unable at all times to yield consent to the conclusions arrived at by the writer. By-the-way, does he still approve of the sandwiches at Lords', and consider them clean, juicy, and highly nutritious? Our friend is dissatisfied with our criticisms on the Oxford and Cambridge match, and points exultingly to 'the logic of facts' as demonstrating the superiority of the Oxford eleven. But it is also in accordance with 'the logic of facts' that one swallow does not make a summer, and we have yet to learn that in a game so full of luck and chance as cricket, the winning is necessarily the better side. We certainly did not, and do not entertain those partisan feelings about the Oxford and Cambridge elevens of which we are accused. We expected that Oxford would win, and our modest 'fiver' was on the winning side; but our expectation was founded on a knowledge of the exceptional character of the match, and of the perverse contradictions of public form so constantly occurring in it, not by any means on a belief in the absolute superiority of the Oxford eleven. Look at the question from a very simple point of view. If a Gentlemen team were being got together against the Players, and two batsmen were wanted from the University elevens, who would get the first offers? In our opinion, Mr. Yardley and Mr. Thornton; and as there is not a man in either eleven good enough to be played for his bowling, the Oxford side would not be drawn upon at all under these circumstances. It would be hardly logical to draw from this fact the inference that Oxford was much stronger in batting this year than Cambridge.

We get a still more severe wiggling for our indifference to style at

cricket, and for an avowed preference for results—that is, the number of runs obtained or saved—to the particular means by which those results are brought about. On this point our critic clearly gives us up as a heretic past all redemption, and, after satisfying himself that we shall make but few converts, bids us ‘a sorrowful adieu.’ Whether we make few or many converts is of little consequence; the fact remains, however, much as it may be deplored by the admirers of style, that the most notable run-getters of the last ten years had been men of anything but correct style, men who rather have invented a style for themselves in defiance of all tradition and all the real or affected honour of cricket purists. Such was Mr. E. M. Grace, and when he was in full practice, he was rather in the habit of getting large scores. Such was Mr. R. D. Walker, who played his own game in his own way, who always got runs against the best of bowling, and who would have gone on doing so to this day had he not been unceremoniously pushed out of the Gentlemen and Players match, at the instigation of some idiots who thought his action stiff, and his method of hitting leg-balls remarkable. Such, too, were Mr. Drake and Mr. R. A. FitzGerald, who used to get more hundreds in a couple of seasons than half your men with a pretty style would get in their lifetime. Such, too, at the present day, is Mr. Thornton himself; and we fancy that by the time this season has come to an end, his average in first-class matches will be something to make the believers in style, and nothing but style, stare. However, there is no accounting for tastes, and we fancy we know the sort of cricket that the writer of ‘Cricket Notes’ and men of his school think the acmé of perfection. Bowlers who can deliver an unusual number of maiden overs, and batsmen who decline to touch any ball which there is the remotest chance of hitting up, are their *beau ideals*. We have often been struck at the vociferous applause with which a succession of maiden overs is received by a certain section of on-lookers at great matches, and still more at the strange shouts raised of ‘Well let alone,’ when very hittable balls are allowed to go by untouched. Now the art of bowling maiden overs is, to a man who has sufficient command over the ball, little more than a knack, and a very useless knack too. We can call to mind certain bowlers who lay themselves out for this. They pitch the ball rather short, and dead on the middle stump; and such a ball, if the ground has any life in it, it is almost impossible to get away. You can only play it, either back to the bowler, or towards mid-off or mid-on. And you want only the batsman, the bowler, and two men in the field: all the rest might lie down, which is, perhaps, another mark of scientific cricket. We have sometimes seen a man go on bowling for hours in this way, and then at the end of the day make a rush to the scoring-tent to discover the number of maiden overs he has delivered. Prodigious! say his friends and admirers. Look at his analysis: scarcely ten runs have been made off him in the last hour. But if one modestly inquires how many wickets have fallen to his share during the said hour, the man is quite offended, as if it were

unreasonable to expect that one person should unite in himself two such gifts as that of bowling maiden overs and taking wickets also. As is the bowler who prides himself on not being hit, so is the batsman who prides himself on not hitting for fear of giving chances, and who thinks a good deal more of the number of minutes or hours he can remain at the wickets, than of the number of runs he makes. There is some excuse for those professional batsmen who are in the habit of playing much against twenty-two's. Their naturally cramped style (we are quite aware of the exceptions) becomes of necessity still more cramped, and they become positively fearful of opening their shoulders, or putting the least powder into their hits. It was an axiom of Mr. E. M. Grace's, that every ball that would not hit the wicket, and was within reach of the batsman, ought to be hit by him without any exception. Of course many straight balls could be hit also, but that is another matter. But if a loose ball could be reached, and was not hit, he considered it a mistake on the part of the batsman. He certainly acted on that principle himself, as bowlers a few years ago had good reason to acknowledge; but it was a rank heresy, according to the theory of scientific cricket, which appears to be, as far as batting is concerned, that straight balls should be stopped, and loose ones let alone. Before parting from our critic, we must say that we should like to pick out eleven batsmen of incorrect and original style, and match them against eleven of pure and undefiled cricket orthodoxy. Both should receive the same bowling, the best that could be selected; and we would back the heretics to get twice as many runs as the orthodox, and in half the time. And therewith we bid our friend a genial adieu.

The first great match we have to notice was between the North and South, for the benefit of H. H. Stephenson. The North was not thoroughly represented, Daft, Freeman, and Emmett being all absentees; yet such is the strength of the North that their eleven, with even the losses, was quite formidable enough to take care of any team that did not include Mr. W. G. Grace. The Southern eleven might also have been stronger, for Pooley's injured finger compelled another wicket-keeper to be sought for, while his batting was also seriously interfered with. The match was sensational in every way, for Mr. W. G. Grace got out or was given out the very first ball. Again in this paper we shall have to record a similar incident, but both times the exulting bowler paid dearly in the second innings for his triumph in the first. We say advisedly, that Mr. Grace got out *or* was given out, for it was one of those miserable leg before wicket affairs; and though there cannot be a more efficient judge of the game than John Lillywhite, who gave the decision, we shall always maintain that in nine out of ten cases of leg before wicket the odds are about five to one in favour of the batsman. Mr. Grace himself was very dissatisfied with the decision; but as long as the authorities allow the few to remain in its present absurd and unintelligible form, so long will there be continual discontent and vexation. Despite the downfall of their great gun the Southerners amassed a goodly number

of runs, Charlwood, who has played all through the season with singular vigour and success, being the principal contributor. Jupp and R. Humphrey also played good innings. Clayton got six of the Southern wickets in the first innings, but in the second, when he had Mr. Grace to bowl at, he was hit all over the place. The great batsman's revenge for his discomfiture on the first day was signally overpowering. Out of 300 runs he made 200, and out of a total of 436 he contributed 268. He only gave one chance when he was getting well on towards his second hundred, and throughout punished every sort of bowling that was opposed to him with equal ease and severity. Howitt, J. C. Shaw, Clayton, M^cIntyre, Osocroft, Lockwood, and Hayward, were all tried, but all without avail, till, at last, a catch at the wicket off Shaw's bowling put an end to this wonderful batting performance. The North, despite the absence of Daft and other noted batsmen, creditably sustained their reputation; indeed one of the finest features of the match was the batting of Lockwood and Smith in the second innings, and to them mainly is due the fact that the North were able to draw the match and escape defeat. Of course they must have been beaten, had it been played out, and as long as Mr. W. G. Grace plays for the South, it is only a question of his coming off for the South to win, or, at any rate, to have all the best of it. Without him the South would have little chance of shaking the Northern supremacy. In regard to the particular object for which this match was played, we may remark that it was a complete success. The weather was fine, and the attendance enormous, and Stephenson must have been highly satisfied with the result.

The Canterbury week comes next on our list, and the weather was uninterruptedly fine from the first day to the last. The heat, indeed, was intense, and possibly on that account the run getting was not quite so gluttonous as usual. The first match of the week was nominally between the North and South, but neither side played their real strength, the Northern eleven being especially weak. The match introduced us to Mr. Rose as a slow underhand bowler, his first appearance, we believe, in a first-class contest, and, singularly enough, he came off all through the week, obtaining no fewer than twenty-five wickets, seven of which were caught and bowled. Mr. Rose, indeed, fields extraordinarily well to his own bowling, which is not so pitched up as is usual with slow bowlers. It does not appear to have so much curl on it as Mr. Drake's, and though it looks easy enough we must accept the results of the week as proof that it was not found so by the many excellent batsmen who succumbed to it. On the other side, Willsher was the hero of the bowling, and never has that distinguished bowler acquitted himself so well as in this, the last Canterbury week, we suppose, in which he will take an active part. Four wickets in the first and seven in the second fell to him, and those seven were obtained for 46 runs only, or an average of between six and seven runs for each wicket. The North had a considerable 'tail,' it is true, but Lockwood, Smith, Carpenter,

Mr. Intyre, and Mr. Mitchell were among the seven. Lockwood, however, in the first, and Mr. Dale in both, innings showed fine batting. Mr. Dale's 64 was one of his very best performances. Pooley, Mr. Thornton, and Mr. W. G. Grace, pretty well monopolised the Southern batting, and the latter was so unfortunate as to fall a victim for the second time to an umpire, just when he was playing his very best—he had scored 40—and was evidently on the way to one of his colossal innings. Royston, who gave him out (run out), is not at all the man to be appointed umpire in any match of the first importance. His decisions have very much, too much, of the happy-go-lucky character about them. Mr. Thornton's 52 in the first innings included eight fours, and in his 26 in the second innings there were four fours. And Mr. Thornton's 'fours' would be most of them worth a good deal more if they could be run out. In the end the South won by 100 runs, but the match cannot be said to have been one of great interest. Nor was the next, between the M.C.C. and G. and the County of Kent, for the county was palpably over-matched, and that melancholy *finale*, a one innings defeat, was in store for them. Some of the best Kent batsmen were absent, but had they been there, they could scarcely have hoped to beat the very strong M.C.C. eleven opposed to them, particularly as Willsher cannot bowl at both ends, and Kent is very weak, excepting him, in bowling. Mr. Grace got 117, and the Kent eleven could only get three more. And as Mr. Dale and Mr. J. D. Walker also scored freely for M.C.C., the issue of the match was pretty evident. Mr. Thornton clearly thought it too hot for a long stay at the wickets, though he might have remembered that he rarely has much running to do, as he usually hits far over the boundaries, however distant they may be. In his first merry little innings of 14 there were three 'fours' over various tents, and in his second contribution of 19 were also three fours and one six. So that there is not much margin left for scientifically managed singles. It will not escape the notice of those who have paid attention to the cricket of this season, that Mr. Thornton gets many more runs off professionally than off amateur bowling. Again was much dissatisfaction caused at a decision of the umpire—Fryer this time—by which Mr. Dale got a second life. We can cordially agree with the remark of the writer of 'Cricket Notes' in the 'Sporting Gazette' on this point: 'In our opinion a clear half of the umpires who are, day after day, in occupation of the post are, from one cause or another, unfit to stand.' Many of them do not even know the rules of the game—(so far as they can be ascertained, and we must allow that many of the laws are so absurdly expressed that no human being could undertake to construe them)—and a great number of those who do are a great deal too indolent and apathetic to pay that undivided attention to every move in the game, without which no umpire can fairly accomplish his duty. The concluding match of the Canterbury week, between I Zingari and the Gentlemen of Kent requires no notice, except to say that Mr. Mitchell played two fine innings; and, indeed, it would have been odd

if he had not come off against the bowling of the Gentlemen of Kent, which, with the exception of Mr. Lipscombe's, was very weak. Mr. Eccles's slows ought not to disturb a batsman of Mr. Mitchell's *calibre* in the smallest degree.

A far greater and far more interesting contest than any witnessed at Canterbury took place the week after at Brighton. This was the great match between the Gentlemen and Players, for John Lillwhite's benefit; and the two elevens were so good, and the weather was so sufficiently favourable, that even in Brighton, the town of all others most unappreciative of cricket, or any manly sport, and in Sussex, the county of all others most apathetic and niggardly in its support of cricket (regard being had to its wealth and its old traditions), there was a sufficient gathering to produce a result not wholly unsatisfactory to the veteran player. Yorkshire was unrepresented in the Players' eleven, and Mr. Hornby was absent from the Gentlemen's side; but, take it altogether, they were fair representative elevens. For the second time this season, Mr. W. G. Grace was disposed of by the first ball he received; and this time there was no doubt about it, for he was clean bowled. Curiously enough, J. C. Shaw has on both occasions secured his wicket; and if our memory serves us, the same bowler got rid of him for a round 0 at Canterbury last year in the North and South match, first innings. No other bowler in England can lay claim to having performed such a feat three times in two years. Whether they were discomfited by the fall of their great leader, or whether there was something queer about the wicket (not a common thing on the Brighton ground) that just suited J. C. Shaw's bowling, for some reason or another, the strong Gentlemen eleven went down for the comparatively small score of 159, of which Mr. Mitchell had made 50, when he was run out by a fine piece of fielding between Mr. Thornton and Mr. Turner. Mr. I. D. Walker's 37 was an excellent performance, and Mr. G. F. Grace, though he could not get very many runs, made a stand at a time when a stand was much wanted. The bowling was remarkably good. J. C. Shaw, elated with his demolition of M. W. G. Grace's wicket at the first ball, surpassed himself, and seven wickets fell to him, all bowled. This is a great feat on the Brighton ground, where we have seen a bowler like Willsher hammering away for hours without getting a wicket. The Players' innings began badly; but Carpenter and Charlwood made the desired stand, and their fine play rapidly raised the score, till in the end the Players headed their opponents score by nearly 40. Mr. W. G. Grace and Mr. Appleby were the successful bowlers. The latter, of course, is by far the best; but Mr. Grace had some of that remarkable luck which enabled him a few years ago to obtain so many wickets. He got, for instance, both Jupp and Carpenter given out leg before wicket from his bowling; and from what we have previously said about decisions on that point, it will not be thought likely that we should give the bowler much credit for a wicket or wickets that fall in that way. Mr. G. F. Grace did not come off at all, and, in opposition, no doubt, to the

opinions of a great many, we must say that we consider him as being a long way from a good bowler. The second innings of the Gentlemen was a *replica*, so far as Mr. W. G. Grace was concerned, of the second innings of the South in Stepenson's benefit match. After a calm comes a storm—we are not quite certain if that is the correct reading of the proverb—and after a duck's egg, in Mr. Grace's first innings, come 200 runs in his second. Two hundred and seventeen were the runs which he obtained, to the delight of the thousands of spectators, many of whom may not have seen him since his previous appearance at Brighton seven or eight years ago, when he got about 150 runs or more, if we recollect right, against the Gentlemen of Sussex. After which the Gentlemen of Sussex speedily gave up cricket, and took to croquet. The critics say that this innings of Mr. Grace was not one of his best, and certainly he was let off when he had got only 21; but the bowling, especially of J. C. Shaw, was really wonderfully good, and no human being that ever lived could have got 200 runs off it without giving more than one, perhaps more than half-a-dozen chances. Mr. G. F. Grace played a capital second with 98, and his batting seemed to be appreciated, if possible, more than his brother's. Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Lubbock batted in their best style; and Mr. Thornton, who in the first innings had made 14 by one 6, one 4, and sundries, surpassed all his previous hitting achievements by making 34 runs in about ten minutes, the 34 being made up of seven 4's and one 6. This is what a man without style can accomplish against first-rate bowling. With two hours and a half to play, and over 450 runs to get to win, it was, of course, the object of the Players to ensure a draw; but things looked bad when Jupp, Smith, M'Intyre, and Daft were all out for 67. The required stand was made by Carpenter and Hayward, old hands both at winning and saving matches when well set together; and owing to their exertions it was that there were still four wickets to fall when time was called. No thing could be more monotonous than the play during the last hour and half; the straight balls were stopped, but not a single loose one was hit at. Under the circumstances such a course was quite justifiable; but far be it from us to call that sort of play scientific cricket. Rather, it was unavoidable insipidity; and while giving all credit to the two men for performing their irksome task (it is as irksome to play against time as to talk against time) with marvellous stolidity and perseverance, we must express the fervent hope that it may not be our fate often to look on at cricket of that description. We must add a word in praise of Mr. Appleby, the only good fast amateur bowler in England, and of Mr. Turner, who kept wicket with great smartness.

We have left three matches played by Gloucestershire for the conclusion of this paper. That with Surrey was a foregone conclusion, though Dr. Grace and Mr. W. G. Grace were both got rid of for insignificant scores. The third Grace came to the rescue, and Mr. Matthews made the colossal score of 201, a contribution somewhat above his real form, as much as Mr. Hadow's 217 was above his.

By such means the Gloucestershire total was increased to 400 ; and Surrey's two creditable innings did not quite reach this figure ; the victory, in one innings, remaining with the young county. Pooley, R. Humphrey, T. Humphrey, and Mr. Gregory were the chief run-getters for Surrey. Jupp has not shown his usual form this season, save on a few occasions. We should have thought that the moderate Gloucestershire bowling would not have troubled him much. The two matches between Gloucestershire and Nottinghamshire were, perhaps, the most interesting to lovers of cricket of any that have taken place this season ; and the crushing defeat of Gloucestershire in the return match, despite Mr. W. G. Grace's fine scores of 79 and 116, proved—if proof was needed—the futility of relying on amateur bowling. The first match ended in a draw, Nottingham having 121 runs to get and six wickets to fall ; and though Daft (51) was not out, and not likely to get out, we are doubtful if the remaining Nottingham men would have stopped long enough for him to win the match ; for he requires a deal of time to manipulate one of his great innings. For Gloucestershire the three Graces did most of the run-getting. The Doctor made 65, Mr. W. G. 78 and 55, and Mr. G. F. 12 and 46 (not out). Bignall and Daft—and the latter has never played all through a season in such continuously fine form—did most of the work for Nottingham. The former is rather despised by the critics—something in his style, we suppose, is objected to ; but he is an uncommonly fine hitter, and generally gets his runs at a good pace. The two Shaws did all the Nottingham bowling. The return match was a grand triumph for Nottingham ; for though Mr. W. G. Grace got 79 and 116 (pretty good scores to start with), the Gloucestershire bowling went so utterly to pieces that Nottingham won in one innings, all but one run. Bignall (96) and Daft (84) were again the largest contributors ; and three amateurs, not much known to fame, Mr. Tolley, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Royle, put together 126 runs amongst them. A plain proof, this, of the weakness of the bowling. The match, however, was in every way a splendid success ; for not only did the home county win (and the Nottingham men are wonderfully keen about winning, and wonderfully fond of seeing their great champion Daft defying the bowling), but also they had the opportunity of seeing Mr. W. G. Grace play two great innings, of which they showed their thorough appreciation by no stinted applause. The result will be a lesson to aspiring Gloucestershire that no county can depend on its batting alone, and that moderate amateur bowling cannot be expected to dispose of the steadiest and most hard-working eleven in England. We must not omit to add that J. C. Shaw, who at the beginning of the season seemed quite off his bowling, speedily recovered his position, and is now as difficult and as destructive as ever. In the match of which we have last spoken, he got nine wickets in the first, and four in the second innings.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE Regatta of the Royal Southern Yacht Club at Southampton proved a worthy prelude to the great doings off the Isle of Wight; and though the meeting was confined to a single day, and there was unhappily no Queen's Cup to be sailed for, a fair breeze and good entries combined to make the sport attractive. The principal event was the match for Sir Bruce Chichester's Cup, which secured half a dozen starters, consisting of the two veterans *Volante* (H. C. Maudslay) and *Wildfire* (J. T. Turner), as well as *Alcyone* (Sir W. Topham), *Niobe* (A. Heyman), *Tartar* (B. C. Greenhill), and *Rosebud* (T. Chamberlayne). The *Muriel*, which has recently changed hands from Mr. Bridson to Mr. T. Brassey, was entered, but did not start. The course was about forty miles, from off the Town Pier, round the Brambles, outside the Spit Buoy and Black Jack, twice round. There was a fair westerly wind, and the two old 'uns, with Sir William Topham's cutter, kept well together at first, but at the close of the round *Volante* was leading by over five minutes, *Alcyone* next, the *Wildfire* having fallen astern. During the second round the leaders kept their positions, and Mr. Maudslay's old clipper won with a couple of minutes to spare; but she was disqualified by the Committee, on a protest by Sir W. Topham, who thereby took the Commodore's prize. The Vice-Commodore's Cup, for yachts under thirty tons, brought together the well-known fifteen tonners, *Ildegonda* and *Dudu*, and a yawl, *Wild Duck* (E. Macauley). The first-named held the lead throughout, and won easily.

The doings of the Royal Yacht Squadron commenced as usual with the Queen's Cup, over the old Queen's course, and everything that mortals could do to ensure success was done. The arrangements of the Committee displayed experience and forethought, youth and beauty were in attendance in the plenitude of their charms, and nothing was wanting but a breeze, which however, did not come, and its absence reduced the first day's match to profitless drifting, as it had to be resailed. The entries embraced most of the cracks of the season—schooners, the *Guinevere* (Commodore Thellusson), *Egeria* (J. Mulholland), *Aline* (R. Sutton), *Harlequin* (Colonel Markham), *Shark* (Duke of Rutland), and *Flying Cloud* (Count Batthyany); cutters, *Foxhound* (Marquis of Ailsa), *Rosebud*, *Muriel*, and *Hirondelle* (Lord H. Lennox), and a new yawl, the *Day-dream* (Lieut.-Colonel Lloyd), which, like the *Harlequin*, was built last winter by Ratsey. However, there was sad want of a breeze, and as they started eastwards with a very light S.W. wind, it appeared almost impossible for the match to be completed, although the Committee had extended the limit from 9 P.M. to an hour and a half later. Any details of such an affair would be manifestly tedious. *Egeria* and *Flying Cloud* made the best of it during the day; but as evening approached *Guinevere* held the empty honour of the lead. The match had to be sailed again, which was done on the following Monday, when the *Muriel*, *Day-dream*, and *Aline* did not appear. The wind, which proved a trifle better than on the first occasion, came S.E., and the yachts, starting eastwards, had, of course, a dead beat to begin with. *Foxhound*, *Hirondelle*, and *Egeria* were in front until near the Nab, when the latter overreached herself, and thus let up the *Flying Cloud* and *Rosebud*. The run back was very slow, the little *Foxhound* keeping her position at the head of the fleet, and the second time round, while the breeze was gradually dying away, she managed to get home half an hour ahead of the rest, scoring an easy victory. It was undoubtedly

a brilliant performance for the Marquis of Ailsa's thirty-five tonner to show her stern to such a fleet of cracks; but most spectators would have preferred a little more rudeness on the part of Boreas. The squadron's second day was devoted to cutters, over the Queen's course, once round. Entries consisted of Oimara (J. Wylie), Condor (W. Walker), Garrion (T. Houldsworth), Vanguard (W. Turner), Volante, Alcyone, Muriel, Niobe, and Foxhound. The wind being S.E., it was a case of beating to the Nab, where the Vanguard had a strong lead, Garrion and Foxhound showing the way to the rest of the fleet. In the run home the two first improved their position, and the Oimara headed the Foxhound, though the sun had killed the breeze, and they were at times almost becalmed. Vanguard won with plenty to spare, and the Marquis of Ailsa took second honours by time. The Town Cup secured nineteen entries, all of which, except Hirondelle and Wildfire, came to the post. All the vessels we have mentioned as entering for the Queen's Cup and the cutter race were among the number, except the Condor, Shark, and Day-dream, and in addition were the Livonia and Gwendolin (Major Ewing). The wind (S.E.), though utterly inadequate to show off big ships to advantage, was an improvement on the previous day. The one-masters had the best of it throughout, Vanguard showing well in front quite early in the day, and though caught by the Oimara close home, Mr. Turner won the cup with plenty in hand. The programme concluded with the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup, which secured half a dozen entries; but only the Aline and Livonia were started, though Mr. Mulholland meant the Egeria (last year's winner) to go, but not being quite ready, asked for a short delay, which, however, was not granted. Considering that one condition of the Cup is, 'three to start or no race,' it appears questionable whether the authorities would not have done better to alter their hour of sailing, than the conditions of the match. However, so it was, and the Egeria's victory last year, therefore, goes for nothing, as the prize has to be carried off three times in succession by the same yacht before it is absolutely won. The course was round the Shambles, and back round the Nab. Livonia had a slight advantage at first, but Mr. Sutton's clipper soon coming up, the two vessels had a magnificent struggle, which lasted throughout the day and well into the night, as it was nearly 2 A.M. when they passed the winning line, the Aline leading by a minute and a half. The wind at starting was strong N.W., and throughout the day there was little to complain of in this respect; indeed the match, though unfortunately deprived of part of its interest by the absence of the Egeria, was a delightful contrast to the previous affairs. Apart from the closeness of the contest, it was worth seeing as a fine trial of the Livonia, of which so high expectations were formed, and proved conclusively her inferiority to Mr. Sutton's vessel. How far this can be obviated by alterations remains to be seen; but at present the fact stands undisputed.

The Ryde week, under the auspices of the Royal Victoria Club, headed their programme with the Marquis of Exeter's Plate, which from lack of wind appeared likely to be a slow affair. The Committee had, however, wisely suspended the 'nine o'clock limit' law, so the match was certain to be decided without a second start. The course was from Ryde Pier round the West Buoy of the Middle to Bullock Patch Buoy, then to Whitecliff and back, twice round, making about sixty miles. Egeria, Livonia, Aline, Guinevere, Gwendolin, Pantomime, Harlequin, Goshawk (T. Broadwood), and Wildfire made the entries, and with a light S.E. wind they went away to a flying start. Livonia, which was first off, showed rather to advantage in a gentle breeze, and con-

tested the lead with Guinevere for the greater part of the journey, indeed at the close she was two minutes ahead of her. It was a magnificent race throughout, Egeria, Livonia, and Guinevere sailing through the night almost within hail of one another, and finishing, after each in turn had appeared with an advantage, by the Livonia getting home half a minute ahead of the Egeria, which was a minute and a half in front of Guinevere. Under these circumstances, of course, Mr. Mulholland won by time, and very glad were both winners and losers to get to their journey's end. While this twenty-hours' match had been going on, the yawls of the village had been merrily working for the prizes given by Mr. Brett and Mr. Sutton. This rig does not often get a race to itself, and the entry was very good. Hyacinth (Marquis of Exeter), Gertrude (Major Tharp), Enid (G. Putland), Hirondelle (Lord H. Lennox), Druid (T. Groves), and Tartar. It was a pity Colonel Lloyd's Day-dream was not entered, as she is a promising-looking craft, and such a trial would have been satisfactory to her owner and his friends, who have justly a high opinion of the vessel. The match lay between the Druid and Hirondelle nearly all the way, until, nearing home, the former fell astern, and Hirondelle won with something to spare. After a day's idleness, the Commodore's Cup brought together a fair entry of yawls and cutters, Volante, Menai (W. F. Stutfield), Hirondelle, Luna (J. Lipscomb), Marina (J. C. Morice), and sundry others. Owing to a touch of the old complaint, shortness of wind, it was a tedious affair; suffice to say, the Menai was first home, and won. It is almost too bad to dismiss the following day's match, the Town Cup, in a similarly cursory manner, as the brilliant entries demand, it would seem, more extended notice; but the combined attractions of Guinevere, Egeria, Aline, Livonia, Vanguard, Condor, Garrion, Gertrude, Enid, and others cannot ensure a breeze, and the affair resulted in a drifting match in the lightest of S.E. winds, which died away to zero as the day advanced. The possession of the lead lay between Gertrude and Garrion, the latter getting first home, though the yawl won easily by her allowance, after a most tedious race, which extended to early morning.

The Royal Albert Club, at Southsea, though nearly as unfortunate as its brethren of Cowes and Ryde in point of weather, is entitled to notice for its Corinthian race, in which those diminutive clippers Ildegonda, Fairlie, Dudu, and Gipsy took part. Starting with a very light wind (E.), which improved towards evening, Fairlie and Ildegonda made a fine race throughout, the former winning by five minutes at the finish. In the schooner match, a quintette of well-known talent were collected, Egeria, Gloriana, Flying Cloud, Wildfire, and Harlequin. Of course, they hadn't enough breeze; but Egeria and Flying Cloud made a very pretty race of it; the former getting home first, though Count Batthyany won easily by time. The Rear-Commodore's Cup, for cutters, sailed under pretty similar conditions, resulted in a decided victory for the Alcione, the others being far astern. The Albert Cup, for cutters, had eight entries, of which the Oimara did not start, Alcione, Foxhound, Garrion, Glance, Menai, Niobe, and Vanguard composing the squadron. With a light S.E. wind, and tide against them, slow progress was made, Alcione showing the way at first; but later the struggle lay between Vanguard, Garrion, and Menai, the first and last named taking the prizes. For the Vice-Commodore's Cup, Ildegonda and Fairlie had another tight fit, and the latter was again first in; but Ildegonda was adjudged the winner on a protest.

However the three-figure tonnages may get on, there is always plenty of

vitality amongst the owners of small craft, who are most of them genuine yachtsmen in their way, and personally useful on board. A new Club, the Junior Thames, has been started at Greenhithe, and inaugurated its career with a match for small craft, from Greenhithe round the West Blyth and home. In the first class, Merlin and Echo had a rare struggle; but the latter fouling the Merlin when she was on the starboard tack, was of course disqualified on protest. Merlin's owner, however, with very unnecessary chivalry, gave up the prize to be sailed for on a future occasion.

In rowing circles, the tragic end of Renforth, the Champion Sculler of the World, at the age of twenty-eight, has almost monopolised conversation. Last month we mentioned that his crew were on their way across the Atlantic, to contest a four-oared race with the men of St. John's, New Brunswick, over a six-mile course (three out and home), on the Kennebecasis river. Satisfactory reports were from time to time received of the doings of the crew, which consisted of Renforth (stroke), Kelley, Chambers, and Percy (bow), and so general was the feeling that their victory was a foregone conclusion, that two and three to one was laid at the scene of action; but with very few takers. For particulars of the sad affair we are indebted to the 'Newcastle Daily Chronicle,' which was, we believe, the only English paper represented by a special reporter, from whose able accounts sent by telegram, and published in their columns on the 24th and following days, we learn that on Wednesday the 23rd, the morning of the race, which was to start soon after 7 A.M., the men appeared in excellent health and spirits, and after an early breakfast, put off in their boat for the great event. The course is quite straight, but they had won the slight advantage of station, and the river was perfectly smooth. On the St. John's men joining them at the starting-post, they went off to a perfect start, the oars catching the water simultaneously; at the third stroke the Queen Victoria (Renforth's boat) was three feet ahead, and in two hundred yards they had quite half a length. Here Renforth appeared to falter and pull irregularly; but the rest of the crew working gallantly they kept their advantage for another two hundred yards, so that about a quarter of a mile had been rowed. Renforth now began to sway about from side to side, and the St. John's men drew up until at half a mile they were three lengths ahead. Kelley (No. 3) here called on Renforth, and his undying pluck kept him at work, though evidently in a sinking condition; at last, when they had gone a mile and a quarter, the oar dropped from his hand, and saying to Kelley, 'Harry, I've had something,' he fell back utterly powerless. Percy and Chambers paddled the boat to shore, while Kelley supported the dying man, and having reached the bank, he was conveyed to his training quarters, where the 'Chronicle's' reporter and the members of the crew were indefatigable in their attentions. A doctor was summoned; but before he arrived Renforth had recovered consciousness, and was just able to say, 'It's not a fit I've had—I will tell you all about it directly.' He then became cold and almost pulseless. Mr. Blakey, who had also accompanied the crew from Newcastle, and stood umpire for them, united in the efforts made to restore circulation, but without any good result; and on a vein being opened, the blood would scarcely flow, which showed that the case was hopeless, and, to quote the words of the 'Chronicle,' 'At a quarter to nine o'clock, within two hours of the time when he had left the same house full of health and spirits, our dear comrade and England's greatest oarsman passed quietly to rest without a struggle, and apparently without pain, in the arms of the most skilful competitor he ever

'had, and one of his truest friends—Harry Kelley.' From the few words poor Renforth was able to utter after starting for the race, it was evidently his conviction that he had been drugged, though his utter want of power even while briefly conscious prevented his explaining the impression which was clearly, so strong in his mind. His mates, and the little band of companions who were the mournful attendants during his last moments, had the same belief, which is shared by others, whose opinion, from practical knowledge, is entitled to respect. The view taken is doubtless this, that a drug was administered to Renforth, which has no perceptible effect until one takes exercise, when you begin to feel drowsy, and the more you work and exert yourself, the weaker and more helpless you become. Undoubtedly such drugs exist; but too much weight must not be given to the hastily formed opinions of his friends, who, while they would not knowingly make an unjust charge, cannot fail, from their position and the circumstances of the case, to be prejudiced. It may be that the suspicions are well-founded; but there can be little doubt that Fulton, the gallant stroke of the St. John's men, and his fellows had no hand in the dastardly deed, and can in no way be shown to be *participes criminis*. At the present moment we know so little of the medical facts of the case, that almost any theories are excusable, and can only hope that, in the interests of honour and justice, the fullest investigation will be made. Renforth had confessedly been the victim of occasional fits, but his violent disclaimer, uttered to Kelley during the race, that this was no fit, must not be overlooked, as, having experience of those terrible visitations, he might reasonably be able to discriminate. A *post mortem* examination was held, and an analysis of the contents of the stomach arranged to be made, so that if this be adequately performed, the result should set at rest all doubts upon the subject. James Renforth, a Tynesider by birth, was, in the autumn of 1867, unknown beyond Newcastle, where he had shown very decided ability as a swimmer, and was developing his remarkable powers as sculler and oarsman. His fame travelling south, it was intended by Kelley's principal backer, Mr. Bush, that he should be brought out against Joe Sadler, who was then in strong antagonism to Kelley's party; and, as Sadler was ready to row any one bar Kelley, a match was expected. This, however, fell through, and Renforth made his appearance at the Thames Regatta in the sculls, when he beat Joe Sadler so far that he was forthwith matched for the championship with Harry Kelley, whom he beat with the greatest ease on the 17th November, 1868. Those who saw that race, and were best qualified to judge, considered that Kelley was in good form, and rowed magnificently; but the Tynesider had the pace of him all the way, and was never extended. In the following year, at the Thames Regatta, he again won the sculls, beating Kelley and Sadler; but in the fours his crew were beaten by Hammerton's team. A boat had interfered with Renforth's chance, and being dissatisfied with the result, he challenged the winners for home and home matches, both of which he won. On his first excursion to America to row the St. John's men, his crew won easily, and their defeat led to the present affair, which has had so tragical a termination. Of course we cannot here allude to half his performances, but have endeavoured to glance at the most prominent, and those in connexion with which the great aquatic fame of Renforth will be most generally remembered. Like most of the sculling champions—whether professional or amateur—he was *facile princeps* in a pair-oar, and his doings, alongside of those of Kelley, Chambers, Casamajor, Playford, Stout, Long, and Woodgate, who, like Casamajor, was by far the best amateur waterman of

his day, go to prove that sculling supremacy is nearly akin to the most artistic form of oarsmanship. Renforth's body is to be brought home to Newcastle for burial, and, in that sport-loving town, where rowing is the popular diversion, and almost the most honoured profession, the remains of England's greatest sculler will receive fitting honour.

Staines Regatta, which last year produced some excellent sport, this year suffered, like many others, from a plethora of meetings. In the Senior Fours Oscillators beat Staines, and Twickenham beat Thames, but the final was a w.o. for the Surbiton crew, the Twickenham expecting to have more time allowed them to get to the post. We don't know who was to blame for the muddle, but it was hard luck for Twickenham, who in another four-oared race, the Ladies' Plate, beat the Oscillators, but had to succumb to the Ino in the final. For the Juniors, Ino were also victorious, winning with the greatest ease from the Waldegrave Club. At Kingston the revival of the Regatta was a success as far as the rowing went, but the weather was simply awful, the rain falling so heavily that the chignon contingent, who generally muster in great force at Surbiton, had a bad time of it. Long and Gulston won the Pairs pretty easily from Corrie and Mair, but the Kingston men had an unexpected revenge in the Fours. London had their Stewards' crew entire, and Kingston brought out four good men, who had, however, been very little together, so it looked a moral, though after Walton nothing afloat should be called so. The race was a fine one; Kingston jumped off with the lead, and though London pressed them throughout, they were never actually headed, and won a most exciting struggle by just less than a length. In the sculls, the evergreen Ryan had a benefit, as Slater, who is the most unfortunate of oarsmen, did not get down in time, so his only opponent was F. Chappell, whom he beat easily. Kingston won Local, and Junior Fours, and Junior Sculls, so altogether the red and white had a good day. York Regatta brought out Fawcus, who, as holder of the Diamond and Wingfield Sculls and the Thames Cup, is confessedly now the best amateur for single harness. He was, however, beaten for the Ouse Championship, breaking his scull against the bank, but won the Fours for the Tynemouth Rowing Club. This year's Doggett resulted in the victory of a young Mackinney, whose father will be remembered as a good man in his day. The Fishmongers' Company chartered a steamer for the occasion; and if they will next year insist on the men wearing or carrying conspicuous colours, the race will be made reasonably intelligible to the spectators, who are now chiefly occupied in arguing whether that is Bill Brown, of Blackfriars, or Jack Jones, of Lambeth, who is leading, and the point is often not satisfactorily cleared up until the race is over. The old opponents J. Taylor and Mark Addy have met again, this time in a heat of the scullers' race at the North of England Regatta. They were drawn together by agreement, and bet a level pony on the result. Addy led at half a mile, and came across to take Taylor's water, which he should not have done, as they were rowing with the rule that each keeps his course. Taylor was, however, able to row on to him, thus winning on the foul, besides which he came in first, as Addy did no more than paddle the rest of the way. Addy has since challenged Taylor, and there will doubtless be another race. Young Sadler and W. Biffen are also matched, so that, with the Thames Regatta to look forward to, rowing matters may be considered comparatively brisk.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—August Abstracts.—Brighton Beauties.—Mutton Moralities.—
Racing Recollections, and Yachting Yarns.

WITH August the summer began in earnest, and so sultry was the weather that, in the words of Sydney Smith, one wished to sit upon a rock in one's bones. It is true that, on the hottest of days, Mr. Gilbert Grace could run two or three hundred runs, and scarcely turn a hair; but then he never smokes, and the little that he drinks is pure water; an example not generally followed during the past month by his brother cricketers, whose consumption of 'Badminton,' 'shandygaff,' and other cool drinks was considerable. Happily, the twelfth of August fell upon a Saturday, so that our friends, who about mid-day were in the condition, depicted in Punch, of the celebrated Mr. Briggs, had ample time to recover for what might truly be called the second heat. Bags were good.

Noctes coenaeque Deum. Is it so, thou Queen of watering-places (we allude to Brighton), as thou art fondly termed by admirers? You keep high festival, we know, during that 'Sussex fortnight,' of which we get so tired of reading about in the sporting papers; your hotels are crammed with the *élite* of Belgravia, as well as the Tottenham Court Road; your lodgings are occupied by all nations and languages (which some of the latter are bad, as Mrs. Brown would say); your pier is a mixture of Lady Slapdash's, small and early, with a large infusion of Cremorne, and Mrs. Perkins's last ball; your race-course is, on the Cup Day, a Derby duodecimo; your days are, save for a westerly gale now and then, days of pleasantness, your nights are winged hours when 'Atkino' speeds the flying ball, and the smiles of Mutton's lure us to repose. Is it so, then, thou Queen, sitting crowned on thy dusty and chalky throne, with thy golden Jerusalem and the people thereof, thy Bedford, thy Norfolk, and thy Ships? Do we really in that 'Sussex fortnight' hold the revels of Olympus within thy pale?

'Dear ugly Brighton;' how the oft-quoted words of the witty Theodore recur to us as we burst out of the station on the Friday of that Goodwood the Fatal, which will live in so many memories, and has tried so many pockets, and drive down the tortuous and narrow streets that lead to the elysium of the King's Road. But there is the blessed sea, which will even make Brighton beautiful; and there is the Old Ship, which will soothe the tempers of even such growlers and grumblers as ourselves, the Ship that has weathered all the storms of limited liabilities, and rides out the gale at its old moorings, as gallantly as it did more years ago than we care to remember; and there is 'Arthur' ready to welcome us, and there are the same jolly old boys lounging about its doors; and the same little Adas, with the golden hair, chance to be passing the corner of Ship Street just as that annoying gust of wind, which takes such unwarrantable liberties with them, comes up from the sea; and there is 'James' (plucky James) ready to take our 'tip' (unfortunate James), and there is pretty Miss Chapman, who immediately button-holes us, and there is Mrs. Sidford looking as she has looked for years, assisted by a charming brunette, who 'knocks holes' into susceptible majors and subalterns, as she pours out sherry; and there is 'Louis' who rushes out to greet us with hearty German greeting; and, in fact, we are landed into all the pleasures, the noise, and excitement of Brighton at race time. It means so much that phrase, 'race time.' It is the excuse for so many foibles, the apology for so much that is 'naughty' while, we suppose, it is 'nice,' we do so many things that we

ought not to do (we are not aware if we leave anything undone), we spend the rosy hours in such a *very* rosy way that the moralities of 'the Queen,' there is no doubt, suffer a severe strain. She bears it nobly, however, and whatever her sufferings, like the Spartan youth, she makes no sign. Conceive the feelings of 'Mutton's,' for instance, when the rosy hours are at their rosiest, and that well-known restaurant is alive with the rank and fashion of Brompton and the Wood. 'Mutton's,' as represented by the female members of its firm, is austere of look and firm of demeanour, and yet Mutton's serves out the fragrant sherry and the glutinous maraschino to young Alexander and the lovely Thais who sits beside him (Thais is rather drunk, by the way, but never mind) with firm hand and unblushing brow, and takes the 'one and three,' and the 'two and nine,' with equal impartiality from the just as well as the unjust. Our friend, the Rev. Lothario Snuggles, who has been induced, under protest, to slake his thirst before retiring to rest, and is much interested in the welfare of Thais, whom he considers a fit subject for the Reformatory of St. Fanny-cum-Cuddleton, just established in his parish, is treated with no greater respect by Mutton's—not, perhaps, so much as that afforded to Miss Blanche Vavasour and Lady Di Spanker. Mutton's (and we mention it to Mutton's honour) knows no distinction of persons, but at the same time assures us (we have the privilege of Mutton's private ear), that though the unthinking world might consider the establishment, towards those rosy hours we have before mentioned—rather, what shall we say?—rather of Cremorne, Cremornish, yet they 'draw a 'line.' It is a great relief to us to hear this, though we have never been able to discover the line, but that it exists have we not Mutton's word? Then how pleasant, too, for old and young Brighton, if the night be fine, to gather round Mutton's door, and, without entering, gaze at the forbidden fruit within. It is a peep of society relaxing its strict proprieties which Brighton only sees at race time, and therefore makes the most of. It sees Blanche smoking the mild cheroot, and Maud and Mabel taking S. B.'s in a most unpretending way, just like anybody else indeed; while after the third glass of green chartreuse, Bessie's manner betrays an *abandon* which is nature itself. All this is very gratifying to the lookers-on who block up the pavement, and resist all the entreaties of the intelligent Brighton 'bobby' to move on. But this is in the late hours. How truly delightful is 'the Queen' about nine or ten P.M., when the band plays on the pier, and old and young assemble thereon. John Parry used to sing years ago before he took to 'Mrs. Roseleaf,' &c., a very pathetic ballad, entitled 'Of what is the man thinking,' and representing an ancient as leaning on his staff, and looking on at some youthful festivities in a very lachrymose manner. It was a very charming song, and used to make us feel delightfully melancholy; but bless you, gentle reader, we have changed both tune and air now. The seniors on the pier don't lean on oaken staffs and wag their beards in a disconsolate fashion. They dye them now, wear varnished boots, and if old Methuselah does lean on anything it is on the arm of sweet seventeen, as he takes up his position to criticise the opening buds, the blushing roses, and the full-blown peonies that march by for his inspection. It is very sporting ground, the pier, and traps are set, baits are swallowed, and biters are bitten. Amusing to the philosopher to watch the little game, the game alike of Methuselah and Lardy Dardy, and in which these worthy personages are not invariably the winners. It is the oddest mixture, this assembly. There are some few ladies and gentlemen, mingled with a compound of the gentility of Bloomsbury Square, and the ruffianism of that racing following which exceeds all other ruffianism under the sun. That peculiar type of gaslight swell, which

the gentleman who goes by the name of 'the great' Vance has introduced us to—a type which does really exist; Champagne Charlie sort of men, unutterable cada, made still more abominable by a racecourse sort of flavour flung around them, here abound. They are great in the drinking shops, which are rather an objectionable element in the otherwise handsome pier; their language makes the night hideous; and old Methuselah, with one wicked foot in the grave, is an angel of light by their side. But Brighton is a republic of the reddest dye at race time, and we all rub shoulders, and Captain Lardy Dardy, whose modest composition of eighteen pence in the pound has just been accepted by the Ring, flushed with Goodwood victories, is pushed aside by Mr. Bill Jones and Mr. Tom Styles, and his 'little game' snatched from him before his very eyes. Lady Dardy, and the other led captains, by-the-way, have had a bad time of it, like their betters, and have gone down all hands in the great Mortemer-Favonius vortex; but still they pluck up courage, lean a good deal out of balconies, are found seated on many drags, and drive perpetually up and down the King's Road. At the pigeon-shooting, too—for we need scarcely say that unfortunate bird does not escape even in what might have been considered his holidays—they are to be found defying the wet weather on the racecourse, and backing the gun. Our *jeunesse dorée* must amuse itself somehow or other; and, by-the-way, we think their plan of keeping objectionable people at a distance, by sitting in Bath chairs opposite the Grand at night, and listening to the dulcet strains of one of those terrible bands that afflict 'the Queen' to such an extent in the summer season, is as good as any other. Four and twenty ladies and gentlemen all of a row are much more impressing than the historic fiddlers, and the Bath chairs, too, take up space. Young Brighton is 'chaffy' about it, and a midshipmite of H.M.S. Galatea, whose name will not, we think, be found on the ship's books, says something about 'invalid swells,' as she—we mean he—passes, which is piquant to a certain extent, but will hardly bear refreshing. But the 'swells' don't seem to mind, and sit down in long array before Jerusalem the Golden, alive with happy tribes, turning their backs on the glorious sea laying like molten silver behind them, and listening not to what its wild waves say. Mrs. Pipchin would have been delighted with the 'swells.' And that is a curious fact about Brighton visitors. They never look at the sea. A dancing dog and three niggers, Punch, the Fantoccini man, the coffee-coloured gentleman who swallows the smoking tow, the Town band, the Grand Hotel ditto, the German ditto, the Promiscuous ditto, the young lady on stilts, and the old gipsy with the pretty daughter who offers old Methuselah tracts, and at whom his lordship glares frightfully; all these are things of beauty to be gazed at all day and every day; but as for the sea, there is nothing in it or on it, so why bother about the sea? But there is something on it one day, a steam yacht of handsome lines, which, after we have been assured by four distinct informants is a Prussian man-of-war, a French ditto, an Admiralty boat, and the Emperor Napoleon's own yacht, turns out to be the Duke of Hamilton's beautiful Thistle, and about the fittings of which our friend Pawkins gets enthusiastic, and to which a select party repair on the evening of one of the race days, and have a very pleasant few hours on board before His Grace trips his anchor for Ostend. The party returning seem rather unsteady on their legs as they land; but a gallant friend explains to us that it is caused by the motion of the boat, and any unworthy suspicions we might have entertained as to the effect of Ducal hospitality are quite unfounded. And so pass the rosy hours during the race time. Your pardon, kind readers, if we have in your opinion dwelt on these

hours too long, but they have peculiar—not exactly charms, because, in sooth, there is a good deal about them that is not charming—but rather features; yes, that is the correct word, a word, too, much in vogue in high class sporting literature, and one that you have probably met with often before—as they have peculiar features, we have thought it not altogether unprofitable to dwell on them for a space. We will now, if you please, 'resume our studies.'

'Back to battle, back once more
That gallant heart has gone.
There are higher meeds in store,
Brighter laurels to be won.'

Are there indeed? Did the 'gallant heart' find them, we wonder, as he stormed the Brighton breach after that fatal conflict at Goodwood? Did he seek Repose in the Bristol Plate, find himself Successful in the Corporation Stakes, and wind up with an agreeable Botheration in the Marine? Unless he did this, and backed Mornington for the Brighton Stakes in preference to such animals as Stockpurse, Gertrude, and a local hero (the colt by Parmesan out of Melissa), we fear the laurels were not won. It was surprising how anything else but Mornington was backed, for he had so much the best of the weights; and as Stockpurse put herself out of it by rushing to the front and overpowering her jockey, and Siderolite showed he had lost all form, why Mr. Brayley's horse scored a very easy win. 'Mr. Gillman,' for a young man, cannot complain of a fair share of success in his racing career, and his mare Miss Thackeray was a pretty good thing in the Rous Stakes, though her owner was mainly indebted to Cannon's fine riding for the head by which she beat Babel. It was said, but we can hardly believe it, that the stable for the second time had but little on Botheration in the Marine Plate, which he won so cleverly—or rather we might say so easily—pouncing upon Miss Ellis when she looked like winning; and as he got rather the worst of the start and came through his horses at the finish like a shot out of a gun, he must be very good. The great grief of the first day was the defeat of Sterling by old Vulcan. They met in the Champagne (one mile) at 18 lbs., and though it was pretty well known that Sterling had met with a slight accident in his railway journey from Goodwood the previous day, yet most good judges thought it was real good goods, and plunged accordingly. Fordham on the old horse, however, never gave Chaloner a chance, for he made play at such a pace that the latter could never get on terms with him, and when it came to the final struggle Vulcan won very cleverly, though Mr. Clark's fiat was only a neck. Perhaps Sterling's mishap had done him more harm than his owner or trainer imagined, and it would have been better not to have run him; but really Vulcan is such a wonder, and such a wonder too at so many courses, that he puts racing calculations all on one side. He *ought* by racing rule to have been beaten for the Champagne—only he wasn't. Wednesday was a great day for Brighton—for the little Adas and the big, for the honest Brighton citizen to whom it is almost Epsom in miniature, for poor little shopboys who bleed half-crowns to welters, and their poor little women to whom old Methusaleh is a terrifying object, to the rank and fashion who in toilettes of many colours beam from the front row of the Stand on the crowd below. A day of real midsummer weather, and on which we were to see Favonius gallop away with the Cup after a fashion that showed us what he ought to have done with Shannon at Goodwood if there had been a pace. It—the Cup—was a great certainty; but still they fielded

staunchly, for Mr. Lombard was very fond of Manille (whether Tom Jennings was another matter), and the Northern people fancied Lumley. There was really only one horse in it, and the Baron starting Corisande to make a pace, which she did, it was perfectly ridiculous to see how the others, including Gourbi, who ran to make up a field, were never in it at all. Manille made a desperate effort at the distance; but Maidment had only to drop his hands, and the Derby winner won as he liked. There could not have been any other result, despite Mr. Lombard's 'confidence' and Mr. Jackson's 'fancy;' and the holiday-makers were gratified by the sight of one of the handsomest horses ever foaled, and Baron Rothschild was a little recouped for his disappointment of the previous week. Still the Brighton Cup is not the Goodwood one, neither in name, and certainly not in substance, for the trophy that 'the Queen' offered this year was of the gingerbread order, and reflected but little credit on the taste either of selectors or designers. The most surprising race of the day, or of the week indeed, was the one for the Sussex Cup, when the irrepressible old Vulcan again came out and did what he had no right to have done, beat Chopette and Nuneham, two of the fastest youngsters out, to the former of which he was giving 3st., and to the latter 3st. 3lb., and beat them in such a satisfactory way that the old wonder would have probably carried a stone or two more and done the same. After this we really feel we have done with Vulcan. He is quite out of the pale of handicapping, and stands alone, such an extraordinary specimen of a horse as these latter days have not seen. The Brighton Club Day was a rather mild affair, though an improvement on the exhibition of last year, when, if I remember rightly, only about fifteen or sixteen horses ran, and there were two walks over. Racing Clubs have had their day, and the coming gentlemen riders come not. We still have Mr. Bevill, as good as ever, and there is Colonel Knox, Mr. Crawshaw, Mr. Yates, and Mr. R. Herbert, &c., but the younger ones, where are they? There is Lord Maidstone, who will ride well some day, we feel sure, and who, by-the-way, scored his maiden win at Lewes; and when we have mentioned him there is no one else—at least no one of promise; and if there are no gentlemen riders, the great aim and object, or rather what was the aim and object, of these institutions exists no longer. But at all events the Club Day at Brighton was better than could have been expected: good fields—there were fifty-eight runners this time—and fair sport. 'Mr. Gard' landed a lucky *coup*, at a good price too, with Phryne in the Handicap over the Bedingdean course, the favourite, Our Tom, unmistakably cutting it when he seemed to be walking in; and Steppe, who was backed for a good deal of money at the last, running very badly indeed. There is no doubt the stable fancied her very much; and some clever judges who maintained that she had been running out of her distance were content to take a short price about her now; but she must have lost all her form, for five furlongs is too much for her. 'One of these Danebury pots' came to grief in the Club Stakes, Queen Isabel, who could not lose, and about whom they took 6 to 4 kindly, Mr. Payne giving up Mr. Bevill to ride her, and taking only 100 to 10 about his own horse, Departure, who came and won almost in a canter! The favourite, who was in trouble at the distance, finished a bad third. Flash paid her way, and a little bit more, this week, winning the Selling Stakes very easily, and being repurchased by Mr. Gillman, who lost her after she won the Pavilion Plate on the second day. In this race ran that great horse Cardigan, backed by confiding people for the Goodwood Stakes, but here entered

to be sold for what we believe Mr. Lombard originally gave for him, a modest century. He was second, beaten by a couple of lengths, and Lord St. Vincent claimed him, it was stated, to Mr. Lombard's great regret; and we suppose he will now be relegated to his native West Drayton, and find a home in vConsolation Scrambles.n A *bonne bouche* in Brother to Ravioli for the Beaten Handicap sent us all home to our dinners in tolerable spirits to prepare for Lewes the next day, where we need scarcely tell our readers we wind up that terrible fortnight, and where we very often meet with the best sport. Everybody likes Lewes—no, not everybody, by-the-way—for we met a distinguished veteran nearly related to a noble Lord just outside the Ship on the Friday morning, to whom, on our propounding a modest query as to how he was going to Lewes, replied, with as much force as the native suavity of his manners would allow, 'Sir, I am not going at all. I have been racing for forty years, and I never won any money at the d—d 'place in my life.' This was very sad to hear; just, too, as we were hugging ourselves with the idea that we had spotted the winner of the De Warrenne Handicap; but there was no time for reflection, as a friendly drag whirls up, off, and we leave our ancient friend with a cynical smile on his face, and soon forget all about him and his croakings as we bowl along in pleasant company over the pleasant road that leads to the quaint old town—a bit of a bygone age, buried among the slopes of the South Downs.

'Bare grassy slopes, where kids are tethered,
Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined;
Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
Swell big in their freckled vales behind.'

But we climb the 'bare grassy slopes' without much thought as to their beauty, and halt opposite the 'fluttering tree-tops,' with the 'valley all ferny-lined' between us; and only study, alas! the telegraph board, to see if our fancy is going to run for the Handicap Plate, and are struck with dismay on finding that he is not. As we utterly refuse to believe in Our Tom after his Brighton performance before mentioned, we are rewarded for our incredulity by seeing him come out from the ruck at the distance, and win a common canter with nothing else near him. Not a pleasing sight, to Mr. George Angell especially, who had parted with the horse after the Brighton race to Sir George Chetwynd; and now to see him win in this fashion—why it must have 'so riled him,' as Mr. Toole observes. The Welter Cup had a good thing, known only to a chosen few; the filly by Caractacus, out of May Queen, who while the unthinking crowd took the six to fours about Departure, and the two to one about Badsworth, was quietly invested upon at the more remunerative price of ten to one. The weight was a little too much for Mr. Payne's horse, and after a good race between him, Badsworth, the May Queen filly, the latter won cleverly. She beat Knightly at Stockbridge, when they laid seven to four on him, and therefore she ought to have been followed here. Mr. Gillman had another turn with Flash in the Castle Stakes, and then the De Warrenne puzzle was offered for our discovery. After some beating about the bush, Croisade was made the favourite, though Soucar, the Knight, and Perfume (with all her weight) trod rather closely at one time on her heels. As little as four to one was taken about Croisade, however, at last, and it was astonishing the fondness shown for Perfume, though it was asking her to do a great thing with 9st. 4lbs. on her. Lincoln, too, was a good deal fancied, and the stable was rather partial to Lizzie Cowle's chance; but, however, Lincoln got a little the best of the start, and Butler, making all use of the advantage, came away with

him, and won easily by a length from Soucar, who was only a head in front of the Knight. Croisade we never saw, and Perfume was chopped. There was another good thing kept quiet (as we have before had occasion to observe in these pages, what is the use of a good thing unless it *is* kept quiet?) in the Priory Stakes, for which Prince Soltykoff's Peak was a wonderful hot favourite. But Peak had an 'extra,' and Winslow an allowance, with the addition of Fordham's services, which may be put down, we suppose, as another 5lb. allowed; and, in fact, it was a very good thing indeed, only we did not know it until the race was over, which will happen sometimes. Winslow won as he liked, and the party went about shaking their heads, looking *so* sorry, and assuring their friends, in answer to kind inquiries, that they had 'little or nothing on.' So provoking, was it not? The second day wound up the fortnight; not exactly in a blaze of triumph for backers, though there might have been a bookmaker's fête at the Crystal Palace, with emblematic devices by Messrs. Brock, appropriate to the occasion, if the C. P. directors had thought of it, and no doubt it would have been extensively patronised. The day was most disastrous to the Chetwynd-Gillman-Machell stable, as the odds on Our Tom, Countryman, and Lizzie Cowle were successively bowled over, and there were really only two certainties, Mornington and Gnosis during the afternoon. Our Tom was beaten by The Wren; and Countryman came to great grief in the County Cup, not being in it, with The Knight and Anton, who made a splendid race, resulting in a dead heat, and Lizzie Cowle was defeated by Gladness in the Scurry; the race in which Lord Maidstone won his spurs, and against Mr. Bevil, too—*Macte tua virtute puer*—so there was grief enough and to spare. Croisade, to the astonishment of most people, displayed an unsuspected form in the Eccentric Handicap by winning it easily, though only by a head; that precocious young plant, Mr. Newhouse, choosing to draw it so very fine, that he was within an inch of being done, which he would have richly deserved. That Mornington, after the form he had recently showed, should win the Lewes Handicap, was only a question of Mr. Brayley's running him, it appeared to us. Still they backed Manille and Old Taraban, but the latter had not Fordham to ride him, and, moreover, refused his part, and, as for Manille, how he was to give Mornington 6lbs., we did not see. The favourite, of course, won by two lengths; and so ended that fortnight of good and bad racing, which, with other concomitants, we enjoy within sight and hearing of the far-resounding sea.

A change of scene, as the G.N.R. whirls us northward to the yellow sands of Saltburn, through

'A world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;'

where the grand summits of Yorkshire moors look down upon us, and we feel ourselves inhaling a more bracing ozone when once the Trent is passed, and hear that *patois* which a distinguished prelate said always made his heart jump. Who would not hang out at Saltburn-by-the-Sea for Stockton Races, and stop there until it was time to get to old Ebor and talk about the Leger? But few, we should think; so there was a goodly company at the Zetland, and racing was enjoyed after a fashion which puts the Sussex fortnight in the shade. Not that the sport at Stockton was quite up to the usual mark, we think, and we did not see anything new or very good among the two-year olds. The honours of the meeting were taken by Whitewall, for Field Marshal showed unexpected form in the Northern Leger by beating Ringwood, and Madge Wildfire, a good-looking daughter of Blair Athol and old Orange Girl, only wanted to have been a little riper to have done the same to the south country filly Are-

thus. The struggle between Field Marshal and Mdle. de Mailloc in the Leger was an exciting one, and if the latter's condition had been A 1, she would have won; but, thanks to hard riding and gameness, Mr. Bowes's horse made a dead heat of it, and the pretensions of Ringwood, whom some confiding people would have it was as good as Bothwell, then and there collapsed. True, Whitewall had a reverse on the last day by the unexpected defeat of Nobleman by Agility, accounted for by the sticky nature of the ground; and certainly Agility's running in the Tradesmen's Handicap, on the first day, is difficult to reconcile with it. But then we see horses improve so in four-and-twenty hours, that one ought to be astonished at nothing. Lord Hawke had the reproach taken away from his name, and showed us he could go a mile, at all events, by winning the Stewards' Cup very easily,—and we were almost forgetting that the unfortunate Wamba colt, Cedric the Saxon, fared no better in the north than he did in the south, and was badly beaten by Queen Mab in the Tradesmen's Handicap. To be sure, the Woodyeates horse was giving the winner 11 lbs., and, moreover, no boy can ride him, we feel sure. Arthus's double win was highly popular, for Lord Durham is the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and if the luckless Cedric had pulled it off too, Woodyeates would have wended its way homewards rejoicing. King of the Forest, in the presence of his inveterate enemy, Mr. William Nicholl, who lays against him as if he had the horse in his pocket, was in no better odour than he has been lately, but they took 5 to 1 about Bothwell, despite Ringwood's running, and the 6 to 1 against Hannah was also booked. If we do not greatly err, and without putting on the mantle of the prophets, the Baron's mare at this present writing looks as 'wholesome' as anything for the great race, Albert Victors and Bothwells notwithstanding. The lameness in the King's hind leg may or may not exist, and the real truth about him is known only to Russley and Mr. Nicholl, but we do not give him up yet, and as Mr. Cartwright's horse did not appear fit at York, we expect, after all said and done, that what we agreed upon at Ascot, *nem. con.*, 'the match' between Hannah and the King may yet come off on the Town Moor. York shed no further light on the subject, though when Albert Victor beat Field Marshal—which surely, fit or unfit, he was bound to do—the unthinking flung up their caps, declared the Leger was over, and Mr. Cartwright took 5000 to 1000 about his horse. Mr. Merry's horse came again a little at York, and the Nottingham Town Councillor was not so fierce against him, the latest quotations being 11 to 2 each about him and Albert Victor—a fair price.

But the racing. Well, Cremorne was beaten, and Rose of Athol won the Great Yorkshire, two astounding and sensational results. No one expected to see Cremorne pulled out, it being generally supposed that he would be kept for the Champagne; but the ways of owners are past finding out, and he made his appearance first in the North of England Biennial, where he was within an ace of being beaten by Indian Princess, and Maidment had to do all he knew just to land him by a short head. This was bad enough, and a great shock to the nerves; but worse remained behind. It is scarcely comprehensible why Mr. Savile, with this close shave patent to every one, determined to run him against three fresh horses the same afternoon, for the comparatively paltry Prince of Wales's Stakes. But this was done, and after a tremendous race Cremorne was beaten by Onslow by half a length. What do owners expect of their horses? Cremorne has been at it pretty well this summer, and has earned a long and much-needed rest; at all events, one would have supposed that he would have been suffered to stay at home till Doncaster. But no;

pull him out while he has a leg to stand on, and run him when he is well; that is the practice of the day, and Mr. Savile was only following it: Useless to hint that horses, unlike the Tennysonian brook, do not 'go on for ever;' useless to point to the moral of many breakdowns, which adorn so many racing tales, when a stake worth 250*l.* is to be picked up, with the doubtful privilege of laying 7 to 4 on your horse! Granted that 'the noble animal' must pay his way, that racing is a business, and that racing men cannot afford to let their capital lie idle; still an old proverb about a goose and a golden egg ought to be borne in mind. We trust—having, as we have before expressed in these pages, an old-fashioned dislike to see a good horse beaten—that Cremerne's defeat by Onslow may be retrieved. That there was no occasion for him to be beaten, we have a strong opinion, and can only hope that we shall not meet him at Doncaster—that is to say, if his owner entertains any expectation of winning the Derby with him. At the same time we congratulate Mr. J. V. Morgan on having such a good game horse in Onslow; and as Cambuscan has always been a special favourite of ours, we like to see his stock run well. Rose of Athol won the Great Yorkshire, and another Leger candidate was disposed of in Ravenshoe, whom the clever people would have it was a wonder, and about whom Tom Jennings was mysterious. Space warns us that we can but refer to the dispersion of the Rawcliffe stud, and the failure of the sale. Brood mares went for songs, and so did yearlings; but Yorkshiremen live in hopes of seeing the old paddocks full again, and future Dutchmen, Lanercosts, and Newminsters perpetuating the fame of the Rawcliffe farm. For the rest, York was rather dull. There were fewer people present than we ever remember, and the absence of ladies was an undesirable feature. The shooting (what tales did we not hear on all sides!) has been so good that men did not care (small blame to them) to quit the moors for the doubtful pleasures of Knavesmire; and as the racing was not up to the usual form, why, things were rather flat. The old city was rather apathetic, and the clever Court Theatre company, who were there for the week, were too good for the stable mind. 'The Palace of Truth' was a casting of pearls, etc., and the charming 'Creatures of Impulse' seemed to awake no sympathetic throb among the horsey audience. The 5th Dragoon Guards, now quartered in old Ebor, were the most lively people we met, and they dispensed their hospitality on the course each day in that pleasant, lavish, soldier fashion which is so agreeable to participators therein, cheering alike to the poor 'braker,' and to him who has landed his 6 to 4. It was difficult to banish the thought, as we stood by the well-spread board, that in the non-purchase days looming in the future we shall not meet the same men, and certainly shall not partake of the same fare. The latter, we are aware, is a very paltry consideration; the former, though, *pace* Mr. Gladstone and the 'Daily Telegraph,' calls for more reflection than a racecourse can give.

The Horse Show at Birmingham having been postponed until August, there was in consequence a marked falling off in the ranks of the upper classes of visitors, but the general public were well represented, and the entries numbered one more than last year. There were a few alterations in the distribution of the prizes, those formerly given to the agricultural horses being withdrawn, except in the class for entire horses, while there were additional prizes for hunters, and young stock likely to make hunters. The first class was for thoroughbred stallions for getting hunters; and for some reason or other they were very badly represented, both in numbers and quality, only seven being originally entered, two of which did not fulfil their engagements. The first

prize was given to Messrs. C. and J. Moffatt for Laughingstock, a son of the famous emperor of stallions, Stockwell; and his dam, Gaiety, was a daughter of the equally-celebrated Touchstone. Good breeding enough, certainly, and a nice-looking horse too is this said Laughingstock; and his offspring have already done credit to their sire. The horse that got the second prize, Gem of the Peak, is not quite so fashionably bred, perhaps, but he is a remarkably clever-looking customer, very muscular and compact, only five years old, by Master Sykes, his dam by Sir Colin Campbell, and he is the property of Mr. Logan, of Tamworth. Paul Jones, who won the Chester Cup three years ago, got the third prize; he has so recently retired from the Turf that his good looks must be still well remembered; he has not, however, yet assumed show yard size, but he is sure to improve with age, and, as he claims that good horse Buccaneer as his sire, and through his dam traces his pedigree back to Chanticleer, he ought to command success. Among the competitors in class two, for hunters up to fifteen stone, there were some splendid weight-carriers, but a long way in front of them all was Borderer, five years, the property of Mr. T. Harvey Bayly; and we most heartily congratulate so good a sportsman on being the fortunate possessor of such a horse, perfect in every shape, with the most finished manners. A very blood-like bay, with not so much power, Romeo, was placed second; Mr. Percival, of Wansford, is his owner; and Mr. Van Wart ran a very good third with Loxley, a truly nice horse. In the next class, for hunters over fifteen and a half hands, but with no restriction as to weight-carrying power, the judges had not much trouble to select Mr. S. J. Welitt's Loiterer from among his twenty-two opponents. Any one who would pick a hole in him would be a sceptic indeed; and how he was placed second to Bird on the Wing, who was lame, at 'The Royal' at Wolverhampton must for ever be a mystery. A good-looking horse, Mr. Newman's Walton, was awarded the second, and Mr. Percival gained the third prize with Melton, whose stable companion, Paddy Byrne, was highly commended. In the class for hunters under fifteen and a half hands high, thirteen were shown, several of whom would have been better placed in some of the numerous hack classes. Mrs. Charles Fetherstone Dilke's Genial Boy (late Esquire) was very much the pick of the basket; he carried, we were told, his fair owner to hounds last season very well; he is a powerful little fellow, and as handsome as a picture. Dublin, a good grey, got the second prize, and two others were commended. In the class for four-year-old hunters the first three at the Royal Show at Wolverhampton here got placed again, with a slight alteration, however, for while Misfortune, an exceedingly clever chestnut, the property of Mr. Charles Cook, of Winchcomb, took the Orange Ribbon at both exhibitions, Major Barlow's Beckford and Tregothnan changed places, Beckford being awarded the Blue Ribbon here, which was worn at Wolverhampton by Tregothnan. There is no accounting for taste, and the decisions of judges are sometimes equally inexplicable: but in the instances before us there was plenty of reason for the reversal. Some judges attach more importance to *points*, while others think most of *action*, and so it was not wonderful that this pair of beauties have in turn each been judged the best. Tregothnan has looks on his side, Beckford having the advantage over him in going. Although so young, they have both already taken several prizes, and, barring accidents, of course, are likely to take a great many more. They are both good browns, both sixteen hands high, and both for sale. Tregothnan, the champion at Wolverhampton, is by Seneschal out of Madame; the Birmingham hero is by Hunting Horn out of a cob mare by Old Port, a son of Bees-

wing; and it is somewhat extraordinary that the first cross should produce so large and perfectly true-shaped a horse. In the three-year-olds likely to make hunters, Major Barlow again took the prize, his representative, a nice colt by Knight of Kara, called The Knight, being much the best, and had, moreover, been previously awarded prizes. There were classes for hacks of every size, sort, and condition, or, as they say in Ireland, good, bad, and indifferent—the latter being the most numerous. A very nice grey mare, Mr. Gillman's Rosalina, was placed first among hacks over fifteen hands high. In the next division, for those not exceeding fifteen hands, there were some great beauties, and the palm was awarded to Mr. Welch's Cinderella, who is said to be equally clever in harness, having before now taken prizes in that class. The hacks, both large and small, were not very good-looking, but they all went well and fast. The ladies' horses were very indifferent: how often it happens that they are the worst class in a show! It is a fact much to be regretted that if a horse is unsuitable for harness or hunting, he is put on one side if he has the slightest pretension to good looks, and said to be 'fit to carry a woman.' The large harness horses were a dreadful lot of rubbish, but Mr. Frisby, of Buckingham Gate, showed a pair of rare steppers, Empress and Eclipse, a little under fifteen hands, which were the best trappers in the show. The classes for ponies appeared to be without end, and there were a great many very nice ones among them, and also a few charming little useless things, not big enough to carry a moderate-sized baby; and when we have stated that Young Lofty, almost as a natural consequence, obtained the first prize for agricultural stallions, we have given a full description of the show. The attendance was about the average, the weather all that could be desired—perhaps a little hot; the buildings might also be better ventilated. All, however, went off well;—all but the scenes in the ring, which outdid any similar display of tomfoolery it has been our sad lot frequently to witness. Not content with the inevitable jumping bar, 'gates' (as unlike them certainly as could be made) were here announced to be *cleared*, which, however, would have been more correctly put 'knocked down.' Added to this, each afternoon a very highly trained and pretty pair of ponies were driven tandem in a gig by Mr. Thorne, a reputed great whip in the Midland Counties, who seated in his tiny car, rushed round the arena at full trot—the shaft pony, by-the-by, frequently *breaking* (very bad indeed, Mr. T.). The ponies were all very good themselves, but the harness was as unworkmanlike as could be made, round traces and round reins, with white handpieces, etc.; and the exhibition, including the horn blowing, was about as ridiculous as could be imagined. Had the performance been gone through by a small child in a circus, there might have been some merit in it: at a horse show it was sadly out of place.

How delightful is yachting at this season of the year—at least how delightful it is to read about it in our easy chairs, and to experience such a glow when we hear of cool awnings, and Yacht Club balls, champagne cups, and garden parties, 'glassy seas over which Arethusas and Amphions perpetually glide, gentle gales, which only give what old Robert Herrick called

'A winning wave, deserving note,
To the tempestuous petticoat'

of many an Ada and Angelina, and make no lady ill—that we feel inclined to say we, too, will be a sailor—which, but for those vile seas, we should certainly have been long ago. There is something so very attractive about the belongings of yachting—something so taking to the veriest land-lubber that ever felt uncomfortable going from London to Margate, in the graceful lines of schooner

or cutter as they lie at anchor—everything on board of them is so exquisitely clean, and of such an order and regularity as appeals to the most untidy minds—everybody looks so very happy and nice, and the life seems such a jolly do-nothing, charming existence, that no wonder so many of us are bitten with that passion for the sea which is a marvel to our continental friends. The sea has a wonderful transforming power too! It takes the stiffness out of a man—the starched propriety (where it exists) out of a woman, and he who is detestable in Pall Mall becomes bearable at Cowes, when he puts on a straw hat and a pilot jacket. Pawkins, who is about the biggest snob of our acquaintance—one of those objectionable prigs, a mixture of red tape, evening parties, and methodical rouéism—who impose on female relatives, and are thought very nice men by confiding mothers—even Pawkins in flannel dittos, a blue coat, and a well-bronzed face, looks, as we meet him on Ryde Pier, almost a good fellow and a gentleman. Moreover, old boys who are always found in the snugger corners of clubs, and who give you growling recognition in St. James's Street, unbend on board Flying Scuds and saucy Arethusas—and so that they are not racing men, and have not a grievance against the committee—really behave like Christians. Yes, it is a great relaxation, yachting; and as we read the graphic accounts which the naval editor of that excellent journal 'The Field' gives us—a gentleman, we have reason to believe, equally at home on the broad Atlantic, the calm bosom of the Solent, or attending to the comfort of the Angelinas and the Adas who contribute so much (by his own account) to the *agrémens* of a yachtman's life—we feel an intense desire to ride on the ocean tide—'harden our sheets,' and 'goose-wing our foresails'—(whatever that may be)—and go in for the briny generally. That there is a very dismal reverse to the shield we are well aware. We start brilliantly, with Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm, and Youth suddenly feels unwell, and Pleasure thinks she will go below, Angelina looks green, Ada becomes limp, and even the audacious Pawkins loses his effrontery, and a blue jacket and the brightest of anchor buttons fail to reassure one. No—we think we will *not* go to the R. Y. S. or the Royal Victoria, but sit and look at it, and read about it. Garden parties—a garden party in connection with yachting sounds curious, by the way—may be too dearly bought—balls may be too expensive luxuries, and though we should have liked to see, and we think we should have appreciated, the race between the Aline and the Livonia,—at least as much of it as could be seen,—why, the graphic accounts of esteemed contributors please us nearly as well, and we can drink Lord Ailsa's health and the gallant little Foxhound, and hope we shall see him victorious in the pigskin as well as on the deck, and wish more power to him generally. By-the-way, the handicap by the New Thames Yacht Club for the Gravesend Cup does not seem to have turned out a very satisfactory one, and many yachts were most dissatisfied at their treatment. A sealed handicap ought to be most scrupulously fair; and the fact that several yachts were handicapped so that they could not win does not show much for the one in question.

We strongly advise our southern friends who have not seen one to pay a visit to the next Yorkshire Horse and Hound Show. Such an exhibition of horses on the green turf is a real genuine affair, and there is an utter absence of the fussiness and circus-like jumping for the cockneys which characterise the Islington and Metropolitan shows. As an enthusiastic Yorkshireman said, 'The Derby is a fool to it; and see what a lot of fine ladies we have into the bargain.' At York everything was well managed, and nothing forgotten. Mr. Parrington's bump of order must be as big as a hen's egg, as his powers of

organisation are extraordinary. His selection of judges was good, and their awards were generally endorsed by the public. The Hound Show was also equally well managed, Captain Percy Williams, Mr. Williamson, and old John Walker being the Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus of the occasion, and the heat on the flags was nearly as warm as the place where those ancient chief justices delivered their judgments. Friday, the 4th, saw a goodly muster of masters and huntsmen around the flags in the Hound Show, and, perhaps, the very best lot of hounds that has, as yet, been brought together. Brocklesby opened the ball with their old dog hounds Ambrose and Aider, Rampart and Cruiser, beating Mr. Lane Fox's Rallywood, Oliver, Gamester, Falstaff, Statesman, Duster, Guider, and Fenian. In the bitch class the tables were turned, and Bramham Moor came to the front with Syren, Dainty, Gracious, and Whimsey, Nimrod Long taking second honours with Witchcraft, Anguish, Laira, and Dainty. The home pack came to the front with the unentered hounds, and carried off the first prize as well as the cup for the best puppy in the yard with a very beautiful dog, Conqueror, by the Belvoir Contest out of Columbine. And Bramham Moor was second with Diver. In the bitches the Brocklesby Gertrude was first, and Burton Solitude second. The prize for the stallion hound went to Bramham Moor with Statesman, and that for brood bitches to Brocklesby with Gaiety. For the last scene of the show, the huntsmen and whips present mounted the prize horses, and, being full of effervescence, rode accordingly. One look to them, ere they meet at Melton next year. Chimney-pots are not regulation costume at all. The Law-tax servants alone were correct in their hunting-caps, and looked like business. So we hope we shall not see Mr. Tuffs again in a wide-awake when next he exhibits. And so ended one of the best hound shows ever seen.

Equally successful was the Irish Horse Show at Dublin, in the beautiful park at Balls Bridge. An Irishman must see a horse jump, and the arrangements were most ably planned by Mr. Waters of Monasterveran. The 'leps' were four—a double, a brook, a wall, and a hurdle, and all very well made. The Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur were present, and took special interest in the weight-carriers and the thoroughbred stallions. The prize horses fetched high figures, Mr. John Daily, of Rugby, pluckily securing Harry Hardy and Thunderbolt horse, Mario, another prize-taker, and also Emerald Wreath, each horse costing half a fortune; and yet some people say that the dealers don't give money now-a-days.

We are happy to say that the Hunt Servants' Widows' and Orphans' Fund is in all quarters meeting with support and encouragement. The Earl of Portsmouth, the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Poltimore, Lord Leconfield, the Hon. Francis Scott (a great promoter and taking a deep interest in the scheme), Mr. Chaworth Musters, Mr. Anstruther Thomson, and Mr. James Hall, have consented to act on the committee; so in such hands there is little fear but that this good idea will be ably and effectually carried out.

By-the-way, it may interest some of our hunting readers to hear that old Carter, so many years a presiding genius at Hyde Park Corner, has departed, not this life, but to the neighbourhood of Hounslow, where he is enjoying a well-earned otium—which in his case means port wine—and a pension from his late employers. Many will miss him on a Monday, but his son from Chantilly supplies his place.

We have been requested to give an opinion upon another Dust Coat—the 'Gordon'—which has recently been launched by Mr. Smallpage, the well-known tailor, of Maddox Street; and we do so most willingly, because the garment in

question appears to us a most serviceable one, and for other purposes besides guarding from dust. It is loose and large enough, something after the cut of an Inverness cape—long, and easily slipped on and off, exceedingly light, and we think becoming. Its great recommendation to us, however, is its adaptability for an evening overcoat in warm weather. It seems to be perfect in this respect—its anti-dust qualities we shall try in the Black Forest this month on a bit of road where the trial will be high, and report accordingly.

Everything and everybody has dance-music now-a-days written in their honour, from the Lord of Lorne downwards and upwards; and we believe there is an 'Alleyn' polka, and are not sure that there are not 'Great Vance' quadrilles. Amongst such an incongruity of subjects it is a relief to find that Mortemer has a composer to sound his praise, and that Mr. F. A. Mori, the author of several popular ballads, has brought out a galop named after the great French horse, who, if all had been well with him (which it wasn't), would have secured the Goodwood as well as the Ascot Cup. As Mortemer, we need scarcely say, is a much nobler animal, and much more worthy of all the honour that music can bestow than some other recipients, we hail Mr. Mori's very effective composition with pleasure, and feel sure the many lady readers of 'Baily' (bless them!) will appreciate it.

Having suffered, as most business men are liable to suffer, at this season of the year, we resorted to Folkestone to recruit our health, and we put in for repairs at the Pavilion Hotel. We can fully endorse the Registrar-General's report of the salubrity of Folkestone, and also the opinion of one of the local medicos, who denounced the place as being deplorably healthy; and we should be very ungracious if we did not say a civil word for the town in general and the Pavilion Hotel in particular.

We cannot help, in conclusion, publishing a letter from an unknown correspondent, which we received shortly after the publication of our last number, touching an anecdote that appeared in the 'Van,' and of which the little daughter of a well-known M. F. H. was the heroine. Our readers may have forgotten the anecdote, but the letter will recall it to their memories. The laugh will be against us; but still the kindly and humorous criticism on our *lapsus* is too good to be lost, and we give it without further comment.

'DEAR VAN DRIVER,—You are a very amusing writer, but please extract the 'moral from the following veracious tale.

'Once upon a time an undergrad., of sober temperament, called on the head of his college to say farewell; and bethinking himself that it would be well to have a "straight tip" for the battle of life, he besought the ancient for his blessing, and for some parting words of counsel to be remembered in after years. Grasping his hand *con amore*, the man of folios spoke, "My son, "good-bye—*always verify your quotations*, and wind up your watch in the "morning."

'Now the last tale in the August "Van" is very good—but you will find 'Exodus, and not Genesis, contains the Red Sea passage. "Always verify," &c., my dear "Van," and accept the blessing of

'A COUNTRY RECTOR.'

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR RICHARD G. GLYN, BART.

THE subject of our present life-like portrait, the well-known Master of the Blackmoor Vale, may be described as a perfect type of that higher class of sportsmen who have made the name almost identical with Englishmen, and who, graduating in many schools, have taken good degrees in those branches of sport which command our admiration, and have the additional advantage of leaving not the slightest stain attached to their pursuit.

Born in 1831, Mr. Glyn, as he then was, after keeping a few terms at Merton Coll., Oxford, entered the Royal Dragoons in 1853, in time to serve with that regiment all through the campaign in the Crimea, taking part in the glorious charge of the Heavy Brigade, and only returning home after the peace. A winter of woodcock shooting in Greece was a pleasant prelude to more serious business, and soon after Capt. Glyn embarked for Natal, with the intention of penetrating, if possible, as far as the Zambesi, and giving also a good account of the big game in that country. This he and his party happily succeeded in doing, getting as far as the Victoria Falls of that river, and bringing to bag and bay anything and everything, from a snipe to an elephant, in a variety such as only South Africa could produce. Hard work and a good horse were the keystones of success, and an agreeable time was passed, till, in 1864, sickness broke up the party, and Captain Glyn returned to England. In the following year an offer was made to Sir Richard Glyn, as he then, by the death of his father, had become, such as rarely falls to the lot of the most favoured sportsmen,—no less than the Mastership of the Blackmoor Vale, coupled with the munificent gift, by Mr. G. D. W. Digby, of Sherborne Castle, of the whole hunting establishment, horses and hounds, and the loan of the kennels. This could hardly have been refused by any one, much less by one of Sir Richard Glyn's tastes and pursuits, and though the acceptance of office necessitated his giving up his own residence for one nearer the kennels, he did not hesitate, and now in his seventh season has hunted that country in a manner such as to command the respect and cordial liking of his neighbours of all classes and degrees. He has been ably seconded by his celebrated huntsman, John Press, whom he took

on on assuming the Mastership, together with William Wright, Mr. Digby's kennel groom; and two better servants could not probably be found in the hunting establishments of this country. But praise of John Press is superfluous.

Sir Richard is a first-rate rider to hounds, to which he was entered while at a private tutor's by Mr. Selby Lowndes, in Waddon Chase. His pack consists of about fifty-five couple, and he hunts four days a week, and last season was considered about the best they had had since he assumed the Mastership.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN BRITTANY.

NO. IV.

THE covers of Ty-meur, in Finisterre, are, perhaps, as favourable for woodcocks and woodcock-shooting as any in Lower Brittany; its alder-beds and oak-copses, abounding with holly, are fringed with narrow water-meadows; and if, here and there, an occasional black bog, devoid of all growth, compels the chasseur to wade knee-deep in its mire, it affords rare feeding for cock and snipe, as well as open ground, to catch them when they rise in the adjoining covers. In many respects there is a great similarity between the glades of Finisterre and the coombes of Devon; and were it not for the occasional appearance of a Breton peasant dressed in antique and quaint costume, or of a tethered black and white cow, indicating by its diminutive stature the poverty of the land, a Devonshire man in Lower Brittany might fancy himself wandering among the hollow vales and hanging woods of his own favoured county. The broad banks enclosing mere strips of pasture, and unnegotiable by any horse less favoured than Pegasus, the vegetation of the valleys, the sparkling brooks alive with trout, and doing the duty of irrigation in every meadow, are precisely what he sees at home; but the moment he ascends to the hill-tops, or table-land, where it can be said to exist, the country in general is an uncultivated wilderness, overgrown with timber, broom, furze, and heather; less wild, perhaps, than the Forest of Dartmoor, but serrated, as it is, with vast 'clitters' of rock and granite tors. No finer cover in the world for the plunderers that frequent it, the fox, the wolf, and the tusky boar.

But our business, at present, is with the woodcock; and as, during the late full moon, a cold easterly wind, with a point of north in it, had prevailed, large flights were known to have arrived in the neighbourhood, the best covers of which were unquestionably those of Ty-meur and the adjoining district; so we fully anticipated a fine day's sport. The proprietor of the estate being a wealthy banker, resident at Brest, we were received at the grand old chateau by a Breton garde-du-bois, left in charge of it and the woods, and apparently the whole property. A greater ruffian I certainly never encountered

in Brittany, where the peasantry are usually a quiet, well-conducted set of men; but this fellow, at nine o'clock A.M., was so drunk, and so dangerous, that he several times fell head foremost, loaded gun and all, into the midst of our dogs, and on recovering his feet, used the grossest language my ears ever listened to.

I am not strait-laced, nor a very nervous subject, but candidly own the prospect of being accompanied by this garde-du-bois filled my mind with apprehension and disgust: the chance of being potted like a partridge was not a pleasant one; but the brutality of his conduct was far less endurable. Our party of four guns being divided into two lots, Kergoorlas and St. Prix going in one direction, and Keryfan and myself in another, the Breton garde-du-bois constituted himself my guide—for metallic reasons, of course, as every Englishman is believed to be a travelling Cræsus; but, as he affirmed, for the purpose of showing the stranger the most favoured cock-ground in the Ty-meur covers. My mortification at this arrangement I can scarcely describe; but, although I did my best to conceal it, St. Prix saw at a glance what my feelings were in the matter.

'See you,' said he, calling me on one side, 'yonder knoll in the fir trees? Close below it is a small wayside auberge; you have only to take that beast within sight of the misletoe-bush hanging over its door, and you'll dispose of him for the rest of the day.'

Thanking him for the hint, I resolved to profit by it, and cut the incumbrance adrift with the least possible delay; so I signalled to Keryfan, and whistling at the same time to my spaniels, two brace of which I had brought with me from England, we entered a long, hollow oak and holly cover, and, beating as we went, made our way straight for the knoll; a course that, apparently, seemed to be quite in unison with the views of the garde-du-bois. Before we arrived at that point, however, the spaniels had flushed some fifteen or twenty cocks, out of which we only managed to bag six; indeed, the chance of our getting even so many was greatly against the guns, as the garde had brought with him a brace of wild setters, utterly unbroken and regardless of all control. These, leading the spaniels to riot, ranged madly through the cover about a hundred yards ahead of us. In vain their master swore, kicked them with his heavy sabots, and at length fired after and into them, until they howled with agony; and in vain Keryfan and myself remonstrated loudly, and begged him to couple them up, and take them back to their kennel, as they were only spoiling the sport of the day; to which he ever replied, with an appeal to the sacred mother, 'Curse the mongrels; they'll be quiet enough shortly, and then they'll find more cocks than all your spaniels would in a week.'

Keryfan at length nudged my elbow, and said, 'It's no use, Frank, we are only wasting our words; let us get on to the auberge as fast as we can; that is our best chance now.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'or our spaniels will be ruined as well as the sport; but it's my firm conviction the fellow is more knave than

' fool, and has brought out these dogs on purpose to save his wood-cocks for another day; he is evidently not so drunk as he pretends to be.'

A few more cocks, which, ever and anon, passed overhead in wild flight backwards, fell to our guns before we reached the auberge, into which the garde led the way, swearing he was so thirsty he should become a corpse if he did not sustain his sinking nature with something to drink. Without calling for his liquor, however, he cast himself at full length among the dry heather that lay in the chimney corner; and, taking off his huge sabots, both ends of which were shod with iron, he threw them savagely at a pig's head that was quietly stretched on the opposite side of the hearth, enjoying the heat of the smouldering embers with perfect felicity. A piercing scream from the pig, whose head quivered as if at least one eye had been knocked out, instantly roused the indignant wrath of the aubergiste, who, seizing a cudgel by the small end, as the Bretons usually carry it, sprang like a tiger on the garde-du-bois, snatched away his fowling-piece, and then dealt him two or three tremendous whacks over his shoulders that must have left their mark there for many a day. In a moment the garde was upon his legs, closing with his adversary; but, like Roderic Dhu without his target, he was powerless without his sabots, a Breton's chief weapons of offence in every such struggle; the aubergiste kicking him in the shins and twisting him by the collar, as a Cornishman 'at play' would do, threw him once more prostrate to the ground; as fair a back-fall as a 'stickler' ever witnessed. Had they been rival Irish peasants meeting at Donnybrook, their pugnacious ferocity could scarcely have been stronger; for no sooner was the garde floored than, like Antæus, he sprang again to his legs, and, this time, made a dash into the aubergiste, and gripped him fiercely by the throat.

Murder must have been the result speedily, if Keryfan and I had not now interposed; we dragged them asunder with great difficulty; and it was not until I had tossed down a five-franc piece, and ordered the aubergiste to produce a bottle of 'Bordeaux' (I might as well have asked for Jove's nectar), that the sense of self-interest diverted his wrath; while, at the same time, the demand for wine excited the thirsty appetite of the sorely-bruised garde-du-bois. But wine alone, such as it was, did not satisfy the latter; he called loudly for a chopine of cider, with a goutte of eau-de-vie to qualify and warm that harsher liquor; and six successive chopines of the mixture did he gulp down in the space of a few minutes. He then settled down again in the chimney corner, as if he intended making a night of it with the less disgusting beast, now no longer molested, in the opposite corner.

Keryfan signalled to me, and said, in an undertone, 'Frank, we shall have no more trouble with this fellow; in ten minutes he will be as drunk as Bacchus, and then we'll make a fresh start of it.'

Quite true; in less time than that he was lying on his back, snoring aloud like Polyphemus in his Trinacrian cave.

‘Now, then,’ said Keryfan to the aubergiste, ‘take care to close the door as we leave the house; for if those dogs of his follow us, I’ll shoot both of them in the first cover.’

The man, in a subdued whisper, expressed his readiness to do as he was directed; but intimated his conviction that the garde, on waking up and finding the gentlemen gone, would comport himself like an unchained wolf.

A few steps brought us to the edge of Penmaen Wood; a few more, and we were threading our way through the oak and alder-bushes of this extensive cover, the spaniels working busily in a narrow circle around us, and flushing a cock frequently under our very guns. Twice Keryfan bagged his right and left shots; but, on this occasion, I did not get the same chance.

It is human nature, perhaps, to be prejudiced in favour of one’s own race; and to believe, as almost every Englishman does in the matter of field sports, that his practical knowledge thereof is unequalled by the inhabitants of any other country. However true this may be as a general rule, I am bound to say that I have met with many exceptions to it among my Breton friends. The Baron Keryfan, for instance, is not only a good shot and a fine horseman, but thoroughly understands how to draw a cover, where to look for his game, and, whatever that game might be, so to handle his hounds in pursuit, that he can usually render a successful account of his day’s sport. The Count Charles de St. Prix, too, although not much of a shot, knows the habits of a red-deer, and how to hunt him, as well as Mr. Fenwick-Bisset, or the ‘Prime Minister’ Russell, two men who, beyond all others in the west country, have studied this grand game and given the wild dun-deer his due value as a beast of venery, rather than a mere target for a rifle ball. Across country, and such a country as Brittany is, St. Prix fears no rival; and to an old wolf breaking cover and facing the open, the Louvetier is as fatal an enemy as Anstruther Thomson ever was to flying fox in the Bicester Vale. Others, too, might be named in Brittany; such as MM. de Celler, Kerjeguz, Tregwenez, than whom it would be difficult to find in any country better shots or keener craftsmen.

There is one point, however, in woodcock-shooting, and that a very essential one, in which even the foremost of Breton fowlers signally fail; and that is, in their mode of beating a large cover with advantage. A Breton, for instance, will invariably post himself in some open spot, while his dogs are ranging through the cover; and, if a cock flies in his direction, he probably gets a shot at him; but, for every chance he thus gets, he loses many better, by not following his dogs up and taking whatever snap-shots he can obtain at every cock, as he is flushed, in thick or thin cover. By this means a moderate shot, whose spaniels are under fair command, and who can walk well up to them through cover, will make a far better bag in a day’s shooting than the most accomplished marksman who posts himself in an open space or outside a cover, waiting until the cocks come to him to be shot. Old Cleave, a famous cock-shot and

keeper in Cornwall, used to say, 'I like to see a man and his dogs go out of sight and head-over-ears in cover, and then I know they mean business.'

This practice enabled Keryfan and myself—for he had acquired it during his frequent visits to England—invariably to kill a far greater number of cocks than any Breton chasseurs with whom we shot during two seasons in Brittany: indeed the advantage on our side was usually as much as six to one cocks bagged, although, in the open, we were in no respect better shots at snipe, red-legs, or running game.

Our heads were now pointing in the direction of Carhaix; and as, by falling back to rejoin our friends Kergoorlas and St. Prix, whose distant and random firing we could barely hear, we feared the drunken garde-du-bois might burden us again with his company, Keryfan dispatched his Breton servant to Ty-meur to let the grooms know we did not intend to return thither, but to shoot our way home to Carhaix. At the same time the opportunity was taken of conveying to the drag the contents of our carnassière, now filled to its very edge with fifteen couple of woodcock, three couple of snipe, a brace of teal, a mallard, and a wood-pigeon—exactly forty head.

The covers through which we now ranged in the direction of Pencoet being so matted with heather, we scarcely flushed a single woodcock before we reached the fir plantations of M. Gourdin—a French proprietor, who has reclaimed a large extent of barren land, planted it with Scotch and larch fir-trees, and built a solitary chateau in the midst of his wild and umbrageous domain. Every moonlight night of his life he can hear the wolves howling in the covers around him, responding to each other's cries, or chiding the planet that would throw its pale light on their dark orgies; a music dismal enough, but in full harmony with the solitude of the surrounding scene. Here, if we except these predatory neighbours, to which he is always paying tribute, but without gaining their good-will, M. Gourdin is literally 'monarch of all he surveys,' and, although a man of wealth, and a bachelor to boot, prefers the solitude of the forest to the charms and amenities of a more social life.

Not two hundred yards from his chateau, in a dry hollow, unplanted with fir-trees and wholly occupied by heather of a gigantic growth, lies a patch of ground about four acres in extent, which Keryfan pointed out to me as St. Prix's favourite 'draw,' when he hunted this district. In the Midland counties of England, proprietors are wont to plume themselves on the perfection of their fox gorse-covers; and certainly, if art, judgment, and expenditure could ensure a 'certain find' and a good run, they were fairly entitled to such results. But here was a cover of nature which no art could equal; a homestead for wolves; dark, dry, quiet, and dense as an Indian jungle; with deep woodlands on all sides, into which, when disturbed by hounds, a wolf could break at any point unviewed by mortal eyes.

Our spaniels, with hackle up and terrified looks, regarded the cover with infinite suspicion, and no coaxing nor encouragement

would induce them to show a nose within its dangerous precincts. Hollow, arched runs, indeed, in the otherwise solid mass of heather, indicated too clearly on its edge how frequently they were used by wolves in their passage in and out from the surrounding woods; and doubtless, by the manner of the spaniels, the scent of the wild beast was even now strong on the heather.

'Sensible dogs are they,' said M. Gourdin, who had just joined us, 'not to enter that cover. Not a month ago, a she-wolf and her litter fell upon my faithful old Hector, when chained at my very door-post. I had gone to Concarneau to see the wonderful piscicultural establishment for sea-fish, which M. Coste, a member of the Academy of Sciences, has managed with so much ability for more than twenty years at that place. Will you believe it, my only injunction—to unchain Hector and take him within doors at night—was utterly forgotten by my Breton servant? and the consequence was, not a vestige of him could be found in the morning, save his fine old head, which was dragged so tightly into his brass collar that it alone remained to tell the tale of the night's feast. The Breton confessed to hearing the fight; and had the cowardly rascal cracked a whip or lighted a match, the old dog's life would have been saved to a certainty; but, while he listened from his bed to the quarelling and growling "o'er carcase and limb," and "the wolves were too busy to think of him," his heart failed him, and he suffered the hungry brutes to hold high carnival over my poor faithful dog.'

I was greatly interested by this story, as, on my previous visit to Brittany and these covers, I had especially admired Hector, the grandest specimen of a Wallachian mastiff I had ever seen: he was at least thirty inches high; and, single-handed, no wolf would have conquered him: fettered as he was, though, his big bone and powerful frame were no match for the many Philistines that fell upon him in that luckless night. Between M. Gourdin, the Frenchman, and the Breton peasantry of his neighbourhood there was no love lost; his occupation of land, and the legal redress he always resorted to when his rights were infringed, created a bitter jealousy, and vindictive feelings akin to those, alas! too well known in our sister isle. His covers were fenced around, and no longer available for the firewood hitherto obtained from them without let or obstruction: besides his master, Hector, by day, was the chief guard of the whole domain; and woe be to the wretched sackcloth-clad peasant who ventured to gather a bundle of sticks within the enclosed ground. The dog heard him a mile off, and pinned him to a certainty, holding him by his sackcloth collar till his cries brought the proprietor to his rescue: then followed the procès-verbal, leaving a worse grip than even the mastiff's teeth. In Ireland M. Gourdin's life would not have been worth a week's purchase; nor will it be a matter of surprise if, as was believed at Carhaix, the Breton servant designedly omitted to shut up Hector, but exposed him to the almost certain fate of being devoured by the wolves that infested the adjoining cover—a cruel revenge, but one that might reasonably be ex-

pected from a peasantry not half civilized, and desperately tenacious of privileges rightly or wrongly maintained from time immemorial.

The Breton peasant naturally hates the rich French proprietor, not only because, armed with the terrible power of the law, he puts it in force whenever an act of depredation occurs, but because, speaking a totally distinct language, and differing from him in physique and natural character quite as much as a veritable Milesian differs from an Englishman, he regards him as an intruder on the soil—an alien and a tyrannical neighbour. It is a fact that, throughout Lower Brittany, the Celtic language is universally spoken by the Breton population, and that—with the exception of a few Frenchified words, necessarily adopted to describe new articles introduced from France—the language is still in many respects much as it was a thousand years ago, or even in the fourth century, when, in the reign of the tyrant Maximus, the first great exodus occurred from this country to the ancient Armorica.

The isolation of Lower Brittany, no less than the prejudices of its people, has, doubtless, contributed to this unusual result; for unusual it certainly is, if what Sir Charles Lyell says be true, that ‘no language seems ever to last for a thousand years.’ That the languages of modern Europe—especially those of England, France, Germany and Italy—have undergone during that period a complete transmutation, is an unquestionable fact: for instance, ‘no English scholar,’ a philologist might say, ‘who has not specially given himself up to the study of Anglo-Saxon can interpret the documents in which the chronicles and laws of England were written in the days of King Alfred, so that we may be sure that none of the English of the nineteenth century could converse with the subjects of that monarch if these last could now be restored to life.’ Indeed, so rapid has been the change in the English language, that even Spenser’s ‘Faëry Queen,’ written in the year 1590, can scarcely now be enjoyed except by the erudite; while Chaucer and Barbour, poets of the fourteenth century, require a skilled linguist to read and understand the obsolete style of those authors.

In France ‘there is a treaty of peace still extant, a thousand years old, between Charles the Bald and King Louis of Germany (dated A.D. 841), in which the German king takes an oath in what was the French tongue of that day, while the French king swears in the German of that era; and neither of these oaths would now convey a distinct meaning to any but the learned in these two countries.’ Again, in Italy the Latin of the Augustan age was utterly unknown, even in Rome, by the uneducated people, before the end of the eighth century; while ‘the modern Italian cannot be traced back much beyond the time of Dante, or some six centuries before our time.’

Yet, in spite of all these proofs of change in the four languages mentioned, that of Lower Brittany has certainly not suffered in a like degree. A Breton ballad of the sixth century, entitled ‘Gerent, Mab Erbin,’ published by le Comte de la Villemarqué, and com-

pared by him with the Welsh version, as given in 'Le livre rouge de 'Herghest,' a folio volume containing the works of 'Liwarc'h Henn and Taliesin,* is quite intelligible to both Bretons and Welshmen of the present day. So, indeed, are the songs in general which M. de la Villemarqué has collected in that most interesting work of his, 'The Poems of the Breton Bards of the Sixth Century.' That gentleman, when he visited the principality of Wales about thirty years ago, established the fact, since corroborated by many others, that a Breton scholar with a knowledge of English and a Welshman understanding French, can carry on a conversation in the Breton language with little difficulty to either—all the old words being the same, although when written the spelling of them may be very different.

'But,' I hear an impatient reader say, 'what on earth has all this 'to do with cock-shooting, or wolf-hunting and wild sport in 'Brittany? *Cui bono* the knowledge that the Breton language has 'or has not outlived the period of existence assigned to all languages 'by Sir Charles Lyell?' The answer to whom is simply this: That, by the old Breton peasantry, the connection between Great Britain and Lower Brittany is still cherished with a sentiment of respect and pride; that an Englishman is regarded with far more favour than their very dissimilar and uncongenial French neighbours; and that if a Welshman speaking his native tongue visit that primitive people, he will be received by them with especial favour and kindness, and welcomed as a brother possessing the same old Celtic blood in his veins as that of which they are equally proud.

This community of blood and language is a key to the Breton's heart; and if, in addition, the sojourner in quest of sport carry a well-stocked tobacco-pouch, and is liberal therewith, he may hunt, shoot, or fish, where his inclination lead him, throughout the length and breadth of Lower Brittany. I speak from experience, having passed two pleasant seasons among the people, and traversed in pursuit of game its wildest nooks. I never once was looked upon as an intruder, but, on the contrary, received the 'right hand of 'fellowship' wherever I roamed from the peasant proprietors of that rugged land. True, the aforesaid requirements were fulfilled; I spoke Breton, and half-ruined myself by my expenditure in French 'caporal.'

Our farther sport in M. Gourdin's plantations is scarcely worth recording; suffice it to say, Keryfan and myself, when the day's bag was counted, had killed nearly three times as many woodcocks as Kergoorlas and St. Prix; both of whom, although shooting equally well, if not better than ourselves in the open, never attempted to enter a close cover nor follow their dogs throughout the day.

* This curious old work is to be found in the library of Jesus College, Oxford.

' THE BARON WINS.'

THE Baron wins—from North to South the merry message flies,
 And men may read his triumph in a nation's beaming eyes ;
 Still ever striving for the prize, so nobly won at last,
 Still hopeful of the future, not despairing for the past ;
 Now unexpected honours for the constant are decreed, °
 And ' ribands ' of unfading hue for each immortal steed,
 The triple crown, from all beside that Fortune draws away,
 Extends display'd the fickle maid—the Baron wins to-day.

The Baron wins—excited crowds take up the Derby roar ;
 Lead back fair Zephyr's orphan child, the last, the best she bore,
 The broad blue riband of the Turf, a badge to Kings denied,
 Gleams on the silk whose kindred hues its living lustre hide,
 What ' proudest moment of a life ' is half akin to this,
 Used to the frowns of Fate, to feel the magic of her kiss ?
 With gift of triumph long deferred a people's heart to sway,
 To catch the strain of their refrain—' The Baron wins to-day.'

The Baron wins—no cruel spur may wake the gory tide,
 No torturing thong the polish mar of Hannah's gleaming side,
 She, like a mew, that skims the slope of some gigantic wave,
 Flies like a shadow past the post, as beautiful as brave :
 Let the fair daughter of the house, whose ancient name she bears,
 Twine yet another leaf amid the wreath her namesake wears,
 The oaken wreath that best becomes a victress in the fray,
 Her Dryad crown of old renown—the Baron wins to-day.

The Baron wins—tho' Yorkshire hopes with Middleham retire,
 And Malton bids no clashing bells to rock her ancient spire ;
 Oh ! true and loyal is the cheer, and hearty the applause,
 That bursts unbidden to uphold the Baron's winning cause ;
 What wonder layers cease to bawl and backers cease to fret,
 Uniting all their forces for a cheer to greet ' Chopette ;'
 From Intake turn to where they crowd around the bonny bay,
 Take up the cheer, all ye who hear—the Baron wins to-day.

The Baron wins—where'er across the beauties of ' the Vale,'
 The mellow breath of autumn steals, let Zephyrs bear the tale,
 High over Mentmore's lordly halls the gonfalon unfold,
 Like sunlit sea that rolls in waves of azure and of gold ;
 Let the broad heath ' exult around,' whose undulating tracks
 Are woke to mimic thunder by the gallops of the cracks ;
 And let the shout, whose echo rings from Britain to Cathay,
 Rise high and clear through many a year—the Baron wins to-day !
 AMPHION.

JACK BLAKE ; OR, LANDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER III.—TREATS ON VARIOUS MATTERS.

THE Baronet was uneasy and restless during his servant's absence; he paced up and down the room in nervous excitement. After some half-hour's waiting, he was grasping his old friend by the hand.

'Well, Fred, my boy!' said the Captain, entering the room in haste, 'what is the matter?'

The Captain was a fine upstanding man, about the same age as his friend; they had been at school and at college together; they had travelled, hunted, and shot, side by side for the last forty years. It seldom happened that the Captain did not come down to the Grange for a couple of months' hunting and shooting; and if he did not pass Christmas with them it was looked on as a family misfortune.

Sir Frederick often asked his friend's advice on different matters, and always took it; for the Captain was a shrewd thorough-going man of the world, and it was a cute fellow indeed that could get to windward of him. He was a great favourite in the Baronet's family. As for Jack Blake, he thought Portman perfection. Portman had taught him how to shoot and ride, and had taken him about as a boy, when Sir Frederick had been busy inspecting his kennels, or with the bailiff, at some distant farm. It was Portman who had shown him how to arrange a cast of flies, and use them. With this short notice of Sir Frederick's dearest friend, we will resume our story.

'Matter, Portman,—matter enough. Here is Jack in for three thousand more—all Lavender's doing, of course; and—to make things worse—is going to be married to a cousin of that fellow's!'

'Everything came to my ears yesterday, Blake,' said the other, dryly. 'The whole time Jack has been in town he has never once been near me. However, we will knock it all on the head—but it must be done quietly. Lavender's history is told in a few words. Jews and money-lenders got his fortune before he was of age. What with horses, dogs, play, wine and women, his once princely fortune is reduced to a mere nothing; the little, fortunately enough for him he cannot get at, allows him to keep up a respectable appearance; he associates with no one but infernal blacklegs, sharpers, bullies, money-lenders, and that clique, and is at this present moment as low in the scale of honour and gentlemanly feeling as an English nobleman can well be. That Jack can really like him I cannot believe. There is more behind all this than we know of. Do not break with Lavender, Blake; we must play and handle that fish delicately and warily. I will find out everything in a couple of days. There, give Care a holiday! This evening, Jack, of course, is coming to dinner?'

'He will be here,' answered the Baronet, 'and his friend too.'

'All right,' said the other; 'we will keep an ear open. It will all be right—trust to me.'

‘ I most sincerely hope it will,’ replied the Baronet. ‘ Let us drop the subject now, for here come the ladies.’

* * * * *

In a snug little parlour, some sixty miles from London, sat a well-fed, dapper-looking man. That he was a sporting character you might see at a glance : there was no mistaking the blue bird’s-eye scarf, with the plain gold horse-shoe in it, the cut of the coat, the tight trowsers, with two buttons at the side over the ankle-bone, and polish of boots—all betrayed the stable.

He was smoking a pipe by the fireplace ; and although the grate had nothing in it, he used it as a spittoon. On the table were several papers and lists ; a black bottle and a glass of cold gin and water was at his elbow. The walls were adorned with pictures of horses, some of them fairly done ; there were also several tiny saddles, a lot of straight cutting whips, spurs, samples of oats and beans ; in one corner was a weighing-chair, saddle-cloths and a host of other things, that gave the place an untidy look and more like the interior of a pawnshop than anything else.

‘ Please, sir—’ said a diminutive lad, popping his head into the room, just as the well-fed dapper-looking man was adding more gin to his glass from the black bottle, which caused him to put it down rather hastily.

‘ What’s up, Ned ?’ he inquired, shortly.

‘ The osses is back, sir,’ replied the boy, pulling at his forelock, but which was cut so close that he could not get even the smallest grip of it.

‘ The nags are back, are they ?’ returned the well-fed dapper-looking man, who was no other than the trainer, Mr. Samuel Crafty. ‘ How are they ?’

‘ Right as a trivit, sir,’ answered the small youth. ‘ Tummas wants to see you.’

‘ Send him in,’ said his master.

Shortly after a small, unhealthy, sallow-faced man presented himself ; he did not pull at his forelock, but touched a hairy cap that was stuck knowingly on one side of his head.

‘ Servant, sir, servant,’ said he quickly, darting a look all round the room. ‘ The osses is all right ; I never in all my born days seed such a one as that Wild Oats. I’m blessed if I don’t think he’d make a meal on tenpenny nails ; sich a grubber as he is to be sure ; and legs like iron bars ; the more work we gives him the better he is. No shaking his pins or making him shin sore ; he’s the best oss in England at this moment, I might say in the whole world.’

‘ So much the better,’ returned his master. ‘ Sit down, Tummas, wash your mouth out, and tell me how the gallop came off.’

‘ Well, sir,’ said his factotum, removing his cap from his bullet-shaped head, and depositing it on the floor beside him. ‘ I give Oats a rare spin. I knowed you did not wish to be present

'for certain reasons best known to yourself'—here he shot a stealthy glance at his superior.

'I put a certain weight as you knows of on,' and he nodded significantly at the glass of very stiff he held in his hand, 'and the same on the Melody filly; in course the lads was not fly, or had a hidea of the weight that was up. Old Pioneer led 'em. Dear heart alive, if you'd only seen 'em come rushing through the bushes; the old oss could hardly shake Oats off, sich a cut and come again sort that youngster is surely; the old un only finished a length before him. And the difference of weight was—'

'Hold hard, Tummas, none of that,' interposed his master, authoritively. 'Keep your mouth shut. Was any one out?' he continued, carelessly.

'Well,' replied the other, 'I did see a few heads put up in the fern; but, in course, according to your orders I took no notice.'

'Of course not,' answered Mr. Crafty, 'of course not. I want this to travel; it will be in town before to-morrow morning. As you say, Wild Oats is the best horse in England; look how he smashed 'em up in the Two Thousand. If Mr. Blake had only put the pot on instead of a few hundreds, I'm blessed if he would not have skinned the lamb, cooked the ring, and the whole biling of 'em, but his chance is gone. Of course he will clap it on for the Blue Ribbon; but, he added in a whisper, 'he must not win that, Tummas, that would not suit our book, my boy; he must not even be placed; we can fill our pockets at a price, and a nice one too, but he shall come again for the Ledger, and stick 'em all in a hole.'

'Ah!' returned the other, 'you are a knowing one, governor, Mr. Crafty, I mean,' he added, correcting himself; 'in course you know wots wot, but there's nothing that can beat him in the Derby though.'

'Beat him! not one that can even make him gallop,' replied his employer.

'Then how do you mean to do it?' demanded the other, in a whisper.

'I don't know yet,' answered Mr. Crafty; 'I must consult Lord Lavender.'

'Lord Lavender! why, sir, he's great with Mr. Blake—his fast friend.'

'Fast friend,' replied the other, derisively; 'did you ever know Lord Lavender a friend to any one but himself?—he'd sell the Devil; but he ain't much of a friend to himself though,' he continued, 'for I never see a gent who has cooked his goose so thoroughly as he has.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the other. 'Anyways, here's wishing you luck, Mr. Crafty.'

Whilst all this was going on, a different scene was taking place far away.

In a handsomely furnished, but small, drawing-room, near St.

John's Wood, sat two ladies, the elder of the two was not more than forty, and still a very fine woman; in her younger days she must have been eminently beautiful.

The younger was a tall, splendid-looking girl, about eighteen years of age; a magnificent figure, beautiful hair, complexion, and eyes; such a style of loveliness that one seldom looks on.

They were both occupied in different ways; the elder was seated at a frame before an elaborate piece of worsted work, whilst her young companion was reclining on the sofa, indolently pulling the ears of a beautiful little Charlie spaniel through her delicate fingers, and who seemed well contented with the caresses bestowed upon it.

'Kate,' said the lady at the frame, breaking the silence, 'I wonder we have not seen Blake to-day, he does not usually absent himself in this way. I must take him to task, positively I must.'

'Leave him alone, mamma,' replied the other, 'probably he has gone down with Lord Lavender to see how the horses get on. You know Wild Oats is to win the Derby. Men do not like to be tied to a girl's apron strings all day long; he can come and go as he likes.'

This was said in such a tone as caused the other to look up in astonishment from her work, to which she returned the instant again without a remark.

Any other conversation that might have taken place was prevented by Lord Lavender walking composedly into the room.

'Ah, here we are!' said that gentleman, crossing his legs over a chair, and languidly resting his arms on the back of it.

'He-ars the devil to pay; Sir Fwedewick, Lady Di, and the daughters, come up to town; asked me to dinner, too, by gad; accepted, but of course shall not go; shall leave Blake to face the old boy and fight it out by himself.'

'Of course you will,' said the girl, scornfully. 'When did you ever serve a friend in need?'

'Weally, Kate, you are too hard. I shall go down to Cwasty's and see the nags. Blake has the gwandest horse in the world.'

'And will win the Derby,' said the girl, quietly.

'Ah! yas, I dare say he will; that is,' he added, *sotto voce*, 'if they will let him.'

'What do you mean by "let him?"' asked she.

'Why, you know, Kate, sometimes it is better a horse should lose, so they woope him, or pull him out of his stwidge, or dodge it somehow.'

'Ah! I see,' said the girl; 'how clever; and this is how poor Jack's horse is to be served;—does he know it?'

'Now, Kate, there you are. I never said the horse was to be pulled. Jack does not bet much; he might have won thousands instead of a few paltry hundweds on the Two Thousand. Now, Oats stands, and will stand, first favouwite for the Derby. He'll start at as short a pwice as 2 to 1 against him, and even at that figure one might make a fine thing.'

‘I understand now,’ said his companion; ‘you lay against the horse on the sly and pull him.’

‘Just so;’ answered he. ‘That is the way to do it, but we mean him to win,’ he added, darting one of those peculiar looks on her.

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‘When you and Kate have done on horses, will you tell me if you are dining with Sir Frederick,’ demanded the elder lady.

‘Decidedly not. I have written an excuse. I shall go down to Crafty’s and be out of the way till I hear from Jack;’ and he sauntered slowly from the room.

‘What a villain!—what a double-faced villain!’ passionately exclaimed the girl as he closed the door.

‘Yes, my dear,’ calmly answered the elder. ‘Men are obliged to be so sometimes; they can’t get on in the world without it.’

‘So Lord Lavender is not coming to dinner, Jack, after all,’ said Sir Frederick, as they all met in the drawing-room; ‘so much the better, we shall have it all to ourselves; and over our wine you can tell me all your plans.’

‘Well, I am sorry he is not here,’ interposed the captain, ‘for I wanted to ask him a question or two; however, it will keep till to-morrow.’

* * * * *

In cosy arm-chairs sat two men over a steaming bowl of mulled port; they were Sir Frederick’s old butler, Binns, and Lord Lavender’s valet, Mr. Studs. The latter was undergoing the process of what Binns called ‘being pumped.’

‘I never tasted such a mull in my life, Mr. Binns,’ said the London swell servant.

‘Well, Mr. Studs, I’ve served a pretty long apprenticeship, over forty years; I flatter myself I can brew; but you don’t get on.’

‘I shall warm up to my work presently,’ returned the other. ‘I’m out of sorts; fancy that Lavender making a messenger of me; he sent me with the note of refusal to Sir Frederick. I would not have brought it, only I knew I should meet you.’

‘Very kind of you, indeed. I’m sorry, though, his lordship did not come to dinner. And Mr. John here, too.’

‘Why he thought, Mr. Binns, he might be in the way, so he went down to Crafty’s to look at the horses.’

‘Horses?’ said the butler, ‘I did not know his lordship kept any now?’

‘No more he does, Mr. Binns; they’re not his.’

‘Ha, I see,’ replied the wily butler, hazarding an answer, ‘they are Mr. John’s.’

‘Why, how do you know, Binns?’ said the other, losing his caution, ‘that Mr. Blake has race horses.’

‘Oh!’ replied the other, nodding his head knowingly, ‘I know; though if the truth be told, the poor old man’s breath was almost taken away by this avowal.’

‘Ha! ha!’ laughed the other, ‘your’re fly, up to trap, Binns, I see. Mr. John might have won a cart load on the Two Thousand, if he had only known how to pile on the agony; and instead of winning eight or ten thousands he only landed as many hundreds. Why they could not even make Wild Oats gallop; he is the grandest horse in Europe, and would win the Derby in a canter if they would let him; but you see, my governor is a cute fellow and hard up, and he does not care who he sells, or Crafty either.’

‘Crafty,’ interrupted the attentive butler; ‘I surely know that name—(poor man, he had not the faintest idea who he was)—Crafty, of course you have heard of him, the trainer you knew down Essex way.’

‘Oh, of course, I remember now. Then I suppose the Derby is a certainty for Wild Oats.’

‘It would be,’ returned the other, almost in a whisper, ‘if they would let him; but they mean to rope him.’

‘Rope him,’ gasped out the butler, ‘what’s that?’

‘Why, Mr. Binns,’ answered the elevated valet, ‘they mean to work the oracle, so that, though the horse won’t win, they will fill their pockets at the same time; the horse won’t be ridden on the square, he will be pulled, that’s roping.’

‘And Mr. John,’ demanded the other, ‘does he know of all this?’

‘Not a word; if he backs the horse he will be in for a hot-un.’

‘By G—d, Studs!’ exclaimed the excited old man; ‘then that master of yours would ruin my poor boy? Mr. John, I mean.’

‘Just so, my worthy friend,’ returned the valet; ‘that is, if he chooses to let them; though I say it, there are not bigger blackguards out than my governor and Crafty. Now, look you here, Binns, the game with Lavender is nearly up. I must go, and that soon. I’ll tell you many things if you will make it worth my while. I’ll put you up to who Miss Kate is—the one that your young master is going to marry, his lordship’s cousin, you know.’ And he winked his eye in drunken gravity at his companion. ‘I’ve not been valet so long to one of the biggest scamps in Europe without finding out a few of his lordship’s secrets. Give me your word that before the Derby is run you will pay me a hundred quids, and I will tell you now who the young lady is. I’ll stop on with my precious master till the Derby is over; and give you all information about the horses. Is it a bargain?’

‘On my solemn word, Studs, you shall have the money. I’ll place it in your name to-morrow morning at Sir Frederick’s bankers, to be paid over to you at the stated time. Will that suit you?’

‘Yes,’ replied the other.

‘Then tell me who Miss Kate is,’ demanded the anxious old servant.

Studs drew closer to his companion, and whispered something in his ears.

‘Great God!’ exclaimed the old butler, his face as white as ashes. ‘Is this true, Studs?’

‘As true as there is a God in heaven, I’ll give you all the letters and papers to-morrow morning. The instant the money is paid into the bank, they are yours.’

‘Come with me, then, to-morrow morning,’ said poor Binns; ‘you shall see it paid in, and you’ll give me the papers there?’

‘I’ll do so, Binns,’ replied Lord Lavender’s confidential man. ‘Now I must go.’

* * * * *

In Mr. Crafty’s sanctorum, which we have already brought before our readers, sat that illustrious gentleman, and Lord Lavender. The faces of both were flushed and heated, for they were drinking heavily.

‘Well, my lord,’ said the trainer; ‘so Sir Frederick is come up to town, is he? there will be the devil to pay, and no pitch hot, with his son. A hundred to one if he does not find out about the horses, that will be a nice kettle of fish; they would be out of my hands in less than no time, and then where should we be?’

‘My wowthy friend, do not be allawmed. Jack is not such an ass as to tell his govewnor abut the horses; the old gentleman means to pay his debts again; it is not that that twobles me, it is about this mawiage with my cousin, that must come out. Captain Portman is a deuced clever fellow, and if he takes the matter in hand, he won’t let it dwop till he has it all out, and he has Jack Blake in tow, I know that much.’

‘I always told you, my lord, that if you called the young lady your cousin, you would make a hash of it; why you should have done so beats my comprehension.—Who is she?’

‘Hang me, if I know,’ said the young nobleman, knocking the ash off his cigar. ‘She has lived with Mrs. Mowison for some time. She is not her daughter, though she believes herself to be so; she got her, when quite a child, from some lady. She was well paid to rear and educate her. Well, she educated her abwoad, and she did it well, too: some time back the supplies she had wegularly weceived for the purpose were stopped, and she was obliged to take Kate to live with her. All I know about the matter is, that whoever Kate’s mother was, she ran away from her husband, and gave up the child to Mrs. Morrison. When the supplies were stopped, Mrs. M. found out that Kate’s mother was dead—died of bwoken heart, you know, and all that; so, as she could no longer afford to keep her away, took her home to live with her, and made me pwomise to call her my cousin; she thinks Mrs. Mowison is her mother, and that Mrs. M. is my cousin—do you see, now?’

‘Mrs. Morrison, then, my lord, is your—’

‘Her stowy is soon told, Cwafy,’ interrupted his lordship. ‘She was a devilish fine woman. Mawied to an old idiot. With more money than bwains. She took a fancy to me, and wan away fwom her husband. She got thwee thousand fwom him though first,

‘and an annuity of two hundred per annum. The three thousand are nearly gone now.’

‘And you mean to give her up?’ put in the trainer.

‘You’ve exactly hit it,’ said the other; ‘but, if possible, I must get out of her first who Kate weally is; that would be worth coin; but she is so devilish close on this point, that I almost despair of ever knowing more on this subject than I do now. One thing is quite certain, that Kate weally thinks I am her cousin, and that Mrs. Mowison is her mother.’

‘Ah,’ said the trainer, reflectively; ‘a nice mess it will be when it all comes out. Which it will do, and that before long; look out for squalls then.’

‘Oh, never mind,’ answered the other. ‘Show me my way to bed, Cwafty. I’m devilish tired; and put the bwandy and soda-water near me.’

* * * * *

‘Now, Jack,’ said Sir Frederick, as he met his son the morning after his arrival in town, ‘make a clean breast of it to your father, and Portman, here. I’ll pull you through, my boy. I have never been a harsh father to you. More like an elder brother. Now, Jack, I know more than you think; in addition to your debts, you own two racehorses, Wild Oats and Tearaway. Now, all this I will overlook, though unworthy deception; there is one thing, however, I should like to know. Are you racing in your own, or under an assumed name?’

‘In my own,’ said his son, looking thoroughly astonished that his father should possess such a knowledge of his goings on.

‘Thank God for that, Portman,’ said the baronet, turning to his friend, who sat quietly by.

‘Thank God for that,’ he again repeated, ‘never be ashamed of your name, my boy. By jingo, if you had been racing under an assumed one, I would not have helped you. Why, Jack, do men hide their names? because they are ashamed of what they are doing. Many a man knows his family, his wife, or what not, would object to his being on the Turf, so he conceals his name; others, who sail under false colours, are mixed up in such dirty transactions connected with the Turf, that they are obliged to do so to hide their swindling proceedings. I tell you, my boy,’ said the old gentleman, earnestly, ‘that on the Turf nowadays, where there is one gentleman there are twenty blackguards. Some few races are run on the square. Think of the lots of young men that have of late years gone to the bad, sold by their friends, trainers, ruined, died in misery and want; fine estates lost for ever to them and their families. And in utter despair others have destroyed themselves. Suicides! Think of all this, my boy. You don’t want to disgrace yourself, do you. To bring me, your mother, and sister to want? Think of all this, Jack.’

‘No, father, no; God forbid,’ said the young man, bursting into tears. ‘I have been wrong, very wrong. On my oath, as a man

'and a gentleman,' raising his head proudly, and looking his father full in the face; 'I will alter from this minute. I will scratch the horses, and sell them.'

'No, Jack, no,' put in Captain Portman, speaking for the first time. 'We don't intend you to do that. Wild Oats is the best horse in Europe. Now, Jack, look here. You will naturally be curious how your father and I know all. Well, I'll tell you: Binns got hold of Lord Lavender's valet, Studs, last night, and pumped all out of him. I, too, have been to work. And this I have found out: that Crafty is the greatest rascal unhung. That he and your friend, Lavender, mean to sell you; in fact, that the horse is to be roped. Now, if you will leave yourself in my hands, I'll pull you through. You must not pretend to suspect anything. I shall have more news shortly. Cunning as they are, I'll match them; do you promise to be led by me in this matter, Jack?'

'I will,' replied the young man, holding out his hand; 'on my honour, I will do nothing without your advice.'

'You see, Jack,' continued the captain, 'I have a few friends about, and this I have already discovered: the horse will be brought to the post as fit as a fiddle. There will be no games played with him; it would not suit Crafty's book to do so. A horse walking into the paddock with a rough coat, and dull eye, would not do. You may depend he will come to the post fit to run for his life: it is in the riding, Jack, it will be done; they will burst him. At any rate, you may be assured my information is correct. Now, I know the finest rider in Europe; quite a youngster. That is, he is nineteen or twenty, and pounds under eight stone. I can trust him with my life. He will be here to-morrow morning. Now, what I propose is this, that you should take him down to Crafty's with you, directly he arrives. Say a friend of yours wishes to put him in a racing stable, and will pay a premium. You can, I have no doubt, manage it; he will give us all news as to how the horses are going on. Crafty will soon find out what a rider he is, and no doubt he will be put on Oats to exercise and gallop. You must manage this, too, if you can. Well, my boy, on the eventful day, in the paddock, we will take possession of your horses. I'll engage Crafty shall not make a noise, for I shall have a little matter for his private ear, that will astonish his weak nerves. No one shall come near the horses but our own men.'

'But who,' interrupted his attentive listener, 'will ride him—Oats, I mean?'

'Who?' returned the captain, 'why, Ned, the lad that you will take down with you to-morrow. One of the best riders you ever saw. Splendid head and hands, and as strong as a lion; you never saw such a rider; and, as for nerve, it's something wonderful; he is the one to put up; the horse will know him, and that will be seven pounds in his favour.'

'Your father and I will put a commissioner on to take the odds against him in your name; we will hand him over a thousand pounds

‘for that purpose. And that, if well laid out, as I shall take care it shall be, will, if the horse pulls through, realise a pretty good sum, all your own, Jack. You shall back your horse, and do it like a gentleman; but, hit or miss, my boy, after the Derby, you cut the Turf; hunt ~~as much as you like~~ ^{not as much as you like}. I have your word, have I not? Well, Binns, what is it?’ he continued, as the old butler presented a packet of letters to him. ‘Why, man alive, you are as white as a ghost, what the devil ails you?’

Glancing at the letters, his face became as ashy white as that of the old servitor’s before him.

‘Great God!’ he gasped out, ‘what is this?’ Sir Frederick and his son looked on in mute astonishment.

As the captain glanced from letter to letter, one at last riveted his attention, and he read it from end to end.

‘Fred—Binns,’ he at last said, in a hollow voice, ‘a glass of water —I am faint, very faint. Merciful God, thy ways are inscrutable!’ and laying his head on the table, he sobbed aloud.

(To be continued.)

HUNTING OF THE PRESENT DAY.

‘In thee alone, fair land of liberty,
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrivalled, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak, degen’rate race.’

NUMBERLESS are the works that have been written on hunting—legion is their name. It must not be supposed I am going to write a paper on the ‘noble art.’ Nothing of the sort; I shall not, you may depend on it, attempt that which has been long ago done by far abler pens than mine.

‘There is nothing new to be learned,’ many will no doubt say. Well, perhaps there is not; but there is a great deal to be *unlearned*. Hunting is nothing like it was years back, it has *degenerated*.

‘Ah! this is all very fine,’ I fancy I hear some young and aspiring Nimrod say; ‘but prove it!’ I will endeavour to do so.

In the first place, what are we to understand by the word *hunting*? On looking at the dictionary (one of the best we have) by Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. (I won’t quote Dr. Pangloss, and add A double S), he gives ‘hunting, the diversion of the chase,’ and quotes in his turn Adam Smith, who says ‘hunting and fishing, the most important employments of mankind in the rude state of society.’ *In the rude state!* Well, that may or may not be. I won’t cavil with the eminent authority; but perhaps gunners—especially the dove slaughterers—might wish ‘shooting’ added to Adam Smith’s definition of the term.

At any rate, hunting means, as I read it, ‘chasing,’ or looking for

different animals. We will commence with fox-hunting. Is the fox chased properly nowadays? I say not.

The beauty of fox-hunting consists, in my idea, of a pack of hounds working steadily together on a trail, or following a fox surely after he has broken cover. Do the hounds of the present day do this? Certainly not; they follow it, and kill, no doubt; but not in the way I should like to see it done. What is the cause of all this? Many are the causes; in the first place, it is the huntsman's eagerness, his pride in the nineteenth century 'to out-Herod Herod,' *i.e.*, to beat his brother huntsmen, and show more pads and noses nailed against his kennel door. And the way it is done is this: the hounds, instead of putting down their heads and hunting, are star-gazing, looking out for an uplifted hat or holloa; they rush to the least sound, they look for 'lifts.' Now this 'lifting' system, I have no hesitation in saying, is the very worst system that can be adopted; but, as huntsmen will tell you, they kill their foxes all the quicker for it. This may be, but it is not hunting. It cuts me to the quick to see hounds who are well on the line of their fox dash off to some view holloa, and take up that line some half dozen fields off—it is murder to me. Then, again, many hounds are bred too fine and speedy to my taste; they go flashing over the scent, which necessitates a cast; but before this cast is made probably they are holloaed on to a view, and do not trouble to puzzle it out. This is what is ruining fox-hunting. Give me a moderately fast pack—I do not like a slow one, but one that will hunt every yard at a decent pace, scorning to throw up their heads, flashing about and waiting for help.

But *real hunting* will not suit most of the huntsmen of the present day; they want pads, and to be able to beat other packs by so many brace of foxes **KILLED**. They like to see their doings quoted in 'Baily,' the 'Field,' or other sporting papers. All well and good this, and were it done by what I term fair hunting, I should be the last to grumble.

I have said hounds are bred too speedy; many will say 'they are not,' that the face of the country is different to what it was years ago, that there are few open drains, the ground better cultivated, scent not lying as well as it did formerly, horses bred faster, &c. Granted; the face of the country is no doubt altered, as it ever will be. Tile-draining and high farming no doubt is the present system. Horses are without a doubt bred faster, but are they *stouter*? Forty years ago did you hear of a second horse being out? Most men were then content to make one do a day's work; there was no pad groom or second horseman riding wildly about to points, breaking his own and his master's heart, the one to be *in* the proper place, and the other to find *out* the proper place. I am told that the high farming of the present time admits of hounds going faster; perhaps it does, but it is by no means clear to me; that hounds can hunt well and truly faster, no matter how speedy or well-bred they may be. By this you must not run away with the idea that I am an advocate for

the old, slow, pottering Sothern hound. I like middling fast hunting—as fast as a country will permit of without flashing over the scent. I love music, but how few packs have a good cry now! Yes, hunting has degenerated. You have not the hounds of former years; the blood is no doubt as good, but their *education is faulty*. Music is wanting; lifting and holloas must be dropped before we can hope to see the style of former days. I am glad to say several M.F.'s are now adopting the silent system: they will meet their reward. In my time men were content to go to the meet on their cover-hack, with their overalls on, or they would ride their own horse on quietly, if they were not rich men. Nowadays, your swell goes to the meet in his well-appointed brougham, with the morning paper by his side, and his carriage clock staring him in the face, or in his mail-phæton, with a regalia as long as a small walking-stick between his lips. Well, I do not find much fault in all this—certainly not with the smoking; but it is evident many, far too many, men are not such genuine sportsmen as in the days of 'Auld Lang Syne,' not regular 'John Peels.' It is of their dress I would more particularly speak now. I do not care a button if a man likes a peculiar hat, tie, or coat, if he prefers his tops milk white, brown, cream, or rose tint. Bartlett will fit him out to a shade, and blacking as well—that immortal blacking, 'wot will cut a 'shine in or over any country;' but I do object to those waterproof aprons before and behind; they are effeminate, not worthy of a British sportsman. The only improvement I can suggest is that a hunting whip should be manufactured, the same as some of our belles' driving-whips, that instead of a parasol, it should have an umbrella attached to it; this, with a scent-bottle, would make the picture complete. I am happy to say there are yet some of the old school left to us—evergreen sportsmen, who ride as well as of yore. Long may they do so!

Wire-fencing is playing Old Harry in some countries. May the proprietors be induced to do away with them. Railways, too, are not conducive to hunting; but these we must put up with. I do not think the country can be much more cut up by them than it is at present; the rail, too, gives many a man a day with a pack he could never hope to go with otherwise.

What I trust to see before I 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' is hounds coming back to their old form, hunting every yard of the country, a better breed of foxes, weight-carrying hunters, men as hard as nails, huntsmen with less horn and noise; then, I shall be indeed pleased, and well content to end my days in the pig-skin. The above remarks do not of course include all our packs; there are some—alas! not many—who hunt as they ought to hunt.

THIS GENERATION.

'Quantum, pro pudor, degeneravimus à parentibus nostris.'

SOME folks assert that men of old
 Were stouter, stronger, and more bold
 Than those of the present day.
 Who walks like Barclay, shoots like Ross,
 On the hillside or o'er the moss?
 Deny it those who may.

Who like Tom Smith can scour the plain,
 Go for a fall, and up again,
 Rejoicing on his way?
 Or like Jack Standen, or the Squire,
 Who knew not what it was to tire?
 Such men have passed away.*

Has it, then, come to such a pass,
 That Luxury and sloth, alas!
 Have sapped our manhood's core?
 A nation of young coxcombs grown,
 In whom endurance is unknown,
 And spirit dwells no more?

Oh, no! we trust that England's sons,
 Through whose blue veins the old blood runs,
 Have not degenerate grown!
 If there were giants in those days,
 Of whom our fathers sing the praise,
 We'll match them with our own.

If times have changed, and hunting more,
 For one bold rider, now you'll find a score
 Able to hold his place;
 And all must own that when hounds serve,
 No lack of horsemanship or nerve,
 No slackness in the chase.

No finer pluck in days of yore
 Than shown when Gulston plies the oar,
 Or Chinnery runs a race!
 The shade of Beauclerk must bow down,
 And render up the cricket crown
 To our own Gilbert Grace.

* On Nov. 10, 1801, Capt. Barclay walked 90 miles upon the York and Hull road, in 20 hours, 22 minutes and 4 seconds. On May 12, 1824, Capt. Standen, and five brother officers of the Guards, rowed from Oxford to Westminster Bridge, a distance of 118 miles, in 15 hours and 45 minutes. On Nov. 5, 1831, Mr. Osbaldeston rode 200 miles, at Newmarket, in 8 hours and 42 minutes.

POACHING AND ITS PREVENTION.

IN the absence of statistics we can only form an approximate idea of the number of victims which are annually killed, or are condemned to drag out a painful existence, owing to the violence of the habitual poachers. When garotting became fashionable, and there was a great want of discrimination shown in the selection of subjects, so much so indeed, that, if we recollect rightly, an M.P. underwent the uncomfortable process, it was pronounced at once a crime 'intolerable, outrageous,' and (as it was indeed in reality) a disgrace to any civilised society. Flogging, the best punishment for a cowardly brute, combined with longer terms of penal servitude, have done much to put down this special form of crime, although it is still occasionally practised on poor men in unfrequented localities if they have the least symptom of intoxication about them. Still we may say that the call of society to the legislature for sterner and more repressive treatment of the criminal class has been responded to with very great general success. We have little doubt if the noblemen, the members of parliament, the country squires, and the rich middle-class population of the country had each individually to take a night only once in the year with the poor keepers, an instantaneous legislation would follow. It would then, as with garotting, be deemed too monstrous a state of things that a man was liable, in the simple protection of his property and the discharge of his duty, to be perhaps killed or, still worse, maimed for life. We can understand, though we do not agree with, those who wish to give the occupier of a farm the right to shoot over what he calls his own farm, but which is really so much surface off which he has a right to gather the produce for which he pays an equivalent; minerals which are underneath the surface, and game which may be fostered on it, having been, almost by force of long custom, considered the property of the landlord. What we cannot understand is, what possible form of defence can be raised for men who notoriously have not an acre of ground, and who in no shape contribute to the maintenance or the increase of game, and who, inhabiting the larger towns, come in large gangs to steal the property of their neighbours. Granted that it may be in the nature of things difficult for Lord A. or Lord B. to swear that the stolen pheasants or hares are their individual property, yet they could with safety depose that the game belonged to one of the two adjoining properties in their hands, having been reared there; and still more clear is it that Brown and Jones, of Whitechapel or elsewhere, not owning an acre of ground, can have no right to come there, and steal their joint property. Not until poaching is called by its right name, 'stealing,' will the fearful murders connected with its preservation be stopped. Yet the legislature looks on placidly; and as in the case of cholera we may safely anticipate that after our population has been decimated by that fell

scourge very great attention will be paid to the purifying of our streams and the cleansing of our cities, so we suppose that when an army of keepers, headed by several members of the influential classes, has been slaughtered with impunity by the well-organised plans of the poachers, the severest measures will tardily be taken to put a stop to the unnecessary waste of life and the disgusting brutality exhibited by the poaching fraternity. In the meantime we think more might be done by the keepers if they were to adopt the plans of their enemies.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri. In the last case, which terminated in one case fatally, the watcher's brains being beaten out by *five* men, whom he attacked single-handed at the moment, though with the prospect of making the proportion of the assailants three to five, or rather more than one to two, it appears that plenty of help was actually near. Had these brave but rash men only known that five more willing hands were within reach, they might have surrounded the poachers, and in such numbers as to have captured them without the sad loss of life which has occurred. It appears to us that the first thing for a head keeper to learn would be the detective art—to get good information—for which his master would willingly pay, as to the intended visits of these parties, for, after all, the isolated cases of village poachers are very easily managed. Sharp boys, who know the country and short cuts between given points, might be very usefully employed in picking up information at the low public houses and other haunts of the poachers, and then carrying news of their projects to the keepers. With this assistance they could gather together in sufficient numbers and help one another, which seems to be at present their only chance of coping with the tactics of their opponents. We know of one case where a keeper, a very powerful man, who didn't know what fear was, narrowly escaped death owing to the want of a very little help. He, after a rough tussle in the water with three men, who were poisoning the river, got hold of two of them and took them some distance on his way towards home, when the third, finding that the keeper had no help at hand, mustered courage enough to deal him a fearful blow on the head from behind, and the three poachers then with stakes beat him about the head until they were quite sure he must be dead, when they considerably ceased. Now in this case the help of a servant from the house, which was not half a mile from the spot, might have saved the poor brave fellow from a life of continual suffering. We think that much might be done also by signals on fine nights with fire-balls, which would also help to identify the men—a far more important matter than their arrest, as the certainty of the latter would obviate all necessity for the former. The only effectual remedy lies, however, with the legislature, as, if once game is treated as property, a blow can be dealt at the class which really does more than any other to encourage the offence, viz., the 'receivers of stolen property.' Without the facilities afforded by the game-sellers for getting rid of a commodity always perishable, the value

would hardly pay for the risk of detection; and by merely watching the houses of the receivers, an easy stop would be put to this nefarious work. But at present, though by its conspicuous absence in your own coverts and its unaccountable presence in the neighbouring shop window, you may feel morally sure that the game is your property, you are perfectly helpless and without any remedy, as the receiver is not obliged to give the least account of the person from whom he buys the stolen game. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when a man vapours unnecessarily about interference with the rights of a British subject, it is to protect himself in some iniquity which will otherwise be certainly detected; so we might anticipate a great outcry from the game-sellers against any intrusion in their private affairs; but no honest dealer, who was content to buy and sell in a legitimate way, would object to the inspection of his list of sellers on a particular occasion and in furtherance of the ends of justice. Our experience is that no man defends his British-born rights so pluckily as a pickpocket; yet we don't hesitate, in the interests of the rest of the community, to allow a policeman to violate his inalienable rights; and we are sure that a very trifling inconvenience to an honest salesman would put an end to the practices of the dishonest. We think that if these steps were taken, and that all gentlemen sold the game which they didn't require for themselves or their friends, the supply of game would be very much increased for the use of the country, and a source of brutal assaults and occasional murders would soon cease to disgrace our calendar, and the men now leading this lawless life would be driven to turn their energies to some good purpose, and thus benefit themselves and the nation at the same time.

L. S.

A MATCH AT GOLF.

‘ Quick, Helen! Maurice’s letter. I see our groom is mounted and waiting for the bag. It’s a busy day at the “General,” as they are making up their last Australian mail for March.’

‘ Here it is, Maud! I was only adding the post-town which Maurice was not sure about. Where is your “Fifeshire Gazette” for the Colonel’s New Zealand friend?’

‘ Already folded. But I must gum down the envelope. How weak and watery this gum is! Why, Helen! you have gone and put “Mallow!” Don’t you know that the Desmond’s country is near Bantry?’

‘ Yes, I know. But I heard Mr. Desmond say he was to fish the Blackwater early in April, and that all letters would find him there. Did you ever see that Blackwater country, Maud?’

‘ Oh! yes, I’ve seen it: and the Irish rave about it: but the idea of a lady who can range from Ullswater to Windermere caring for such tame scenery, surprises me.’

‘ Ah! well: I thought it beautiful in its way; and so did Maurice who is a better judge than I am.’

‘ Really, now! Is your brother such a superlative judge?’

‘ Don’t be ungrateful, Maud! Maurice has shown very good taste in one way. He admires you beyond all visions of woman-kind that ever haunted this rugged earth.’

‘ Ah! but I’m *not* a vision, my dear! and I sometimes fear that I am not even passably romantic.’

‘ You are substantial flesh and blood, no doubt,’ said Helen, laughing: ‘ but you are Maurice’s vision for all that, and the only one he will ever have.’

‘ No, Helen; I am a sad, prosy mortal. But at least, I won’t behave shabbily. Let me whisper a word in your little ear.’

Helen bent down her head, listened, and blushed.

‘ Maud, don’t be rash! the other event may never, never happen!’

‘ Never, never, never! How many negatives make an affirmative? I always forget.’

‘ And I never knew.’

‘ Take care, Helen! That’s another “never.”’

‘ Then, never mind! I remember the rule now: it must be an even number of them: so I stop here. Come and walk on the sands.’

Maud was the only child of Colonel Munro, a retired Indian officer; and Richard Desmond was her cousin. Maurice and Helen were the last remaining scions of a time-honoured family of Braithwaites, in Westmoreland. They were just now on a week’s visit to the Colonel, who had been a distant connexion of their mother’s; but it was arranged that they should return for a longer stay in July, when some good matches at golf would be played on the Links of St. Andrew’s within half a mile of the Munro’s residence. One of these contests was to be between Braithwaite and young Desmond; the former was known for a champion wrestler and cricketer; the latter had held the silver racket for tennis against the flower of his university, and was a picked man at billiards and sculling-matches. The novel spectacle thus promised, of an Englishman competing with an Irishman for victory in a genuine Scotch game, had excited considerable interest in Fifeshire circles, and induced some pretty heavy bets to be laid on the issue, as between Saxon and Celt.

Maurice’s letter had been written to fix a day in the month of July, as before agreed, for the match to come off; and Colonel Munro, an old and experienced golfer, had consented to act as umpire.

The bluff Spring made her curtsy and withdrew, and genial Summer took the vacant place.

It was now July, and the Braithwaites were Munro’s guests again; but no tidings of Desmond had yet come to hand. Maurice’s letter had not received the reply which he counted on; and the Colonel,

who was somewhat of a martinet, and disliked to see a screw loose anywhere, began to feel nettled at this neglect of a formal notice.

‘Miss Braithwaite,’ said he, ‘my nephew does not appear, and this match was advertized for noon to-morrow; I am afraid your brother will have to walk over the course alone. It is embarrassing for me, as several of my friends have bets to a large amount pending.’

‘I still think Mr. Desmond will come: Maurice, you telegraphed for him yesterday, did you not?’

‘I did, at a venture: but who can tell where an Irishman may be? It’s like hunting the seal. He finished with the Blackwater in May, and I had understood that he was then to join a party at Powerscourt, and sketch all about the Dargle; but I know nothing certain. I really wish Desmond were more methodical.’

‘I don’t then,’ said Miss Munro; ‘our people here are so awfully regular in their notions, it is quite a relief to get an occasional dash of variety from the sister island. The sight of Richard always raises my spirits.’

‘Maud, I must request that you will not talk so absurdly. Business should always be business. Would you like me to have to take up sundry of these bets, if Richard should prove a defaulter?’

‘My dear father, it might be the very best thing that could happen! you would do it so well. And as we have to give luncheon, after the county-match next day, to some forty people, no one could object to anything which you might propose, while they were drinking your champagne.’

The Colonel made a wry face, said she was a strategist in petticoats, and changed the subject.

But their fears were idle. Next morning, Desmond walked quietly in, as the quartette were sitting down to breakfast. After greeting his host and hostess, and shaking hands with the Braithwaites, he soon found he would be put on his defence. ‘Welcome! and whence? lord of the green valley! Do you usually decline answering official letters?’

‘Thank you, Colonel! But I’m not from that remarkable hold of the Desmonds, this time. Luckily for me, I was at Mallow again, two days since, when Braithwaite’s March despatch turned up. Oh! I can defend myself, and that in most approved style—videlicet: Would it surprise you now to learn that this letter had travelled to New Zealand and back before I set eyes on it? Look at that post-mark, and the sentence in red ink scribbled on the envelope. It seems your Mercury of the mail-bags had slipped the document by mistake into a newspaper, addressed to the colony. I suppose, the natives hereabouts send off their journals without looking to the covers. Maud, you need not colour up! I guessed it was *you*. Just in time, however: and so, Maurice, look to your laurels! I’m in first-rate condition, having providentially trained for the last fortnight on river-wading and short commons. Uncle,

'perhaps you'll help me to a kidney nevertheless. And how goes
'suburban betting, in our little kingdom of Fife?'

'Dead against you, my dear fellow! Modesty forbids me to quote
'the odds.'

'Thank you, Braithwaite! Three to two—eh?'

'I'm ashamed to say, it's something worse.'

'All right! I like to go in for a struggle against heavy odds. It
'stirs one's blood.'

'Dick, tell us who won that billiard-match in Cork?'

'Now, Miss Munro, don't you set me blushing. Well, then, if
'you *must* have it, it was myself.'

'And the main at tennis?'

He smiled, and bowed.

'And whose eight-oar was "first" at the Kingstown regatta?'

'Now, mavourneen, you're joking to ask *that*! Why, ours, of
'course! whose else should it be? We modest academicians sacked
'your army and navy in the morning, and let them in for a cham-
'pagne-dinner in the evening. But you'll understand, it was all our
'luck.'

'Victorious man! I begin to feel proud of our relationship.'

'Perchance, then, fair maid of Fife, you will back me to-day on
'the green?'

'No, sir, I shall not. You are too conceited to wear our simple
'favours.'

'Miss Braithwaite, will not you bestow some pity on a rejected
'cavalier?'

Helen blushed, and said, half diffidently—'Oh! Mr. Desmond, I
'should like to see you win: but ought I to wish Maurice to lose?'

'Don't think of him at all. He'll take care of himself, like a true
'Saxon. At the least you might *advise* me, now. That is quite
'fair and amicable.'

'Well, then, I advise you not to regard those horrid "odds"
'which they have laid against you, but to play as if there were no
'bets anywhere.'

Maurice looked up from his own book.

'Helen, that's utter trash! Desmond will think you are no better
'than a simpleton.'

Helen sighed, and a tear rose unbidden to her eye. Desmond who
was looking at her saw it, and his brows knit. But immediately he
smiled, as if some pleasant thought occurred to him, and bending
toward her whispered gently—

'Never heed what the ungrateful man says. I will follow your
'advice. But if I win the bout, will you give me one simple flower
'from Munro's garden this evening?'

'Yes,' she replied, in a whisper as soft as his own. And her eyes
returned him his wonderful smile.

Braithwaite did not observe them. He had risen from the table,
and turned to the window with Maud, where he drew her attention
to a bran-new golf ball.

‘Miss Munro, did you ever see anything like that? Is it not a beauty, and a kind of prodigy?—stuffed with the softest down, and yet as hard as steel! What do you think of it?’

‘I know what you mean, sir. You have been listening to tales, have you not? But remember, I keep quiet unless I am struck: but *then*—’

‘Then you would take flight, and soar like a falcon?’

‘Perhaps I would.’

‘I feel sure that you would. But, about this match, now. I really think you might adopt me for the nonce this afternoon.’

‘No. I can’t afford it. Richard may win.’

‘Why should he win? He has not played so much as I have, and he does not know these Links.’

‘Very likely not. But he has more of sheer confidence in himself, which at this game is everything. Moreover, you threw him an advantage just now.’

‘Did I—already? How is that possible?’

‘Never ask me, for I will not explain. Suffice it to say, I saw it.’

‘Yes; you lent a willing horse the spur.’

Braithwaite looked utterly bewildered; and the lady laughed as in scorn. Her very tone was derisive, and it roused him now to make a point-blank demand.

‘Miss Munro, you must not trifle with me. I will claim a pledge—of friendship! Will you let me have those blue-bells to wear in my hat while I play this bout with Desmond?’

She glanced at him for a moment. That glance reminded her that they stood alone in the room.

‘No; I think not. They half belong to Richard.’

He turned away, sick at heart. Could it be that, after all, she cared for the Irishman? If so, how miserably he had fooled away the last twelvemonth!

‘Try and win, Mr. Braithwaite,’ said the relenting Maud.

It was too late: he was passing through the hall, and did not hear her.

Toward noon, the scene on the Links became an animated one. Many of the neighbouring gentry were present, beside a crowd of lookers-on to witness the opening. The close-shaven turf was in perfection, and a July sun which now threw brief, wisp-like shadows on the slopes of the dunes, or glittered on shallow pools among reeds and rushes, gave promise of warm work for the players.

Braithwaite and Desmond now came forward. After bowing to the umpire, they placed their balls on a level, a little apart; and the former, brandishing a heavy golf-stick, opened the game, just as the last echoes of a signal-gun died away among the rocks. It was a splendid stroke, and elicited a murmur of applause from the by-standers. The ball, true to the aim and impetus given, mounted rapidly aloft, and finished its parabolic flight by meeting the ground again more than an hundred yards distant and within easy reach of the first hole.

It may be well to state here, for any who have never seen 'golf' played, that the entire course, out and in, is divided into a certain number of stages by small holes, like the pockets of a billiard-table, drilled in the ground at intervals. Each player has to drive his ball into every one of these holes, in the order in which they occur; and he who finishes 'holing' the course in the fewest strokes is the winner of the game. An attendant waits on the golfer with several golf-sticks, of different forms and capacities adapted to the diverse places in which his ball may lie. Sometimes it drops in the sand; sometimes in a puddle of water; and he must play it from wherever it happens to be: only it may be fished out of a deep pool. The ordinary club, used when the ball rests on turf or hard ground, is much like an English hockey-stick, only heavier in the butt, which is armed with metal, and somewhat longer in the handle. The player strikes his blow by first laying this butt-end alongside of the ball, to measure the distance; then he whirls it round his head with both hands, and brings it down to the mark. This is for long shots; when near to a hole, the ball is dribbled along, as for a hoop at croquet.

The odds seemed now in favour of Braithwaite, as his second stroke was not unlikely to pot the ball. Desmond next stepped forth, and took up his position rather nearer, holding himself a trifle more upright. While he thus measured for the stroke, his light yet firmly-knit figure, little inferior to Braithwaite's in stature, attracted observation, not unmixed with good augury, among sundry practised judges. Richard lifted his cap with a smile to Helen and Maud, and then delivered his first ball on the Links of St. Andrew's. To the surprise of almost every one, it alighted as far as Maurice's, and rolled even better, stopping a foot or two nearer to the first hole.

All odds now disappeared at once, and there was even betting in the ring. Both players, however, made this hole at their next stroke.

And now the game went forward, amid many chances and changes, but with unflagging zest. When the farthest limit was reached, where the line of march looped to run homeward, both balls were lodged in the soft, friable sand at the foot of a dune. These 'dunes,' or sand-hillocks, with their high, sloping banks, are the very *bête noire* of all golfers. A situation like the above generally calls a halt.

Braithwaite paused, wiped his brows, and took a thimbleful of brandy. His antagonist flung himself on the ground and lit a weed.

'Desmond, you *must* have played here before: you know the *carte du pays* better than I do.'

'No. I never struck a ball at St. Andrew's; but I walked over this course between six and half-past seven this morning; and my memory is retentive.'

'Colonel,' continued Braithwaite, 'which of us is to win?'

'It is a mere toss up; but the score says *you* are still slightly the favourite.'

'May I know how we stand?'

‘ Yes. I will tell you—provided Richard does not object.’

‘ I object? not a straw!’

‘ Then, here’s the tally: “ Braithwaite, 58 strokes; Desmond, 60 strokes.” So, Dick, you overlap Westmoreland by *two*.’

‘ Never mind, uncle. And thank ye for the news. We must make an effort—for the honour of “ Ould Ireland.”’

And a superb effort—or, rather, a series of efforts—followed. He began by recouping one in the burying sand. Braithwaite struck too hard, and *touched* his ball, which of course drove it in deeper. But Desmond was more wary: he hit the sand, some six inches behind, and the column which was thus propelled *nudged* his ball and lifted it out on *terra firma*. Even Munro was fain to applaud this. ‘ Dick, that was first-rate!—worthy of Old Patullo himself!’

Again, Desmond pulled up another nick, by making a hazard worthy of a smooth croquet-lawn, along the edge of a dangerous pool. Braithwaite’s ball—less happily handled—got a cold bath, and had to be fished out.

The score was ‘ sixty-four all;’ and they were on the home-circuit. A breeze woke up, and both players went in to *drive*; but Desmond was the steadier of the two: he allowed for the wind, which his opponent seemed to ignore.

Soon, only five holes remained. And now a group of eager inquirers met them, who had come down to see the finish. It wound up rapidly.

When all was over, and the reckoning was declared by the tellers on either side, the result stood as follows: ‘ Braithwaite, 120 strokes; Desmond, 116. Desmond wins.’

A good deal of money changed hands, here and there; for there had been little time to hedge.

The Colonel walked home between] Palamon and Arcite. He complimented the winner handsomely, but to the loser his manner was affectionate, almost paternal.

Maurice began to take comfort. As he parted from her father, Maud met him in the hall. There was a singular expression in her usually speaking face; what did it mean? Was she glad, or sorry?

‘ Dick,’ said she, ‘ you had better take a turn in the garden. You look heated. We will join you presently, for a syllabub.’

Dick bowed, and moved off in obedience.

‘ Mr. Braithwaite, you fought a sturdy battle; but you had no chance from the time when you called the score. That was a grave error in diplomacy: it put Desmond on his mettle, and you reap the sure consequences. I feel half sorry for you, believe me! Still, it is best to be frank; and on the whole I am very glad that my cousin won this hard-contested match.’

‘ And how came you to know that I called our score? And why do you thus trample me in the very dust by rejoicing openly in the triumph of my rival?’

‘ How did I know? Very readily! I heard what passed: so did Helen. We had taken a short cut to the back of that dune,

'and were sitting behind it. As to the "triumph of your *rival*,"—here she smiled archly—'I had no idea that either you or Richard felt any rivalry in our rough northern game. Surely, you have triumphs enough elsewhere.'

'Yes; in *games* we have. ~~ool~~ But I did not mean that. There is earnest, as well as sport, Miss Munro, in this checquered life of ours.'

'Then, why are *you* not in earnest? Or, if in earnest, why will you let yourself become the sport of fickle circumstance or idle fancy?'

'Why, indeed! But you say true. I have been fooled too long, and will be so no more. Farewell, Miss Munro! Perhaps you may be happy, despite of—fickle fancy!'

The game seemed played out now, but scarce happily. Tears came into Maud's bright eyes, and her lip trembled. She laid one hand, full of the coveted blue-bells, fearlessly on his arm; with the other she pointed through the open casement to an expressive 'tableau' just then enacting at the end of an ilex-walk in their garden.

'You do not deserve such a pleasing cure; but look there, sir, and judge for yourself. *That* was why I wished Richard to win. An Irishman is cowed by defeat: if *you* had been victor, he would scarce have proposed to your sister to-day; and until Richard asked my darling, I had vowed that no man should get an answer from me.'

He gave one searching glance from where he stood. It was sufficient. He saw Helen give a white rose to young Desmond, who pressed her hand rapturously to his lips!

Example is contagious. Maurice turned to the fair girl at his side.

'Miss Munro—Maud—I have indeed deserved nothing. But you look as if you could not find it in your heart to crush me with a worse defeat. Will you give me the blue-bells, now that Desmond has gathered his rose?'

'Yes, Maurice, I will. Take them—they are yours.'

'Ah! but still you hold them fast!'

'Now, you dull man! Do you know *nothing* of the language of flowers? These are old friends—always loth to part. They seem to say, "If you wish to have us, you must make up your mind to take poor Maud along with us!"'

A 'HEAD' BEATING.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

‘PORTER, what station is this?’

‘Holloway, sir.’

‘All right! catch this portmanteau. I will get out here.’

I had changed my plans. Since I knew nothing about Napoleon Toase, I decided to approach him through Timothy Swenson, with a view to testing his *bona-fides*. I hoped to effect my object by pulling up thus at Holloway and taking a cab to King’s Cross.

‘Great Northern Hotel. In less than no time, you—’

‘All right, sir. Tch, tch.’ A clean cut of the whip—a flounder—a mighty tug at the shabby harness—and the poor old ex-plater was bowling along as only your thoroughbred London screw can.

The last old lady, with much baggage, animate and inanimate, was being funereally borne from the arrival platform as I stepped from the opposite side of the station, when—

Napoleon Toase for a hundred! accompanied by his bosom friend, ‘George, the potman of the Currycomb and Sponge.’ I lingered and listened.

‘You see, George, somethin’ may have stopped him at the very ‘larst minute. And though I fancy he’s not the cove to mind ‘chuckin’ away a bit of silver, as one might say, you must reck’let, ‘George, that he’s a lawyer, and ‘ll nat’rally look for full and correct change for his blessed sixpence. Now—’

‘But Nap—’

‘Al-low me. Wot I was a goin’ to remark is this ere. Wen I ‘read his telegram, I says to myself, says I, “pre-cise.” And pre-cise it was, George, as you could swear if called upon.’

‘We wos here ten minutes afore she arrived.’

‘A pound to six D—wich is all forty to one, George—on that. ‘Then, wot I repeat is, it aint no fault of ours.’

‘Ours!’

‘Hold ‘ard. Well, he hasn’t turned up by this train, he hasn’t ‘sent no message to the orfice, but I will ventur to take slight odds ‘that I shakes hands with him when the next train arrives; at nine ‘fifteen.’

Will you? thought I, I doubt it.

‘Then, Nap, old man, you’ll have to come alone. There’s that ‘bagatelle match on to-night, and although the Guv’ner and you is ‘sharin’ the book over this ere, neither him nor me could be spared ‘from business at nine fifteen. You’ll have to tackle Mr. Bevan by ‘yourself.’

A most satisfactory arrangement—for me. I hastened along the platform, in the faint hope of finding the old Yorkshireman yet at his post, intending, in the event of failure, to cautiously look him up at the temporary residence of Mr. Masters, the elder, in Manchester

Square. Luck was on my side; there stood Tim, in serious conversation with one of the porters. A shrewd, bright-eyed, clear-complexioned old fellow of fifty or thereabouts—sturdy type of a tribe who devote their lives to the noble animal, just as much as dwarfed, sailow, unsavoury Napoleon Toase was the type of a more numerous class, who regard the horse in the light of an animated skittle, or a larger kind of rat to be baited and worried at a profit. The one a shrimpish tout to whom horse-racing was a game, and West Drayton the finest place in all England for playing it; the other (I felt certain) a sportsman of the old-fashioned sort, his memory rich in recollections of glorious days on Doncaster Moor.

'He may have run up wi' t' Midland,' observed Tim, as I approached, 'but he *said* he would come here, and——'

'Here I am, Tim,' I interposed.

'Mr. Bevan?'

'Yes, Tim. If you will step over to my hotel I will explain everything.'

'Aw thowt you wad be here, sir,' observed the old boy, his eyes sparkling with delight, 'mōad sartin on't. Aw've a letter for you frae Maister John.'

The information in Jack's missive was of a welcome nature, although it in nowise relieved me of my responsibility in regard to the hunt-meeting at Basingstoke. 'I am nicely out of my scrape here,' he wrote, 'thanks chiefly to Rowland's kind offices and my own willingness to partake of the slice of humble pie which the authorities provided for my entertainment. Dawkins is gone, never to return. I might, if I liked, come over to England and ride the mare myself, but I think it will be better for me to remain quiet for the present. Carry the matter through, as I am sure you will, triumphantly. Enclosed is a document, duly signed, sealed, and attested, empowering you to take possession of Mathilde—that is, supposing the Fitzshyser school have the assurance to object to your temporary assumption of ownership—and they are not the people to throw a chance away, I am told. Write to me at your leisure, and believe me, my dear boy,' et cetera.

A bold and generous infringement of the bye-law forbidding gratuities to the company's servants, from which the porter aforesaid benefited, obviously raised me greatly in the estimation of Tim, and made the porter decidedly 'ours.'

After the transaction of this piece of diplomacy (it occurred to me that Tim might perchance find the official useful), we sauntered to the hotel, and there I gave the old servant his instructions. He was to take my place that night, meet Toase, drink with the little traitor, appear to fall in with his views, and, if possible, obtain an early interview with the mare. 'Work him after your own fashion, you know, and if he thinks that I am not likely to arrive in London for a few days, let him think on.' The trusty old fellow gravely contracted his right eyelids and departed.

Before I went to bed he returned. One part of my instructions

he had obeyed to the letter. Closing the door with unnecessary care, he, in a husky whisper that was odorous of strong waters, remarked,

'It's all right, sir.'

'How—what do you mean, Tim?'

'Aw—aw've sheen him.'

'Had a glass or two with him, eh?'

'Sheveral.'

'So I should have supposed. You—that is, was *he* sober when you parted with him?'

'Not ex-actly, sir. They carried him to bed.'

'*That* will do. Come to me in the morning at ten o'clock.'

'Mak' it eleven, shir. On'y mak' it eleven, an' all hae some-
'thin' to tell you. Nobbut mak' it eleven, an' 't 'll be all reight.'

'Very well: eleven be it.'

He touched his hat with solemn deliberation, and retired; on this occasion at the safe if somewhat unsteady rate of two English miles an hour.

He duly kept his appointment, looking perfectly 'solid and sober'—as the north-country phrase has it. My countenance, as I wished him good morning and hoped he was well, must have betrayed some astonishment at his marvellous weight-carrying capacities, since, with a broad grin, he replied—

'Weel, sir? Nivver was better i' my life. Yon little mowdy-warp'd nivver be yabble tee upset me, Mr. Bevan, not if he lived to be as awd as Mac Thuselah. Him! Poor creature. You cuddent put us teegither if it was ivver sēa. However, let me tell me story. Aw turned out at faave o'clock this mornin'—'

'At five, Tim,' I interrupted, 'why so early?'

'Aw'll tell ye. Little Toase yonder said he thowt he could get me a look at the mare this mornin', for the bit lad who does her up (and who's as thick it swindle as on'y of 'em—they're a bonny set, Mr. Bevan, as ivver I heerd tell on), is a confederate of his. He was to see him aforehand, an' I was to drop upon 'em baith as if by accident. I leave you to guess *how* aw managed it, but I did. So noo, sir, if you doant want on'y dealins with a wretch who is gannin' tee sell his master, show me the bonnyside o' that door,—
'*I'm standin' in!*'

'No! This is famous. Go on, Tim.'

'Hark to their little plot. Not satisfied with doin' a ramp over the Hunt Stakes at Basingstoke, they have entered the mare in another name, given her another owner, and another everythink, for a 'Sellin' Plate at the same meetin'.'

'But that is impossible. She would be known.'

'Mebby she wad, and mebbly she waddunt. Aw sud know her amang a thousand. But that's all provided for. At present she has a blaze face and two white heels: noo there wēant be a white hair about her when she's saddled for that sellin' race. Then 'this' is how they reckon to work it. Mathilde runs in the Hunt

'Stakes and wins; another, a six-year old gelding belonging to the Fitzshyser division, is likewise started, and runs second. Mathilde is to be steered by a jockey recommended by my master's friend Mr. Wilkinson. That jockey is as deep in the mud as the captin is in the mire. The second (and they'll be second somehow) 'll be ridden by a groom who calls hissel a gentleman farmer—another confederate o' the captin's. If they find they have the game in their own hands they'll win with the favourite (and a pony weel laid out 'll mak' owt favourite at a cocktail place like Basingstoke), and the second 'll object on the ground of foul ridin'. Aw need not tell you, sir, that the evidence which 'll be given on that head 'ud convince the Admiral hissel.'

'What a diabolical plot!'

'And that's not all. Most of the bettin' on the mare 'll be forst past the post. The other will be backed here in London. They will be able to get a bit out of the objection, and somethink both ways out o' the Selling Plate: first by backin' the mare safe, then by layin' a shade of odds she don't get the stakes.'

'Why, Tim, you almost take my breath away. What scoundrels!'

'No doubt about that, Mr. Bevan. As for takin' your breath away, beggin' your pardon, that's rubbish. I'm not astonished—and I'm a countryman. I thought you London gentlemen wor up to these little games.'

'Not I indeed, Tim. But what must I do?'

'Nowt.'

'You surely do not advise me to allow the affair to go on in *this* way?'

'Aw do though. One moment, sir. If you begin to stir in it, Mr. Napshanks 'll step in, and with a broke-down mare you and my master 'd have precious little chance of settling this gallant captin.'

'You speak in riddles, Swenson,' I observed, with some severity.

'Do I. Aw thowt ivverybody had heard of Mr. Napshanks. Did you ever have a blow on the shins? Of course you have. You reck'lect how sair it was—how bad to bide. Now supposin' poor Mathilde was to have a number of blows on her shins before the race—do you think it 'ud better her chance?'

'I understand you now.'

'Mr. Napshanks is clever, but he wants time. Noo, if you let these vagabonds fancy that they are not suspected, they'll neither break down the mare nor blow her out just afore the race with a bucket of water and a feed of carrots, but 'll trust to Johnny Armstrong to pull off one ramp, and a coat of paint to help 'em through t' other.'

'Then you advise me to——'

'Do this, Mr. Bevan. You mun forgive my presumption, but I've seen their hands and—you have the thirteenth trump in your pocket-book, sir, Maister John's authority—I know how they'll play 'em.'

'My good fellow, speak your mind.'

'Well, sir. Supposin' you get a telegram sent to me at the office here, frae you at Lofthouse Grange, sayin' that it will be impossible for you to come to London just now, an' that Lieutenant Masters will hae to mak' some other arrangements?'

'A capital idea.'

'Aw can keep an eye on the understrappers, and another on the mare, until the dääy.'

'Then I deal with the Captain.'

How shrewd the old boy is, I reflected, as I sat down to carry out his suggestion. What a splendid lawyer he would have made! By the way, what is there in the air of the Ridings that so sharpens up the wits of the inhabitants thereof? A thoroughbred Tyke, with his head set on the right way, and a good piece of his heart in the annals of the Turf—show me his match for capacity to play the game of life as it must needs be played in this 'sharping' world. Telegraph, to whom? Aha! a sudden flash of inspiration. To Gertrude. Now that Masters was safely out of his scrape I could honourably explain the reason of my abrupt departure. We could be reconciled! I wrote:

'Tom Bevan, London, to Gertrude Clevedon, Lofthouse Grange, Saltburn-by-the-Sea. Darling Gerty,—Long letter reach you in morning telling everything. Do so miss you. It is of serious importance to me, yourself and others' [a pious fraud this, to frighten her into obedience] 'that you copy following and send as from me at once. Say nothing papa till received letter, then use discretion. Will set about writing now.'

True, and not true. She was written to, of course, but not until I had despatched urgent epistles, firstly, to a friend of mine who was in a position to afford me the training necessary to get into condition for the Basingstoke affair; and, secondly, to Nevin, the governor's chief clerk, informing him of my presence in town, and requesting him to let me know how matters sped at the office. I naturally cautioned him against disclosing to Mr. Bevan, senior, my unexpected return from Yorkshire.

I carry no 'lumber,' consequently the seven or eight days' regular work which I obtained in Berkshire sufficed to put me in tiptop fettle, and enabled me to scale the requisite weight, ten stone ten, with ease. Gertrude wrote to me in the tone and at the length that might have been expected (feminine forgiveness is ever garrulous); Mr. Nevin 'took the earliest opportunity of intimating that Mr. Bevan had but once spoken of me, and then it was to express a wish 'that I would soon return and make arrangements for the wedding' (brave news for Gerty!); while in due course came brief notes from Swenson and Jack. The former ran thus:—

'It's all right, sir. They have gorged the bait. They think you won't be at Basingstoke. I will, but shan't show till just before the race. I don't want to lose sight of the mare.'

The only line in Jack's note that was of immediate interest referred

to his friend Major Rowlands: 'He is going to spend a few days with some family connections who live near Winchester, and he will run over to the races. Make yourself known or not as you see fit. I have told him everything.'

'The morning came, the chaise—that is, the cab—'was brought,' and I was presently *en route* to Waterloo to secure the first train down. The weather was dull and foggy. Bad for roarers, thought I; but, as there was nothing the matter with the mare's pipes, I was not uneasy. I wondered if I should like my mount. Almost the only horsey passenger discharged at Basingstoke, I experienced no difficulty in obtaining a fly, and at once made my way to the course, anxious to dispose of my traps before the enemy appeared.

'Have a card, Capting—cor-rect and hofficial?'

I purchased a card, and eagerly sought for confirmation of Swenson's portents. The wretches had not sold him. In the Hunt Stakes Jack's name was entered *en règle*; while the Selling Plate contained an entry which I intuitively felt was Mathilde, under an *alias*: 'Capt. Fitzshyser's b.m. Katinka, 6 yrs (50l.), white jacket with gold seams, crimson and gold cap.' The Selling Plate was the last race on the card. A bad arrangement for the fund, but admirable for the 'ramp,' thought I. On such a leaden day it would be almost impossible to distinguish one horse from another, especially if they were unpunctual—an invariable characteristic of such meetings. A liberal *douceur* to one of the subordinate officials ensured the safety of my costume; and after sauntering over the course—which was mostly grass, with no water jump, and, excepting a stiffish natural fence, a quarter of a mile from home, easy of negotiation—I returned to the weighing-room, secured the services of a handy valet, dressed and weighed in the trying scales, slipped the geranium-green cap into my pocket, and, wearing an overcoat to conceal the remainder of the colours (orange and scarlet braid), sauntered towards an unfrequented part of the rapidly-filling ring to reconnoitre. No signs of Swenson. Yes—by Jove! there he was, and Toase with him, outside a group of loungers who were taking stock of a handsome bay mare at the farther corner of the paddock. Satisfied that everything was progressing as favourably as could be wished, I withdrew from the enclosure and walked towards the starting-post with the rest of those patrons of the meeting who were desirous of beholding the tardy 'fall of the flag.' Swenson was still mounting guard, but alone. Where was Toase? I had scarcely given that ornament of the Turf a thought when he passed, in company with another nomadic member of the profession.

'You take my tip, Gipse, and back her fust past the post. The Captain ain't to be trusted for five minutes together.'

'Then it's a good thing, Nails, eh?'

'Lor blesh yer! She could carry one o' Pickford's vans and then cop.'

'I'm on.'

They were weighing for my event when I returned to the stand.

Captain Fitzshyser, full of life and misplaced energy, was fussing about the weighing room, in attendance chiefly on Mr. Mivins, who, according to the card, was about to ride his own horse Gaberlunzie.

'Here, Mivins, take this half-pound cloth. Now you'll do. 'What the deuce has become of Ventress?'

Ventress, the jockey recommended by Mr. Wilkinson—the artist who, in my absence, would pilot the mare.

'What does he ride, Captain?' inquired the clerk of the scales.

'He—oh, Mathilde.'

'I beg your pardon,' remarked I, in superfluously loud and distinct tones; 'there is some mistake, I ride Mathilde.'

'You!' thundered Fitzshyser, spinning round on the instant, and glaring unutterable things; 'and who the devil are you?'

'Allow me to present you with my card;' and, the while pushing forward to the scales, I handed him the pasteboard.

'And is *this* your authority, Mr. Thomas Bevan? What do you take me for?'

'I would rather not say just at present,' I replied; 'by-and-by I may oblige you. It is *not* my authority, Captain Fitzshyser; it is simply a slight contribution to the proof of my identity. You wanted to know who I am: there's my card. I am a lawyer; Lieutenant Masters, my old friend, asked me to ride his mare Mathilde, and here I am. If Lord Faulchion will oblige me by glancing at this document' (his lordship, one of the stewards, had approached during the altercation), 'he will be satisfied of my right to act on behalf of the owner of the mare.'

'But, my lord, this paper may be forged—'

'You,'—I began, forgetting my diplomacy in a laudable desire to aid the purification of the British army by annihilating him on the spot, when Lord Faulchion smilingly raised his hand and said,—

'Gentlemen, you forget. Here, Rowlands.'

Rowlands, Jack's friend—for it was he—a middle-aged 'officer and a gentleman,' drew near.

'Is this document genuine?'

'But, my lord,' interposed Fitzshyser, 'what can your friend know more than any one else? Is he an expert?'

'He shall tell you.'

'Genuine?—unquestionably. I saw every word of it written; that is my signature at the foot.'

The Captain was completely routed. He had not a word to say in reply to the Major's crushing testimony, and so, with fine malevolence, he once more turned upon poor me.

'Well, since you have a right to the mare, you had better find her.'

'Oh, nivver ye fash yoursel' about that, Captin. She's fund, hard enufe, and waitin' for Mr. Bevan outside here. Your lad's gān to get some refreshment, and Mathilde is under the care of two or three police officers and a detective. Aw nivver thraw a chance away.'

The weighing-room buzzed with sounds of suppressed excitement.

I felt I was becoming a hero. The Captain, who had led at the start, was nowhere.

Tim conducted me to the mare, and I mounted. As I was leaving the paddock, I noticed that two of the numbers in the telegraph were being changed. Swenson explained this as he walked at the head of Mathilde before I cantered.

'They have changed the jockey: Ventress rides Gaberlunzie. Watch it, sir; watch it: they mean tee object.'

The field numbered nine. Although it was a three-mile journey, there was a false start, but I was not in it. Neither was Ventress. When the flag fell I took a pull at the mare and, with Gaberlunzie, who stuck to me like a burr to a fashionable chignon, laid off. I had the foot of the whole of them except Mr. Mivins's horse, and might have led them at any part of the race, but I did not try. The mare ran with perfect generosity, and that was enough. Only once before the finish did I indulge her with her head, and that was when we passed the stand the second time. I could distinguish amid the roar of the ring the irrational sound of 'Mathilde wins!'—irrational since we had yet more than a mile to travel, and as I took a pull after passing the stand recognised the voice of Swenson admonishing me to 'Watch it!'

A little over half a mile from home, they were all settled except me and Gaberlunzie, and I thought to myself, 'Now or never.' One touch of the whip and a gentle prick of the persuaders sufficed—I was a clear length and a half ahead on the inside. Accepting this as a challenge, Ventress came with a rattle on the whip hand, and at it we went ding-dong. He had the worst of the weights, and I felt sure if I could only land safely over the last fence that I should do him for speed. But the scoundrel had his instructions. He rode for his life—we were neck and neck—to the fence, we rose together, and in the act of rising he caught Gaberlunzie a smart cut over the head, drove him on to me in landing, and we were both down, both unshipped, but neither of us disabled. I could hear the yell of the ring as, half-dazed, I remounted (how, it would be impossible to say), and put the gallant mare at the slight hill which composed the last furlong of the course. Gaberlunzie was again with me, and another, whose jockey cried out, 'Stick to him, Dick! I saw it!'

'And so did aw, thou rank bad 'un!' cried, with a rough Yorkshire oath, a now familiar voice. 'Watch it, sir; watch it!'

I won cleverly by a length; but I was not to have the stakes just yet. Swenson was there, and so were the officers to guard me into the weighing-room, or else I firmly believe I should never have drawn the weight. As it was two attempts were made to annex a pound cloth. I was seated in the scale, when Ventress and his precious master rushed forward. Said the latter—

'I object to the winner of this race.'

'Oh, very good, Captain,' replied the judge; 'deposit the fiveer. On what grounds?'

'Foul riding.'

I said nothing. The room was cleared and the stewards proceeded to investigate the charge. I had heard some hard swearing in my time, but the lying exploits of Ventress and the rider of the third horse in the race far exceeded for audacious circumstantiality anything that had ever come under my notice. The stewards were most painstaking, but they could not shake the testimony of Ventress and his witness. It was all two to one against probity.

'Did no one else see this occurrence?' asked Lord Faulchion, anxiously.

'Yes; I did, my lord,' exclaimed Swenson; 'on'y they wānt let me come in.'

Timothy had been disposing of the mare. His eloquent description of the cannoning had gone far towards convincing the stewards, when Captain Fitzshyser, with a meaning smile, remarked—

'My lord—this man—who is he?'

'Just so,' chimed in the other steward: 'a most pertinent question. My good man, what interest have you in the matter?'

'Could you stand by and see your master robbed?'

'Ah! your master—'

'The owner of the mare.'

'I suspected as much,' observed the cautious steward.

'I believe this Yorkshireman,' said Lord Faulchion, bluntly.

'That may be, Faulchion,' observed the doubter; 'but you must admit that he is an interested party. If we could have another witness of unquestionable impartiality, now.'

'Will you accept me?' said Major Rowlands, who had so far been a silent spectator of the scene.

'Most decidedly, Rowlands,' said Lord Faulchion.

'Only too glad,' observed the other steward.

'In a very few words, then, let me say that the evidence which has been tendered by the jockey Ventress and his witness is perfectly, wickedly false. Mr. Bevan rode a fair race, and so far from the collision being of his producing he did all in his power to prevent it. The mare could have won at any part of the race, and that the rider of Gaberlunzie knew. He might or might not be acting according to his instructions—that is for him to explain. But if ever there was a case for the Grand National Hunt Committee this conspiracy is one.'

Lord Faulchion consulted with his brother steward for a few moments, and then said—

'The objection is overruled.'

'And we have won,' whispered Swenson.

'We have,' I replied.

'Shall I tell you by how much?'

I replied with an inquiring look.

BY A HEAD, to be sure.

W.

CRICKET.

THE return-match between Yorkshire and Nottingham was, as usual, one of the most noteworthy of the season, and the county of broad acres had a grand revenge for the defeat it sustained on the Trent Bridge ground. The cricketing annals of these famous counties furnish ample proof of the folly of jumping to conclusions about the absolute superiority of one eleven over another, on the strength of a single victory or a single defeat. If not solitary in our scepticism, we were, at all events, one of a very small minority who declined to accept the defeat of Cambridge this year as conclusive evidence of the intrinsic superiority of the Oxford eleven. We draw particular attention to the last match between Yorkshire and Nottingham, as showing that, on a particular day, a particular bowler may carry everything before him without its being necessary to conclude that the defeated eleven is immeasurably inferior to the victorious. Few, indeed, would venture to pronounce decisively which was the stronger, Yorkshire or Nottingham; their form is so well known, and their alternate gains and losses make them, on paper, so very nearly equal. The luck of the toss; the state of the ground; a little luck in the field or at the hands of the umpires, and a few chances missed,—any one of these cricket incidents is enough to turn the scale. Last year Nottingham lost the first match against Yorkshire by two runs, and the second was drawn, Yorkshire having four wickets to fall and 35 runs to get. And in 1869 Nottingham won the first match by 101 runs, and the second was won by Yorkshire by five wickets. This year, again, the first match on their own ground was won by Nottingham; but the return was all in favour of Yorkshire, Nottingham being no fewer than 140 runs behind at the close of the game. Such vicissitudes should teach us to be cautious about making too much of an isolated victory, and will justify us from the reproach of partisanship merely because we maintain that if this year's Oxford and Cambridge elevens met again, as likely as not Cambridge would win. Mr. Butler had his day last June, just as Emmett had his at the end of August; but Emmett does not have many such days in the season, and Mr. Butler, who is not Emmett, is not likely to have such another day in his lifetime. Emmett, in truth, is not an every-day wonder, being, as often as not, wild and erratic in his delivery; but we have heard more than one first-class batsman declare that, at times, no bowler in England sends down such utterly unplayable balls. In the match of which we are speaking he had his day, just when it was wanted, both in bowling and batting, for he not only got 64 (not out), but obtained five Nottingham wickets in the first, and eight in the second innings, the powerful Nottingham eleven being disposed of for the insignificant total of 77. Seldom has the crack county sustained so serious a defeat, and that, too, when the dreaded Freeman was absent—as, unfortunately, he has been absent too much this season from from the great matches—from the ranks of Yorkshire.

Yet we will venture to predict that, before the season of 1872 has closed, Nottingham will have had its revenge over its great rival. A few incidents of this great match—a fitting *finale* to the county cricket of 1871—deserve to be noticed. Hill sustained his newly-acquired reputation as a bowler, and is furthermore thought sufficiently of as a batsman to be sent in first. Clayton, on the other hand, whom many consider the best bowler in the county after Freeman, failed to obtain a wicket. There was a steadiness that betokened success all through the Yorkshire batting. Lockwood—who finished up the season as well as he began it—A. Greenwood, and Iddison distinguished themselves in both innings. Mr. Law, of the Oxford University eleven, made a favourable *debut* for his county. He got his runs well, and his fielding was really very fine. Emmett and West both hit well. Both are what might be termed incorrect players, and the critics to a man would pooh-pooh their pretensions to batting, but both are eminently useful, and a match is never lost when Emmett has to go in, and a dozen or twenty runs are wanted. The Nottingham runs were made chiefly by Bignall, McIntyre, and Biddulph; the great crack, Daft, being unfortunate in both innings. Bignall is a pretty sure run-getter and a clean hitter, though he hits in his own way. So also does Biddulph; and it is a curious thing that in this the deciding match for the cricket supremacy of England, the batsmen with no style, or with bad style, beat their most accomplished colleagues fair and square. Lockwood, indeed, the second best bat in the two elevens, did his fair share of the run-getting; and unless his style becomes cramped by constant playing in 'twenty-two' matches—that curse of cricket—a great future is in store for him. A still finer batsman, W. Oscroft, has quite lost his once free and commanding style by taking part in these miserable burlesques. Decisive as the victory was, there is no fear of its being accepted as final by the defeated side, and among the matches of next season, none will be so eagerly watched as those between the great counties of Yorkshire and Nottingham.

The return-match between Kent and Surrey deserves notice on account of the achievements of Mr. Thornton for Kent, and R. Humphrey for Surrey. The amateur's 47 and 111 (in which latter score were as many as eight singles), and the professional's 116 (not out), were excellent examples of the batting powers of each. Following so close on other large scores against professional bowling, this fresh feat of Mr. Thornton's more than ever convinces us that he should never be left out of any Gentlemen eleven. He has scarcely ever failed to score this season against professional bowling, while on the other hand, against ordinary, and very often indifferent amateur bowling, his contributions have frequently been insignificant. At Canterbury he got double figures in every innings except in the last match, which was restricted to amateurs; and we have before us some notes on a cricket week at Shoreham, in Kent, in the early part of September, in which not a single bowler with any pretensions to more than local fame took part—for we can hardly call Mr.

Thornton himself a bowler, though he generally has to go on in great matches,—and his scores run as follows:—Monday, Shoreham *v.* West Kent, C. J. Thornton 0. Tuesday, Shoreham *v.* Surrey Wanderers, C. J. Thornton 18. Wednesday, Shoreham *v.* Eton Ramblers, C. J. Thornton 14. Thursday, The Priory *v.* Mr. Wilmot's Eleven, C. J. Thornton 8 and 18. Friday, Shoreham *v.* Brasted, C. J. Thornton 14, and (just to finish up the week with a taste of his quality) 68 (not out), out of a total of 78. His average in five county matches would read very differently from this. The writer of 'Cricket Notes,' in the 'Sporting Gazette,' would give Mr. Ottaway or Mr. Tylecote a place in an eleven of Gentlemen before Mr. Thornton. With all respect for these gentlemen's batting, especially for Mr. Tylecote's, we are bound, as it appears to us, to look at actual results and at the facts of the season. If Mr. Ottaway and Mr. Tylecote will play through a season for their counties, their talents, which at present are very much hid under a bushel, may be brought to light, and they may get such high averages as to make them clearly indispensable in the great contests between the amateurs and professionals of England. But we absolutely refuse to regard the Oxford and Cambridge match as affording in itself any criterion of the claims of candidates, whether bowlers or batsmen, for places in the greater matches that follow. On public form, the most dangerous competitor with Mr. Thornton for a place in the Gentlemen and Players match, is neither Mr. Ottaway nor Mr. Tylecote, but Mr. Pauncefote. To return, however, to the Kent and Surrey match. R. Humphrey's 116 (not out) not only saved the match for his side—it ended in a draw,—but was played with a degree of accuracy and certainty that betokened perfect command over the bowling and assured confidence. He has quite made out his claim to a place in the Players eleven next year. As we shall not have another opportunity this season of speaking of county cricket, we may as well remark that, though Surrey has not been successful in a single county match, her eleven is far from being in such a state of decrepitude now as a few years ago. In Jupp, R. Humphrey, and Pooley, Surrey has three first-rate professional batsmen. Pooley, indeed, is one of the most spirited and dashing hitters in England; but since the accident which happened to his finger about the middle of the season, his average has considerably (and this is no wonder) declined. There are also several amateurs who are capable of doing good service, both with the bat and in the field, for their county; and we need not speak of the wicket-keeping of Pooley, so world-wide is his fame in that department of the game. Southerton, also, is unsurpassed in his own peculiar style of bowling, and it is only the want of two or three really good fast bowlers that prevents Surrey from regaining, to a certain degree, its ancient position. That want, however, is in itself a fatal obstacle to success; and if Gloucestershire, with all the Graces, could make no head against Nottingham on account of its bowling deficiencies, Surrey, without them, cannot expect a better fate. If Kent has also been unfortunate during the past season, it is partly from the same reason—for, after Willsher, what is there in the Kent

bowling? and where on earth is Willsher's successor to come from?—but partly also from internal dissensions, which have prevented the best representatives of the county from uniting together to do battle in its defence. Sussex, on the other hand, has won all its matches; but too much must not be made of that. Sussex has a fair working eleven, but their hopeless collapse, both in bowling, batting, and fielding, when they attempted to play against twenty-two gentlemen of the county—and the twenty-two were very far from being the strongest that might have been selected—effectually disposes of their claim to be considered very high up in the cricket world. As a rule, also, they are intolerably lazy in the field, and are hopelessly beaten directly they are collared. We are informed that next year the Sussex matches will be played on a new ground; and, if so, we fervently hope that the management of the new ground will be very different from that of the old, otherwise we shall be much surprised if the appeal for additional subscriptions will be largely responded to. In truth we are not surprised that for some years past the County Club has been poorly supported, so much as that it should have been supported at all. Not only has nothing ever been done for the comfort of visitors, who were made to pay extra if they wanted to sit down in a tent for ten minutes, and were then pestered by officious touts for additional donations, but nothing was ever done to attract gentlemen to play on the ground, or to give their personal support to the game. For years the unhappy amateurs who have been ill-advised enough to take part in matches at Brighton, have had to dress and undress in a wretched hovel, and to sit down in a still wretchered shed to what the authorities were pleased to call a luncheon. And, ye gods, what a luncheon! Tainted meat, mouldy bread, rancid butter, and stinking cheese, served on dirty tablecloths, with dirty plates, dirty knives, and dirty forks, handed about by dirty waiters. As contrasted with the excellent arrangements made, and the good and wholesome fare provided at Horsham, at Petworth, at Eastbourne, aye, and at twenty Sussex grounds of less note, the management at Brighton has been a distinct insult to the gentlemen of the county; and the gentlemen of the county have repaid the insult by leaving Brighton cricket pretty much to itself and to those who enjoy it. With a new ground may come a new régime; but we cannot say that we are very hopeful of the future.

A better match could not have been arranged for Willsher's benefit than between Kent and Gloucestershire, and, considering the advanced period of the season, it was a fair success, and must have partially recompensed Willsher for the disappointment caused by the entire failure of the match played at Lord's on his behalf. The weather was fine till the afternoon of the third day, and the presence of Mr. W. G. Grace was quite enough of itself to ensure a large attendance of spectators. Indeed that gentleman is rapidly becoming an object of unbounded popular curiosity. Editors of sporting papers are pestered to death by innumerable correspondents who want to know the date of Mr. Grace's birth, the age when he first began to play cricket, whether he is really seven feet high, whether he drinks

anything but water, whether it is true that he eats a covey of partridges for breakfast every morning in September, and (these from female inquirers) whether he wears his hair parted in the middle, and his eyes are of an expressive brown. When he travels pilot engines precede him, telegrams announce his impending arrival, deputations meet him on station platforms, and civic authorities vie with each other in soliciting the great man to visit the objects of interest within the limits of their rule. 'Great interest,' says the 'Weald of Kent Mail,' in its report of a public dinner at Tunbridge, 'was felt during the evening by the reception of a telegram announcing that Mr. Gilbert Grace and his brother, Mr. Frederick Grace, with Mr. James Lillywhite, would be at the Angel that night on the arrival of the mail train at Tunbridge station. These great cricketers arrived by this train, and entered the dinner room just as the official toast-list was brought to a close. They were heartily welcomed to Tunbridge by Dr. Bishop, in the name of the club, and Mr. Gilbert Grace responded. They proceeded to Maidstone for the three days' cricket match on the following morning; but before doing so Mr. Grace visited the cricket ground, and not only was highly pleased with it, but expressed a hope that he should play there some day.' Well done, men of Tunbridge: it is much better to pay homage to a man of thews and muscle, the finest illustrator of the finest game in the world, than to argue about ballot-boxes, or rail at the House of Lords. It was reserved, however, for the 'West Sussex Gazette' to enlighten the world as to the true cause of Mr. Grace's proficiency at cricket, and the explanation is so novel and so original that we are tempted to reproduce it. After chronicling a match at Chichester in which Mr. Grace lately took part, and in which, by the way, he got 97 runs against a very strong twenty-two, and remarking that Mr. Grace's dexterity in batting is 'something marvellous,' the writer proceeds: 'One seeks for a solution of this singular power. Looking at the fine and manly countenance of Mr. Grace, we could not help noticing that his bright eyes, sheltered under large projecting eyebrows, appeared to converge to a focus to about the point of the nose; and that the effect of this must be to sharpen and enlarge the sight, after the manner of a stereoscope.'

There, the mystery is solved for ever, and as Samson's strength lay in his hair, so Mr. Grace's lies in his bright eyes, which during a cricket match 'converge to a focus, to about the point of the nose.' Young and aspiring cricketers will please take notice and practice assiduously before a looking-glass, in hope of effecting similar optical arrangements.

To return for a moment to the Maidstone match. The Kent eleven were without Mr. Thornton and Mr. Lubbock, but in other respects were fairly strong. Mr. Thornton's presence would have been a great additional attraction to the match, and he would probably have punished the weak Gloucestershire bowling to his heart's content. Mr. G. F. Grace had hurt his foot and could not bowl, and Mr. W. G. does give such sweet half-volleys to leg occasionally. Gloucestershire was deprived of many of their good men; in fact, on

the shoulders of the two brothers rested everything. Still they succeeded in getting very near to Kent (for whom Mr. Kelson played a dashing innings) in their first innings, Mr. W. G. Grace delighting the company by his score of 81 (not out). Kent, in their second innings, proved much more difficult customers, and Mr. Yardley's 126 (not out) showed that, out of practice as he may be, he is still what we have always declared him to be, the best University batsman of the present day. There was no time for Gloucestershire to get the large number of runs required for them to win, and rain also came on in the afternoon of the third day; but Mr. W. G. Grace and Mr. G. F. Grace got well set together, the former having made 42 (not out) and the latter 20 (not out), when the game was abandoned. So that in this, about the last great match of the season, we suppose, in which the great player will take part, his bright eyes converged to a focus, 'to about the point of the nose,' to some considerable purpose, and his already enormous average became still further increased.

We beg to remind captains of school elevens who favour us with their averages that we shall be glad to receive them, if possible, not later than the fifteenth of the present month.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—September Sensations, Baden Braverics, and Doncaster Doings. BADEN, and on the first of September too, when well-regulated English minds are, or ought to be, in far different scenes; away, away to the stubble field if not to the mountain's brow, when we ought to be backing Ponto against Rufus, and filling our bags, and not backing *zéro à cheval*, and helping to fill M. Dupressoir's pockets. But such is life. Ponto and his master are catching it hot in some Yorkshire or Norfolk stubble, and we are doing ditto in a gilded salon, where there has been a dreadful run on red, which we have not backed, while we have pursued a flying zero, which only falls just as the chase has been abandoned. The heat is intense. Outside the gilded salon there is a lazy existence chiefly sustained by stout Germans, to whom M. Dupressoir's fiddlers discourse a music more or less sweet, while inside attentive servants in gorgeous liveries watch for a stray sunbeam, and directly the interloper dares to strike his ray across the green cloth, pounce upon him and smother him with curtains. They are as eager after him as we are after that zero which is so slow in coming to time. The croupiers alone are cool, with the exception of a highly-dried Russian gentleman *vis-à-vis* to us, who much resembles a Turkey fig, and who is losing napoleons with a persistent obstinacy and voidance of emotion fascinating to contemplate. Here and there an English swell, with the stiffest of French wristbands, and fingers as stiff with rings, saunters up and throws down a rouleau, while a moist and rather dirty compatriot, who has reached that stage of his month's holiday when indifference to washing commences, hazards a five-franc piece after some serious consultation with a brother tourist. The old English lady who discourses with the croupiers in three languages (her own for choice), and who makes audible remarks on the play, occasionally checked by a rather stern monition from those officials; the mild curate, with his wife and sister, who are half-alarmed, half-admiring spectators of the scene; the Paterfamilias holding tight on to the arm of a male olive-branch with the down just visible on his lip, and whose fingers are

playing with something in his waistcoat pocket; the young American lady and her 'pa,' who are putting gold down in what appears a reckless sort of fashion, but who somehow contrive to win; a solitary Frenchman with a strange fascination for the number eleven, on which he loses the curate's stipend without result; a blossom of Jerusalem or two, blossoms fast withering, to whom attentive domestics offer chairs, and who give vent to their feelings when they lose much in gutturals; a sweet young thing of some forty summers from Unter der Linden, who smiles affectionately on the winners, and whispers impossible numbers into the ears of losers; a younger thing or two from what was once the Elysian Fields, and whose presence here shows they have not forgotten the Scriptural injunction to love their enemies—all these and many more are keeping the feast after Baden fashion, and making that game at which philosophers tell you losing next to winning is the greatest bliss. That philosophers are liars would be easy of demonstration, but that it is really too hot to demonstrate anything, and as that zero never *will* come up, let us quit the gilded salon and see what life is like outside.

And life at Baden, it must be confessed, is dull. The pleasures and pains of memory come upon us as we saunter up the Lichtenthal and think of some past Baden days not so far distant, when those walks were alive with gaiety, when there were good things dropped as well as eaten in the garden of the pleasant Stephanien Bad, when the placid Oos rippled by to the accompaniment of English laughter, and a goodly company of some eight or ten, jolly companions every one, kept a very high festival indeed in that pleasantest of Baden hotels. And where are we now? We know where *we* are, and we wish we didn't. No. 299 in the—but no matter; it is not the Stephanien, and that is enough. But where are our comrades? It is only two short years ago we were all sitting here at breakfast with *trait au bleu* and flasks of Liebfraumilch holding sweet converse and toasting to next merry meetings—never, alas! for some, to come off; for there is one gap already in the little circle, and we think, as we stand in the garden, of a face that was familiar to us in our younger days, and which, though after years separated us, we were glad to meet again in those later times—that of Charles Clarke. No need to remind 'Bailey' readers of that 'Gentleman in Black' who discoursed so pleasantly and with such thorough knowledge of his subject in these pages. He has departed before his time, and as we look round the deserted tables we can conjure up his well-known figure and half expect to hear his hearty laugh. And we miss another. The cheery, beaming face of 'Argus,' with his kindly greeting, the ready wit and genial humour that carried with it no offence, who never made an enemy, and who has a host of friends—he is a prisoner to his room with illness, and the red-headed 'boots,' with whom he was an especial favourite, is much concerned while we try to explain to him the cause of his absence. Neither is the well-known face of one of the senior members of the celebrated Old Burlington Street firm, he who is Mr. James Weatherby in England, but on the other side of the Channel anything you like, 'Jim' for choice, aged five-and-twenty—not a year older—with a fine knowledge of men and things, a curious taste in wine, the best of all good company—he is not there to teach us what to eat, drink, and avoid, and season the banquet with Attic salt. And then a learned friend, a distinguished member of the English Bar, who with poor Charles Clarke was the linguist of the party, and could turn French *kilos* into English pounds, and *mètres* into miles in no time (a feat we have never seen performed since), he is not there to tell us what to back either at Iffezheim or at the board of green cloth, to discover wonderful and unheard-of routes home, to hold disputations with 'Boots' on the weather, and from all and each of his many encounters to emerge shining and triumphant.

and with all his opponents sent to a thousand to fifteen. So our readers will hardly wonder that as we looked at the pleasant Stephanien garden, where there used to be a round table always spread (the circle took a deal of sustenance both of a solid and fluid character), and somebody was always to be found seated thereat, that a feeling of banquet halls deserted, and an attack of that complaint known as 'the doldrums' came over us, feelings so totally opposed to Baden life and existence, which, as we all know, is a perfect freedom from grief and care, and the waters of the Oos are as those of oblivion, as far as the outer world is concerned, that we felt if it was known good M. Weih would cut us, or M. Dupressoir order us to be at once conducted to the frontier. So we pulled ourselves together after gladdening 'Boots' with a gulden, and plunged into the gay life that sits outside the shops, lounges on the benches, and sips its coffee at the restaurant. Ah! but where and oh where are our pleasant friends gone—*vous autres*, you from the Faubourg, from the *cercle*, from the salons of the Jockey Club, from the Champs Elysées? No need to ask; sufficient that they are absent, that their place knows them not, that those gay *viveurs* of the Second Empire are not shedding their light and their gold in the valley of the double zeros this year, that rumour says, moreover, they never will again. Alas, alas! is it so? Will the sore rankle so long, will the humiliation of defeat leave so lasting an impression? He would be a bold man who would venture to prophesy the future of France, and the future thoughts and resolves of her gallant and volatile people. But much we fear, if present ideas and present passions keep possession of the nation—we are speaking more especially of the upper classes—Baden has seen the last of those who lorded it there so gorgeously and profusely, who squandered gold like water, and brought Paris and Parisian delights with them into the happy valley. In the days of old it was said that Baden was a bit of France on the German side of the Rhine, but we have changed all that, and, if our conjectures are correct, a still greater change will come over Baden's dream in more ways than one. Next year will be the last of the tables under the present arrangement, and whether there will be a fresh grant to M. Dupressoir no one seems clearly to know—probably no one *does* know; but if the tables are no longer to exist, if *rien ne va plus* is to be the Ichabod written on those gorgeous halls, and if the French no longer swarm there as of yore, the future of Baden must be a matter of grave speculation and uneasiness to many worthy people, chiefly hotel-keepers, and the suppliers of the artificial wants and luxuries of Baden life. Its charming spa will return to its primeval simplicity, its sparkling shops, with the tempting wares that Paris and Vienna sends, will be closed, and the place be given over to the decent dullness of German nobility and such life and spirits as Cook's tourists can show.

But really this will never do. We are moralizing and prophesying evil to an extent only to be accounted for by that visit to the Stephanien and the attack of 'blues' consequent thereon. Let us take no thought of to-morrow, but enjoy the present while we may. Let us seat ourselves before the restaurant, in company with some fellow-countrymen who have just heard the first ominous rumour about King of the Forest, but whose appetite for breakfast does not seem much impaired thereby. We affect not to believe it; and though there is a thoughtful contemplation of their books by one or two 'bad' against Hannah, it is generally voted a weak invention of the enemy, and treated, indeed, as a hoax got up for the especial benefit of a rather heavy backer of the King's there present. So we turn our attention to Iffezheim, though there is not much there to excite us, and except that the Duke of Hamilton looked very much like sweeping the board, with the exception of the Grand Prix, which was, of course, booked for Adonis, that was all that was to be made of the three days' programme.

Mr. Crawshaw had come to ride The Doctor; Mr. Richardson had brought out Keystone safe and sound; and beyond the steeplechase the racing promised to be nought. It kept its promise, we may as well here say, for though things turned out better than could have been expected in the absence of the French and the French horses, yet it was not the Iffezheim we remembered, and we more than once felt the load of life, as we paced the green lawn, or panted on a chair, for the heat was something awful, and no amount of cooling drinks would assuage thirst, and nothing but a Baden constitution was able to stand the sun. There was a slight sensation on the first day, when an old acquaintance, Master Willie, whom we had last seen carrying the green and white braid, came and defeated Keystone, in the hollowest style, in the first steeplechase. Captain Machell's horse did not seem at home in the ground, and Master Willie assumed such a commanding lead that pursuit was hopeless. A fine natural fencer, his speed told with such a horse as Keystone; and though the latter ran better on the Grand Steeplechase day, and had all the advantage of Mr. Richardson's riding, he could never touch Master Willie, who won all the way. He was ridden, on the second occasion by Count Frederick Metternich, whose judgment and knowledge of pace are deserving of the highest praise. He never hurried his horse, not even when Mr. Richardson brought up Keystone to his quarters, and, with a flourish of the whip, appeared to be coming to his head. But the Count never moved, going on quietly with the lead, and, with a perfect knowledge of what was in his horse, came down the bank and into the winning-field as collected as if he was merely taking an exercise-gallop. The Germans got rather excited about this; and Count Furstenberg's success made some amends for the defeat of Adonis in the Grand Prix—the certainty on which they laid, at last, 2 to 1. Germans are not plungers; but Count Renard was so very sanguine that he infected every one, from my Lord Renfrew (who had come over from Schwabach two days previously, accompanied by Lord Clonmell and Mr. F. Knollys) down to the smallest Prussian subaltern (though whether, by-the-way, that paternal government allows its soldiers to bet, we are not sure), and the wagering was, in its way, extensive. Why it should have been taken for granted that Adonis could stay, seeing he never had done so over a long distance in any company, we do not know; but so it was, and 'astute' English judges backed him too. But Monseigneur, who had won the Prix de la Ville so easily on the first day, evidently likes a distance of ground; and as his stable companion, Orthodoxe, made the pace hot, the Cambridgeshire winner had to succumb full a quarter of a mile from home, and the Duke of Hamilton took the prize and the *objet d'art*—the latter a rather plating-looking tea-service, about as much an object of art as a copper kettle. His Grace won four out of the five events on the Grand Prix day, and might have won the fifth if he had chosen to start Orthodoxe for the second heat of the Prix du Rhin; but the horse was wanted to make the running for Monseigneur. For the rest, it was—well, it was not Baden races, and that is quite sufficient for our readers to know. We believe there *were* other races than those we have mentioned, and, in fact, as we never encountered a distinguished literary friend who was our pleasant *compagnon de voyage* without a note-book in his hand, in which diligent entries were constantly being made, doubtless there were. Our energies, much impaired by heat, a stuffy apartment, the failure of our little investment with M. Dupressoir, and general debility, were up to the Grand Prix and the Steeple Chase, but nothing more, and when we saw two platers, Braemar and Thundercloud, whose form in England was six furlongs at a Bromley Autumn, pulled out to go two miles and a half in the Prix du Rhin, we considered it almost a case for 'John Colam, Secretary,' if he had been there, and we retired to Markgrafter and seltzer water in the restaurant. For

the rest, Baden was not jolly, and though we tried hard to enjoy ourselves, and kept saying how delightful it all was, though we drove to Eberstein and climbed the Alt Schloss, eat the good dinners of the Badischer Hof, and potted about the shops, yet there was a void, and when the hour came to turn our backs upon the place it was with a novel feeling, one of relief. Time had hung heavily, despite that we had pleasant companions, one of whom, indeed, the distinguished literary friend before mentioned, was a constant source of distraction to us from his efforts to master the goings-out and comings-in of the English mail, in which he came to great grief and mental derangement. His appearance at breakfast we looked forward to with dread, because with each successive morning he had discovered a new mail. How one left Baden at 2.30 on the Monday afternoon, and, going by way of Frankfort, Berlin, and Hanover, would be delivered in London the next evening, gave way on Tuesday to that which going straight to Rotterdam would be a quicker route by some ten hours. On Wednesday he was triumphant at having made out that *viâ* Paris was the way after all, but was despondent on Thursday by the discovery that a letter had been three days coming from London. This, combined with a persistent idea that the Great Luxembourg went everywhere, from Clapham Junction to Constantinople, were the principal features of the complaint, which caused some uneasiness to his family and friends. Happily the attack abated before he left, though the route we took home was one calculated to revive it. It was by a line that, as a caution to future intending travellers, we will briefly describe. To leave Baden at midnight, to wait at Oos Junction for some indefinite time, to arrive at Darmstadt at about six in the morning, where a gruff invitation to descend and the information that we have missed the express greets us, to try and swallow some thick coffee, to lounge on the platform between waking and sleeping for about two hours till a train takes us on to Mayence, where we make a frantic rush for the Cologne train, which we happily just catch, to reach that city of virgins and smells baked by heat and exhausted by fatigue; finally, to get to Brussels somewhere about ten at night, when we ought to have been there by five in the afternoon—these are some of the *agremens* of a route which a too blind confidence in the knowledge and judgment of a friend led us to adopt. And so *au revoir* to Baden for another year.

From the Black Forest to Yorkshire, from the rooms at Baden to the rooms at Doncaster—this world is full of contrasts, and here is one, or rather, here are many. The polite proprietor of the Hôtel des Mille Colonnees preys upon you to a somewhat alarming extent; but then he does it so urbanely that, though you wince under the treatment, you do not complain. On the other hand, the Doncaster harpy does not think it worth while to descend to such small artifices as polite speeches and 'soft sawder,' but takes his or her pound of flesh with unflinching hand. In the valley of the Oos the bland croupiers entreat you to make your game so winningly, the Jeameses in plush are so attentive to your wants; but here Billy Nicholl offers you 9 to 2 about Hannah, in a tone as if he was demanding your money or your life, and you may either take it or go to—anywhere you please. Nobody pushes or knocks you about at Baden; but here you struggle through a reeking, swearing, brandy-and-water crowd, who are not particular about your toes, and would as soon think of apologizing as they would of laying you a couple of points over the odds. But we have left the Black Forest and its ways, so let us think no more about them, but apply ourselves diligently to the finding-out of the Leger 'pea,' though there is not much difficulty about it after all. At Ascot, we thought and said there were 'only two in it,' and there were only two in it on that Tuesday at Doncaster. To be sure, they were not the Ascot two, exactly, for the poor 'King' had quitted

the scene (only for a time, let us hope), and Albert Victor had taken his place; but that between him and Hannah the struggle would lay was evident to all. For the once-dreaded Tuppill stable was dreaded no longer; and the statement that Tom Dawson meant to start 'the whole fleet,' was rightly understood as a sign of weakness and not strength. Everybody had, more or less, a hankering after Général; but few believed in his being able to beat Hannah and Albert Victor, despite the high opinion John Scott had of the horse, and the splendid condition he was in. Nobody ventured to take liberties with him; and indeed the Duke of Hamilton was compelled to take 4000 to 1000 about him, or not back him at all. At the last moment, after many shifty market dodges, Ringwood was proclaimed the hope of the blue and silver, and he and Rose of Athol were the sole hopes of the fielders. It was a rotten field, people said, and certainly the whole affair was tame, from the time the saddling bell rang for the first race, down to Albert Victor's walk over for the Don Stakes. One of the favourites must win, and, though there was plenty of rash talk and bold assertion among the partizans of each, there was not that keen interest in the result we are accustomed to see at Doncaster. There were never more people present than on the Leger day; and Mr. Cockshott, the G. N. R. station-master, told us eighty thousand people were brought into the town that morning—a larger number, by twelve thousand, than the railway had ever conveyed before. These statistics are correct, and they are also immense; and we beg to submit them to the high consideration of our rulers and governors of the Circumlocution and Incapable Office, as a specimen of what a railway staff with one good head can do. There is very little to be said about the race, and we thought the show in the new and spacious paddock which the Corporation has at length provided, the canter, and the promenade, the best part of the affair. The opinions about the condition of Hannah were as opposite as the poles—some maintaining that she was light and overdone, dry in her coat, &c., while others declared she was in perfect bloom, and had thickened since Ascot. Albert Victor, too, had friends who professed to discover muscle where no muscle existed, and foes who declared him to be untrained; so, amidst this disagreement of learned and unlearned doctors, what was the real fact? In our humble opinion, the mare, though looking well, was not quite so muscular as she was on the Oaks day, while Albert Victor was certainly much fitter than he was at York, but still with a sort of unfinished look—if we may use the expression—about him, which did not look like winning the Leger. There were ten runners, and as four of them came from one stable—Tuppill—we might call it the smallest field that ever ran. Orator was to make play for Tom Dawson's lot, which he did to about the Butts, before reaching which the lot were almost in Indian file for a little time—a sight we never remember seeing in a Leger before. They were all together at the Red House, and Digby Grand and Rose of Athol there looked as well as anything; but Maidment, on Hannah, had been biding his time, and coming round the bend there were only three in it—Ringwood, Albert Victor, and Hannah. The two former at one time looked like coming to closer quarters with the mare than would have been pleasant to her backers; but she soon shook them off, and won very cleverly by a length from Mr. Cartwright's horse, between whom and Ringwood lay the struggle for place honours. It was all out of these two, but Hannah had something to spare, and won like the good mare she is. Pity that King of the Forest could not have been there, for then we should, in all probability, have witnessed a very exciting struggle between him and Hannah; but as it was, the issue, though it has been termed exciting, was not so in reality. Hannah had won from the Red House, and was, in fact, treading their heels off all the way. Public form was vindicated, except in the case of

Bothwell, who is said to have turned roarer; and Général ran a good, honest race, but staying is not his forte. The Duke of Hamilton was very much pleased with the way in which the horse was brought to the post; and a handsome piece of plate for the Whitewall sideboard testifies to the appreciation by his grace of John Scott's care and attention. As to the result, the cheering was nearly as loud and long as when Baron Rothschild walked across the course at Epsom to receive Favonius on his return to the weighing paddock. Yorkshiremen can hardly be expected to shout so vociferously for a South as for a North country horse; but still the enthusiasm was great, though if Général had pulled it off, we should have had a scene. What can be said about the Baron's good fortune more than has been? Derby, Oaks, One Thousand, Leger, he has them all—a feat unprecedented, and one which will stamp 1871 as 'the Baron's year.' Everything comes, says the old proverb, to him who waits; and Baron Rothschild has 'possessed his soul with patience,' and waited for this brilliant end. None will begrudge him his blushing honours, for a better sportsman does not tread the Turf, and though to have two such horses as Favonius and Hannah the same year may make some gentlemen, who have been looking long for the good time, doubt the existence of a First Cause, they flung up their caps for the Baron notwithstanding, and, with the exception of the Newmarket touts, the satisfaction was general. These latter gentlemen had been sending up such dire accounts of Hannah—who was, according to them, full of ailments, from her head to her heels, especially in the latter—that their feelings after her win may be better imagined than described. For the rest, Doncaster was all leather and prunella. Fancy three runners for the Champagne! which, of course, Cremorne won; and the other events, with the exception of the Cup, were tame in the extreme. It was a good fight between Shannon and Barford for the Cup, though the mare had always the foot of the horse, and she won cleverly at the close. There was much more excitement in the sale paddock, especially on the morning after the Leger, when Sir Tatton Sykes's, Mr. Cookson's, Mr. Sadler's, the Sheffield Lane, the Glasgow, and other yearlings came up before Mr. Tattersall and his partner, Mr. Pain; and some of them fetched prices that recalled old Middle Park days, and what used to be called the plunging era. Four of Sir Tatton's realized 3350 guineas, or the wonderful average of something like 837 guineas apiece; and ten of Mr. Cookson's averaged close upon 540 guineas each. We congratulate the latter gentleman on his sale, and that his Lord Lyons have realized such prices. Beadsman was the sire of the highest-priced one, Beadroll, his dam, Sister to Regalia; and Mr. Crawford and Mat Dawson fought for his possession, till the latter caved in at 1300 guineas. Some of the names will have to be altered if they are intended to win anything. All Heart and No Peel, a splendid son of Stockwell, it will be seen at once, can have no possible chance of the Derby with such an appellation; and The Lambton Worm has an unpleasant sound. There was an instance of bad taste, too, in calling the colt by Adventurer, out of Leah, Sir Roger, which we should think the Duke of Hamilton would rectify. Indeed, we cannot congratulate the godfathers and godmothers of the handsome Yorkshire youngsters on the nomenclature. The Sheffield Laners were the best, but there was not much in them; but there is much in a name, Mr. William Shakespeare notwithstanding.

On Friday, the 8th, there was a large gathering at the Cleveland Agricultural Show, held at South Stockton. The natives mustered in large numbers to look at the Clevelands and the 'joomping' of the hunters, which was the great attraction. Taken as a general whole, the Show was good, but, as regards horses generally, the ghost of the York one. Still, sportsmen were attracted to

it from the extreme north, and the south also. In future, we would advise the cessation of the brass band during the judging, as the music had the opposite effect of soothing the noble animal. At the luncheon the President proposed the health of Mr. Wharton, of Skelton Castle, the new Master of the Cleveland Hounds, which was given with loud cheers, and one for the young Squire, and then one for the hounds. The Visitors were represented by the Earl of Huntingdon and Mr. J. Hibberd Brewer, so well known in Hampshire and Westminster Hall, who was introduced to the company as a good man, riding 20 stone, who knew what a weight-carrying hunter was, and as Master of the H.H.—an honour which, on returning thanks, he disclaimed, saying he was merely the secretary and manager of the Tedworth, in the absence of the Marquis of Ailesbury. Mr. Harvey Bayly's beautiful Banner Bearer, with Mr. Booth up, put another silver cup on the sideboard at Edwinstowe House; and there was much betting as to where the Cup for four-year-old hunters would go, the award being made to Mr. Bob Brunton's bay horse, Joe Bennett, who, at York, was second to Mr. Nesfield's chesnut Mischief, and how the Cleveland judges reversed the previous decision we are quite at a loss to understand. The 'joomp-ing' was a sight, and, as usual, a most useless and unseemly one. A common butcher's hack, not worth eighteen pence with hounds, may grind over hurdles, while a grand hunter will refuse to be turned into a circus-horse at five minutes' notice. For instance, Mr. Walker's well-known steeple-chaser, Diddington, the winner of the Durham Hunt Steeplechase, went clean mad, and jumped about like a kangaroo; and the way that Mr. Ralph Jackson's Merry Maid behaved would have delighted the Islington Cockneys, and brought down the reserved seats.

Barnet Pony Fair, on the 4th of September, was fully attended. Stephen Pearce, Jem Magoon, John Corrigan, and other dealers from the Emerald Isle were there, as well as the principal pony-breeders of North Wales, bringing large droves. Owing to the abundance of keep throughout the country, the ponies looked remarkably well, and realized high prices. The dealers complained that the sellers wanted all the profit for themselves, and in many instances returned home without doing business; but the general public were not to be stalled off by price. Ponies of good size and appearance found ready purchasers at from twelve to fifteen guineas, whilst diminutive Welsh ponies, of two years old, or under, fetched as much as from seven to ten. Jacob Williams sold eighty in the course of the day.

Barnet is never much of a fair for horses, although it is made the resort of numbers of the 'coping' fraternity, on the look-out to get rid of their 'screws.' Of 'genuine' horses, the supply was scanty, and those only of the middling sort. A gipsy went about offering for sale a fine-looking black horse; but it was whispered in the fair that it was Col. de Ros's runaway charger, from Aldershot Camp.

We have a few hunting mems. that may interest our readers. In the first place, we are happy to tell the Tailbyites that Frank Goodall has quite got over his bad accident, and is as strong and well as ever. The next item is bad news. Mr. Tailby gives up at the end of this season, and there will be weeping and wailing in Market Harborough, lamentation throughout High Leicestershire, and a general refusal to be comforted even by the Cottesmore and Colonel Lowther. In the Atherstone, also, there is grief at the sad intelligence that Mr. Anstruther Thomson, owing to illness in his family, will be compelled to winter at Torquay. His horses are to be sold at Tattersall's on the 16th; and Mr. Oakley will be Master in the field, while the horn will be carried by John Bailey—an excellent servant from Lord Middleton's, and before that nine years with Mr. Tailby, whom we have known ever since he was pupped. He will be assisted by Will Neverd, from the Craven—a sharp fellow, who comes from a

good stock. As there have been some absurd paragraphs in the different journals as to the arrangement between Mr. Thomson and Mr. Oakley, of Cliff House, we will just state the simple facts: Mr. Oakley originally took the country for three years, and asked Mr. Thomson to assist him in the management. He now assumes the Mastership, in Mr. Thomson's absence, but trusts that, next season, that gentleman will be able to join him again. They have a capital show of foxes, and the hounds have brought several cubs to hand, and made a good beginning; but, from the absence of Mr. Thomson, and the death of poor George Moore, of Appleby, the Atherstone field will be not itself. George Moore, by-the-way, was a real old-fashioned sportsman, a famous judge of a hound, and a dog generally. He was a favourite with all classes, had a cheery word for everybody, and might be called the jolly good fellow of the Atherstone.

A rumour has reached us, too, which we are sorry to hear, that, at the end of the season, a new Master will be wanted for the Pytchley, who have lost a staunch supporter in the Hon. Frederick Villiers, a subscriber of 500*l.* a year, and a right-hand man of Mr. Craven's. There will be no more difficult place to fill up, should Mr. Craven's retirement take place, than the Mastership of the Pytchley. May we venture to hope that Lord Spencer by that time will be back from Ireland, and once more consent to be Master?

The North Warwickshire have a good entry and a fair show of foxes—hardly a covert—Hillmorton, their best one, happily included—that has not a litter. The big woods, however, like Ryton and Wappenbury, are very badly rided, so that it is now very difficult to catch a cub in them. Rugby promises to be as full as ever; lodgings and stabling are already in request, and accommodation for man and horse already bespoken; but we strongly advise gentlemen wishing to settle down steadily to hunt with the Pytchley to visit the Coach and Horses at Brixworth, where Mrs. Gage—a real old-fashioned landlady—will do her best to make them comfortable.

Sir Reginald Graham has made a good start with the Cotswold. As his father's son in every respect, he cannot fail to be a first-rate Master of Hounds.

Mr. Edward Coke will manage the Hoar Cross during the coming season, at the end of which there will be some fresh arrangement. Will Channing, from Lord Wemyss, will be Mr. Foljambe's huntsman, who will hunt half of Mr. Chaplin's old Burton country. In the last week of August an untoward accident happened to Mr. George Lane-Fox. He was galloping up to his kennel, when his hack put its foot into a hole and rolled over, pitching Mr. Fox on to his right shoulder, which was dislocated by the shock. It will be some time before Mr. Fox will be able to appear in the saddle again; certainly not during the present cub-hunting season. The jovial Master of the Bramham Moor will have to leave his young hounds to be schooled by another. The new huntsman of the York and Ainsty is Tom Squires, from Lord Coventry, a son of John Squires, who was many years ago with Mr. King in Devonshire, and with Colonel Wyndham at Petworth. He is a sharp fellow, and, in addition to his accomplishments in the field, we can vouch that he can make a new shirt in twenty minutes. While talking of the York and Ainsty, we are happy to say that old Will Danby is alive, quite well, upright as ever, and jolly. Nothing gives him greater pleasure than to talk of Tommy Hodgson and his old Holderness days. He is the best gardener in the county, and his *Magnum Bonum* plums, with which he walks from Acomb to York and back, aged 78 (hear this, ye worn-out London flag-hoppers at 50), are a sight to see. A visit to Danby is a treat for any real sportsman, and though his language is now and then somewhat difficult for a Southerner to understand, it is graphic in the extreme. If now, or during the ensuing season, any Master of Hounds should want assistance in the field kennel, Peter Collison, late huntsman to the York and Ainsty, is to be

heard of in Clarence Street, York, and will be glad to lend him a hand, as he is tired of having nothing to do.

Coaching has been pretty successful on all its roads this season, though some ventures have, of course, done better than others. Brighton and Dorking can, we believe, show the best balance-sheets; and the former coach is running as we write, and will only be taken off on the 21st of this month, the horses being, according to custom, sent up to Tattersall's on the 28th. When the Dorking horses were sold, in August, their average was 40*l.* apiece, and we hope the Brighton will realize as good a one. Why, by-the-way, the Dorking coach was taken off so early as the 22nd of August we cannot make out, and think it was a mistake. So successful was it during its brief season, that a second coach will be started next year, an afternoon one, to leave Hatchett's at 4.15 and Charing Cross—where it will pick up the City men, who have come up by the Underground—at 4.20, arriving at Dorking to dinner at seven o'clock. This sounds like business. Many men would gladly avail themselves of such an opportunity for a drive and some country air, who cannot give up their day for this sort of thing. They can have a very good dinner at the Red Lion, and either take the last train back to town, or wait for the coach, which will leave at eight in the morning, and reach Charing Cross at 10.30. The Brighton will be a single coach, as before.

Death has been busy lately with the men of sport and pastime. Middle Park has lost its head, and the most successful breeder of modern times has died at a ripe age. That Mr. Blenkiron's death is a great loss none can deny, for to whom we are to look as the inheritor of his zeal, judgment, and enterprise it is difficult to say. Middle Park, we much fear, is doomed, unless some spirited individual or individuals are found to undertake the cares and responsibility of its management. In any other country but this the Government would become its purchaser; but this, we fear, is too much from our present or future rulers.

And Mr. Pedley, too, is gone, after an eventful and chequered career, which passed with credit to himself, if it did not conduce to his worldly prosperity. Few faces were better known; at one time few voices were louder in these utterances of the ring:—

'And hear Pedley cry with a stentorian roar,
"I'll lay you six to five, or take you six to four."'

Captain Evans, well known as the Flying Captain in the days when the Dukes of Beaufort hunted the Heythrop country, has died at an advanced age. At the close of the season, 1831-32, Captain Evans parted with his hunter Grimaldi, upon whom he had so often distinguished himself, to Mr. Osbaldeston, who was desirous of matching a horse, his own property, against Mr. Elmore's Moonraker, the then champion of the Steeplechase world. Subsequently the Captain did not appear much in the field with foxhounds, but retired to the West of England, where to the day of his death he kept a pack of beagles, which were unrivalled in excellence.

Old Nat Langham, the last of the Mohicans, has departed, and you might as soon expect to find a gladiator in the streets of Rome as a pugilist in the streets of London. False refinement and sentimentality have set their faces against the manly amusements of the people; backsword, cudgel play, wrestling, have, in turn, given way, and the lower orders have been driven to the gin palace. Puritans asserted that the practice of boxing made men ferocious. Those who knew Nat Langham best, at his home playing with his children, or nursing his old antagonist Tom Sayers in his last long illness, could give strong testimony to the contrary. He was as tender-hearted as he was brave, and that is saying a great deal. 'Bring me a hunter as game as that fellow.

'and I will give you five hundred guineas for him,' said Sir Charles Kent to Jem Mason, pointing out Nat Langham on Epsom race-course. The last Champion of England, Jem Mace, was a pupil of Nat Langham's; the latter picked him up at a fair in Norfolk, playing the fiddle, and took him round the country with him sparring, under the name of Nat Langham's Novice. Nat is no more, and the old game of fisticuffs is no more, but we much doubt whether the people of England are any the better for its suppression.

And now our last sorrowful words must be given to the memory of one whose light and playful humour, ready wit, and happy turn of expression had, until lately, been always looked for in the pages of 'Our Van,' and of whom 'Baily's' many readers will surely retain none but pleasant recollections. Mr. Irwin Lewis Willes died on the morning of the 22nd of September, after an illness extending over the last three years of his life, and which from the first foreboded but one fatal termination. A page or two back and we were writing of him as he then was in the flesh, and as we thought of him that morning in the pleasant Stephanien garden. Now the grave has closed over him, and he has disappeared before his time from the haunts and scenes where he was once such a familiar figure and such a welcome find. What we have said of him living we may surely repeat now he is gone. Though mixed up in some of those embroilments that occasionally disturb the body politic of the Turf, and smarting at times under a sense of injury, we believe 'Argus's' nature had too much of the milk of human kindness in it to long harbour resentment; and we know that the removal of the ban of exile from Newmarket Heath, and the reconciliation between him and those who had passed that sentence was the most gratifying event of the latter days of his life. In these pages it is scarcely necessary to refer to that happy style of writing in which he certainly stood alone, and which earned for 'Our Van' a world-wide celebrity. It is now nearly a twelvemonth since he ceased to be its 'driver,' and confined his literary exertions to the journal so identified with his *nom de plume*. That he might have had some enemies is possible; few of us—more especially public writers—can hope to tread the thorny path without encountering them; but it is no exaggeration to say he had a host of friends. How many will grieve over his comparatively early departure it is difficult to say; but we may be permitted personally to express our sorrow at the loss of one from whom we received many kindnesses, and to whom, in the early days of what was then a new career, we could always repair for advice and direction. Two days before his death we were with him, and though aware, as were all his friends, of his precarious tenure of life, we did not think the end was so near. It will be a gratification to many of our readers to know that he died without suffering, and through the whole of his illness his freedom from pain has been remarkable. Carefully watched and tended by the hands of affection, he has gone to his rest, and has left behind him the legacy of a kind heart and the memory of a wit and humour which, though keen as polished steel,

'Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.'

'Poor Argus!' His name will be often mentioned, his good stories often quoted, among the scenes and in the society that he best loved, and never, we feel sure, without a kind thought to his memory.

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