

.THE

# INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

VOLUME VII.

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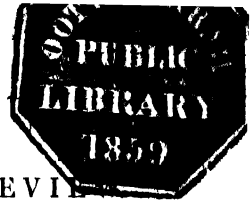
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## THE INDIA SPORTING REVIEW

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from despairing and oppressed subjects. His chiefs are a wild and lawless race of ignorant debauchees, respected by their immediate followers while credit and liberality can be protracted—at enmity almost invariably with their equals,—dreading their more powerful neighbours and restrained from open outrages and secret murders by the constant vigilance of the European agents; and though the fierce nature of the peasantry will occasionally break out in daring robberies and cold-blooded, useless murders, and the insecurity of the roads through his kingdom is universal, yet all these peculiarities are scrupulously withheld from the royal ear and are invariably discredited when reported to him, who in most cases denies either assistance or retribution for injuries which are suffered by him no longer to occur.

This duplicity is not to be traced in the demeanour of Seavee Rao at his annual hunting party, nor would the lines of his frank and joyous countenance indicate that such is the habit of his mind. This is merely the policy of his court. In public, he is affable and agreeable to all with whom he converses, is addressed by his attendants with respectful familiarity, and is affectionate in his manner to his favorite children and though the formal deportment of his eldest son towards him is reciprocal, on the whole the old man affords a very amiable specimen of a patriarchal ruler. On the days when he takes the field, he is busy with much of the minor details of the sport, giving a variety of orders upon the probable turns of the game and watches every change with intense delight. As a curious spectacle, the hunting with the leopard is well worth being witnessed once; as a specimen of woodcraft, as comprehended by the supporters and contributors to the *India Sporting Review*, the entire business will seem tame, tedious and unsatisfactory.

Not a gun of any sort, not a weapon more effectual than a walking-stick, is allowed to be exhibited in the Royal vicinity: not that the nervous antipathy to cold steel, which is so amusingly ascribed to James 1st of England, and so confidently but strangely accounted for by cotemporary writers, is perceptible in the Majesty of Gujerat. All in attendance are dismounted and the few horsemen whom duty or politeness have attracted to the presence, are constrained to await the return of the cortége from noon till evening on the bank of an artificial reservoir of water, where the cart road emerges from the deep ravines on the river-bank on to the flats which occupy the dry portion of the bed of the river, and which extend as far as the eye can discern towards the north and towards the west. Indistinct from the mirage and the glare of noon, the possible extent is difficult to guess. The bluff headland crowned with a thick crest of trees marks the vicinity of the village of Gajna and where the first good

ford across the Mhyee from its mouth can be found, there the stream at high water and at spring tides runs with great rapidity both at flow and at ebb, filling a channell apparently from 1,000 yards to a mile broad: when crossing to the high bank, the width appears less than when the transit is reversed, and at low water in the hot season the ford, which has a hard sandy bottom almost entirely across, does not average a depth greater than two feet or three. To this place the cart road from Chokarah, the nearest village on the southern bank, is termed four koss, that is six miles, while the more frequented route by a yet more difficult and more dangerous ford—for here the river divides into three channels each running with considerable rapidity on the ebb tide and filling as all eastern rivers do, almost instantaneously at the flood—lies from Tector to Deewan, where there now is a traveller's bungalow and soon will be a Missionary station. The ford at Deewan is reckoned six koss or nine miles from the southern bank and for loaded carts occupies as many hours in the transit, and seems to be preferred by the Native carriers, as the necessity of unloading carts and swimming the bullocks is avoided.

Upon such a plain, the horizon is bounded by the northern bank of the Mhyee, scarcely visible beyond the high seated village of Deewan, while the southern bank stretches in long perspective westward as far as the large irregular village of Sarod. The centre ground is occupied by a recently planted grove of young baubul trees, adding distance to the vague landscape: on the right in the extreme distance, the course of the river is traceable by a green thicket of tamarisk bushes—"the wild hog's reedy home"—while on the left, far away into the misty indistinct mirage spreads a broad flat surface of withered grass and sand, over which wander in large herds, hundreds of half-tamed Antelope, from whom many a sturdy Patriarch will be thrown by the adorning attendants at the feet of the elated Prince and from whose numbers many a graceful fawn will writhe its slight figure in the leopard's grasp. Forty or fifty antelope of all ages are generally slaughtered while the camp remains at Dhubkha in the course of five or six field-days, and after all the artifices employed to familiarize the antelopes with man during the rest of the year and the arrangements made to prevent poaching on these preserves, the third morning generally dawns upon the plain deserted by the herds and a very few stray animals reward a long day's foray. The ox-drawn cart, generally in use in Gujerat as more adapted to the deep ruts and rough ground than any vehicle drawn by horses, conveys the Resident and a friend escorted by the usual retinue of scarlet runners and riders, while the picturesque appearance of the mounted attendants

on the Royal party and a few of that well mounted corps, the Gujerat Irregular Horse, drawn up in line on either side the road, contribute to fill in the fore ground of a lively panorama. Not a weapon glitters in the hands of the few attendants who stand near a high green-painted cart on light coach-wheels, removed some short distance from the crowd—remarkable for the singular beauty of its two tall oxen whose long, lean, light heads and large lustrous eyes, remind one of the Eland or Nylghaic and mark them as first rate specimens of well bred Guzerat oxen: on either side of this vehicle stands a menial holding a huge red silk umbrella on a pole some seven feet high while in a very *déçagé* attitude, lounges upon the cushions of the front seat, the Majesty of Gujerat. A singularly folded yellow turban blazing with huge emeralds in the front, surmounts his dusky and good humoured face—lighted by a pair of remarkably large mild eyes, features which add family beauty to all of his sons, who may be more readily recognized by their resemblance to His Highness than distinguished by dress or demeanour. Heavy golden ornaments depend from his neck while an ordinary white doublet opened on the side after the affected fashion of the “Warrior Court” and the usually disposed nether garments of a Hindoo, clothing his sturdy supporters, complete his costume. He has received the Europeans with a friendly hand and loudly expressed his eagerness and hopes of sport. The Resident ascends to the vacant seat in the Rajah’s vehicle; similar carts are assigned to each of the guests and a number of platforms or wheels carrying leopards and an attendant with each, wait on the party—some of them driven by the sons of the Guickwar or by other Sirdars. The elegant leopards roll, gape and stretch their lean figures in every attitude of roused attention, and following the royal vehicle which is preceded by ten cheetahs, the whole procession moves across the plain. A distant herd of antelope has already taken alarm and some are in rapid retreat. Every umbrella is instantaneously furled and the carts divide to circumvent the herd from different quarters of the plain. This movement occupies some little space of time and the antelopes rendered suspicious of danger from the previous day’s experience of the approach of their feline foes, are scattered over the whole plain, while the procession seems to regulate its manœuvres by the movements of one black buck, who with a few of his agile dames is marching off towards the thick cypress on the right front. The tall oxen rapidly extricate the light waggons from the muddy creek, deep with the spring tide flood; and on emerging from the stream, the Guickwar evidently views the herd among the bushes, some two hundred yards to the right front and standing up in his cart, waves a signal to the

drivers of the nearest vehicle to hasten on with the cheetah on the left. The Rao Sahib has suddenly made his appearance and most judiciously slipped his spotted favorite. All eyes are bent on the sport—the leopard can be traced only by the waving cypress—suddenly the whole herd face round to the right, some bounding off at frantic speed, leaping high above the bushes, others turn again and gaze—already the tiger is among them, a few huge bounds, a few frantic turns by the buck paralyzed apparently with fear and in the next moment he is rolling in the sand, while the panting leopard eagerly sucks the life-blood from his neck: an attendant rapidly relieves the throttled victim from further agony, cuts off some portion of the animal as a propitiation to the sulky leopard, packs the carcase under the cart while the leopard yielding to the caresses of the juvenile in charge of him, has leapt upon the cart, resumed with a few muttered growls the red cap over his eyes and lies panting and exhausted by his brief but violent exertion.

The herd of Antelopes are clearing the plain at the rate of thirty miles an hour—the procession of carts has divided off—so that two carts with an untried leopard are near the green cart and its august contents; suddenly another large herd, some mile or two to the southward are glancing bright among the stunted and parched herbage and are approached after divers ingenious manœuvres on the part of the drivers of the lighter vehicle, while his Highness leans over the high cushions of his more ponderous and more carefully piloted conveyance—*Cæsar's fortunam vehit!*—with admirable eagerness watching the movements of the herd, in admirable contrast to the indifference of the Resident equally discomforted by the heat, the jolting of the cart and the difficulty of keeping up the due supply of forced politeness. One cart is closing with the herd—the bullocks fairly achieve a cow-gallop much to the inconvenience of the passengers, biped and quadruped, the latter especially appearing inclined to hold on by whatever substance may come within reach of his claws or teeth. The hood is withdrawn from the eyes of the leopard, he leaps lightly to the ground, crouches for an instant to watch the line of chace from behind every rising mound of earth or tuft of grass, and again dashing off at his utmost speed, crosses the path of the venerable black buck at such a pace that a buck and a doe are separated at the same time from the herd, and each, as if paralysed by fear at the proximity of their feline foe, evidently cease to exert that wondrous activity which has already carried their relatives far beyond pursuit or danger. In one glance of his own quick eye, the leopard raises his head as if in doubt upon which to make his fiery charge; his pace has slackened though but for one in-



stant, yet the buck and his graceful companion have recovered from the mysterious influence and leave their dreadful enemy far behind them, while he crouches on the ground palpitating with rage and want of condition for prolonged exertion, until his youthful attendant again blinds his wild-looking eyes and persuades him to resume his position on the cart.

In the mean time another cart has traversed the plain towards the river and met the same herd after a long detour. A few does separated from the main column have approached their pursuers and the second leopard is slipped—“*Pavidoe damoe*”—the does in a fright gaze alternately on the carts and on the crouching tiger low-bending like a spotted snake as he creeps towards them. The antelope wheel simultaneously to the “left about”—but not immediately starting off. A few tremendous bounds have brought the enemy among them, the whole party swerve once or twice to either side and a cloud of dust has floated away and revealed the leopard stretched upon the carcase of the still palpitating but powerless Antelope!

Though the chase with the leopard is curious as an occasional spectacle, exhibiting the habits of each of the performers in remarkable contrast, yet all the exciting incidents which render the chase so engrossing to active minds are wanting, and the absolute inability of the man to aid either party or to assist in the catastrophe, materially detracts for the “fin of the thing.” In short—the dash of the greyhounds from the slips is apparently more rapid and certainly more picturesque and more exciting than the movements of the leopard; fascination and surprise, rather than his own surpassing swiftness, appear to give him possession of the prey while his vast strength and activity subdue all efforts to escape. There is seldom a struggle after the victim has been once struck; while the buck even if wounded will when matched against greyhounds, bring his horn down to the charge with masterly alertness, and contest to the last struggle for life and liberty. The figure of the hunting leopard is the beau ideal of strength, elegance and speed. Yet the inefficient condition for prolonged activity in which the sulky and treacherous nature of these animals appear to retain them, render them as incapable of exhibiting the latter as the instantaneous prostration of the prey calls for no effort of the former: a few hundred yards at speed is usually the utmost course either for success or for failure!

Will the reader for once fancy himself crossing the broad Mhyee, as once the writer did, on the top of a spring tide in December, with a fresh breeze crispering the swelling waves of the wide stream, while the uncouth implements of sail

and oar could hardly impel the rude craft to keep pace with the exertions of five active horses swimming on either side the boat as far in advance as the ropes attached to their head stalls will allow and each stemming the long swell which rolled up from the Sea with many a loud snort, but with as cool and steady strokes as if they were running up the last quarter of a mile in a hack race. *G. R.* 11st. 7lbs. Far away to the Eastward, are a numerous assemblage of white tents and lines of camels and horses grouped around upon the high northern bank immediately facing Dhubka, while a dense thicket of Baubul and Tamarisk clothes the plain below, which is formed by the river leaving the southern bank at Dhubka and flowing close under its northern shore at Gajna. Few who joined that jovial meeting will forget the scene—will forget the gay and friendly bearing of the courteous host—the unchecked merriment of the younger guests. From the venerable and respected general,

“ Who spite the snow of years  
On his good steed erect appears  
As when he met the boar—”

(invariably a steed worthy of his rider's attention,) but who on this occasion confined his attentions to the snipes, down to the youngest youth, fresh from England, who burned to flesh his maiden spear—all will perhaps, in some idle hour recall the scene. The crash of five hundred beaters through the almost impenetrable thicket, the continual file firing of the “blue bottles” of the cooly corps, the rush of horseman after every animal who showed his bristly hide upon the plain, the anxious groups of well-mounted men upon the bank towards the east end of the thicket under the baubul trees, before whose silent array many a dark red boar\* defiled out into the dry bed of a small water-course between the main thicket and the position of the hunters, and after listening and tantalizing his unseen enemies with the probability of a run—charging back through the line of the beaters with invariable success. The stately elephant which bears the amiable and lamented Resident, is unable to force his way through the dense thicket, and when evening closed a long and exciting day's hunting, the cover was voted impracticable, and yet strange to relate, the writer of this sketch actually killed two boars, alone, one morning about two years after meeting,

\* The boars seen on this occasion were, as many of those present can testify, much more tinged with red than grey bristles,—perhaps from the soil; and although perhaps as many as three hundred hog were repeatedly seen—very few were ascertained to have been converted into pork.

while engaged in quail-shooting, over the same ground then denuded of cover, from which nearly five hundred beaters, admirably arranged and seconded by the best spears of Gujerat, had been unable to effect a suitable bag.

Let us shift the scene some fifty miles higher up the same bank of the Mhyee. Time, the middle of May, when the thermometer averages 91° of Farenheit in a well appointed tent and will reach 140° in the sun, at noon, outside.

The most northerly village in the Kairah Collectorate is situated on a picturesque reach in the Mhyee, which is there divided into two streams by a long, oblong, well-wooded island, not less than a mile and a quarter in length, and varying from four to five hundred yards in breadth. The banks on either side of the river are precipitate and well-wooded, often with trees of very considerable bulk, always with thick brush-wood. The eastern bank which corresponds with that described in the last scenes as the southern, forms the boundary of that extensive track of wooded country known as the Barreah jungle, in which the villages are few and far apart. The cultivation in this neighbourhood is not extensive but rich in sugar cane and the poppy, and apparently capable of yielding the highest returns in agricultural skill—though the expenses of the tenant are difficult to contrast with those under a fixed assessment as here they pay no ground rent but taxes on the plough, on the right of bearing arms, and by tribute in kind.

The vicinity of the Mhyee on the western shore is marked throughout the distance from Jennore to Cambay, by gently undulating ground of white or reddish sand, broken into deep ravines in the immediate neighbourhood of the river, and becoming gradually absorbed into the dark level of the richer soil which surrounds the highly cultivated villages inhabited by the industrious race of Mussulmen, known by the generic term, Mullceek, descendants of the warriors who carried the victorious arms of the Delhi sovereigns far and wide throughout the Indian peninsula, and whose habits and agricultural skill form a pleasing contrast to the indolent indifference of their cooly neighbours, though the universal and deleterious use of seductive preparations of opium indulged in by all classes and at all times, prevent them from attaining a favorable comparison with the Mussulman population in the villages of the Broach Zillah inhabited by Borahs, by far the most enterprising, sober and laborious of the British subjects as agriculturalists. This island with its deep shadowing mangoe and mowrah trees then is fresh; thick foliage, and the rich profusion of the jambooric and other shrubs low-feathering down to the water's edge, forms one of the most picturesque objects

within in a compass of many miles, while the slate-coloured hills of Veerpoor, the purple heights round Lunawarrab, the conical peaks of Reyna and Jarawy towards the south-east, the faint outlines of Pawunghur high towering above the wooded middle ground, complete the scene. It was a pleasant indulgence of an indolent hour to sit, e'er the sun had clothed his rays with their meridian fierceness—under the shade of the southern thicket in full enjoyment of the light western breeze as it crisped the broad surface of the Mlyee into a million dimples, and threw a light ripple upon the sand like the cream of champagne, and then passed fluttering away through the foliage of a hundred trees; to listen to the varied notes of the feathered denizens of the wood—for few birds in the East actually sing—as that word is applied by all who recall to memory's ear the wild minstrelsy of the black bird and thrush, or the triumphal hymn of the skylark; to watch the glad wheeling of the kite uttering from time to time his shrill lively notes—whence his Indian name, now sweeping with wide-spread wings over the intensely blue expanse of the clear stream which spreads for full five hundred yards to the east and more than one hundred and fifty to the west of the island, now soaring in rivalry with some gallant companion, ever turning his restless head and fine piercing eye in quest of some object for his prey. All the vegetable world presents the phenomena of reproduction and decay in ceaseless variety and in every stage of progression, while the infancy and the old age of the animal world are seldom obtruded on our notice. The first helpless days of the wild beasts or their last lingering moments are seldom exhibited. The perpetual pursuit or preservation of life which mark the acts of all birds and beasts of prey are the occupation of mature strength, and the diminution of animal power is generally the instantaneous termination of life. The vaunted days of hawk and hound in olden time could not afford more interesting scenes of chase than an observant idler may detect in one morning's stroll. The wild falcon darts with sloop as unerring and with speed and fierceness as reckless, as the best trained for the hereditary Falconer's Mews! There is enjoyment in every voluntary movement of animal life, and their voices evidently indicate their sense of it. What a joyous exultation in the voice of every bird, high soaring through the glowing sunlight! Listen to the laughing tones with which the sedate elephant greets the fresh arrival of some sugar cane or other savoury diet, and to those in which he occasionally indulges as he marches with stately strides towards the river to be "holey stoned"—and in which he joins a chorus to the interminable song of his attendants as they

rub his vast carcase with pumice stone?\* (sand?) while he varies the amusement by cascading showers of water from his lithe proboscis of which the finger-shaped orifice alone is protruded from the stream in which half his huge bulk reclines on one side for the convenience of his attendants and for the more perfect enjoyment of the bath—or who shall say if even the discordant voice of the much abused ass is not expressive of satisfaction, for if he “suits the action to the word,” he assuredly brays as often in joy as in any other mood. Hyder, the much appreciated auxiliary in many a stern encounter, was in the full enjoyment of the aforesaid bath and his quaint but expressive ejaculations gave rise to the foregoing digression upon animal enjoyments, while from the opposite side of the encampment, Hoffman and his companions who like him “fed free at stall” were expressing in rather impatient accents and gestures to correspond as each traversed the round of his loose enclosure, an unanimous opinion that it must be eight o'clock and that each was astonished at the delay in bringing the gram! The master of the encampment was engaged with the last number of the *Calcutta Review*, contrasting in his own mind how very superior must be the enjoyment of the writers of that celebrated publication while penning the very worst of its contributions, to the pleasure experienced by the reader, and he had nearly arrived at the conclusion that one article in the number before him, was far too abstruse to be fit for every-day recreation—especially in a May morning under the tropics—when a peon announced the arrival of a cooly from a village some seven miles distant, with the welcome intelligence of three tigers in the bed of the Mhyee river. Hyder's bath was abruptly concluded and himself marched off to his pickets where a large heap of dirt coloured cakes, seasoned with a due allowance of clotted treacle so savory to the native and so nauseous to the European taste, was set before him, while his retinue dispersed each to prepare his own morning meal, and in the course of a short hour, peons, guns, horse-keeper and the elephant equipped for field service, were wading through the river towards the scene of action. Most fortunately for the zeal of the incumbent and for “the exigencies of the service,” Hon'ble John's demands upon time and patience were of a limited nature, on that day—for while one of the guard of Local Infantry was indulging his fancy with a tune upon a brass plate which did duty for a church clock to indicate the time of the day to be eleven

\* I rather think the sand stone is the right name. Pumice stone was that preparation used by the Romans in their public baths as a depilatory and as an adjunct the “strygle,” the which is now in its modern use confined to the Post Master's stables in England—if post horses still are!

A. M.—a chesnut tattoo and a small European, cantered amicably down to the ford and followed the deep foot-marks of old Hyder, over the broad and dazzling surface of deep sand which skirts the blue waters of the Mhyee for two miles on the road to the villages of Waree and Wullubpoor, each of which boasts a duplicate in name across the river, in the Company's dominion. So that whenever the natural or interested indolence of the Revenue subordinates was stimulated by well applied threats or by the actual presence of an European officer, to press for the Government dues, half the inhabitants have been known to migrate like the Romans of old—to the Gwalior territory across a very singular rocky passage in the river, by which an active man *is said* to be able to transport himself dry footed, (however *experto crede* his activity must be commensurate to some very superior leaps; if he escaped the whirling eddies between the rocks!) and thence hold converse with the myrmidons of Government—"a naked savage but a fearless man." They are a wild crew, the coolies of this neighbourhood, devoted to their chiefs, by whom they are protected and supported under almost all circumstances, to whom they pay a reverence and a ready obedience strongly resembling the feudal tenures. In the present "passage of arms" and on a few subsequent occasions, not a man showed any of that reckless daring or that admirable coolness which

" Will scorn amid the reeling strife,  
To yield a step—for death or life."

The forward zeal which in every other tribe of Bheel, or coolies, often requires to be repressed with unbending sternness rather than excited by example, was not apparent on these occasions.

"As soon as your shot strikes the tiger, we shall go down and kill him with our swords"—was the cool remark of an old cooly Takore (on a similar occasion which took place a month or two previous to the present, and at a village not far from the scene to be described) to the Stranger as they stood side by side behind a hollow tree which formed a breast-high screen upon the sloping bank of a dry river—on the opposite bank of which a tigress and two cubs had been traced by their fresh foot-marks and harboured in a dense thicket, from whence two hundred of the old gentleman's followers were proceeding, by fire and sword to dislodge the enemy. As was to be expected the brave old man was politely requested to moderate his transports "and to inform his followers that unless they all promised to obey the orders and not interfere with the arrangements of the Stranger, who considered himself responsible, under providence,

for the life of every man in the party—not a shot should be fired.”

This contempt of danger, this desire to go in with the sword is the feeling prevalent in general among a population trained to arms from childhood, accustomed to sleep with the bow and the arrows, to decide trivial disputes by the sword and to carry out revenge by murder or by burning stackyards, houses and villages, and they are but the men whom

“nurture has made,

“Who were rocked in a buckler and fed from a blade.”

Perhaps the absence of all their chiefs, who were under requisition by both Governments at the time of the Stranger's visit to this neighbourhood—damped their ardour, or the information having been given to the European by some of the Mussulman sepahis in charge of a small fortress half-way between the camp and the retreat of the tigers, had raised some jealousy which prevented their taking a due part in the game. The chestnut tattoo and his rider reached the village to which the elephant had been directed to proceed, and finding the venerable ally equipped, the usual preparations were soon completed, and the European with a quick-sighted attendant in the “cawass,” directed old Hyder's attention to the guidance of the two coolies who had brought the intelligence to Jennore and who actually constituted the entire force. The jemadar and a sepahi from the fortress had stationed themselves upon trees, on the bank of the river, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant from the hamlet where the elephant had been met. On descending into the bed of the river, the foot marks of two large tigers were visible. Here the bed of the Mhyee, from bank to bank, presented a dark expanse of black rocks—some times heaped high as the main bank in huge square blocks, rounded at the foundation and often hollowed out by the action of water and sometimes in flat sloping shelves which concealed many a quiet retreat impervious to the sun and too high for the water to invade except during the floods of midsummer. Through these impediments wound the turbulent stream, varying in breadth from two to four hundred yards, and as usual crossing the broad bed diagonally leaving in the alternate reaches, considerable tracks of white sand: to the south of the rocks, for the extent of nearly two miles till in front of the village of Koonce the water spreads for a short space nearly from bank to bank, and again contracting forces a very irregular and obstructed passage between bluff rocks similar to those above described, between the twin towns of Wari and Wullubpoor. The small plain of sand on the eastern shore was covered with an impenetrable thicket of tamarisk and dark-leaved jamboorie in two

broad patches which approached each other to within twenty yards on the northern extremity, whence a huge block of black rock some 15 or 20 feet high formed a convenient *perch* for the more curious and daring who were attracted by the sound of the first shot. The two thickets gradually seceded from each other, till they enclosed a pool of stagnant water nearly three hundred yards long and perhaps eighty yards wide; they finally reunited at the southern extremity becoming thinner and weaker till the white plain beyond did not afford cover for the form of a hare. Opposite this pool the heroes of the garrison had taken up a position more favorable for observation than for active participation in the sport, and Hyder quickly proceeded to beat from the northern extremity. From time to time with his peculiar cry, he continued to signify his conviction that the royal pair were "at home," but the dense foliage for some time effectually concealed them; at last a glimpse of a striped waistcoat enabled the death-dealer to dispatch a souvenir into it—which was acknowledged as usual. Some hours then elapsed in a search which gradually lost excitement and interest, sustained, however, by the apparent impossibility of any sizeable animal escaping, undetected, especially as every quarter of an hour suffice to strengthen the "army of observation" on either bank, and increased the marvel of the adventure by the fact that a family of wild animals, as shy as tigers are, and voracious as the carcass or skeleton of many a cow proved, could contrive to exist for months in uninterrupted possession of a retreat between four well armed and populous villages. About three o'clock a glance was obtained of another well coloured dress, apparently that of a tigress who faced the elephant with a fierce roar, but starting to its feet apparently from sleep and with the sun full in its face, was compelled by a shot from the howdah to reel back into its dense lair. There now seemed no hope of a successful termination of this affair; two tigers had by general consent been met, seen, but not conquered, and there was but one plan to effect the latter consummation. To descend from the elephant, to assemble the elite of the army of observation and carry the stockade by a *coup de main*. No volunteers came to the front. The proposition fell, still-born. Light fires at intervals along the line of bushes and let every man come down from the rocks and shout, *favete linguis*—in a literal not a classical sense! Alas! to this also there was no response—not a soul would come down into the arena. The day was fast drawing to a close—first one voice and then another shouted from all the trees that two tigers were going down towards the water, now they are crossing the sleet rock, why they turn back to the thicket. Old Hyder's feet had be-



come tender from the heated rock, and glowing sand, and long continued exertion, to which his habits recently had been little adapted, and having been accommodated with a boot of leather on one of his forefeet, his tortoise-like pace through the heavy sand, added sorely to the impatience of his freight—still each arm pointed forward. All eyes were directed beyond the stony barriers, when by mere chance from under a bare bauble stem up rose a huge tiger and as he faced the elephant with a loud roar, a bullet dashed him to the ground, and he turned and concealed himself in some reeds. As soon as the death-dealer had been loaded—a shot was fired into the bush as a provocative to a charge. Hyder standing like a statue some ten yards to the front. The tiger rose, evidently finding his position too warm and was again overthrown; he now retreated behind a square rock about fifteen feet high, and on the elephant being moved round was discovered growling and seeking for a more secure retreat, enclosed as he was in a kind of quadrangular cell open to the top, surrounded on all sides by high rocks with a wedge-shaped fissure to the south, facing which, no effort of the rider could compel Hyder to halt; repeatedly when brought up to this orifice, he darted by as fast as his crippled paces would allow and much too rapidly to enable the death-dealer to end this rather stupid bit of shikar. The tiger continued to frown and growl, without any intention of resisting his assailants, while Hyder passed and repassed the orifice of this strange trap—but obstinately refused to face the expected charge; at last after more vehement groans, the tiger showed his bleeding carcase on the top of the rock and was straightway dashed down into his former position. Night was rapidly coming on: the game must be lost or won in a very few minutes: the elephant was abandoned as a forlorn hope; the European walked up to the orifice, thrusting his head and gun barrels quietly through the opening, saw the tiger endeavouring to rise from an unpleasant attitude on his back, and by a shot in the breast and one through the throat not high enough to spoil the skull ended the affair.

“Now in glimmer, now in gloom,” from the deep shadows of the forest trees which encroach throughout this district upon the cultivated lands, the chesnut galloway clattered on at a right merry pace; the narrow foot-path tortuous as all foot-paths from some unaccountable reason are, as if they had been marked out by drunken men and the country produced no sober, straight-forward persons to correct the error of their ways, shone like a white tape in the feeble light of a seven days’ old moon, when as the sound of the hoofs reached the sepahi on guard at the hill fortress, a manly voice,

proud of an appropriate display of learning, shouted with an accent well imitated for the Persian "Fatéh cápt." "Al humd lillah bisalamlé," was the pompous rejoinder, as the horse and rider disappeared down the stony declivity into the weed-covered sands of the river bed. The pathway soon led to the water's edge, whence the numerous watch-fires on the island, the various sounds of human voices and the occasional flicker of the flame glancing on the white tents, enlivened the short distance which remained to complete a tedious though ultimately successful day's work.

This was the commencement of a series of successes against the tigers and bears, rarely met with in these degenerate days of limited means and of contracted leisure. Between the 17th May and 4th June, no less than ten full grown tigers and four bears were brought to bag by two guns, with the assistance of one elephant, and only one Native chasseur, while at least sixteen tigers and eight bears, were, during that period marked down, seen and sometimes encountered and overthrown; but which escaped from the absence of any efficient assistance to follow while the Europeans were engaged with those they did destroy—and for the physical impossibility of being like the Irishman's bird "in two places at the same time."

The number of sambar, cheetul, nyghaie and other classes of antelope, occasionally some remarkably bulky specimens of hog; the singularly picturesque piles of grey rock, the elegantly wooded glades and the verdant banks of numerous streams, combined to render the track of country traversed during nineteen days and comprised within a semicircle of less than ten miles diameter upon the banks of the Mhyee, the most interesting scenes of sport, ever visited by the Stranger. Tiger shooting is essentially a selfish employment, though the pursuit and the danger have a beneficial effect—yet alone or with one companion is the game best conducted. With hog-hunting, the larger the party, the merrier the meeting. Youthful spirits may give free scope to buoyant humour and to boisterous merriment; but with the tiger or the lion, how different is the mood essential to the hunter. All that human foresight, local knowledge and skill can devise, will often fail to bring the man, thoughtful and yet confident in his own good hand and eye, face to face with the wary savage, and then how few advantages can the best master of his weapons forego. In the expedition subsequent upon the incident detailed the performers were but two, each confident in his own weapons and firmly relying on his friend's caution and coolness. The havildar who volunteered as chasseur, would depart before daylight to the most probable ravines or rocks, and generally before ten or eleven o'clock a scout would arrive

with the intelligence of tigers or bears marked down. From five A. M. till ten A. M., would generally suffice for the current duties of the day and the hours in this hot season suited all parties agreeably well. All these incidents have long passed away and even if a similar opportunity should occur, might lose half the charm of novelty. Time so loosens the "electric chord with which we are darkly bound," that many a touch which could vibrate pleasure through the frame, falls dull as a twice-told tale. The family-likeness in many of these incidents have warned the writer that his realities having ceased to be fanciful, may as well be drawn to a "vanishing point." The realities which may occur in Europe, even in Syria or Asia Minor, will scarcely afford sufficient of the amusing ingredient to suit the oriental palate. With the memory of friendship, such as is never met on our cold island-shores, of associates whom similarity of pursuits and the participation in toil and adventure have converted into brothers, will be mingled many a proud feeling of intense excitement and of daring interest; many a selfish glow of success and perhaps a few trivial twinges of disappointment in the pursuit of an ambition, fully as paltry and unworthy as any of the play things of the grown-up child—but "The sword outwears the sheathe, and the soul outwears the breast," and it may be doubted if any of these occupations would facilitate the acquisition of a favourable policy in a Life Assurance—and with few of the citizens of the world can the well known lines of Wordsworth be more applicable than to those who have, in the East, lead a life as desultory and as savage as that of

THE STRANGER.

### MISCELLANEA—ANTELOPE, FISH, &c.

Some enquiries having lately been made in the *Review*, as to the length antelope horns attain to, and no more competent person stepping forward with his experience on the subject, I will state what has come under my own observation, and then ramble on any sporting matters that may come into my head. In the first place, the horns of antelope vary considerably in different districts. From Cawnpore, (where I believe antelope

are first met with in the North-West Provinces,) to the Khadur, they are small and the same I believe in Gwalior and Bundelcund; I have not been to either of the latter states, but a friend of mine possessed a great number of horns from both, on an average I should say about 18 inches, the largest pair not more than 21 inches. In the Bhurtpore territory they are much larger, are often met with of 22 and 23 inches, and I have in my possession two pair of 24, and 24½ inches respectively. The animals to which they belonged were killed by me between Deig and Bhurtpore, some time last year. The heads of both are stuffed, and are very handsome: with the exception of one pair of horns, I have neither seen nor heard of any, that equalled them in length or weight—\* and I may say that I have handled a good many score. Your contributor H. B. R. is quite right in saying, that 22 inches is commonly considered a very fine pair. In most parts of the country, it is difficult to find a black buck with horns so long; a dozen will be shot before so long a pair is obtained, and any thing above 22 inches is rare in any district I have visited, always excepting the Bhurtpore territory. Talking about antelope horns, reminds one that some sportsmen have a favorite theory to the effect that the number of rings on the horns afford a criterion to judge the age by, like a horse's teeth in fact, if one could only discover as with horses the yearly growth—if this is the case, it is a pity that no person can unravel the web, and let us know how to distinguish between a four and a six year old buck. I consider that chance has a great deal to do with the number of rings, and for this reason,—that I have killed a young buck with more rings on his horns than an old one. It is easy to distinguish an old antelope from one of middle age by three circumstances; viz. the teeth are worn away—the rings are greater in number near the roots of the horns, and the hollows between the rings are less defined, sometimes so much so, as to make it difficult to count the number of rings. Antelope breed in the beginning of the rainy season, and shed their hair at the same time; it does bring forth one at a birth, in the months of August, September, and October. In July the skin of a black buck is far handsomer than at any other period; the hair is then more varied and soft, though of a lighter colour, instead of being merely black and white, as at a later period. The small antelope Chikara are similar in habits to the common antelope, but the skins of the buck and doe are, unlike the latter, similar in colour. It has been asserted that the female Chikara is provided with

\* Since writing the above, I met a gentleman at Agra, who informed me that he had in his possession a pair of antelope horns measuring 26½ inches in length.

horns, but as this is contrary to my experience I question the fact. By-the-by, now I think of it, I may as well mention an amusing occurrence that took place in the Ulwar territory in March last, with a male Chikara; I wounded the little animal, apparently so badly that it fell on its back. We went up, and my companion B. seized it by the horns, whilst I took the hind legs. In this manner we proceeded towards the elephants, but before many seconds had elapsed, the Chikara began to struggle so violently as to make it necessary for me to quit my hold—nevertheless my friend B. dragged it up to the elephants, when a knife was asked for but fortunately, or unfortunately, for the poor animal, it had been left behind. I then requested B. to let the Chikara go, intending to terminate its sufferings by another bullet. He did so: and to our astonishment the Chikara darted off like an arrow from a bow, and escaping my fire, got safely off. A rifle bullet had passed through its body within two inches of the shoulder, and the hemorrhage was very great, yet this extraordinary animal ran away as if unwounded, and is probably alive at the present moment. I may here record my opinion that wounded antelope if they escape the hunter, generally survive their wounds: as an instance, I may mention on one occasion shooting an antelope through the belly, it escaped for the time, but a day or two afterwards, and near the same place, I again fell in with it, feeding with a number of others: this time a bullet put an end to the animal's life, and we went up and examined it. B. who is a medical man, inspected the wounds, and also the animal's internals:—the food was found to be digested and it was B.'s opinion that the gut would have been gradually drawn into the belly, and that the animal would have survived. To antelope hunters it is well known that a shot through the belly of an antelope generally produces little effect at the time, and is often only known to the experienced sportsman by the pluck of the ball; if however a dog is at hand and the antelope is hard pressed, it is generally caught, as the hemorrhage is great, and the gut protruding from the wound, impedes free motion. I have observed, occasionally, as much protruding as could not be contained in both hands, and of course when this happens, the animal is easily killed; but it never does occur except from the effects of exertion after the animal is wounded.

So much for antelope, and now for a few remarks on this year's tank-fishing.

The season has been a very unfortunate one in this part of the country. A party of us went out for a few days in June and again in August, but were equally unsuccessful at both periods. In June there had been a few days rain before we went out, but

we found the tanks with much less water than usual, and imagined that that circumstance, and the want of rain at the time, might account for our not being able to take a single carp, either large or small. In August the tanks were full, and the weather alternately rain and sunshine, and as our success was equally bad, we were fairly puzzled and totally unable to account for the eccentricity of the fish. In vain we tried the white grub and **●**attah; nothing would do; the roe were resolute not to be tempted, and the only amusement we had, was in catching gwally, (*Silurus Boalis*), of which we took a considerable number; the largest 18½lbs., and 13½lbs., the remainder, on an average, about 8lbs. In fishing for the gwally, we found the white grub and the frog the most killing baits, but this kind of sport is not at all satisfactory, as the gwally not only affords but little play, but is useless for the table. From our bad sport with the carps this year, we should have imagined that there were none in the tank, had not previous experience shewn them to be very numerous. I should be glad to hear whether tank-fishing has been equally unsuccessful in other parts of the country.

Hog-hunting—very good hog-hunting is to be found in the Ulwar district, about eighty miles from Muttra; the ground however is a preserve, and it is necessary to obtain permission to hunt from the Rajah of Ulwar. The rajah is very polite and obliging, though being a sportsman himself, he very naturally does not like to have too many of the hogs killed. I was at Ulwar in March last, and during my stay of two or three days, speared several hogs which fought well; one fellow in particular, though severely wounded, succeeded in making good a charge, but from the Arab I was riding being of good height, 14-2½, the hog only cut one of the horse's girths. Had the horse been an inch less in height, the hog would have been an expensive acquisition. I was very much pleased with the sport, as I had always understood that the up-country hog was a terrible coward, which I by no means found him at Ulwar.

Battle of Sobraon.—It may not be generally known that, at day-light, before the commencement of the battle of Sobraon, a tiger was observed in front of one of the troops of horse artillery, then taking up a position before the enemy's batteries: on being disturbed, the tiger quickly made off to the heavy grass jungle in the vicinity. Its appearance was certainly ominous of bloodshed, but no omen was required, the gallant Sikh army having previously shewn that though boasters, they did not swagger or ruffle without courage to support their pretensions.

JUMNA.

## JOTTINGS AND JOSTLINGS IN CEYLON.

“ A chosen band  
 In a mountain land,  
 And a life in the woods for me.”

“ Horses, men and chaises  
 Came rushing on like blazes.”

I do not sit down in this my old age, O ye carping critics, to tell a tale that I want *you* to listen to. Far from me be such folly. I sit down to talk to the man whose delight is in the excitement of the chase, whose glory it is to secure the brush, whether of the fox or of the jackal, whose ambition it is to have men say “he is a true, good-hearted sportsman.” Tales of Ceylon sporting are looked upon by the uninitiated as fit companions for the “Arabian Nights,” or the adventures of the far-famed Baron Munchausen. But, heaven be praised, it is only *by* the uninitiated that such things *are* thought. When one sportsman in that splendid island succeeded in bringing down more than *twelve hundred* elephants in his few years of service, as the sporting world knows, or ought to know, that Major Rogers did, I trust I will be allowed to tell my little anecdotes of hunting there some twenty years ago without being sneered at. Therefore, ye critics, avault!

The last mail from England brought out the following intimation in an obscure corner of the newspapers: “Died at his residence, Gloucester Street, Regent’s Park, on the 24th ultimo, G. Sturt, Esq., formerly of the Ceylon Civil Service.” Poor fellow! gone “to the bourne whence no traveller returns” at last! I could weep for thee poor Sturt if that would anything avail. He was the kindest, honestest, warm-heartedest, jolliest soul that ever lived—a man that almost every one might suspect had “given them medicines to make them love him.” But Gregory Sturt is gone and peace be to his ashes! He was a companion of mine in an expedition that a party of us took into the Ouvah country for elephant shooting, two years before Sir Edward Barnes left—and never shall I forget the few days’ travelling which I enjoyed in that party of five. The tale ~~by~~ which our road was enlivened would fill volumes if recorded, for this time I had got amongst crack sportsmen, and each recorded the adventures he had experienced in the course of his Ceylon shooting. Our friends Throughton, Mure and Swivel I shall

describe anon, in the meantime I shall merely observe that they drove as far as they could on the road to Kandy in a dog-cart which they dignified with the name of a chaise, while Sturt and myself rode.

I was remarking the other day to a friend just come from Ceylon, that getting to Kandy now was a very different thing from what it was in my time when there were no Royal Mail Coaches. "*Royal Mail Coaches*," he indignantly exclaimed, "why sir, did you ever see these royal mail coaches?"—"No," I answered, "but I suppose they are somewhat more comfortable than a saddle in the low lands." "Comfortable!" he cried (he is a very irritable and excitable old gentleman) "comfortable, forsooth, *I* never had less of comfort than when in them." "But, my dear sir," I soothingly observed, "in my time the ride from Colombo to Kandy was no joke at all." "What, sir," said he in a peroration I found it impossible to stop, "is it a joke to have every bone in one's body jostled out of its proper position by the jolting of an execrable machine without springs; or rather without the *reality* of springs for it has the thing in *name*." (Here there was a thump with his clenched fist on the table.) "Is it a joke, sir," he continued, "to sit for twelve hours—tw-el-ve hours"—(thump)—"on a seat no softer than a block of granite, and to be lifted every two minutes exactly a foot; (that's the limit with me, *I* can't go higher) exactly a foot, sir, above the aforesaid adamantine and most confoundedly rough seat to be tossed back into it with a crash and a clatter that threaten to render you incapable of sitting easily for ever after in your lifetime, (thump, thump.) Is it a joke, sir, to have this repeated thirty times, every mile of the seventy-two, whilst with every jolt your head comes in contact with the roof above, crossed as that roof is by horribly sharp bars of iron:" (thump.) "Well, well," said I seeing he had stopped for want of breath—"well well, pass the claret, hem, perhaps"—"In fine, sir, is it a joke to have your bowels and stomach playing at 'hide-and-go-seek' with each other, in consequence of this execrable turmoiling (thump) or is it a joke to be kept in perpetual fear of a wheel coming off, or of being hurled down a bottomless precipice every moment if the day from five in the morning till five in the evening? No, sir, it is NO JOKE (energetic thump)—the bodily accidents and the mental wear and tear of a trip to Kandy in the *royal* mail coach can only be estimated by a man who has experienced them," (thump mild) "—Very dreadful, very dreadful indeed," said I softly, for I was really afraid he would break all the glasses on the table with his thumping, if he got more energetic—"very dreadful indeed!" and here the conversation ended.



Now, if I am to judge by what my choleric friend said, the mail coaches are certainly not desirable modes of conveyance and I may consider my ride with Sturt as being not much less endurable. There were few situations in the island where my companion had not been, either on duty or pleasure, so that he had a fund of anecdote and reminiscence as various as it was agreeable. I had never met two of our intended party, Mure and Swivel before, and I naturally asked some questions about them which Sturt readily answered, giving me, by a few well-judged observations, a clear insight into their respective characters. "Swivel," said I, "seems somewhat corpulent for an elephant-hunter?" "He is unwieldy certainly," was the answer, "but one of the coolest and surest shots in the island,—that is, in the world, for I suppose there are not finer sportsmen to be met with anywhere than in Ceylon." Swivel somewhat reminded me of Silter, my companion to the summit of Adam's Peak on a former occasion, and I naturally spoke of him, and was thus led into a detail of the scene in which poor Silter had lost his unmentionables through a monkey, when he was obliged to go to the rest-house without them—an adventure duly recorded some time ago in this *Review*. Sturt laughed at the recital, and said, "Really these monkeys seem to take a fancy to the clothes of fat fellows; Swivel has had an adventure still more ludicrous with them." "Indeed," said I, "pray let us hear it." "With all my heart," was his reply smiling, and he forthwith commenced, what I may entitle—

#### SWIVEL'S PERSECUTION.

Now if I were in England, Loftus, I should never think of telling the little adventure I referred to, for what with one traveller's exaggerations and another's mystifications, people begin to vote all foreign adventures lies in that enlightened country, but the fact is, that no man can live in the jungle surrounded by wild animals, and natives almost as wild, without meeting with some extraordinary occurrences—the evil is that unless a man has been there, he cannot tell what is likely to be true in what he hears and what is not. But a truce to this—you want the story and you shall have it. Swivel, as I have said, is one of the finest sportsmen in the country, in fact there is only one other propensity in his nature as keen as that of hunting, I mean his love of a good dinner—he is not more delicate in striking his elephant than in carving his haunch of venison, and an overdressed leg of mutton and an attack from a snake strike him with about equal abhorrence. I need not tell you that he has come to the wrong place to gratify his gastronomical propensities—he frequently observes that during the days of the years of

his pilgrimage in Ceylon, he has exercised an amount of patience and forbearance in the matter of eating and drinking, to which that of Job was a trifle in comparison, and that the tough beef and scraggy mutton of Ceylon will bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

I like a good joint myself, and as we keep our own sheep, and Mrs Sturt is somewhat particular about vegetables, Swivel pays a compliment to our kitchen by joining us occasionally. When I was district judge at Ratnapoora, he came up by the Kalany river now and then to have a few days' sport amongst the elephants at the foot of the Peak, and made our bungalow his head-quarters. My official duties frequently prevented my accompanying him, but he knew he was always sure of a welcome, and what he esteemed as nearly equal at least, a plate and glass of claret. On the occasion when his persecution took place, I remember perfectly, my peon putting a letter greasy and soiled into my hands when I was on the bench, of which I could only make out the following—"Dear Sturt, Half-dead from fatigue and famine I am crawling to your bungalow—have eaten nothing for two days but plantains and coffee!!—mortify the flesh good—coffee damned bad—ditch-water! brandy-bottle smashed!—5 o'clock—God bless you! last batch of claret not finished, I hope—Your's, Tom Swivel." I sent over this characteristic epistle to Mrs Sturt at once, and looked anxiously forward to Swivel's arrival, for a visitor with a white face in the jungle is a relief. About four, Swivel's groom came with his horse, looking soiled and wayworn enough, saying that his master had stopped at the Kalany to have a bathe, and would be up in half an hour. Our bungalow was situated on a rising ground about a quarter of a mile from the bank of the river, which was here perfectly free from alligators and a delightful place to bathe in at this season. We were not therefore surprised to hear of Swivel's intention, and after waiting half an hour, convinced that his bath must long ere this have been over, my wife and I walked down the path to the river to meet him, as we expected, coming up. We were surprised not to find him—gradually we came nearer the water, when to our astonishment we thought we heard a dash into it. My wife was on the point of returning, thinking he was still bathing, but on advancing a little I saw Swivel to my surprise standing, with his hat on, in the middle of the river—I fancied he was drest, and called my wife, wondering what could possibly have induced him to go back dressed into the river. She came and we stood together within hail of our fat friend. "In the name of all that's wonderful, Swivel, what are you doing there dressed in the middle of the river?" "Ahem" he replied, "I'm not exactly dressed, my dear fellow,"

he said, taking off his hat with a bare wet arm—this was enough for my wife and she scampered off at once, leaving me to advance.

“I’ve met with another misfortune,” said Swivel again, at the same time advancing towards me, and disclosing to my astonishment a bare shoulder and breast. This with the hat on his head, looked extremely ludicrous. I laughed. “This is no laughing matter,” said Swivel, “and as district judge I trust you will have it examined into. My clothes have been all stolen.” “With the exception of your hat,” said I, “and that is certainly not in the best shape.” The fact was, it was all battered and beaten in unmercifully. After a little further badinage, Swivel came out of the river. I need hardly say *in puris naturalibus* with the exception of the hat—and sat down on a stone,—saying he was tired standing,—to tell me what had occurred to him. “I was enjoying a delightful swim” said he “anticipating the dinner and wines at the bungalow, and wondering if my charcoal scrawl had reached you, when all of a sudden it struck me that I might be delaying too long, and the mutton would be overdone, so I jumped out to get my clothes—but no clothes were to be found! I left them on this stone. I walked up and down, looking every where, and at last, after at least quarter of an hour’s search, I found my hat in this condition” (taking it off and looking sorrowfully at it) “in that pathway in the jungle, and a little further on, one stocking. Well there was no more to be got—and venture to your house in this state I could not.” “Certainly not,” said I. “I then sat down here, and thought what was best to be done, so I hallooed till I was tired—was ever man in such an infernal predicament before? At length I heard you and Mrs Sturt coming along, so, seizing my hat, I rushed into the river, where you found me.” “I have it,” said I, almost choking with laughter, “the monkeys have caught them.” “Damn the monkeys,” groaned Swivel, “but am I to remain in this condition all the evening?” I had scarcely time to answer when a servant made his appearance, saying that dinner was ready. “O Lord, O Lord,” cried Swivel, “was ever a man so persecuted? dinner ready in the bungalow, and I sitting here naked! half-starved and famished as I am!”—I knew how much my friend liked his dinner, and laughed still more at his ejaculations. At length, however, I summoned up gravity enough to tell the servant to bring a suit of my clothes—he went off, “*your clothes*,” cried Swivel “what a thing shall I look in your clothes? Heaven! was ever man so persecuted? Do you really think my legs will go into your pantaloons? I fear there is no chance of my rascally coolies being up these two hours, and I had put on the

best suit I had in order to be able to sit down to dinner at once after my bathe and one peep in the looking-glass! O heaven! I really do think I never shall be able to button on your pantaloons! In the name of misery what *shall* I do? May I never—if I don't put a bullet into every sneaking monkey I see from this day forth—here and now I vow eternal war with them." In this manner Swivel went on ejaculating, I listening with all the gravity I could command, alternately looking at the sturdy, corpulent limbs which supported him and my own withered shanks, and wondering what would be the upshot of the affair. At length the servant with the clothes arrived—Swivel seized them with eager haste. The shirt was donned at once without much trouble—true the wrists and neck would not button, but these were not material matters—"the neckcloth and coat will hide all that," he philosophically observed as he surveyed himself with pleasure. Then came the moment, "big with the fate of"—Swivel. The right leg was precipitately thrust into the pantaloons, and with some difficulty the foot was got out at the proper place—the left followed—"hurra-hur-r-r-ra"—shouted my gratified friend, but he was hallowing before he got out of the wood; true, the legs were in, but the pantaloons were not yet pulled up and the waist was still far above them. They were made of stout English cotton cloth, but were never intended to fit a man twice as large as their rightful owner. Gently did Swivel try and insinuate himself into them, and sternly did they resist the insinuating persuasion. "It's no use," he groaned at length, "I must give them a good tug," and he did so, but valorously did the unfortunate article of dress withstand, straining as it was in every stitch. I could not help laughing if I were to be thrown for it the next moment into the river beside us. "Dont stand there laughing, my good fellow," said Swivel imploringly, the big round drops of anxiety standing on his forehead, and his face flushed with his exertions—"but help me to get these confounded things up. I declare to heaven a worse-made pair I never saw." I joined him and vigorously aided his endeavours, by pulling with all my force. "Stop, stop," shouted Swivel at once energetically, "they're splitting—stop, I say." I did so and threw myself on the seat he had quitted to give vent to laughter. There he stood—each leg, like an adamantine pillar quivering as if with the weight it had to sustain, but in reality from the excessive tightness of the dress which so obstinately refused to be coaxed upwards. Above them rose, in majestic rotundity, the portly stomach which was the cause of all our woes whilst the garment itself every moment gave unequivocal proofs that it was not long destined to bear the strain it already endured, and stitch by stitch gave way. "There is no

use in trying it further," said I, "you had better take them off, and see if another pair will answer better." Swivel looked at me as I said this with an eye of despair, and replied—"Yes it's all very well to say get them off, but what's to be done when I do so! and how am I to get them off?" His eye and face were irresistible, and it was some time before I could say "sit down here and Singho will pull them off whilst I send for some more," (one or two servants having come from the house to see the fun). I did so, and Swivel seated himself, but, if putting them on had been a labour, taking them off was still worse. Fortunately the two legs of the pantaloons had by this time nearly parted company and so could be taken off one at a time each without incommoding the other.

Poor Singho had by no means an enviable task of it. Swivel in his hurry had put on the clothes without drying himself thoroughly, and there they stuck fast and firm—tightness and wetness combining to prevent Singho from accomplishing the required duty, and to irritate Swivel the more. Seriously there seemed to be no prospect at all of getting them off; and to get another pair over them was, of course, not to be thought of. "Here's a pretty piece of business truly," cried the fat sufferer—"there's no getting those d—d trowsers off, and by this time the mutton will be boiled to rags"—so saying he gave the unfortunate Singho a kick that sent him headlong into the river, and commenced stamping at his misfortunes, a few ejaculations occasionally escaping him, amongst which I could recognize—"the devil take all monkeys—horrible persecution!—laughing-stock—grinning niggers!—starved!—no dinner!" &c. &c. It was evident at length that the trowsers must be somewhat torn up the legs before they would part the company they so tenaciously maintained. This was done, and matters were thus brought back to their original condition. "Well," said Swivel, when this operation was performed, "here I am again minus the indispensables, what's the next piece of my persecutions—if these misfortunes come of sinning, I eschew it henceforth and for ever." I really did not know what to do, and feared his temper would scarcely stand any more trials.

My wife's sagacity solved the difficulty. Some of the servants had told her of the plight we were in, and in a trice down came another with a pair of pyjamas, and a loose dressing-gown. Swivel leaped with joy at the sight of them. The first were easily got on, but the arms of the dressing-gown were not accustomed to such bulky habitants, and offered considerable resistance to his occupation of them; whilst to button it on him was out of the question. For this too a remedy was provided by

means of a piece of string, tying button to button in front, and thus stood my fat friend equipped. His first thought as I anticipated was *dinner*. "Can I sit at your table in this plight Sturt?" said he. "Certainly my dear fellow, certainly," I replied—"we're not particular in the jungle, you know." "Heaven bless you" was his reply, "but I fear the dinner will be spoiled." "Not more so than your hat," said I, as he put it on his head, and trudged onwards towards the house. The anticipation of dinner enlivened him before we got there, and if I remember rightly, his last observation as we entered was—"I fear I looked somewhat ridiculous, standing in the river up to my neck with my hat on, did I?"—"Not more so than when you got the pantaloons on," I observed—"Ah, Sturt no more o' that an' thou lovest me, as Falstaff says, my sides will not be well for an age to come, but I hope the poor fellow I kicked into the river is not hurt—I must give him a trifle for that, for really he did his best." \* \* \*

Swivel's misfortunes did not prevent him from eating a good dinner—the dinner itself was not so bad as we had anticipated—and I need scarcely add that we did justice to the wines—Swivel wisely observing that after much laughter, good wine was necessary, and after a bathing should be taken largely for medicinal purposes. The latter obligation I can vouch for his having nobly discharged, nor will I allow that, on my part, the necessity indicated was left unprovided for.

When we had arrived at that blissful condition in which our spirits disperse with every consideration of a grievous or unpleasant character, and give themselves wholly up to joy and gladness—a condition generally indicated by one's getting into an easy chair and planting another opposite for one's feet (always keeping near the table and glasses however), Swivel told me that the misfortunes he had endured at the river were not the only parts of his day's persecution, which it would take a long time to efface from his mind, and which he looked upon as a chastening from above. To you this will sound as profanity, but I assure you, a more religious man than Swivel does not breathe, however much his condition in the early part of the day had led him astray into swearing. His observation was intended seriously, and I am sure you could scarcely avoid swearing yourself if you had been in Swivel's place at the river. His adventures during the two days previous were not so ludicrous as those of that evening, but they illustrate the man's character, so I shall endeavour to relate them in his own words if you feel sufficiently interested in him to hear them.

Here then began what I shall designate

SWIVEL'S MEANDERINGS.

I had been at Pasbage,\* began Swivel, looking after some stores that the General had ordered into the interior, when Collins came up to relieve me, and I resolved, with the help of Robin, my old nag, to make my way to Ratnapoora, eat a dinner with you, and be off the next day by the Kalany to the coast. I thought I should be here that evening, Monday, and this, if I mistake not is Thursday—the Tuesday and Wednesday have been spent as civilized man never spent a Tuesday and Wednesday before, and as I humbly I pray, I never may again. Thinking I should be here on Monday night at furthest, I made no great preparations, but merely put up half a dozen of beer, a bottle of brandy and a cold tongue for the day's provision, holding it to be a mortal sin for any man to tempt his stomach with thirst in a hot climate such as this—practices of the kind are the causes of a great deal of the intemperance amongst our subalterns—pass the claret—and really I think it would be well if Government allowed no officer to march unprovided with sufficient beer for the road. You don't think you have interest enough to get this seriously proposed at head-quarters, Sturt, do you? Ah well! the ablest men are not *always* at the head of affairs, and that ominous shake of your head convinces me that there is little to be hoped for in the way I want: I drink to the General, my boy. Perhaps, indeed, my zeal against drunkenness in general is such as to carry me to excess in providing against it, but it is a vice I most heartily abhor. Don't you think this claret has a smack of the cask in it, merely a tinge?—no!—indeed! pass the bottle, then till I try it again. Well, perhaps you're right after all. I'll be better able to judge of that next bottle however for this is finished. Ha! open already! I do so like punctuality, there's nothing equal to it!

But the journey—of course, my dear fellow, I'm coming to it. I told you I had packed up only enough for one day's consumption in the jungle, just intending to take a snack in the middle of the day when Robin was being rubbed down, with an occasional bottle of beer when I felt thirsty, for, as I said, I think there's nothing hurts the stomach so much as thirst in a hot climate like this, and the water one gets in the jungle is generally execrable. With my coolies, then, horse-keeper, and faithful old Tom carrying two guns I set out from Pasbage about five o'clock on Monday morning, leaving that scamp Collins to sleep off the effects of his night's dissipation. I can't bear men

\* About 10 miles from Kandy, pronounced Pasbaggy.

that wont be content with a moderate quantity of liquor, but *will* be taking too much for them. What! the bottle empty already! why Sturt you're getting incorrigible! So just sprinkling a little charcoal over Collins' hands, and then tickling his face to make him remember me, the careless scamp, when he got up, I set off, Robin in fine spirits and coolies trudging along like men. I intended skirting the Peak to get round to you, and went at an easy pace to let Tom keep up as I hoped to have a pop at something on the road, and half expected to carry a deer here with me, but bad fortune would have it otherwise. By nine o'clock the sun was getting troublesome, and as we were at a nice shady place, I thought a little breakfast would do me no harm, having told the Appoo\* not to forget the necessaries for that in packing up my kit. At an adjoining hut he got the requisites for cooking, and while I was in expectation of some nice, fresh prawn curry (Collins having brought up a few prawns with him, which I thought there was no use leaving for him, for I knew his rascally cook would spoil them,) I took my gun and went into the jungle to have a pop at anything worthy of the honor. Jungle-fowl, however, were not to be met with, and I did not care for anything else, so pocketing my disappointment, I returned to look for breakfast. On a nice little green mound at the foot of a tree I sat down to discuss it, a slice of tongue, the prawn curry, and a bottle of beer looking well in the distance. But, Lord bless me! how dry I am, I have positively drank nothing since dinner,—this comes of having all the talking to one's self.

You know the long faces these rascally niggers put on when they have made you uncomfortable by their confounded stupidity? "e'en such a figure, so dead-in-look, so woe-begone" (do you remember?) as somebody says—did that long-eared, addle-pated Tom shew me as he put the curry and rice before me. "Master tell Appoo put spoons up, Sir?" he asked—"Of course I did stupid," I said, "give me one." "One spoon not got, sir," was his agonizing reply. "Then what the—Ahem"—I was very near swearing at him, but I corrected myself, remembering that it's all vanity, and merely asked quietly, how I was to eat the rice? "Master not know?" he enquiringly asked. "How should I know? you scoundrel," I angrily replied—that is—I wanted to persuade him I was angry, for what are we all but dust and ashes at best. Well Tom scratched his shaggy head in despair, and seemed quite at a non-plus. The curry was steaming before me and I was very anxious to eat it, but what to do I knew not. It appeared the spoons had been completely forgotten, one knife and fork alone having been sent, and the rest were by this time

\* The Ceylonese Khansamah.



all probably on their road to Kandy. At length a lucky thought seized Tom, he darted to my trunk and took out my shaving box—the lid of which he held up in triumph. “This do sir?” he asked enquiringly, “I make clean.” It almost sickened me to look at it, but after trying the fork, and finding it was only two-pronged, I was obliged to have recourse to the shaving-box lid rather than use my fingers or lose my breakfast, so when it was cleaned, washing down my indignation in a tumbler of beer, I dived it into the rice and curry, and shovel-full after shovel-full disappeared. This was misfortune number one. Scarcely had I commenced when Tom from behind me shouted out, “O master, a snake, sir, quick.” Now of all animals I detest them most (save and except monkeys always) and no sooner did I hear Tom’s ejaculation than I let plate and all fall, and jumped up. There, sure enough, was a snake at my feet making towards me. We soon despatched it, however, but I lost my curry and broke my plates—misfortune number two. I think I may take some credit to myself when I assure that even this, added to the last, did not make me lose my temper, although I knew there would be no plate for me to eat my lunch from. I consoled myself with the tongue, another bottle of beer, and some appropriate reflections on things in general. *Do* pass the bottle, Sturt, this talking is dry work.

Breakfast done, Tom told me, by way of renovating my spirits, I suppose, that a herd of elephants had passed the adjoining cottage the night before, and that they could not be far distant as they were evidently going slowly. I jumped at the idea of a little sport after my misfortunes, and telling him to take out all our coolies, with every man he could muster besides, all armed with long white sticks, (of which the elephants are very much afraid as you know), I set forward into the jungle, leaving Robin to enjoy a scanty grazing until I returned. The jungle grass was high and wiry, the bushes thick, and the pathway not very well defined, so that I cannot say the journey was comfortable—the hope of knocking a tusker over, however, will make a man go through much in the way of fatigue, as I trudged patiently on, keeping a sharp look-out and my gun ready. From the top of a tree, into which one of the niggers had climbed, he sung out that he saw the herd, about 20 in number, a short distance to our left, so we turned that way leaving the pathway, and made for the spot pointed out. The short distance, however, proved to be rather long, and it was one o’clock, to my astonishment and horror, before our vanguard shouted out that he saw the elephants through the jungle.

I now prepared for operations, carefully noting the wind so as to get to leeward of them, as a sailor would say; I stole round,

taking Tom alone with me, and telling the others with their wands to keep within hail, in case I should want their assistance, and especially to prevent any of the elephants breaking off to windward. These arrangements hastily made, I crept stealthily round in the fullest expectation of excellent sport. But what's that somebody says about disappointments—I have a bad memory for quotations—something about somebody balking our ends however well the scheme is laid, “rough hew them how we may;” that's all I remember of it, well no matter. For heaven's sake get another bottle of wine, this has been done long ago, you are really a hard drinker Sturt. What's that, “it never left my side.” Well, well, the Lord forgive you for telling lies. Yes, of course—I'm going on.

The elephants when I got near them were playing in a sort of muddy pool in the jungle, the effluvia from which was not the pleasantest in the world. Not one of the wretches had his head towards me, and as they were lying I could not get a good shot at them, so I was obliged to creep further round—whether they heard us or not I can't say, but certain it is, that whilst we were going round as slyly as possible, the leader of the herd apparently, a black-looking tusker, took a quantity of the half-water half-mud that was round him and discharged it right upon us. We were drenched, and of all the horrible complication of vile smells that your imagination can picture to you, what I then felt was the most disgusting. I determined to be revenged. But there went the rascal's trunk over his forehead from side to side, and into the trunk I had no wish to fire. I determined to have him however and when his trunk was for an instant turned, I fired. The herd jumped up and went off in a scamper like lightning, not one of them turning their faces to me; but I thought they had gone in the direction of the beaters and was contented, hoping to see them again. The black fellow, at whom I had fired, went a few paces forward, and I, quite forgetful of the marsh plunged after him, and into the middle of it. I sunk to the middle in a horrible thick slough—a thousand times worse than any slough of despond that ever was, or ever was thought of—and just as I got there firm and fast, down went the huge monster of an elephant within ten yards of me with a tremendous plash into a still softer place. Eyes, mouth, nose and ears were full of the abominable slush, and there I stood transfixed, imbedded, bemired and half-dead with the stench. Unfortunately for me, in the midst of this misfortune number three, the elephant whom I conceived to be dead, was only stunned, and gradually rose, spluttering, puffing, blowing and kicking as if his object really was to make me a mountain of mud.

Fire at the rascal I could not, for what would have been

the use? His tail was towards me, and at every whisk of it I felt an occasional drop reach my nose or forehead—one or two making their way into my eyes. “Why didn’t I get out”—you say—easier said than done. I thank God I have not got spindle-shanks like yours, and if my stomach had been smaller I certainly should have sunk for ever in that ocean of abominations. The elephant scampered off at last and I was left to my cogitations, not one of the herd again making their appearance. The fact was, the coolies had scampered off the moment they heard their coming, and Tom had gone to look for them and bring them back or thrash them, or for some other equally plausible excuse; so there was I left with two legs in the mud, a nose disgusted with the stench, and a mind quite sick of things in general. To get out was the difficulty, for when I attempted to pull out one leg the other only sunk deeper in the mire. If the right was pulled up, down went the left—if I raised the left, then the right sunk. To get out then, as you may conceive, was no joke, however much you may laugh at it. It’s very easy for you sitting there in an easy chair with a glass of claret before you to say “why didn’t you get out,” but it wasn’t so easily done, and I take *some* credit to myself that situated as I was, I *did* get out at last, and that too without assistance. By unwearied exertions, by the exercise of super-human strength and inflexible resolution, slowly and heavily did I drag myself from the middle of that horrible quagmire to *terra firma*, and never did I feel the earth so pleasant beneath my feet as then. But what a condition I was in! Hands, face, breast, body and legs covered with that slimy filth and horrible mud. My very flesh creeps at the recollection. There was nothing for it but to leave the green-mantled slough, and make for the hut near which Robin was, and where I had got my breakfast; I was not exactly sure of the road though, and hallooed out to find my coolies or Tom. No one answered, and I went on, endeavouring as nearly as possible to retrace my steps. But pathway I could find none, and the jungle seemed interminable. Here was a pretty mess truly! out of the frying-pan into the fire with a vengeance. I went on and on, no path to be found, deploring the want of good servants and inwardly resolving never again to trust myself to the mercy of niggers.

It was no use complaining and it was as little to shout—there was nothing to be gained by either. By this time it was nearly three o’clock, and the prospect of passing the night in the jungle was anything but cheering. Yet which way to go, backwards or forwards, to the right or the left, I didn’t know, and every step I took I was aware might but be leading me further from the hut. Never was a man in a more awful condition! I had

brought out with me but one bottle of beer, but that was finished before I got to the elephants, and believing, as I do, that hunger and thirst are the worst enemies the body has to endure, I felt horrified at the idea of getting no dinner and sleeping in a tree—misfortune number four. Have you noticed that I'm somewhat thinner? "I didn't appear so to-day." O! hang that to-day, will you never forget that absurd situation I was in. But the fact, is, I *am* thinner, and all through the effects of that day's anxiety—and what with the slough and the effects of that anxiety, I was thoroughly wetted indeed—one mass of mud externally, and steaming like a dish of hot soup, beneath my clothes. I have thought since that, but for my extraordinary resolution and mental energy, I must have sunk under the horror of that two hours of misery. It's a fine thing, Sturt, to be able "to bear the arrows of the slings of fortune outrageously" as Shakespeare says, I think, or something to that effect; its not many men can do it I assure you. Lord! what dry work this talking is. Here's to you, Sturt, and, though I say it that oughtn't, may you be able, like a certain gentleman that shall be nameless, to hold up under any misfortunes that it may please Providence to bless you with. It's a great blessing, that, Sturt. I know it.

Well, but as I was saying, it's a long lane that has no end, a remark strictly applicable to my circumstances, for as I walked on and on, keeping my gun under my arm and a sharp look out, I found at last a path, not the same certainly as that I had left in the morning, but still a path, that must, I calculated (as Jonathan says) lead somewhere. So I trudged on more cheerily, and at length to my joy and comfort saw a cottage. I made for it in all haste. A few children were at the door, and on seeing me, set up a caterwalling and hullabaloo that would almost have frightened the old gentleman himself. One would have thought that they saw a ghost instead of a man of my dimensions, to judge by the terror in their countenances and the speed with which they ran. The father came out at last, and, with many a low salaam, expressed his willingness to do anything for me that he could. I was not surprised at this, for my appearance has always commanded respect. True, as you say, "I must have looked somewhat strangely then, but when there is dignity in the gait and countenance, a little dirt does not prevent its being seen. I went into the cottage, and they brought me a native bed to sit on—one of those execrable coir-rope concerns fixed on a wooden frame, and supported by four sticks at the corners. I sat down with pleasure for I was really tired, but the coir was evidently rotten, or else made only for little men like you, Sturt, for it gave way at once. There was nothing else to sit on, and although it

was every uncomfortable to be perched upon the piece of wood at the side, I was obliged to content myself with it. I got some water, and there in the presence of the master of the house, his wife, two grown-up daughters, and a troop of naked little savages, I made my toilet, as well as circumstances would allow me, thinking bitterly of the tongue and beer with Tom. The very remembrance makes me dry. Here's to you Sturt, may *you* never be in the same position.

After my exertions and fatigue, it was but natural that I should feel hungry, and I consequently looked for something to eat—my enquiries on this subject elicited the information that rice and plantain curry, coffee and plantains comprised the entire list of edible commodities in the house. Of the rice there was but a little which was already cooked, and the owner of the house brought it out to me in a dish, stirring it up (the beast!) with his nasty, greasy hand, saying it was very good. It almost made me sick to look at it. The good man however pressed it on me—passing his fingers through it in the same way as a puppy does through his pair, and saying—“Look how nice it is, so good, so dry.” He could not at all understand how a hungry man should turn up his nose at it. At length I succeeded in convincing him that it was no use to tempt me as he was doing, and told him to get me some coffee and plantains. He did so—but good heavens! what coffee that was! it reminded me too forcibly of the quagmire I had just left, so swallowing as I best could a couple of plantains I began asking sundry questions relative to the cottage near which I had stopped. But unfortunately my knowledge of Singhalese did not reach sufficiently far to allow of my thoroughly making myself understood. This much I impressed upon his mind, that I had a horse and servants somewhere in the jungle near a house, that I had been shooting elephants, and had lost my way. But of reaching the aforesaid horse and servants that night I saw there was little chance, nor had I the remotest idea of the direction in which they lay. Sending out my host, however, to try if good luck would befriend me for once, I made the best dispositions I could for passing the night where I was—misfortune number five. \* \* \* \*

When Swivel had proceeded so far, continued Sturt, in relating his adventures to me he was growing so frightfully sleepy that what he said was quite indistinct and I could scarcely make it out. In a few minutes more he was fast asleep, whether from the effects of the fatigue he had experienced, or the wine he had drunk, I cannot pretend to say. I shouted at him, but it was no use—his enormous snoring drowned every other sound. I got up at length and shook him, but was not more successful. A few indistinct muttering sounds were the only signs of consciousness,

amidst which I could faintly hear,—“rascally monkeys”—“shocking bad hat,”—“district judge,”—“not worth a rap,”—“disreputable trowsers,”—“no use,”—“wont go,”—“know it all,” &c. Next morning he coolly told me that I had not treated him well in falling asleep whilst he was talking! After some persuasion, however, I got him to continue his narrative over our coffee and cheeroots. \* \* \*

I have passed *some* bad nights in my life time, Sturt, (continued the victim of bad fortune), but a worse than Monday night last, I cannot remember. I told you the charpoy on which I was sitting had broken in the middle, and that there remained nothing to depend upon, but the frame-work—sitting upon which was unpleasant and lying upon it of course out of the question. When I saw therefore that it really was a case of necessity, and the night must be passed where I was, I set about mending the charpoy as well as circumstances would permit—that is, I passed a stout rope several times across from side to side, lashing it firmly to the wooden frame, and on this I had to sleep! Well has it been said that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Had I been as spare a man as you, Sturt, which, without any reflection on you, I thank heaven I am not, I believe I should have been cut in two by that execrable rope—the marks are still on my sides, if indeed that pulling and hawling yesterday have left any skin to retain marks upon them. The night was passed in turnings and groanings—not that I repined at my lot—no?—thank heaven I have resignation enough to bear all the evils it pleases Providence to afflict me with, whether these be imbedding in a quagmire, famine, or the sleeping on four tight ropes, but the flesh is weak at best, and will repine.

I need say no more about that night however. Early in it my host returned saying that he could not find my horse or servants, comfortable information to be added to my then condition! If I had only had the brandy bottle beside me, I might at least have disregarded the cold wind that was blowing, but even that poor satisfaction was denied me. Next morning the plantains and coffee were again offered—the latter reminded me forcibly of the contents of those scavengers' carts in London in peculiarly wet weather, in which are seen a floating mass of mud which it require some attention to discover to be really floating not solid. Drink it I could not, especially out of the nasty black earthen vessel I got it in—so remembering, I was in the hands of Him who careth even for the sparrows, I took a draft of water and eat a few more plantains, resolving if Tom and the coolies could not be found that day to start back for Pasbage on foot, which I found was about seventeen miles off. I need not describe the horrors of that day. I sent all the available people in the hut out

to search in all directions for my party, not venturing out myself lest I should again lose my way. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came—at length, as nearly as I could guess, about four o'clock, I heard Tom's welcome voice approaching the hut in company with my host, I rushed out with infinite joy. Have you brought the brandy bottle, Tom? I cried. "No sir," said he with one of those hideously long faces which always tell of misfortunes. Why not? said I. "I got one bottle beer, sir, master not get angry, sir, it's not my fault; Robin smash brandy bottle all to debil, sir." I looked at the beer and sighed deeply, but there was no time for scolding him, so seizing the bottle I took a draught villanously warm as it was, which after the plaintains and water, was infinitely agreeable.

You may judge of my surprise when I was told that I was six miles from the station where I had left the horse, and that too in the wrong direction. It was as much as I could do then on Tuesday night to get back to the place I had left on Monday morning—Tom having rigged up a bed there for me,—and Robin with his syce having made his appearance during our conversation. I could have embraced the good old nag when I saw him again, but I remembered the brandy bottle and looked grave. As I hoped to reach Ratnapoora next day, I took no heed for the morrow in the way of provisions—sufficient for the day, &c.,—but really the tongue tasted so deliciously, and the beer was so ripe and good, that clean plates, alias plaintain leaves, and empty bottles were the only remains of that day's dinner. I slept like a top, and as no one had ventured to wake me, it was past seven, when I opened my eyes next morning: I determined to be off at once, visions of your mutton and claret flitting before me. But who can escape being deceived sometimes,—even when one has laid the best plans for the bringing down of a dozen at least from a herd of elephants, do they not sometimes escape? After the tribulations I had experienced the previous day, one would imagine I was entitled to some success or some prosperity on Wednesday, but who can control the fates? My evil star was still in the ascendant.

I set off with the intention of diligently eschewing elephants, deer, every thing in fact, that could possibly divert me from the road. But, alas! what frail creatures we are! about eleven o'clock, I felt dreadfully hungry and thirsty, but there was nothing to be got save some pure cold spring water I met with on the side of a hill. I dismounted to have a feast at it, and in doing so thought I might go up to the top of the hill to see what might be seen, for I was ever fond of good scenery, but hang it, no, it was not because I loved scenery, but because Tom said he heard elephants not very far distant, and I thought

I might see them, and, notwithstanding my resolution, take my revenge for yesterday's misfortunes. Up therefore I went and there sure enough was a herd on the other side, not very far off certainly, but much too far to allow of my hitting them with effect from where I was. So, seeing that I might get round the hill to them without going much out of my way, and that the wind was favorable, I put spurs to Robin, told Tom to keep up with the guns, and set off. The road led us a good way round, and the herd seemed still to be at a distance, when suddenly one made his appearance in the jungle to our left, quite unexpectedly. I was not prepared for this, for I had intended to dismount before I came up to them, knowing that Robin was not to be relied upon; but the beast did not wait for that, no sooner did he see the trunk moving, and hear the blowing, than he sent his heels up into the air considerably higher than his head had been, turned sharp round, and left me sitting on the ground. With the exception of a bruise a little to the side of my hip I was not hurt. Tom was near. I jumped up and seized a gun—the elephant advanced—it was within ten yards of me when an ounce of lead in its brain stretched it lifeless in the jungle. I was gratified. If one of them had played me a trick the day before, I had played back on another, one still better. But my pulse was beating too quickly to allow of my thinking again of the road or of my horse. I went after the herd—they had heard the report and were on the alert. One of them, however, waudered near us. We hid ourselves. She, for it was a female, came leisurely along; and when within killing range, I gave her the contents of my second barrel. She rolled over in a trice almost without a groan.

The rest of the herd were off immediately on hearing this second report. I was thankful for the mercies vouchsafed to me, and only felt regret that the brandy-bottle had not been spared—there was no help for it, however, and pocketing my indignation in consequence, I began to think of Robin. Tom knew as little as I where he was. Here was another pretty piece of business! I hate walking in the jungle, and had no idea of losing my horse. The coolies soon came up, however, and told us they had passed them at full speed on the road back to the place we had left. I stamped a little and, heaven forgive me! I have a vague recollection of having sworn a little at this information. But stamping and swearing (even had I done so, which I never do, *to excess*;) would have availed little, so I made the best of my way to a hut close by, and sent off Tom and a coolie after Robin. It's a curious thing that I never could reconcile myself to long walks! It seems to be a natural antipathy on my part. In fact I think horses were blessed with four legs for



the express purpose of carrying men—two for themselves and two for us.

Here was another day of trial and tribulations ! True, two elephants had been floored, and that was *some* satisfaction, but what could atone for the injuries I endured in the way of eating and drinking. Not a single Christian beverage to wash my throat with, for I hold water to be only fit for niggers, except when used in punch—even tea, that feminine slush, was not to be had, and the coffee as usual so thick, that you might have carved a canoe out of it ! A greater complication of evils I never endured before. From one o'clock on that luckless day till half past five did I sit in that miserable hut : drawing figures on the floor of the hut with my ramrod. At quarter past five, Tom appeared, completely worn out, with my horse. To have pursued my journey would have been consummate folly, so there I was in for it again—in for another night of misery ! in for another supper of plantains ! in for another sleep on a charpoy ! in for another starving morning ! The only wonder really is how I survived all these complicated misfortunes.

Next morning there was the same eternal breakfast of plantains and water ! nothing more. What fare for a Christian officer of Her Majesty's—th infantry ! But remembering that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, I despatched it with the best stomach I could ; a dinner, with you looming large and pleasantly on the horizon. By seven I was again in the saddle, Robin was serious after his yesterday's freak, and I gave him the spur occasionally just to remind him that I at least had not been injured by his vagaries. We trudged along leisurely enough, for it's no joke riding in the heat of the day when one gets into the low lands. At twelve I stopped for a couple of hours, firmly refusing all that Tom could tempt me with in the way of food ; about four I got here, and determined to refresh myself by that unfortunate bath which terminated so woefully—you know the rest. Such, concluded Sturt, was Swivel's account of his meanderings.

\* \* \* \*

Sturt's stories, I must confess, had made me anxious to make better acquaintance with Swivel, and accordingly when we came up to our three friends at the appointed station for the night, I drew him as much as possible into conversation, looking at him with more interest, as I remembered the scene at the river ; his sticking in the quagmire ; his manufacturing a charpoy, and his toss from Robin, as Sturt had related them. Robin himself was here—our three friends having sent on their horses to await them when the dog-cart became useless. Of what took place after dinner on that occasion I have no very distinct recollection, all

I remember is that the party was one of the pleasantest I had ever been in—of the dinner I need not say anything, for Swivel was *chef de cuisine*, and had devoted two hours to its preparation and to the cooling of the wines. I have some indistinct recollections of Mure, who had lately come from Calcutta, describing a meet at Cox's Bungalow for Jackal-shooting—his being roused in the middle of the night—the vivid picture he drew of the road to Barrackpore on the occasion—the buggies, dog-carts, horses, rushing along at full speed, every one afraid of being late—the lighted cheeroots whisking through the gloom like so many shooting stars—the buggies coming in contact with the trees—and then the hunt—the jackal breaking cover—making for a patch of jungle at some distance—a young ensign carried off in triumph by his horse and taking ditches, paddy-fields, jungle, everything in a style to astonish everybody; but not being heard of afterwards for two days—the fact of twenty-two having started and three being in at the death, the rest to be found principally in the ditches or paddy-fields, or making for the road on foot, their horses having been determined to *cut* them, and they unable to prevent it. These, with sundry odd patches of songs, and a few pious reflections of Swivel's, form the sum total of my recollection of that glorious evening. Every one was in the best spirits, and everything went off in the best possible style, including Swivel himself, who, in describing too energetically an encounter with a bear smashed his chair and descended, if not gracefully, at least heavily to the ground. Next morning we were all five on the road betimes, but it was some time before the conversation brightened up. We were all somewhat drowsy and heavy after the previous night. I took care to keep beside Swivel, and he accidentally found out in the course of our conversation, that I had heard all about his "persecution" and "meanderings," as I have called them—he guessed of course that Sturt had been telling me all this, and on my assenting, he asked if I had heard of Sturt's *first* elephant hunt. I had not, and after a little further talking I got Swivel himself to relate it by way of revenge, Sturt protesting, that although there was some truth in it, he was fearfully exaggerating. Here then began—

#### STURT'S FIRST SHOT.

I must say, began Swivel, that of all the raw youngsters that I have seen in Ceylon, and their name is legion, Master Gregory Sturt, when he first made his appearance amongst us, was one of the greenest. It is some time ago now of course, but I still clearly remember the day that he said "if you please" to the servants, and invariably bowed to their salaams, for Sturt's mama sent him out with good manners at least. Heavens; if she only

knew what a scamp he has since become, I verily do believe it would break the good old lady's heart! How fast youth in this country does run into iniquity! Before nine months had flown, Sturt could drink his bottle, toast his mistress and smoke his cheeroot with an air not to be surpassed by the most confirmed *debauché* in the island. But fortunately Providence had better things in store for him than to allow him to continue on the broad road of destruction without any check, and accordingly he fell into my hands. He was Assistant Government Agent, I was Commandant, at a station not a hundred miles from this for three years together. We lived together, and during that three years were the seeds of good sown in the breast of the aforesaid Gregory. He has since found the benefit of the care I then took of him, and to that care much of his subsequent success is, as all the world knows, to be attributed. Drinking, it is true, was a vice I could never cure him of, and he had such a villanous knack of singing comic songs, that it was impossible to deny him a glass after them. But on the whole I may say that he left our little station a better man, and very shortly after he shewed his good sense by marrying, a thing I always advise young men to do, for their houses are always more comfortable and more regular after it, and, although their wines may not be so good, their dinners are generally more attended to, and, on the whole, better, and then when a friend calls he generally finds more comfort in the house, especially if it is in the jungle. True, I do not marry myself, but that's constitutional with me. I like liberty too much to surrender myself to any woman, and in fact marriage is by no means a necessary with me. But Sturt, as was saying, was, when he came out, one of the greenest of griffins. About the time he joined our little station he was beginning to think it very manly to swear "by Jupiter," &c., to drink unlimited quantities of brandy and water, to smoke eternally, and in fine, was posting fast to destruction. Now despite his absurdities I thought there was some good in him, and resolved to try at least what good counsel and virtuous example would do with him. So I called over one evening when I expected to find him alone, to his house, to give him some good advice. He was sitting in an arm-chair in his verandah, with his feet on the railings considerably higher than his head, a cigar in his mouth, and a tumbler with something stronger than water in it beside him. "Ah-h Swivel, my dear fellow," said he extending his digits affectedly. I was just on the steps, seized his hand and pretending to slip, dragged him over on the tea-poy besides him. Down came glasses, chair, cheeroot, and lastly the man himself, upon the flags with which the verandah was paved.

"Extremely awkward of you," said I, as soon as he got

up, "Of me?" said Sturt with astonishment, "Why d — it, whose fault was it?" "Yours of course," I replied "what made you give me such a tug when I was coming up! Do you think we Indians of some years standing are as fresh as you just landed?" "I really—really—did'nt intend it. Ha—ha—ha—pray excuse me, be seated," stammered Sturt, flattered at what I said. I sat down, and we talked of various things. I told him of having met him at Colombo a few weeks after his arrival, and how he had said he hated brandy-water and cheeroots. He blushed a little; I saw there there was still some good in him, and he made some silly excuse. But in a few minutes he began to talk as "fast" as ever of his exploits, and mentioned the "meets" he had attended in England. "Why, God bless me Sturt," said I, "you forget you told me in Colombo you had not only never been after the hounds, but had not even *seen* them running." "Ha, ha, did I really though?" he replied turning as red as a turkey-cock, "taking a rise out of you Swivel, eh?" "Perhaps so," I carelessly observed, looking him full in the face, "but I thought you told me you had never been out of London." "Oh not far certainly," said he brightening up, "but far enough to follow the hounds although I call that nothing." I gave him wind again, and he started off as before, I leading gently on to talk of shooting, and mentioning some incredible number of birds that I said a friend of mine had bagged before breakfast. "Good—decidedly good shooting that certainly, but not equal to Spanker's" said he patronizingly. "Spanker," said I, "Spanker, was he ever out here? never heard of him before." "No," said my youthful hero, "I never left England, but when we were out shooting together —." "Lord," said I, "how some men *do* lie, there was Manzer came out with you, and said when you left England, you did not know the difference between a blunderbuss and a rifle." "Did he really?" groaned Sturt looking again as if an apoplectic fit were coming on, and there he stopped. \* \* \* \* \*

Sturt was riding beside us and cried out, "Loftus do you really believe all that?" I said nothing but looked at Swivel. "Come," said Swivel, "give it a flat denial if you can. Remember how *very* ridiculous I looked in those execrable pantaloons of yours, as you kindly informed my friend here." Sturt laughed, and telling me to beware of crowing too much, joined Mure and Throughton behind us. Swivel then continued declaring that he should keep strictly to the truth. \* \* \*

When I had let him thus run on for some time, I began to take him seriously to task for his absurdities, showing him that there was nothing really disgraceful in his knowing nothing of hunting or shooting—that thousands of the best men knew as

little—that it was very absurd to affect a knowledge of a thing he had already acknowledged to knowing nothing about—and that in fine if he would leave off his monkey tricks, and act the part of an honest, straightforward Englishman, I would initiate him into a sport infinitely nobler and more manly than the hunting of a paltry fox or the bringing down of a few tiny birds. He tried to get into the heroics, and talk me down, but I soon put an end to that by assuring him that it was *his* good, not my own I sought, and that no man would more respect him than myself if he followed my advice. Had he been a man whom I less respected I should have never taken so much pains to improve him, but it was not without considerable trouble that I got him to acknowledge the justice of what I had said, and to promise to make one at our next elephant-shooting party. From that time we became intimate friends, and it was not long before I got up a party to go out after elephants. I had not been *then* very often out myself, but had at least such a general knowledge of the way the affair was usually managed, and of the best course of procedure in arduous cases, that my assistance would be valuable to a griff.

It was in May that we sallied out, and, as you may suppose, the weather was quite hot enough. I had taken care that for Sturt and myself every thing should be properly prepared, and had got him to practice a little with the rifle before the eventful day came on. A quick-eye and a steady hand, the two great requisites for a good elephant hunter, he had, and a little practice I was convinced would turn him out an excellent jungle sportsman, and *you* know I was not deceived. Leaving K——, our little station, we went to the south towards a valley where an old Singhalese lived, who delighted to point out the herds to parties like ours, and whose whole life, and it had already been a long one, had been passed amongst them. He was a venerable looking old fellow, the very patriarch of the woods, with a long white beard, and long white stick with which he terrified the most courageous elephants. Before he would lead us out he insisted on our dismounting and following him on foot. The last horseback party having left him to meet the wounded elephants alone. We did so; our beaters were sent up the hill on which he said the elephants then were, in two different lines parallel to each other to include a large space, and form two rows at the sides of the space inclosed. As soon as morning dawned we were at the foot of the hill, under the guidance of the old patriarch. Every thing was favorable for the sport and I anticipated a day of real sporting enjoyment. Sturt was as eager as myself, and all I felt afraid of was, that his anxiety to bring an elephant down, would lead him into useless danger. I warn-

ed him therefore to keep near me, for, although I was only a few years his senior in age, I was a century before him in point of elephant-shooting; considering that I felt pretty well convinced he had never fired at anything but at Cape hens and chickens coming out, or at bottles hung from the yard-arm, and that he had never hit anything but an unfortunate "mother Kerry chicken," and even that hit, Manzer, who came out with him, declared was an accident. I'm sorry he's not listening, added Swivel with a grin, for good a sportsman as he is now, and there can be no doubt that he is an excellent one, what I say of his early life is perfectly true.

We advanced, as I was saying, up the side of the hill, keeping well together. In a quarter of an hour we came on the rear of the herd, and before either Sturt or myself could get a shot at them, three were lifeless. This was annoying. We pushed hastily on, I thinking of nothing but the herd, Sturt of nothing but the proving of his courage and presence of mind. In a trice we passed the dead elephants, I on one side, Sturt on the other, and more of him I did not see that day. For my own part I kept on the trail of the herd watching their marks in the jungle, whilst my griffin *protégé* kept on a path and directly ascended the hill. A run of about ten minutes brought me up with the herd again—at least near enough for a shot when they turned, which they soon did, repulsed by the beaters. My two barrels were quickly discharged into the forehead of the first, (a clear waste of powder and ball,) but I was a young sportsman then. He fell, and I seized another gun from my attendant, and dashed on. After very considerable difficulty I fell in with a second, quite a cub, and rolled him over. The sun above was intolerably hot—there was not high jungle enough to protect me from it, and I was completely exhausted, so much so indeed that I began seriously to fear a brain fever. I went back to our rendezvous, and poured out a tumbler of almost raw brandy which I drank. It took away the oppression from my head, and I felt all alive again. But, by this time, the herd was over the hill and far away. Seven elephants had been despatched in all, but no tusker amongst them. I now began to get anxious about Sturt. He had been seen last with me: no one had seen him since. I sent off natives after him in every direction, but there was no intelligence about him, and it remained till next morning, when he came in to our station at the old patriarch's. From himself and some natives I gathered an account subsequently of his exploits.

On leaving me he had gone straight up the path to the top of the hill, which path of course the elephants naturally avoided. From eight o'clock, the hour when we separated, he continued

marching on till eleven, his attendant native in vain urging him to return, and at last leaving him altogether to his wanderings. The fact was Sturt was ashamed to return till he had done *something*, and on he went with his gun under his arm for hour after hour in the very middle of the day and under a sweltering hot sun! At length through the jungle he saw a clearing at some distance, and under a tree in it, a magnificent elephant enjoying himself with the branches. Here, thought the gallant Sturt, is *my* prey—the others have had *their* fun—now for mine. Slowly and cautiously did he creep round to leeward of the noble animal before him, and which he had so unceremoniously dedicated to destruction. The elephant, he thought, once or twice looked round as if he suspected something was wrong, but made no attempt to escape! lucky dog that I am! thought our friend, to get such a chance. On he came, silently, cautiously, warily, not daring to draw a breath, so full of expectation. At length the great deed was to be done! Within twelve paces of him stood the elephant, his broad forehead right before him, and the beast, as he thought, looking full in his face as he lay crouched behind a bush. The deadly gun was raised. Sturt's arm was firm as a rock—his eye true as a hawk's. The elephant gave a sort of snort. Sturt fired—the elephant made one convulsive spring, but still to our hero's amazement remained where he was; then succeeded a sharp, piercing cry. Sturt firm again fired—it was now all over and the monster fell on his side near the tree. With a bound of joy on came the high and mighty hunter—but horror of horrors! what did he see? the elephant was chained by its near hind leg to the tree! “Good God,” he stammered out, “it must have been a tame one.”—“Yes, Mahathma” (sahib) said a native who had come up unobserved, “bery tame un! him Murtey Mahathma's elephant.” “Mr Murtey's,” shouted Sturt—(now Murtey, Loftus, was then the commissioner of roads, so it instantly struck Sturt that he had shot a government elephant employed on the roads)—“Mr Murtey's—ah!—sorry very indeed—but I cannot stop, I must go, its getting late.” Sturt thought it was time to be off, but the joke was not to end here. Up came Caller, one of the European subordinates of the road department, and told Sturt to his dismay, that he must go before the next district judge, twenty-two miles distant! “I *must* go,” said Sturt with dignity, “Do you know whom you speak to.”—“Upon my conscience I don't,” said Mr Caller, who was a blunt Irishman, and had been a sergeant in the Eighteenth. “Upon my conscience I don't, but if you won't come peaceably and dacently, shure an I'll be obleeged to make you—it's Mr Murtey's own orders.” “Well, sir,” said Sturt with an awful frown, “I'm Assistant Government Agent at K —, and

shall write to Mr Murtey explaining the circumstance, and particularly mentioning your insolence.”—“Arrah now then, Sir, don't be angry, but shure, tare an' ages, an' I *must* do what I'm ordered,” said the determined Caller. “You shall hear of this,” said Sturt walking off proudly—“O be gor an' this won't do, for come before the Judge you must, if you was Sir Edward's own son, my honey,” replied Mr Caller. Sturt walked on, Caller followed on horseback, or rather on pony back. At length seeing that Sturt would not go quietly, he sent the native off secretly, and in a few minutes, four sepoy's of the “Ceylon Rifles” joined Caller. “Now you see, Mither,” said Caller soothingly, “it's no use in life talkin', you must come, bekaase, that's the orders, not mine, my honey, not a bit of it, but Mr Murtey's.” “I'll tell you what it is,” said Sturt turning round savagely, “if one of these touches me I'll blow his brains out.” “Wid an empty gun! O of coorse. Then you won't come, my honey,” retorted Caller quietly dismounting, and giving his pony to the native. Sturt walked on, never thinking he would lay hands on him—but in a minute, Caller sprung on him from behind, and pinioned his hands to his sides, by throwing his arms tightly round him. Sturt struggled, but Caller was the more powerful man. Sturt kicked. “Saize his legs, you black deevil, do you think my shins is made of iron,” shouted Mr Caller to the sepoy's. In a very few minutes poor Sturt was tied hand and foot and carried under Caller's orders to the sturdy sargeant's quarters, where, after a little, he was liberated on parole, Caller observing that he might make himself perfectly “aisy,” for there was no one there to laugh at him, “barrin' the blacks” and he'd “like to see them doin' it; that was all.”

Sturt in durance vile, wrote a chit to one of our party who was Caller's superior, stating the circumstances and his willingness to pay for the elephant if necessary. An order was transmitted to Caller in consequence, which he promptly obeyed. Next morning our poor friend made his appearance on Caller's pony, looking sheepish and sulky enough. Never in my life did I see a party enjoy a joke more than that. Caller's account of the transaction, particularly of the capture, was got by the aforesaid member of our party, and it was ludicrous in the extreme—his shins witnessing that Sturt's kicking had been no joke. The roasting that Sturt had to endure was of course somewhat severe, and I was not sorry for it, for it would teach him I hoped to keep near me the next time, but when he received intelligence that the elephant had been valued at £70—he declared it was past a joke, and that a man on £450 a year *could* not pay such a sum. Pay it however he did, and I verily believe he has as much antipathy to tame elephants, as I have to monkeys. Such



was Sturt's first shot, and if he ever annoys you, just ask him whether it is easy to shoot a tame elephant when it's chained to a tree. \* \* \* \* \*

Thus did Swivel turn the tables on his friend Sturt. The account, as I heard subsequently from other parties, was substantially correct. Sir Edward Barnes had heard of the transaction, and had been very angry indeed. The elephant shot had only recently before been caught, and promised to be one of the most useful in the department. Had it been thoroughly trained, Sturt was informed for his satisfaction that he would have had to pay £100 for it.

Bless me! what a garrulous old fellow I have become. I intended to give you an account of our sport in the Ouvah country, and here I have not got our party to Kandy yet. I shall weary all the readers of the *Review* if I go on this way. So I had better cry halt for the present and pull up.

W. K.

CALCUTTA, Feb. 15th 1848.

## A WORD ABOUT GUZERAT.

Guzerat is a country condemned by all who have not had the means of judging of its qualities. The climate appears to suit Europeans generally, more particularly those who follow the sports of the field, provided they do not stay too great a length of time in it: and as for sport, no country in India can surpass it, and few can compete with it. In Kutch and Kattywar, the hunting is equal to any in the world; and in these parts it is by no means bad. In the former province, black partridges afford excellent sport; in Kattywar, the most noble animal in existence is to be met with in all parts. It is well known that the lion is from his open, bold and determined bearing, more worthy the attention of the sportsman than any animal known; black buck are far from scarce, and in what can a sportsman show his skill better than in bringing low such game—the most exquisitely formed, both for beauty and motion, with an equal proportion of sagacity and courage. With that inimitable weapon an S. and C. Smith Rifle, oh! how those are to be pitied who have never had a taste for shikar in all its varieties—how many are kept by it from far more pernicious habits. In the Ahmedabad and Kaira Collectorates, countries in themselves, all kinds of small game are

abundant, with the exception of that beautiful bird the black partridge—but make Mount Aboo your hot weather retreat, and jungle fowl, as wild as they are handsome, form a substitute. We can boast of a fine line of country well supplied with tigers, sambur, cheetah and bears, about sixty miles from camp, on the Mhyee, from the banks of which NEW FORESTER and STRANGER have supplied some interesting articles to this work, which rightly deserves the support and contributions of all who have a subject to write about.

In conclusion, it may not be uninteresting to mention, that on the 17th of September last, khubber was brought into the camp at Deesa, at breakfast time, of a tiger having taken up his position in a grain field at Chundeesa, some five coss from camp. Guns were sent off—and a formidable battery, as eight eager sportsmen, though in some cases inexperienced, had each not less than a brace of double barrels. Tiffin was soon called, and the distance was made easy by good hacks. On arriving at the ground, a group of anxious natives pointed out the field in which the monster lay on a piece of ground sloping up from the maidaun: a line was formed with a double barrel ready cocked, at an interval of two yards. The direction of the centre of the line was guided by the footmarks of the game. Light Bob took up this position, and soon after entering a high grain field, with the assistance of an attendant who moved the grain on one side with a hog spear, he discovered not a tiger but a very fine lion fast asleep broadside on. He fired, the noble brute moved apparently unconcerned, and one would suppose unhurt—he was then viewed by those on the left who had their crack at him, when he made a bound out of the field into an open piece of ground about forty yards square, surrounded with high grain. Lancer, Adjutant and Gunner happened to be on the ridge of the field, and had a full view of him; Lancer fired with effect; Adjutant, in receiving a determined charge, lodged two blue pills, one in his pate and one some where else, but without stopping the impetuous and bold animal; however, Lancer covered Adjutant's retreat, (who had no more barrels at hand) so effectually, that those who had not yet made their way out of the field, scarcely were in time to give a death warrant to a "noble lion," measuring between nine and ten feet. It was fortunate that no one was hurt as the affair was a hazardous one, and no one is more aware of it than

BRISTLES.

AHMEDABAD, December 4, 1847.

## GREYHOUNDS AND ANTELOPES.

I feel just in the humour to contribute something to your pages, but, unluckily, I have nothing to write about. Leave it alone then you'll say. No, the *cacoethes scribendi* is so strong within me that I *must* do something in the scribbling line, and as I have had no adventures lately "replete with thrilling interest," I must follow the example of LEATHER STOCKINGS and fall back upon my reminiscences, but first let us have a word on "The Great Black Buck Question" revived in one of your last numbers by LONG RANGE, with whom I fully coincide as to the possibility, if not practicability, of riding down a full grown antelope, and I only wish I had that game little horse "Boy Jones" and I would undertake to prove the certainty of it, and this in the face of several unsuccessful trials. My first attempt was made at Agra some four years ago. I hadn't been long in the country but had frequently heard the possibility canvassed of riding down an antelope, but had come to the conclusion of satiating myself on the first opportunity that offered, and happening at the above time to be the owner of a lengthy Cabul horse (that I had by the by purchased as an Arab) very fast for one hundred yards! I determined to ride his tail off after the first antelope I met. So one fine morning in January saw me traversing the wide plain on the Gwalior road, about three miles from the station of Agra. I almost immediately espied a black buck feeding by himself; taking a gun from my syce I moved quietly towards my friend in black, who, however, declined a nearer acquaintance than two hundred yards would admit of, so giving old "Grinder" a dig in the ribs, by way of intimation that the time had now arrived for him to distinguish himself, I laid out in earnest, the buck taking it very coolly, going over the ground by a succession of bounds, which, although very pretty to look at, would not have saved his haunch; but as I neared him he dropt the ornamental and took to the useful, shewing such a clean pair of heels that old "Grinder" actually turned up his wall eye in astonishment, mingled with disgust. At the end of a mile we were just as when we started, about two hundred yards between us. The buck making for a jennayra field into which he dashed, "Grinder" and his rider after him; the crop was very thick and high, but who cares for jennayra fields when an antelope is ahead! Through it we got in due time, and on emerging into the open, what was my delight to find myself only ten yards behind the chase. Taking a steady pull at the old horse's head touching him up with the Latchford's at the

same time, I found myself before long abreast of the buck ; putting the gun to my shoulder, I fired, and—in ten seconds the antelope was a speck on the horizon, leaving me to draw the only conclusion possible, namely, that he had been laughing at my beard. Still had I been armed with a pistol instead of a gun, I think I would have had the best of the joke. Many is the time I have chased them since, but never got so near an unwounded one as on the above occasion : but I never was mounted as a man ought to be when in pursuit of such game.

I don't however agree with LONG RANGE as to the relative powers of endurance of an antelope and an Arab, for he seems to think that bottom is an antelope's "strong-hold of strength," but were such the case surely fast English greyhounds would run a very good chance of catching an antelope (as a cheetah does) within the half mile, for which distance they are, as a general rule, much faster than any Arab, and being so, must be faster than an antelope *if* (as LONG RANGE thinks) an Arab could hold his own with a black buck for half a mile.

The following extract from the Great Black Buck Question, I think bears me out in my opinion, as to the relative speed of Horse, Hound and Deer—it is the second instance given by the STRANGER in answer to LONG RANGE's questions. He says "By not one stride did I diminish the space between myself and the dogs *for nearly three quarters of a mile,\** nor did they during that space close with the fawn ; now the courage and endurance of the fine little grey was shown ; he drew upon the dogs, headed them, and closed with the fawn."

Now, if the dogs alluded to (Arab puppies of 12 months old,) could keep ahead of an Arab at his utmost speed for three quarters of a mile, where would the said Arab be at the end of a three quarter mile race with full grown, imported English dogs ? and these latter we all know have no chance with an antelope except over heavy ground, *owing* to their want of *bottom*, as there is no very great difference in the speed of the two—as any one can testify to who has ever slipped greyhound at antelope ; for they invariably make a pretty race of it for the first burst after which they are *nowhere*. No—with due deference to LONG RANGE's opinion, who seems "every inch of him" a sportsman, I think a fast Arab with bottom has more chance of first spear at a black buck, than a *flyer* for half a mile at any time, and I don't think the former would, barring accidents, be within a spear's length of the chase for six miles, and not even then, unless he had natural stamina, developed by first rate training, and last though not least, a light weight on his back. If you could, Mr Editor, procure an

\* The italics are mine.

account of that successful chase of Col. H.'s off Recorder, you would be rendering an especial favour to the Sporting community of India; and I really think that same horse deserves to have his likeness as a frontispiece to the *India Sporting Review* as soon as it can possibly be procured.

Writing of greyhounds and antelopes reminds me of a very pretty run I had, not very long ago. A party of four of us were out coursing one fine morning with *ten* greyhounds in our train, a fox or two had already been picked up; when in beating a large ralur field, out dashed an antelope—"chordokutte" was the cry in every one's mouth, consequently every dog in the field was slipped and right honestly did they lay out—it was really a magnificent sight; five couple of greyhound straining every nerve and not gaining an inch on the quarry; for the first half mile, there wasn't fifty yards between the leading dog and the hindermost one; after which the tailing commenced. The race ground was along the bank of a long jheel or nullah which the antelope evidently wished to cross, but had either forgotten the ghat or was too hard pressed; for the leading dogs were at times within ten lengths of her, (it was a doe.) The ground was very good but intersected with water-courses to irrigate the neighbouring crops with water from the jheel, which were deep but not half a dozen feet in width; but quite wide enough to spoil the sport of two of the party, for at the end of the first mile on turning, I only saw one horseman following, and *he* at a respectful distance. One by one I passed the dogs till there were only three and nothing but sheer pluck carried *those* on, as the pace from first to last had been terrific and the ground covered must have been upwards of two miles. The antelope going all the time quite collectedly, but undecided as to the line of country to be taken—when all of a sudden she dashed into the jheel, which was about forty yards wide, closely followed by the dogs who seemed now as much in their element as the deer seemed out of it, and evidently gained on the chase, particularly when they came to a shallow, swampy part. I of course in an immense state of excitement, was cheering them on, when my game little nag who had been hitherto floundering through the jheel, got out of his depth so suddenly, that I nearly went over his head. By the time I had got the water out of my eyes and had leisure to look round me, the deer had reached the opposite shore, the dogs about a dozen lengths behind—but here her strength failed, for on attempting to ascend the bank, she fell back, almost into the mouths of the dogs, now almost mad with excitement. Well done my pets, one more effort and you have won the hardly-earned victory! No, the fates were against us: the deer collecting all her energies, made another bound,

gained the top of the bank, tottered for a second and then shaking the water from her dripping sides, trotted off, leaving the pursuers "to fell disappointment a prey," the bank being an effectual stopper to hound and horse, and by the time we had got round, our friend was *non est*; but to console themselves the dogs pitched into an unfortunate jackal that happened to be passing at the time: two out of the three were my property; one of them, a very handsome blue slut, must have over-exerted herself for she died a day or two after. I have at present got two or three dogs in my kennel far superior to any that were slipped that morning, but I would never think of slipping them again at an antelope, at least a black buck, for I don't think even if they closed with him, they would have strength to pull him down after a long run, but I can't fancy *prettier* sport than coursing hog-deer. I have only once had an opportunity of enjoying it, and then my dogs forced the deer to seek refuge in a hut where it was captured. I have however speared several off an Arab at present in my possession who answers in almost every particular to the description, A STRANGER gives of his horse Red Hazard—and off whom I hope some of these days to frighten a black buck, if I don't succeed in spearing him. By the by, have you ever heard of a spotted deer having been ridden down? I should say the only difficulty to contend with would be the grounds, as they are seldom found at any distance from heavy jungle. A friend of mine mentions having on one occasion slipped his greyhounds at a herd of them and although they were country bred dogs, they were in the midst of the herd before they had gone a quarter of a mile, but would not seize, owing to their being in habits of intimacy with a tame deer of the same species. But to return to the point I started from—the possibility of riding down an antelope. Since writing the above I have seen the last number of the *Sporting Review*, and am glad to see that so distinguished a sportsman as ROBIN HOOD agrees with LONG RANGE and myself on the matter in question. If we could only get a few more recruits, we might form a Club—each member of which to bind himself down to take advantage of every opportunity to ride down an antelope, and faithfully to record each run—successful or otherwise. The question would then be decided before the Club was a twelvemonth old.

The great objection would be the apparent cruelty—but I think a horse when not excited by company would let his rider know in a way not to be misunderstood, when he was fairly done up—after which if the rider persisted he would deserve to be subjected to all the rigour of Martin's Act. As I have given two instances which rather tell against my argument, than for it,

## CRICKET SEASON AT CAWNPORE.

Our Cricketing season commenced at this station on the 8th of December, with a match the first half of the Alphabet against the second. The latter half of the alphabet thinking themselves the weaker, were permitted to take Private Hemsley, giving Captain Moore in exchange, in which swap the first half were considerably done, as Private Hemsley proved himself a regular teasing bowler. There is nothing particular to notice in this match, which considering it was the first of the season, was well contested in all points of the game and was won by the second half by ten runs. Subjoined is the score:—

1ST HALF.		2nd Innings.	
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Barwell, b. Swayne .. ..	4	b. Rawlins, .. ..	0
Clarkson, c. & b. Hemsley ..	10	st. Sim, b. ditto .. ..	0
Francis, b. Hemsley.. ..	2	—————, b. ditto .. ..	1
Fanshawe, not out .. ..	43	Run out, .. ..	3
Fane, b. Hemsley .. ..	4	c. Swayne, b. Rawlins .. ..	15
Pte. Farley, b. ditto.. ..	0	b. ditto .. ..	3
Gennys, c. Rawlins, b. ditto ..	7	Called out* .. ..	0
Gastrell, b. Hemsley.. ..	0	b. Rawlins .. ..	2
Germon, c. & b. Carnell .. ..	1	b. ditto .. ..	0
Hale, b. Swayne .. ..	10	Not out .. ..	1
Moore, c. Sale, b. Hemsley.. ..	0	Run out .. ..	9
Byes, Longstop, Morgan .. ..	20	Longstop, Morgan .. ..	21
Wide Balls, (Swayne) .. ..	5	Swayne .. ..	8
	106		63

\* Handled the ball while in play.

2ND HALF.		2nd Innings.	
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Keighly, b. Hale .. ..	6	b. Francis .. ..	16
Rawlins, c. Francis, b. Fanshawe ..	8	b. Fanshawe .. ..	37
Turnbull, c. Gastrell, b. ditto ..	0	b. Francis .. ..	11
Willan, b. Hale .. ..	2	Not out .. ..	15
Wilson, c. Fanshawe, b. Hale .. ..	2	c. Hale, b. Francis, .. ..	19
Swayne, b. ditto .. ..	11	b. Fanshawe .. ..	0
Sale, b. ditto.. ..	0	s. Francis * .. ..	1
Carnell,* b. ditto .. ..	0	Sim, run out .. ..	6
Pte. Tressler, c. & b. ditto .. ..	3	b. Germon .. ..	0
„ Hemsley, c. Francis, b. ditto ..	6	c. & b. Francis .. ..	0
„ Morgan, not out .. ..	3	b. Germon .. ..	0
Byes, Longstop, Barwell, .. ..	17	Longstop,* Barwell .. ..	6
Wide Balls, Hale, .. ..	4	Francis 1, Fanshawe 5 .. ..	6
	62		117

\* This gentleman played for Sim who was unavoidably absent.

## MATCH BETWEEN 44TH &amp; 13TH REGIMENTS, NATIVE INFANTRY.

This, the second match of the season, was played on Tuesday the 14th of December, in the Mess compound of the latter Regiment, where a good piece of ground (and which is the only decent bit of turfed grass here) has been made by the lovers of that noble game. The 13th Regiment having won the toss, put in their opponents, who sent to the wickets Messrs Graydon and Gennys. Sergeant Barry taking the first over and Lieut. Waterman bowling at the other end. Mr Graydon led off with a single, Gennys following suit. Graydon a twoer to the off and a pretty slip for one, when Gennys was neatly caught at point by Turnbull; 1 wicket and 5 runs. Mr Hale now made his appearance but was soon bowled by Barry for two. Keighly who succeeded did not trouble the scorers; 3 wickets, 7 runs. Mr Clarkson now faced Mr Graydon, who after making a two by forward play, was forced to yield to one of Barry's "peculiar," 4 wickets, 9 runs. Betting greatly in favour of the 13th Regiment. Mr Moore next followed, and these two players guarded their wickets for a considerable time, sending the ball in different parts of the field for twos, threes, and fours. Mr Moore prettily picked up a ball of Barry's and walked it round to the square leg for five, but soon after lost his wicket to a bailer of Waterman's. Mr Rawlins then came in but was finely bowled by Waterman for one. Mr Wilan the last of the gentlemen players, now faced Mr Clarkson, who had been batting very steadily, but at last one of Barry's teasers caused a rattle in his timber yard. The last three men, Privates in the 44th, were unfortunate, and the innings closed for 103 runs. The 13th Regiment now went in, and with the exception of our worthy Secretary, who made 32 in fine cricketing style, the side did not do much—the total only showing 65 runs. The 44th after tiffin, again handled the willow, but were not so fortunate as in their first hands, the whole side being put out for 72 runs, leaving the 13th 110 runs to tie, who nothing daunted at this score, determined to do their best to win; but ill luck attended the efforts of the greater part of the side who eventually lost the match by 51 runs. In justice to the 13th Regiment, we must not fail to observe, that they sustained a great loss in Mr Germon, who was placed *hors de combat* by a severe blow which he received on his right knee, on the evening previous to the match. The score follows:—

44TH REGIMENT.			
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Gennys, c. Turnbull, b. Barry	.. 1	b. Waterman..	.. .. 7
Graydon, b. Barry	.. 6	b. Sale ..	.. .. 3
Hall, b. Barry	.. 2	b. Barry ..	.. .. 7
Keighly, b. ditto	.. 0	b. Waterman..	.. .. 16



Clarkson, b. ditto .. ..	35	b. Waterman .. ..	11
Moore, b. Waterman .. ..	37	Not out .. ..	10
Rawlins, b. ditto .. ..	1	b. Barry .. ..	6
Willan, c. Francis, b. Barry ..	4	b. Waterman .. ..	0
Pte. Lappery, b. Waterman ..	3	b. Sale .. ..	0
„ Peter, b. ditto .. ..	0	b. ditto .. ..	1
„ Thomas, not out .. ..	0	Run out .. ..	1
Byes, Longstop, Barwell ..	14	Longstop, Barwell .. ..	10
	103		72

13TH REGIMENT.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Bean, b. Rawlins .. ..	0	-, b. Rawlins	4
Barwell, b. ditto .. ..	1	c. Graydon, b. ditto..	7
Carnell, b. ditto .. ..	1	c. Hall, b. ditto	5
Francis, c. Millan, b. ditto ..	32	————, b. ditto	0
Gastrell, not out .. ..	3	b. ditto	4
Hutchinson, run out .. ..	3	Not out	4
Sale, run out .. ..	3	b. Rawlins .. ..	1
Turnbull, run out .. ..	1	c. Keighly, b. Hale ..	9
Wilson, b. Rawlins .. ..	9	st. Rawlins, b. ditto..	8
Waterman, c. Millan, b. ditto ..	4	c. Willan, b. ditto ..	3
Sergt. Barry, b. ditto .. ..	0	b. Rawlins .. ..	0
Byes, Longstop, Keighly ..	5	Longstop, Keighly ..	8
Wide Balls, Hale .. ..	2	Hale .. ..	4
No Balls, Rawlins .. ..	1	Rawlins .. ..	2

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE STATION *versus* THE 1ST BENGAL

FUSILIERS.

This match arose out of a challenge received by the Fusiliers from the gentlemen of the station, and came off on Monday the 20th of December on the Artillery ground, but in consequence of the Fusiliers not being able to bring an eleven gentlemen players into the field, their strength was much recruited by four of their players, who proved themselves most efficient hands, in all points of this truly noble pastime, scoring 43 runs exclusive of byes and wide balls out of 96, the total score of their first innings. The station began their innings by sending in Messrs. Keighly and Moore, the latter of whom was finely caught by Sergeant Langan at the second ball. Captains Sim and Barwell were the only two, with the exception of Mr Turnbull who placed 9 on the score, that made a stand against the steady bowling of Messrs. Battye and Langan, the former after scoring 27 made by play, was finely caught in the long field on by Battye, and the latter having placed 18 on the score was forced to retire from a well-pitched ball of Battye's. Mr Wilson had the honour of carrying out his bat for 4 runs which closed the innings for 92 runs. The Fusiliers were content with the small advantage they had gained in this innings, and commenced

their second by sending in Mr Salusbury and Sergeant Langan. Mr Swayne delivering the 1st over, from which no runs were made. Mr Salusbury was run out the first ball of the third over, and Mr Wheeler occupied the vacant place, who, after adding 3 to the score by a fine hit to the long field, was bowled by a trimmer from Swayne; 2 wickets, 3 runs. Mr Battye then faced Sergeant Langan, who had been scoring steadily, but was at last disposed of by a rattling ball from the same bowler; 3 wickets, 18 runs. Sergeant Beckley now made his appearance, and after scoring two singles and a brace of twos, shared a similar fate; 4 wickets, 24 runs. Mr Battye who had been for some time without scoring, could not withstand the first-rate bowling of Mr Swayne and was forced to retire without altering the score; 5 wickets, 24 runs. Sergeants Kenyon and Watson now brought in their bats with their minds evidently made up for mischief. The former commenced with a two to the off, a cut into the slips for the like number, and a fine forward drive for three, when in attempting a fourth run, Sergeant Watson who had scored 28 runs in his first hands by fine steady play, was well thrown out by Mr Turnbull; 6 wickets, 31 runs. Any odds on the station. Captain Rawlins, whose bowling though steady had been unsuccessful in taking wickets, now sent in a regular teaser, which caused a rattle in the Sergeant's timber-yard, but not until he had added ten more to his previous score; 7 wickets, 41 runs. The remaining wickets did not trouble the scores, and with the addition of byes and misses, the Fusiliers showed a total of 51 runs, leaving the Station only 56 to win.

The Station confident as to the result, sent in Messrs Wilson and Keighly. These two players after driving the ball to all parts of the field were at length parted, Lieutenant Keighly being unfortunately run out after scoring 18. Mr Moore then faced Mr Wilson, but was soon bowled by Sergeant Langan without altering the score. Mr Clarkson now brought in his bat and led off with a two, when a shooter from Langan gave Mr Wilson notice to quit. Captain Rawlins came next with hitting orders, and commenced with a cut to the off for two; Mr Clarkson following suit. The fielding was now very loose, and the setting sun had evidently got into the eyes of the long\*stop, for a number of byes were run in rapid succession. Mr Clarkson added 3 to the score with a fine cut to the point, which brought the game nearly to a close; some steady play here took place, and it was doubtful whether another wicket would not be required to fetch the runs; when a badly pitched ball from Langan was well drawn forward into the long field on for four, which they ran amidst shouts of applause from the spectators. This hit by far the best that was made during the game, concluded the match, and

the Station were declared the victors by seven wickets. The following is the score :—

<i>1st Innings.</i>		FUSILIERS.		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Battye, b. Hale. . .	.. 16	b. Swayne	.. ..	..	0
Wheeler, st. Sim, b. ditto ..	.. 2	b. ditto	.. ..	..	3
Greville, b. Swayne .. ●	.. 0	Not out	.. ..	..	0
Parsons, b. ditto ..	.. 1	b. Rawlins	.. ..	..	0
Hickey, b. ditto ..	.. 0	c. Francis, b. Swayne	.. ..	..	0
Salisbury, c. Rawlins, b. ditto	.. 0	Run out	.. ..	..	0
Brown, not out. . .	.. 8	Run out	.. ..	..	0
Sergt. Beckley, c. Turnbull, b. Swayne. . .	.. 5	b. Swayne	.. ..	..	6
Sergt. Kenyon, c. Moore, b. ditto..	.. 5	b. Rawlins	.. ..	..	17
„ Langan, b. ditto ..	.. 5	b. Swayne	.. ..	●	15
„ Watson, b. ditto ..	.. 28	Run out	.. ..	..	0
Byes, Longstop, Rawlins	.. 15	Longstop, Rawlins	.. ..	..	5
Wide Balls, Swayne	.. 11	—————, Swayne	.. ..	..	5
	96				51

STATION.

*1st Innings.*

Keighly, run out ..	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Moore, c. Langan, b. Battye	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0
Wilson, not out ..	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Hale, b. Battye ..	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Darwell, b. ditto ..	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Turnbull, b. ditto ..	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Rawlins, c. Hickey, b. ditto ..	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0
Sim, c. Battye, b. Langan	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	27
Clarkson, run out ..	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Swayne, b. Langan ..	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0
Francis, b. ditto ..	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0
Byes, Longstop, Kenyon	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Wide Balls, Battye ..	.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
										92

STATION.

*2nd Innings.*

Wilson, b. Langan ..	..	8
Keighly, run out ..	..	18
Moore, b. Langan..	..	0
Clarkson, not out ..	..	7
Rawlins, not out ..	.. ●	6
Byes, Longstop, Kenyon..	..	21
Wide Balls, Battye ..	..	5
		56

SECOND CONTEST BETWEEN THE 13TH & 44TH REGIMENTS  
NATIVE INFANTRY.

This, the return match, was commenced on Monday, the 3rd of January, and was played on the ground of the former corps. The 13th having again won the toss, put in their oppo-

nents, and Messrs. Keighly and Rawlins took their respective stations at the wickets. Mr Germon bowling the first over to Mr Keighly, who walked the fourth ball to the slips for two—Captain Bruère bowled a maiden over, and Mr Germon upon resuming the bowling gave Mr Keighly notice to quit. Mr Clarkson then took the bat and led off with a single, when he lost his partner, Mr Rawlins, who was finely bowled by Germon without scoring. Mr Hale now faced Mr Clarkson, and obtained two by an off hit. Clarkson a fine forward drive for four, and a slashing hit to the square by for five, 9 in two hits. Mr Hale a brace of twos, when a teaser from Germon caused a rattle in his timber-yard. Moore succeeded, and Clarkson who had placed three singles on the score, was here beautifully caught by that ever active point, Mr Turnbull. Gennys came next and began with a draw, when a ball from Germon sent his stumps flying. Mr Willan then faced Mr Moore, and these two showed some very pretty play, keeping the slips alive, until a well-pitched ball from Germon found out Moore's wicket. Mr Graydon filled the vacant place, but a ripper from Germon ordered him back without a run. Lappery then showed, but was disposed of by the same hand, the very next ball. Thomas now joined Mr Willan, who had been batting very steadily, but at last a trimmer from Germon made him vacate. Peter was the last man, but had no opportunity of distinguishing himself; Germon taking Thomas' wicket which closed the innings for 50 runs.

The 13th Regiment commenced their innings, by sending in Messrs Francis and Waterman; Hale and Rawlins being the bowlers. Mr Hale delivered the first over, the second ball of which was cut to point by Mr Francis for two, the next being played to the slip for one. Mr Waterman contented himself with single, and having placed 9 on the score, was removed by a ball from Rawlins. Mr Carnell who succeeded to the vacant place, sent a regular skyer in the long field, which fell into the hands of Mr Graydon who held it fast. Mr Barwell now faced Mr Francis, who had been keeping the field on the *qui vive* by some pretty cuts to point and slip, but was at last obliged to cut his stick, Mr Rawlins having made free with his timber. Mr Wilson followed, but he lost his partner, Mr Barwell, who was run out after adding 12 to the score in 5 hits. Mr Turnbull then faced Mr Wilson, and both these gentlemen appeared to have made up their minds for mischief. Mr Turnbull began playing finely, scoring three twos in succession to the off, Mr Wilson a three-er to the off, a draw for one, and a fourer (the only one during this long innings) to the long field. Mr Turnbull who had been playing very steadily again made his favorite

hit, a cut to point for three, but in attempting a close run soon after, was unfortunately run out. Mr Gastrell now brought in his bat and scored 3 by a good hit to the long field; Wilson following suit with a single, a three, a double, a single and another three, when in trying a fourth run, his wicket was put down. I must not forget to mention as a most remarkable fact, that both Messrs Wilson and Turnbull were run out—both marked 35, and both had their wickets neatly put down by Captain Rawlins. Sale followed, and Gastrell was removed by a twister from Rawlins, after adding 8 to his score. Germon came next, but was disposed of by Rawlins without troubling the scorers, and Bean occupied the vacancy. Sale now made a double and two singles when he mounted a ball from Hale which was safely held by Mr Graydon. Capt. Bruère came last and after placing two singles on the score, was removed by a bailer from Rawlins, and Mr Bean carried out his bat for 9 runs—the innings terminated for 149.

The players now retired to the cricket tent to partake of tiffin, and on “play” being called, the 44th scut in Messrs Willan and Gennys, Capt. Bruère and Mr Germon handling the ball. Mr Gennys opened the ball with a 3 to mid wicket on; Willan following suit on the off-side—Gennys a double—Willan a single, and a pretty slip for one, when in attempting a second run, he was cleverly thrown out by Mr Waterman. Keighly succeeded and placed one on the score, when Gennys took advantage of a badly pitched ball of Germon’s and drove it clean over the bowler’s head for five, which they ran amidst shouts of applause from the spectators. Keighly now drove the ball away twice to the long field on, for three each time, but was at last disposed of by a ripper from Germon. Clarkson who came next, led off with a cut to point for three, and gave a chance of the second ball to Mr Gastrell, which was missed and he proceeded to take advantage of it by rapidly increasing his score, until at length a bailer from Germon gave him notice to quit, and Rawlins occupied the vacant place, but lost his wicket the second ball to one of Germon’s “peculiaris.” Mr Hale then faced Mr. Gennys, and it soon became evident these two players intended to make an alteration in the score. Mr Hale began playing, finely scoring a two, a single, a double and three singles in succession principally to the off—Gennys keeping pace with a twicer to the slip, a forward drive for four and a draw for one. The scoring now proceeded so rapidly that a change was thought advisable, and Mr Carnell took the Captain’s place. In the fourth over, it proved successful, for Mr Hale who had been rapidly increasing his score by brilliant hits to all parts of the field, now got well hold of a leg ball and they ran five amidst

shouts of applause, but in attempting a sixth run he was unfortunately run out. Mr Moore followed but a ball from Carnell disposed of him without his troubling the scorers. Mr Graydon then advanced, when Gennys who had been making several fine hits to the square leg, was removed by a shooter from Bruère (who had now resumed the bowling) after scoring 30 in admirable style—in his score, we find a six, a five, a four, two threes, a two and the rest single runs. Lappery joined Graydon who had succeeded in placing seven on the score, when Bruère sent him a teaser which rattled his timber. Peter followed, scored four singles and shared a similar fate. Thomas came last and faced Lappery but was again unfortunate, his partner being bowled without scoring. This innings amounted to 122, leaving the 13th only 24 runs to win—for “time” being called, the 13th, prepared for their second innings by sending in Mr Barwell faced by Mr Francis, Mr Hale taking the first over—Mr Barwell led off with a twoer to the leg, ditto to the off and a single by forward play. In the third ball of the second over Mr Rawlins sent Mr Francis’ bails flying before he had thought of scoring, and a regular trimmer from the same hand disposed of Mr Turnbull who took his place. Mr Wilson then faced Mr Barwell and had placed one on the score, when a shooter from Hale found out his wicket.

Carnell now entered his appearance with hitting orders, which he very soon proceeded to carry into execution, for he hit away the first ball to the long field for four; Barwell following suit with a two to the off—a wide was here called, but the longstop being unable to field it, two byes were scored instead—some steady play now took place, several overs being bowled without a run. Mr Barwell was now nearly caught, but the ball being badly fielded and thrown in, two runs were placed to his score. Carnell here added a two by forward play, when Barwell got well hold of a leg ball and sent it away for 5 which they ran amidst considerable applause. The game was now brought to a hit when Barwell settled it by marking a single, thus winning the match with 7 wickets to go down. There was a great improvement in the fielding and bowling on both sides, and I must not omit to notice the very steady and effective bowling of Mr Germon in the first hands of the 13th Regiment, who has perhaps accomplished that which he can hardly ever expect to do again in the course of his cricketing career—namely, to bowl 9 and have one caught from him. As the elevens of both corps have been greatly strengthened by the arrival of Messrs. Watson and Smith, I hope shortly to hear of a conquering match being played between these two crack cricketing Regiments, and should I be there to see, you will, in all probability be favoured with an

account of the "Conqueror," which I hope may end in a close and well contested game. The following is the score:—

44TH REGIMENT.			
<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Keighly, b. Germon	.. 2	b. Germon	.. 7
Rawlins, b. ditto	.. 0	b. ditto	.. 0
Clarkson, C. Turnbull, b. ditto	.. 13	b. ditto	.. 20
Hale, b. Germon	.. 6	Run out	.. 27
Moore, b. ditto	.. 10	b. Carnell	.. 0
Gennys, b. ditto	.. 1	b. Bruére	.. 30
Willan, b. ditto	.. 14	Run out	.. 6
Graydon, b. ditto	.. 0	b. Bruére	.. 7
Prte. Lappery, b. ditto	.. 0	b. ditto	.. 0
„ Thomas b. ditto	.. 0	Not out	.. 0
„ Peter, not out	.. 0	b. Bruére	.. 4
Byes, Longstop, Francis	.. 4	Longstop, Francis	.. 19
		No Balls, Bruére	.. 2
	50		122

13TH REGIMENT.			
<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Francis, b. Rawlins	.. 12	b. Rawlins	.. 0
Waterman, b. ditto	.. 9		
Carnell, c. Graydon, b. Hale	.. 0	Not out	.. 6
Barwell, run out	.. 12	Not out	.. 15
Wilson, run out	.. 35	b. Hale	.. 1
Turnbull, run out	.. 35	b. Rawlins	.. 0
Gastrell, b. Rawlins	.. 11		
Sale, c. Graydon, b. Hale	.. 7		
Germon, b. Rawlins	.. 0		
Bruére, b. ditto	.. 2		
Bean, not out	.. 9		
Byes, Longstop, Keighly	.. 13	Longstop, Keighly	.. 1
Wide Balls, Hale	.. 4		
	149		24

### 13TH *versus* 44TH REGIMENT.

This the Conqueror which had for sometime excited a good deal of interest, was played on the ground of the 13th Regiment at the station on Monday, the 24th of January. The 44th this time won the toss, and preferred putting in their opponents. Messrs Barwell and Germon were first at the wickets, to the bowling of Messrs Hale and Watson, the latter gave the first over without a run, Barwell obtained one in the slip from Hale's first ball, Germon two in the same place, Barwell two to cover point, and the play went on steadily. Germon obtained two by a leg hit, Barwell ditto, and another at the slip; Germon four singles, and afterwards a good hit forward for three, when he was bowled by Watson for 11; and Francis filled his place, but a regular shooter from Watson, the first ball, settled him without a run. Bean came next, and commenced with a

single, Barwell following suit, and playing steadily, until at length he caught one of Hale's, and drove it forward for five amidst much applause. A change of bowling was here resorted to, Rawlins taking Hale's wicket. The first over was a capital one, but was well played by Barwell, who having increased his score to 16, was floored by Rawlins, and Wilson was called for, but he soon lost his companion, Beau being bowled by Rawlins without adding to his score. Turnbull now brought in his bat, and Wilson who had been batting very steadily, scored two to the leg, and three by a five cut—Turnbull beginning with his favourite hit, a cut to point, for three. Wilson ditto to the slip, Turnbull three by a draw, Wilson a fine cut in the slips for four, Turnbull three at cover point, two at leg and two in the slips.

Shortly after this Wilson made a feint to run, which misled Turnbull, who got off his ground and was put out, leaving 21 on the score obtained by first-rate play. Smyth took Turnbull's place, and Wilson recommenced with a three, Smyth following suit with a three to the square leg, Wilson one by a draw, and Smyth a fine forward drive for four. This we believe was Mr Smyth's first appearance, and both batsmen kept the field alive by very sharp hitting. Wilson now continued to score singles, and to prove himself a regular teaser. A consultation took place, and Clarkson was tried, but the Yorkshireman was not to be shaken. Hale took Rawlins' place but with no better effect. A succession of singles here obtained. Wilson had got a good sight of the ball, and seeming tired of "poking" her about, he let out, and made a fine hit to the Marquee, scoring four; the very next ball he gave a tremendous wipe, scoring another four, amidst much applause. Smyth was at length bowled by Rawlins, retiring with a score of 21, consisting of a four, three threes, three twos and two singles. Carnell succeeded and was bowled by Rawlins for 3. Gastrell took the vacant wicket, obtained three runs in the first over, and a hit for 3 shortly after, when he mounted a ball which fell into the hands of Rawlins. Sale succeeded him and speedily made two twos. Several singles were here scored, Wilson maintaining his position as firm as a rock. Two blank overs followed and Wilson let out, sending the ball to the wall for four. Sale following suit with a four to the square leg, and the ball being sharply thrown in and missed, 2 more runs were obtained for the overthrow; several Wide and Byes were now added to the score and Sale made another single, and then placed a ball of Watson's in the hands of the short slip, after adding 16 by steady play—Waterman came last and Wilson made a beautiful hit for three, to which Waterman added a two, when Rawlins ripped up his stumps, which closed the Innings for 240 runs, Wilson carrying out his bat, after some of the most scienti-



fic play ever witnessed on these grounds, and making we believe his largest score, 69 runs, including four fours, four threes, twelve twos and seventeen singles. This long Innings did not terminate till half past two o'clock, when the sides adjourned for the usual half hour to tiff, and upon "Play" being called—the 4th commenced operations, sending in Messrs Moore and Graydon. Sale and Germon opening the ball for the 13th. Caution appeared to be the order of the day, and indeed caution was required with such long odds against them. Moore at length got a ball to the leg, took advantage of it, and struck it to the ball room, marking the first four amidst much applause. Graydon commenced with a single, Moore following suit, but in the next over his stumps were flooded by Sale,—Keighly came third, but soon lost his partner, Graydon, who here received such a trimmer from Sale that he was compelled to place the ball in the hands of point, who held it fast. Watson altered the appearance of the game and with Keighly, who had been batting very steadily, ran up the score to 38 before they were parted, Watson being beautifully caught by point for 16 runs, four of which had been just previously got by a fine hit off the slip—Hale then faced Keighly who had been simply contenting himself by his long reach with merely tapping the ball, but getting tired of such slow work as this, let out, and drove a ball of Sale's to the long field off for five, which they ran amidst shouts of applause. Hale began with a sweet hit to the leg, but only obtained one, the ball being well fielded. Keighly made a foreright hit for three, and another off the point, Hale following suit. Keighly then got two to the leg and Hale one to point. Keighly two at the slip and Hale a leg hit for one. In this way they went on for some time, playing cautiously against the excellent bowling of Sale and Germon. At length, a beautiful ball was bowled by Sale, and Keighly cut it sharply off to point, and was finely caught by that ever active field, Turnbull, his score showing 26 runs obtained by very excellent play. Clarkson then went in with his mind evidently made up for mischief. Having made one off the slip he followed it up for a sweet leg hit for two, he then made a fine hit on and scored three. At this period of the game, the bowling was very steady and the batting equal to it. Clarkson hit out spiritedly, and made a slashing hit to the leg, scoring four amidst much applause. Hale then drove the ball on the on side for three, Clarkson scored two, but in trying for a third, Hale was run out, and Gennys was next in succession, who led off with an excellent hit to the leg for three, but in the next over he gave a chance which was declined, and he proceeded to take advantage of it, by quickly running up his score to 15, when he received his dismissal from Germon. Rawlins followed and played neatly. The

scoring now proceeded so rapidly that a change was thought advisable and Smyth took Sale's place. After a few overs it proved successful, Smyth taking Clarkson's wicket by a remarkably fine ball. Sergt. Lappery next appeared, and Rawlins after writing 10 in 2 hits in succession by a six to the square leg, and a four to the long field, had his stumps ripped up by Germon. Thomas now faced Lappery, scored two and was run out, which made way for Peter, who led off with a two to point. Lappery following suit with a two to slip, ditto to the off and a draw for the like number when in attempting another, he was unfortunately run out, which closed the Innings for 134 runs, being 70 in the minority. Reviews, parties, balls and shooting excursions prevented anything further being done till the middle of this month, when the 44th finding some difficulty in bringing their original eleven together, to conclude this, the Conqueror gave it up, on condition that this should be styled the third match, and that two more matches should be played for the "Championship." The following is the score:—

## 13TH REGIMENT.

Barwell, b. Rawlins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Germon, b. Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Francis, b. Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0
Bean, b. Rawlins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Wilson, not out ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	69
Turnbull, run out	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Smyth, b. Rawlins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Carnell, b. Rawlins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Gastrell, c. Rawlins, b. Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Sale, c. Hale, b. Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Waterman, b. Rawlins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Byes, Longstop, Keighly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	31
Wides, Hale 3, Watson 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
									204

## 44TH REGIMENT.

Moore, b. Sale	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Graydon, c. Turnbull, b. Sale	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Keighly, c. Turnbull, b. Sale	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	26
Watson, c. Turnbull, b. Sale	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Hale, run out	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Clarkson, b. Smyth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19
Gennys, b. Germon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Rawlins, b. Germon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Sergt. Lappery, run out	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Pte. Thomas, run out	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
" Peter, not out	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
" Byes, Longstop, Francis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
" Wide Ball, Sale 2, Smyth 1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3

13TH *versus* 44TH REGIMENT.

This the fourth match was played to-day, Thursday the 17th, (Feb.) on the ground of the former Regiment, and the 44th having again won the toss, put in their opponents, who sent to the wickets Messrs. Barwell and Germon, Messrs. Watson and Rawlins being the bowlers. Barwell commenced with two singles and Germon was missed by Watson. Barwell a forward for two, Germon two twos, in succession, and in the next over was caught by Rawlins off his own bowling. Waterman came third, made a short stand without scoring, and had his wicket ripped up by Rawlins. Turnbull came next and began with a two to point, and a draw for one, but in the next over his stumps were floored by Watson. Wilson next showed, and Barwell made a fine leg hit for three, Wilson a forward drive for the same number, and one over the bowler's head, when in attempting a second run, Barwell was run out with a score of 12 obtained by steady play. Smyth now brought in his bat, and Wilson scored two to the leg and three by forward play. Smyth beginning with a good drive for three, Wilson a fine cut for the same number; Smyth now got well hold of a leg ball and they ran 5, amidst shouts of applause. These two players ran up the score to 50, before they were parted. Wilson's wicket being found by Watson for 14 runs—Carnell followed and had his wicket lowered by Rawlins without being enabled to score, and Sale coming next was disposed of by the same hand, the very next ball. Gastrell then showed, but was removed by a fine ball of Rawlins, with 2 single runs opposite his name. Francis succeeded to the vacant post and commenced with a single, Smyth following suit with two singles to the leg and a slashing hit to the long field for five. Francis now lost his wicket to a good ball of Watson's and Bean came last, and got two by a draw, making the score 80. Smyth a 3 to the off, and Bean two in the same place, when a ball from Watson sent his bails flying, and Smyth carried out his bat for 28, obtained by play—the whole Innings terminated for 85. The 44th began their Innings by sending in Messrs. Gennys and Shillito. Smyth commenced the bowling to Shillito, who obtained one in the slip, Germon took the other end, and Gennys struck out to the leg; two were run, and an attempt for a third by Shillito who got from his wicket, and before he could return Carnell had thrown the ball as straight as an arrow to Turnbull, who lowered his stumps. Keighly faced Gennys, but Smyth sent him back without scoring, which made room for Hale, and Gennys having made his score to 9, was finely bowled by Germon. Watson took the vacant post, and Hale made a cut in the slips for three, when Smyth got about his timbers, and Willan Senior filled the vacant place. Watson commenced with

a single, and soon after sent Smyth away for 5, amidst loud cheering. Willan who began with a two in the slips, followed by another to the off, now let out, and struck the ball slap into the tent, and scored amidst the cheers of the spectators. Watson again led off with a single, wrote a two, a single and another two, when he had to succumb to Germon, having marked 13. Rawlins came next, and commenced with five singles, when Willan was removed by a fine ball from Germon; Clarkson followed, and Rawlins having made his score to 10, gave way to Germon; Moore joined Clarkson giving a chance which was not taken and he proceeded forthwith to take advantage of it by scoring three threes in succession, Clarkson keeping pace with a three, and a brace of singles when Smyth got his bails off. Graydon faced Moore, and marked two twos, Moore following suit—Graydon a two, and a single, when Moore gave another chance which was fatal. Willan Junior, the last man, then made his appearance, Graydon still getting singles, when Germon settled Willan for one, Graydon carrying out his bat for 11 runs, which finished the Innings with three ahead of the 13th. In the 13th Second Innings, Barwell and Smyth were the two first at the wickets, against the bowling of Rawlins and Watson, Barwell obtained one in the slip from Watson's first ball. Smyth then hit one in the same place, but the third ball Watson got about his timbers—Wilson next appeared, but could not keep Watson away from his stumps, and Gastrell was called for, who began with a pretty slip for one, when Watson served Smyth with notice to quit, thus taking three wickets in four balls. The sides now adjourned to "tiff" and upon "time" being up, Turnbull made his appearance at the wicket, and led off with a cut to point for four, Gastrell following suit with a three to the square leg, when he gave a chance which was not accepted, and he proceeded to take advantage of it by a series of hits in the long field, by which the score was considerably increased. Mr. Turnbull was now bowled by Rawlins for a score of 11, and Francis filled the vacancy and had only succeeded in scoring two singles, when he was bowled by Rawlins. Carnell came next, but Rawlins sent him back without troubling the scorers and Germon filled the vacant place and commenced with a two, and soon after made another fine hit, Gastrell following suit with two singles, and a forward for two, when Rawlins served him with notice to be off. Bean joined Germon, giving a chance which was fatal. Waterman now showed and had succeeded in placing one on the score, when he was bowled by a fine ball from Watson, and Sale appeared, who, after marking a four and a single, lost his partner; Germon being finely caught by Shillito at mid-wicket, which closed the

Innings for 56 runs, leaving the 44th, only 53 runs to go in against.

In the 44th second Innings.—Shillito and Watson were the two first at the wickets against the same bowlers; Shillito began with a two, and followed it up with a four and then marked a single, when Smyth served him with a notice to quit. Gennys came next, scored a three and then placed an awkward one of Smyth's, in the hands of point who held it fast. Keighly now faced Watson, who, having made his score to 11, gave way to Smyth, which made room for Hale, who got his leg before his wicket after scoring a two. Clarkson came next, but Germon sent him back without troubling the scorers, and Rawlins filled the vacant place. Keighly commenced with a two, and soon after drove Smyth for four, with much cheering. Rawlins playing the bowling down and getting now and then a single. Keighly made another two, when Turnbull beautifully caught Rawlins from Germon—his score being a two and the rest singles. Moore faced Keighly who was bowled by Smyth without adding to his score, and Willan Senior next appeared, and marked two twos in succession; Moore keeping pace with a two, a three, and a single. A Bye was here added which brought the game to within one of a tie, when Moore struck the ball slap into the tent, and they ran three amidst shouts of applause from the spectators, thus winning, this the fourth match, by three wickets. The 5th and decisive match, is to be played on Saturday next, the 19th instant, and as both Regiments have each won two matches, we hope to see a close and well contesed game for the Championship.

The score follows:—

44TH REGIMENT N. I.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Gennys, b. Germon ..	9	c. Turnbull, b. Germon ..	3
Shillito, run out ..	1	b. Smyth ..	7
Keighly, b. Smyth ..	0	b. Smyth ..	9
Hale, b. Smyth ..	3	leg b. w., b. Smyth ..	2
Watson, b. Germon ..	13	b. Smyth ..	11
Rawlins, b. Germon ..	10	c. Turnbull, b. Germon ..	5
Clarkson, b. Smyth ..	10	b. Germon ..	0
Moore, c. Smyth, b. Germon ..	12	Not out ..	8
Willan Sen., b. Germon ..	9	Not out ..	6
Graydon, not out ..	11		
Willan Jun., b. Germon ..	1		
Byes, Longstop, Francis ..	8	Longstop, Francis ..	3
Wide Ball, Smyth..	1		
	88		54

44th Regt. running with 3 Wickets to go down.

## 13TH REGIMENT N. I.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Barwell, run out ..	.. 12	b. Watson ..	.. 1
Germon, c. & b. Rawlins ..	.. 5	c. Shillito, b. Rawlins ..	.. 9
Waterman, b. Rawlins ..	.. 0	b. Watson ..	.. 1
Turnbull, b. Watson ..	.. 3	b. Rawlins ..	.. 11
Wilson, b. Watson ..	.. 11	b. Watson ..	.. 0
Smyth, not out ..	.. 28	b. Watson ..	.. 1
Carnell, b. Rawlins ..	.. 0	b. Rawlins ..	.. 0
Salc, b. Rawlins ..	.. 0	Not out ..	.. 5
Gastrell, b. Rawlins ..	.. 2	b. Rawlins ..	.. 19
Francis, b. Watson ..	.. 1	b. Rawlins ..	.. 2
Bean, b. Watson ..	.. 4	c. Willan, b. Rawlins ..	.. 0
Byes, Longstop, Keighly ..	.. 13	Longstop, Keighly ..	.. 6
Wide Balls, Watson 2, Rawlins 1	3	Watson ..	.. 1
<hr/>		<hr/>	
85		56	

• 13TH *versus* 44TH REGIMENT.

This interesting trial of strength between these two Crack Cricketing Regiments, for the Championship, commenced at a quarter to 11 o'clock this morning, (19th February) and was played on the ground of the former Regiment, at this station, and excited great interest. A stronger team than that which the 13th brought into the field cannot well be imagined, and although the 44th were exceedingly successful in their fourth match, the confidence in them was not strong enough to back them at evens, and the 13th consequently were the favourites at 5 to 4. The morning was delightfully fine, and at an early period numbers began to flock in from all parts of the station, and by tiffin time there were not less than 100 spectators on the ground. A more animated scene we have never witnessed on these grounds, and the ground, thanks to our worthy Secretary, was in splendid order, neither pains nor expences having been spared to render it so. The 44th men were full of confidence in spite of the powerful Eleven they had to contend against, and having for the third time won the toss, they preferred putting in their opponents. Messrs. Francis and Germon on the part of the 13th first went to the wickets, against the bowling of Rawlins and Watson. When Germon having marked 6, had to give way to Watson. Barwell then came and led off with a single, when Rawlins drove Francis out to his wicket for a score of 8. He was succeeded by Smyth, who got a run the first ball from Watson. Barwell was finely bowled by Watson, having previously had a very narrow escape from being caught, his score consisted of a three, three twos and the rest singles. Wilson then came into the field, and commenced with seven singles, then a four and a three in succession, for which he was well applauded. The fielding was extremely good, and both batsmen kept the field alive by very sharp hitting. Some considerable time now elapsed be-

fore anything worthy of record took place, over succeeding over with dull monotony, betting retaining its original position of 5 to 4 in favour of the 13th. A change of bowling was at length adopted, and Hale was put on for Rawlins, his first ball however was scored wide, and he soon relinquished the ball to his predecessor, but the change and counterchange were of little avail, the bats of Smyth and Wilson fetching runs in quick succession in ones, twos, threes and fours. Shillito at length got in Smyth's way and caught him after as fine a display of batting as has ever been exhibited on these grounds, aiding the score by 31, got in two fours, three threes, two twos, and the residue in singles. Turnbull next followed, and was bowled, the first ball, by Watson for 0. Gastrell then took the bat, and the appearance of the two "Flowers" of the 13th Eleven produced intense interest, expectation being worked up to the highest pitch; nor were the spectators doomed to disappointment, although many doubtless would have rather seen the wickets fall more quickly. A very scientific display of batting, completely beating the bowling was the result. Gastrell scored rapidly and Wilson kept good company, playing in fine style up to half-past one o'clock, when he lost his partner, Gastrell, who was at length disposed of by a trimmer from Rawlins, but not before he had troubled the scorers to register 43 runs fetched in good form, amongst which were a five, a four, five threes, four twos and the rest in singles. Bean who succeeded Sim, was soon extinguished for 3. Carnell shared the same fate for 5, and shortly afterwards Wilson, after a triumphant reign of two hours, struck the ball into Watson's hands retiring with a score of 56, made by very excellent play. The remainder of the 13th wickets fell for a few runs, but their score amounted to the formidable number of 202 runs. The Innings terminated at 2 o'clock, when the players retired for the usual half hour to partake of an excellent tiffin which was tastefully laid out in the 13th Mess Tent.

Upon Play being called, the game was resumed at a quarter to 3 o'clock. Willan Senior and Shillito were sent in for the 44th Eleven, Germon and Smyth bowling. Caution, on the part of the hitters, was the order of the day, and indeed caution was required with such bowling as they had to contend with. Shillito commenced with two singles. Willan a forward for two, when his stumps were flogged by Smyth. Keighly came third, scored one, and his wicket was ripped up by the same bowler. Gennys followed, received a blank over from Germon, and in the next over was caught by Smyth off his own bowling, troubling the scorers with a single three, obtained off Smyth's second ball. Moore was the next and Shillito made a leg hit for two, Moore one in the slip, and Shillito a

fine forward drive for four, when Germon settled his account. Watson now appeared, and Moore made a splendid hit for four (cheers) got one in the slip, and then had his wicket lowered by Germon making room for Hale, who had placed four on the score, when Germon gave him notice to quit. Graydon came next and began with a forward hit for two, and then gave a chance which was missed. Watson got one at slip and one at leg, but narrowly escaped being run out; Watson a leg hit for two, then one at slip, and two more for a tip, when he was caught by slip off Germon. Clarkson then brought in his bat, and Graydon sent the ball into the long field for two, when Germon served him with notice to be off, and Rawlins took his place. Clarkson obtained one in the slip, and one at cover point. Rawlins one by a draw, Clarkson one by a tip, and one in the slip, when Smyth drove him on to his wicket, which made room for Willan Junior, who was the last man. Rawlins made a cut in the slip for one, when Germon sent Willan to the right about, Rawlins carrying out his bat. The Innings terminated for 42, the 44th being compelled to go in upon the runs. The second Innings commenced at a quarter to 4 o'clock. Watson and Shillito taking the bat. Germon and Smyth bowling. Watson began with a single, and then made a beautiful cut for three, Shillito playing the bowling down, and contenting himself with just stopping Germon. Watson made another single, but in the next over Shillito could not keep Germon away from his wicket. Moore came next, and several balls were bowled, and no run obtained, when Smyth caught Moore at mid-wicket without scoring. Keighly joined Watson, and some batting took place. Keighly began with two singles, and followed them up with two threes, Watson marking one and two. The play went on steadily for some time, when Germon gave Watson a shooter, but not before he had scored 16. Gennys followed, and the first ball he sent Smyth away to the square leg for 6, amidst loud cheering; the second and third were well played down, but the fourth being an awkward one was placed in the hands of point who held it fast, Rawlins next appeared and commenced with a two to the leg, but was nearly run out. Keighly all this time was playing with great caution, and after marking a few more singles, was caught by Smyth from his own bowling. Hale then went in, and made a spirited attempt to revive the drooping hopes of the 44th, and for a time succeeded. Having made one off the slip, he followed it up with a sweet leg hit for two; he then made a fine hit on and scored three, for which he received much applause. At this period of the game the bowling was very good and the batting equal to it. Rawlins after scoring another by a good forward hit, was disposed off by Germon, which made room for Willan Senior, who began



with two singles. Hale then made two twos following and the play went on steadily. Hale now gave a chance which was not taken. Soon after he made a beautiful hit to the leg for 4, then another for 3, when he was run out, the ball being beautifully thrown in by Carnell. Hale left 20 on the score paper, with one four, two threes, three twos and the rest singles. Clarkson then took the bat and got one off the point the first ball, but the next delivered by Smyth, off went the bails. Graydon then went in, and began his usual bold foreright play forthwith, but the bowling was too good for him to do much with it. Willan got two to the leg, Graydon one off the point and then one forward and afterwards a fourer to the wall.

Willan drove Smyth forward for four, but in the next over Smyth succeeded in getting his bails off. Willan Junior was the last, and scored one, when Carnell waited on Graydon and caught him in masterly style, which closed the Innings for 95 runs, thus leaving the 13th Regiment the victors in one winnings and 65 runs to spare.

The following is the score :—

13TH REGIMENT N. I.										
1st Innings.										
Francis, hit w. b. Rawlins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Germon, b. Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Barwell, b. Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Smyth, c. Shillito, b. Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	31
Wilson, c. and b. Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	56
Turnbull, b. Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0
Gastrell, b. Rawlins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	43
Carnell, b. Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Bean, b. Rawlins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Salc, b. Rawlins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Waterman, not out	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Byes, Longstop, Keighly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Wide Balls, Hale 3, Watson 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5

202

The 13th Regiment winning in one Innings with 65 runs to spare.

44TH REGIMENT N. I.									
1st Innings.					2nd Innings.				
Willan, sen. b. Smyth	..	..	2	b. Smyth	..	..	..	..	12
Shillito, b. Germon	..	..	9	b. Germon	..	..	..	..	0
Keighly, b. Smyth	..	..	1	c. and b. Smyth	..	..	..	..	15
Gennys, c. & b. Smith	..	..	3	c. Turnbull, b. Smyth	..	..	..	..	6
Moore, b. Germon	..	..	6	c. Smyth, b. Germon	..	..	..	..	0
Watson, c. Wilson, b. Germon	..	..	7	b. Germon	..	..	..	..	15
Hale, b. Germon	..	..	4	Run out	..	..	..	..	20
Graydon, b. Germon	..	..	4	c. Carnell, b. Germon	..	..	..	..	9
Clarkson, hit w. b. Smyth	..	..	4	b. Smyth	..	..	..	..	1
Rawlins, not out	..	..	2	b. Germon	..	..	..	..	4
Willan, jun. b. Germon	..	..	0	Not out	..	..	..	..	1
Byes, Longstop, Francis	..	..	0	Longstop, Francis	..	..	..	..	11
Wide Balls	..	..	0	Smyth	..	..	..	..	1

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE STATION *versus* THE FUSILIERS.

Our Secretary not being able to muster eleven gentlemen sufficiently strong to compete with the Fusiliers, was obliged to indent upon the Artillery for four players, with whose assistance the Station proceeded to play the return match, which after having been twice put off, owing to the absence of the best part of the Cricketing community, was at length played on Wednesday, the 19th of January, on the Fusilier Ground, but not with so strong an Eleven as might have been brought together, had all the officers returned from the Lucknow Races. The Fusiliers having won the toss, put in their opponents, who sent to the wickets Sergeants Rose and Redman, Messrs. Battye and Hickey handling the ball. The Station were unable to make a stand against the fast and trimming round hand bowling of these two promising young players, with the honourable exception of Mr Barwell, who went in fourth, and after guarding his wicket for one hour, occasionally making some brilliant hits to all parts of the field, carried out his bat for a score of 44 runs, made by play—in his score we find two fours, three threes, eight twos and the rest single runs. The whole Innings terminated for 102 runs, of which (for shame Bengal Fusiliers!) 24 were Byes and 17 Wide Balls. The Fusiliers confident as to the result, began their Innings by sending in Mr Parsons faced by Sergeant Watson—Sergeants Redmond and Willsey being the bowlers—Mr Parsons was unfortunate being bowled by Redmond for four runs. After some splendid batting by Sergeants Beckley and Watson on the part of the men, and by Messrs. Palmer and Salusbury on that of the officers, the Innings finished at 3½ o'clock with the very pretty score of 182 runs. The sides now adjourned to a splendid tiffin given by the Fusiliers, which was tastefully laid out in their fine large Mess Tent. The Station on "play" being called again handled the timber, but bad luck was too much for them, and half-past four o'clock saw their last wicket fall for the small score of 49 runs—23 of which were made by Sergeant Cousins by very steady play. Byes and Wides again showed well, and the Fusiliers have won this, the return match handsomely beating the Station in one Innings by 31 runs. A Conquering Match is looked for with great interest, and we trust our worthy Secretary will be able to bring a stronger eleven into the field, if he intends that we should have a chance of beating these—our powerful opponents.

The score follows:—

## GENTLEMEN OF THE STATION.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Sergt. Rose, b. Battye..	.. 1	Run out ..	.. 0
„ Redmond, b. Hickey	.. 0	c. Parsons, b. Langan ..	.. 0
„ Willsey, b. do.	.. 3	Not out ..	.. 1

REMARKS ON SHOOTING PLACES BETWEEN SIMLA & LAHORE. 85

Sergt. Cousins, b. Hickey	.. 7	b. Langan ..	..	.. 23
Barwell, not out do.	.. 44	b. Battye ..	..	.. 2
Francis, b. Battye ..	.. 0	b. Beckley..	..	.. 2
Wilson, b. Hickey ..	.. 0	b. do. ..	..	.. 0
Rawlins, c. Battye, b. do.	.. 0	b. do. ..	..	.. 1
Clarkson, b. Hickey ..	.. 1	c. Salusbury, b. Hickey	..	.. 2
Watson, c. Battye, b. do.	.. 0	b. Battye ..	..	.. 0
Carey, lut Wicket, b. Battye	.. 5	b. Hickey ..	..	.. 2
Byes, Longstop, Kenyon	.. 24	Longstop, Kenyon ..	..	.. 11
Wide Balls, Battye 10, Hickey 7 17		Hickey 3, Battye 2, ..	..	.. 5
	102			49

FUSILIERS.

1st Innings.

Parsons, b. Redmond	..	..	..	.. 4
Battye, b. do.	..	..	..	.. 7
Wheler, b. Willsey	..	..	..	.. 5
Pulmer, b. do.	..	..	..	.. 27
Brown, b. do.	..	..	..	.. 0
Salusbury, b. Watson	..	..	..	.. 17
Hickly, not out	..	..	..	.. 0
Sergt. Watson, run out	..	..	..	.. 22
„ Langan, b. Carey	..	..	..	.. 2
„ Kenyon, c. Barwell, b. Redmond	..	..	..	.. 0
„ Beckley, b. Willsey ..	..	..	..	.. 84
Byes, Longstop, Rose	..	..	..	.. 13
Wide Balls, Cousins..	..	..	..	.. 1
				182

WILLOW.

REMARKS ON SHOOTING PLACES BETWEEN  
SIMLA AND LAHORE.

“ The sluggard deems it but a foolish chase,

“ And marvels men should quit their easy chairs.”

The above lines are, I am afraid, applicable to many men in India, who have pretensions to the name of Sportsmen; nothing but a certainty of meeting a good bag will ever make them quit their easy chairs—as searching for it, which is considered the most essential duty of a Sportsman, how few will undertake it—but this is foreign to my purpose, my intention being to furnish you with some remarks on the shooting places between Simla and Lahore via Loodiana and Jullunder, accompanied by a map from the latter station, being in continuation of mine in No. 10, of your *Review*.

## REMARKS ON SHOOTING PLACES BETWEEN SIMLA AND LAHORE.

*Syree.*—The ground lies east from the bungalow about 6 miles, where I had very good chikore shooting. Black partridges I found on the grass ridges bordering cultivation. A few pheasants may be picked up on the right of the road. After quitting the Bersaur that leads to Juttoock, the ground continues favorable for a long way.

*Hurrypoor.*—The hill that faces the Belaspoor and Roopur road, about half way where there is a pool of water after a steep ascent, is full of chikore.

The shooting at this place consists of chikore, pea-fowl, hares, black and grey partridges, and quail, with wild fowls on a jheel some distance off, but from its proximity to Subathoo, it is fearfully shot over by the Europeans. During the time that the rice is cutting, September and October, very good bags may be made; for instance—with reference to my note book—one afternoon's sport, 4 brace of blacks, 7½ of greys, 2 brace of chikores, 1 hare, 1 pea-fowl and 9 brace of quails, with a lamergayer, or bearded vulture, but more commonly called the hill eagle—that measured from tip to tip of wing 10 feet 4 inches, and 4 feet 5 inches from beak to end of tail; it was a noble bird, and I was informed such a fine specimen had not been seen for years.

*Kussowlee.*—I know no better place than along the banks of the Gumber, which flows under a lofty range north-east about 5 miles—here not only black partridges may be found along the river, but by resorting to the lofty peaks (the name of which I at present have forgotten) that beautiful pheasant, the chere, may be found.

*Kulha.*—This place is situated at the foot of the hills, and I believe chikores are very plentiful, but I had no time for trying it.

*Pinjore.*—I arrived here during the time that the rice fields were just ripening and had very good quail shooting—greys were plentiful along a bamboo nullah west of the town, but difficult to beat.

*Manamajarah.*—Capital quail and hare shooting, but I could discover nothing else, though I was informed of some deer ground by the village of Bussyre.

*Kurr.*—Beautiful quail country all along—there is a very large jheel by the village, but being a boisterous dusty day, I could not venture out.

*Moimda.*—Capital quail country all along, and also at the staging bungalow, from which 3 miles south is a small patch of dák jungle, at the corner of which I found a little piece of water swarming with wild fowl; half a mile beyond it was a large

jheel, and through the village were two other minor ones, all full of wild fowl.

*Koomana*.—The country the same for quail, and by the village of Kara, antelope were very plentiful.

*Ludna*.—Half way by the village of Hadoo, is apparently good cover for game—dák jungle intermixed with grass and cultivation, with water close by; jheels were numerous along the road, (in October,) one a very fine one, a mile past Hadoo, and about half a mile off the road on the right hand side.

*Gindowlee*.—Pea-chicks with quail very plentiful in the cultivation; also a few blacks.

*Loodiana*.—Described in a former number.

*Philoor*.—Described in a former number, with this addition, that at Sooltanpoor, a stage beyond Nukodur, on the old Badshahce road to Lahore, a tiger was shot this cold season. Pigs, I understand, are numerous, but there is no riding them; also there is a large sheet of water, west 10 miles by the village of Julwan or Boory, full of every kind of wild fowl.

*Phaqwará*.—Fine cultivated country all along with patches of jungle here and there, every way adapted for holding game, in fact I saw deer in some: from the village north-west, is a very extensive dák jungle, with pieces of grass here and there; in no part is the jungle very heavy; it is said to contain nyghaw and deer, but the only thing I could discover were a few blacks, greys, pea-fowl, hares, quails and the stone plover.

*Jullunder*.—No opportunity of exploring, but surely some of the sportsmen from the station can afford the necessary information.

*Byram-ke-kotlee*.—Nothing but a succession of sand-hills will be seen, but even here the sportsman would not be disheartened, for north-east, both antelope and coolens will be found.

*Kapoortulla*.—Fine cultivated country all along; west 2 miles is the Rajah's rumna or preserve, in which are hogs, deer, wild fowls, bittern and snipes. I would recommend every one to obtain the Rajah's permission, by which means elephants and coolies will be placed at his disposal: I did so, and had a very good day's sport with the hog and deer; the canal that is connected with the nullah, will afford also some snipe shooting and half a mile beyond the village of Alloowala is a very large jheel, much stocked with wild fowl.

*Mianee*.—A perfect plain the whole way, nothing to be seen or found, except by the village of Oubchee, where there is an inlet from the nullah, which is well stocked with wild fowl, but the place I was told dried up.

*Byrewal*.—Gaggles of geese and wild fowl are very plentiful on the river Blas; but its chief recommendation is the fish,

being remarkably fine flavoured and sweet. I would advise a hauf with the nets, which can be procured from the village—west 4 miles is a jungle holding nylghaw and deer.

*Jundialuh*.—Fine cultivated country all along, north 4 miles is a low dák jungle, but in no parts heavy, with every now and then large patches of grass; it contains nylghaw, deer, blacks, quails, and hares; the latter are very plentiful.

*Umritsur*.—Nothing remarkable on the road, or at Umritsur, though I was informed of some ground beyond Rambaugh for partridges and quail.

*Bhoperahce*.—Cultivation the same: north of the village is a small patch of dák jungle in which are hares, and where I shot a floriken.

*Kunchnee-kee-pool*.—Along the road right and left are some extensive patches of grass, favorable for harbouring quails and hares, perhaps a floriken or deer. From the village about a mile west, commences a very scattered jungle, which extends for miles, it is in no way favorable for game; however a few hares, grey partridges and the small sand grouse will be found, and you may at the furthest extremity, about 6 miles, fall in with nylghaw and deer.

*Lahore*.—At a future date.

PURDY.

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## GAME OF THE HIMALAYAS.

### THE TAHR OR TAHIR.

*Local* Thâr, Tabir. *Male* Julleer. *Female* Tarec.

This is perhaps the most numerous of Himalayan ruminating animals, and forms a principal object of chase to sportsmen who visit the interior. It inhabits regions of much lower elevation than the Burrell,\* being found throughout the whole of the middle or intermediate ranges, but only in great numbers on the hills immediately below the snow or the ridges running from them. Except in a very few instances, when leaving or returning to Mussoorie, I have seen but little of it in the lower hills, and the few remarks I make must be considered as appertaining to those further in the interior. Should any of my observations seem at variance with what the reader may himself have seen of

\* *Vide* No. XII., page 152.

their habits, he must consider it as owing to difference of situation and local circumstances.

The general haunts of the Tahir are the rocky faces and grassy slopes of hills, which are almost free from forest, or with but occasional patches; though many inhabit the forest itself, where the ground is steep and rugged, interspersed with ledges of rock and abrupt projections. Where the hills attain an elevation of more than 8,000 feet, on the southern and eastern slopes, the forest consists principally of oak; the ground is dry and often rocky, the trees in many parts thinly scattered, and the under herbage much of the grassy character of the hills, which are entirely free from forest. On the opposite slopes the forest is of a much denser description; towering above the oaks are immense black pine trees (*morinda* and *rai*) and large patches entirely of chesnut, with box, yew, and many other smaller trees intermingled; the ground is damp and the under herbage long rank weeds, which grow much higher than a man's body. It is only the former description of forest land that Tahir regularly inhabit; they are seldom seen in that of the latter. In the lower ranges, though the northern and western slopes are invariably most thickly wooded, there is not such a decided difference in the character of the forest itself, which is on all sides much alike, and similar to that on the southern and eastern slopes further in the interior; but on the higher hills, or the spurs jutting from the snowy ranges, the difference in the character of forest is very striking, and shows itself on every slope. The male Tahir are far more partial to forest than the females, the latter preferring the rocks and grassy slopes of the bare hills at all seasons. In summer the sexes keep entirely separated, the males either going higher up the hill or resorting to some part which the females seldom visit. Even where they unavoidably keep on the same side, and come in frequent contact, it is always in separate flocks, and the sexes are never in a solitary instance intermingled. At this season the males are not often seen unless particularly sought after, as they wander but little about during the day, only making their appearance at dusk, and concealing themselves soon after daybreak in the forest, or in holes and corners of the rocks; seldom moving again till evening, unless disturbed by a person coming near the spot. In September they begin to join the females. At first but a single male perhaps is seen with a large herd; in a few days several others join, and by the middle of October the union is general and complete. A few keep with the females throughout the winter and until spring is well advanced, but the greater number separate again about the end of November, and are only occasionally seen amongst the females, then, proba-

bly, more by accident than design. For the first week or two after joining they do not associate much with the females during the day, but before or soon after daybreak separate; and after grazing an hour or two, retire to some spot for shelter and concealment. It is now, while the sexes are united, that Tahir are seen in the greatest numbers; and in places where abundant, several flocks of both sexes may sometimes be seen on the same hill side; a few males in company with the females, and others singly or in separate flocks a little distance apart. For some time after first joining, their whole attention seems to be taken up with the females, and this extends almost to the exclusion of food, so that though while separate they get exorbitantly fat, yet in a week or ten days they become quite lean and poor. A person unacquainted with their habits, in killing an old ram before its union with the females, and another a short time afterwards, would be quite astonished at the difference in condition. The short time they keep in company with the females seems amply compensated for by the undivided attention they pay to them in this short interval. At sunset when they come out of their hiding places an old male may often be seen perched immoveably for half an hour at a time on the top of some rock, gazing intently at a lot of females which may be feeding below, or looking out in different directions, as if awaiting their appearance. At all times an old male Tahir has a peculiar rank smell, quite different from any other animal, and at this season it is so strong, that even the place where one has been laying down or standing for any length of time retains the smell for many hours after the animal has left the spot, and on approaching near the olfactory nerves are at once arrested by it. To a casual observer the females appear far more numerous than the males; this is also the case with some other animals of the sheep or goat kind, but in none with which I am acquainted do the sexes appear in such disproportion as with the Tahir. This however is only in appearance and easily accounted for; there is no reason to believe that the sexes are at all disproportionate in their respective numbers. The females are seen in nearly the same situations all the year round, while the males for a great part of it retire to distant places which are seldom visited; and when the two sexes are associated, the latter, or at least by far the greater portion of them, lie concealed during the day, and thus but few of their numbers are seen; while the females often lie down quite exposed to observation or keep moving, and thus appear comparatively far more numerous.

In summer the males are generally found in small companies of from two or three to ten or fifteen, sometimes singly; and occasionally all the males of a large extent of country resort to



near one spot, forming large flocks of from forty to a hundred but moving little during the day, and the hills throughout nearly the whole region they inhabit being then covered with a rank vegetation of long grass and weeds, in many places quite sufficient to conceal them from observation even when out feeding; it is but rarely these large flocks are seen, even by those who hunt after them. In winter those which have separated from the females are generally found in small flocks, and seem more partial to rough and craggy ground in the forest than the bare hills which the females prefer, and where in almost every instance their union takes place. The grass and herbage being now dry and withered, their food more scanty, and the weather cold, they are not so solicitous of concealing themselves during the day, but continue grazing the greater part of it, particularly when in the forest being then partially sheltered from the sun by the trees. Contrary to the males the females collect in the largest flocks in winter, and generally resort to some bare hill side open to the sun, in preference to more sheltered places. After the first severe snow storms both sexes keep on the slopes passing southerly, when after the severest of falls the snow soon melts in the more exposed parts; while on the opposite side, from 8,000 feet and upwards, the ground remains deeply covered throughout the winter, and often till the middle of spring.

Compared to the Burrell, the Tahir is not a particularly shy or wary animal. The former often take alarm at the least appearance of man, even while at such a distance as to be scarcely visible. Tahir seldom do so till approached more closely; but when once fairly disturb'd, they are generally much quicker in getting away. When alarmed at a distance they move away slowly at first, but if they perceive they are followed soon go off at a quicker pace. When surprised suddenly and closely they sometimes utter a single sharp whistle, and bound off at once, as fast as the nature of the ground will permit, and the numerous swells and hollows generally shut them from sight in a few seconds. As it is only uttered by the individual which may first perceive the intruder, the whistle may probably be to alarm the rest of the flock, as is said to be done by other gregarious animals and birds; but I fancy it is more an instinctive call of surprise and consternation than as a warning; for in this as I believe in all others, if one is surprised singly it will often utter the same call as when supposed to be alarming its fellows. The females, whatever be the number, keep in pretty compact flocks, so that it is not unusual for two to be killed with the same ball. The flocks of males are generally more widely scattered about and many at such a distance from their fellows, that one would imagine they were solitary individuals: but as the sun begins

to get warm on the hill, all may be seen wending their way to near the same spot for shelter; except perhaps one or two, which may have found some snug nook or corner for their noon-day repose on the spot where they have been feeding. When mixed flocks are met with, one male alone is sometimes seen with a large herd, sometimes several, and at times, though very rarely, one or two females only are found with a large flock of males.

Though a strong and powerful animal, of a species which in a domesticated state, are rather pugnaciously inclined in their own little way, and for some time in the rutting season giving nearly all their attention to the females, Tahir are not quarrelsome; and I have never observed them to fight or butt at each other. An old male will occasionally try to stop or separate a female from her fellows, and sometimes in so rude a manner as to knock her over, and if it happens to be on very precipitous ground, she sometimes loses her footing and unable to recover herself, is dashed headlong down the rocks. Partial to rugged and craggy places they are, as may naturally be conceived, pretty sure-footed, yet they are oftener than perhaps any other animal killed by accidental falls; and many which are shot by sportsmen or the villagers, are found to have had limbs injured or broken, doubtless falls from which they have recovered themselves.

Seen from a distance, an old male Tahir has more the appearance of a great wild hog than an animal of the sheep or goat kind, but on a nearer approach is perhaps one of the noblest looking beasts of the hills. He is much larger than a male burrell, and when in condition before joining the females must weigh nearly 300lbs. The fore parts are of a light ash, deepening to a dark brown on the hind quarters, legs, and belly. The head is dark ash, but at a distance appears nearly black. The hair on the neck and shoulders and the fore parts is long and shaggy, gradually growing shorter on the hind quarters. The legs are rather short and very stout. The young male is more of a brownish colour throughout, and the hair not so long and shaggy. There is perhaps no animal whatever, of which the female is so inferior in size and appearance to the male as the Tahir. Individually the female would be called a fine looking animal, but she sinks into complete insignificance when compared with her mate. They are somewhat less than the females of the burrell; of a uniform drab or reddish brown above, and dirty white below, some are of a much lighter colour than others. The horns in both sexes are short, and curve slightly backwards. The flesh of the female is tolerable, but by no means equal to the burrell; that of the male is scarcely

entable at any time, though much esteemed by the hill men, who ascribe to it many medicinal qualities. A male Tahir killed in August or September, before joining the females, is considered by them as the finest *shikar* in the hills.

The female brings forth her young in March or April, and has often two at a time. Though there is perhaps no animal of which the males seem to pay more attention to the females in the rutting season than the Tahir, yet only a small proportion bring forth young in one year. I should say from repeated observation not more than ten in a hundred; and the larger the flocks, the greater is the disproportion. This seems to be the case with all ruminating animals which congregate in flocks or herds, while of those which are solitary in their habits, as the musk deer for instance, almost every female brings forth young yearly. Many of the young Tahir fall a prey to the eagles and larger kinds of falcons, and I have several times seen the ring-tailed species of the former birds carry off a young Tahir from the side of its mother. The young may be easily caught by marking down in the morning of a fine clear day an old one with her kid, when she retires for shelter from the heat; and when the sun has got pretty warm, stealing to the spot and disturbing them. The dam will get off as fast as she can, but the kid will try to conceal itself in a hole or corner. If the weather be cloudy and cool, it will often go off with the old one. They are easily reared and soon become quite tame and sociable.

On the higher hills where it is numerous, the Tahir forms the principal object of chase to the sporting portion of the puharu community, whether pursued by a solitary shikaree with his matchlock, hunted down by dogs, or driven by the villagers *en masse*. The character of the ground where they resort, broken up into numerous small ravines, swells and hollows, when he can approach almost close to them unperceived, and shelter himself behind some rock or ridge till he has lighted his match, and prepared his weapon for use—which affair often takes some minutes to accomplish—is better suited to the village shikaree, than the forest, where animals are come upon suddenly and closely, and often get away before he has a chance of firing at them. Their numbers, and the almost certainty of killing some of the number, point them out as the most likely and profitable chase, when the villagers turn out for a hunt on a more extended scale. Two or three men, with one or two good dogs, will hunt down a Tahir at any time, and generally succeed in killing it; but the great hunts only take place in winter when the ground is covered with snow, and the animals are confined more to one side of the hill; and it is almost incredible to believe what havoc is sometimes made, when the villagers have assembled in numbers, and the hunt is conducted

ed properly. The inhabitants of Jallah and Sookee, villages some marches below Gangootree, at one time killed upwards of a hundred Tahir in a single day's hunt. Whether the mountainers have degenerated in their sporting character, or are more occupied with other matters than formerly I know not, but most sportsmen will be glad to learn, that these wholesale murders are now getting far more rare than formerly; and when they do occur, becoming yearly more limited in their murderous extent. An old hunter of byegone days at Sookee, whom I was talking to some days ago on this subject, gave me the following reason. Formerly, said he, a matchlock was a rare and almost unknown article in his neighbourhood: the few who went out of their own accord used the bow and arrow, and only occasionally succeeded in bringing down an animal; and that to get now and then a hearty meal of flesh, without having to kill domesticated sheep or goats, these hunts were yearly arranged and determined on in punchayet, and all obliged to join in them. That now, scarce a family in any village were without a matchlock, and many had one for every member; and consequently, every one hunted for himself when it best suited him. These hunts are conducted in the following manner:—a certain spot is fixed on, generally near the bottom of the hill intended to be driven, either on a piece of level ground, or near a ledge of steep rocks, or in a ravine where the snow has drifted and is deep, as may be most convenient. A few men remain near this spot; others ascend the hill on each side, widening the distance between them as they proceed, and station themselves at intervals of about a gun shot apart; so that the uppermost men are some miles distant from each other. Two sides of a triangle are thus formed, the angle of which is the point to which the Tahir are to be driven. If they are scattered about in different parts of the hill or are, when first found, near the bottom, they are allowed to go as high up the hill as they like, a few men slowly following, till they are collected into one large flock. The rest of the men with as many dogs as can be collected, ascend the hill in an opposite direction, and distribute themselves so as to force the Tahir into the space between the two lines of sentries. They are now driven down the hill as quickly as possible; if they attempt to pass on either side, the man whose part they appear to be approaching, shows himself, and turns them by shouting; and each as they pass the level of his post, joins the party who are driving them down; and thus with dogs and men following quickly at their heels, they are soon forced to the bottom of the hill. If they take refuge on the ledge of rocks they are surrounded and knocked over with stones, or shot down with matchlocks or arrows if they cannot be approached, which is sometimes the case, as the

ledge of rocks may be too dangerous for the men to venture on themselves. If the spot has been fixed on a level covered with snow, in which, if deep, they get almost completely fixed they are killed with hatchets or other weapons, and an old male is often taken alive and dragged in triumph to the village, to be slain in honor of the deity.

In some places they are caught in snares in a rather singular manner. Where there is a ledge of steep rocks with a flat at the top, which they are known to frequent, the villagers make a slight fence along the top of the rocks, leaving openings in it in every place where the traces show the animals come up, and in each opening set a snare, the same as used to catch pheasants and musk deer. When the Tahir come up from the rocks in the evening or during the night to feed on the flat above, some are sure to get caught in the snares, which though not strong enough to hold so large an animal, ensure its destruction in another manner. Tugging violently to get loose, when the snare breaks, the animal is thrown over and dashed down the rocks by the impetus thus given to its body and picked up dead below.

There is perhaps no better sport in the hills than Tahir shooting, and those who have not had much experience in stalking animals in the hills, will probably give it the preference to burrell shooting, as in the latter, where after walking perhaps nearly the whole day, a lot are at last found, it is an even chance whether the stalk is successful or not; and these gone, there is but little hope of finding others for that day; while in Tahir shooting, the animals, on a hill of the same extent, being far more numerous, and in many different parties, when a blunder is made in stalking, or a miss in firing, there is some hope of meeting others for a second trial. When found on grassy hills of great extent without much forest, both are much similar, and the few remarks made on stalking burrell will apply in a great measure to tahir, and most hill animals when found on open or rocky ground. There is however one great difference. Burrell may be sought for at all hours of the day with every probability of success, as if they are laid down after grazing, it is generally on the grass or rocks, quite exposed and they are thus distinguishable from a great distance; and in fact the great extent of the burrell grounds, and the distance the sportsman has often to go before he sees any thing, renders it almost absolutely necessary that he should be looking for them all day long, unless they have been previously marked down by scouts. Tahir on the contrary, for by far the greater portion of the year, can only be sought for with any fair chance of success in the morning and evening; as lying concealed the greater part of the day, though many may be on the hill, the chances are much against their being

seen, unless he is on the ground soon after daylight, or can remain on till evening when they begin to move. In the heat of the day should he even be so fortunate as to come by accident near the spot where they are reposing, not being aware of their vicinity, he will probably be unprepared, and while they are scampering off unable to get a shot before some swell or ridge shuts them from sight. In cloudy and lowering weather, they may at times be seen out at all hours of the day; yet on all occasions, it will be much in the sportsman's favour, if he is on the ground at daybreak. It is but to walk at once to some spot where you can have an extensive view around, and after looking round well, if none are to be seen making your way as quickly as possible to some other spot, where a fresh extent of ground will present itself; as but a short time elapses before the sun gets powerful, and the tahir retire to shelter. If you do not see any in a couple of hours or so, it is better to wait patiently till evening than to wander at random over the hill; as though you may doubtless find them, you will probably come upon them quite unexpectedly, and not see one, till they are running off at such a pace, as to prevent all chance of a cool and deliberate aim. If moving the males cannot fail at once arresting the attention of the most inexperienced person, as their bulk and the almost black hue of their hinder parts, sets them out against every description of ground. The females are more difficult to distinguish if at any distance, but by no means so much so as burrel. If it is late when they are first seen, and they are already making their way to shelter for the day, if they cannot be intercepted, they should be watched, and if possible, the exact spot marked down, by fixing on some small object a few feet above; so that, when the ridge or rock is reached where it is intended to shoot from, the spot where the animals are, may be known by looking for the object marked down above them. Tahir when at rest, whether singly or in flocks, are more difficult to stalk than when grazing, and, if care is not taken, will often jump up and bound off, the moment the hat or head of the sportsman is seen above the ridge.

When on ground altogether covered with forest, there is little opportunity of exercising any skill in stalking, as they can seldom be seen in it from any distance; but are come upon suddenly and closely, and are often within shot when first seen. Should they be at any distance, it is easy to approach them under shelter of the trees and bushes, without much fear of their taking alarm till within range; as the noise and rustling the different individuals make, amongst the fallen leaves, or dried and withered herbage, in a manner distracts their attention, and prevents their noticing any little noise that may be made near them.

When disturbed; and they have gone fairly away, it is difficult to say whether it is wise to follow them or not, to try for another chance. A great deal depends on whether the hill is frequently or rarely shot over, as in the former case, they generally go off to a great distance; while otherwise they will often stop within half an hour's walk. If on an open hill side and they go down into the forest, they not unusually stay at the first ledge of rock or craggy ground they meet with, and may be followed with every hope of getting other shots; but if they avoid the forest and keep on the open, they generally go to some distance and keep a watchful eye on their disturbers. If they do stop and settle near, the greatest care is necessary in trying to get within shot, as being then aware of danger, they are extremely watchful and quick in discovering your approach. If they are within view of the spot where you stood when they first saw you, it is advisable to let what men you can spare remain standing at this spot, within their sight while you are yourself stealing towards them; as their attention will then be fixed more to that particular spot, and withdrawn from other quarters. There is perhaps no nicer point in stalking than this; of approaching a wary animal, while aware of your vicinity, and on the look out for your approach.

Tahir are tough and wiry animals, and though hit mortally seldom drop at once; and after a fair shot you should, if possible, keep a watchful eye on the particular animal, till you can determine whether it is hit or not. An experienced eye can almost as it were see the ball strike, and determine this at the moment, but it is a difficult matter to those who have not paid so much attention to this particular in rifle shooting. There is little doubt but that a great number of the Tahir shot at and hit mortally by sportsmen in their excursions in the interior, are lost and left to die a lingering death, as several barrels are generally fired in quick succession; and if those fired at do not drop at once, it is but imperfectly ascertained whether any are hit or not. Many sportsmen say, and I recollect in some essay on deer stalking a passage to the same effect, "that you should listen for the thud the ball makes in striking." If, supposing it missed the animal, the ball would strike against a rock or other hard substance, or pass on through thin air, it may be possible to distinguish the difference of sound; but it must be a nice ear indeed to determine this on all occasions, leaving out the question, whether it is possible to hear, at all times, to the distance of a fair rifle shot, the little sound produced by a ball striking the body of an animal or the soft earth. If I may venture myself to pass an opinion on this subject, I should say, it is altogether wrong, and though it may sound well in theory, is useless in practice. A

much better and surer proof is the eye, and when once the requisite degree of judgment is attained, it is seldom an animal will be fired at, at whatever distance, but you may tell at the moment whether it is hit or not. When a ball strikes an animal standing or motionless, there is a shrink, start, or drawing in of the body, so very perceivable, that being naturally most in the part struck, it is often easy to tell to a nicety where the animal is hit. If running or moving, there is the same shrink, or a sudden swerve, though, from the motion of the animal, not so perceptible, yet still sufficient to decide whether hit or not.

If a ridge or other intervening object shuts them altogether from sight soon after they start away, and they do not come again in view, if you cannot determine immediately after firing whether you have hit or not, you can only endeavour to ascertain this point, by going to the spot where the animal was standing, and looking for blood or a few hairs knocked off, if hit, or for the mark the ball would make, if it missed, and struck the ground or any thing near. But in this case, if hit, it is difficult to find the animal again, unless blood flows freely so as to show the track, particularly when amongst a flock; as it is impossible to tell whether it has gone away with the rest, or in some other direction. On rocky ground or bare grassy hills, animals leave but a very faint impression of their foot-prints; and neither we, nor our mountain attendants, are gifted with that nice discriminating power of tracking animals, which the red Indians of America are said to possess. When certain of one being hit, and the track cannot be found, the only thing that can be done, is to hunt the ground well for some distance around. A wounded Tahir generally goes downward, and conceals itself in a shady nook or corner if the ground is open, or under a tree or amongst bushes, if forest be near. If the nature of the ground permits a view of them for any distance in their flight after being fired at, it will soon be evident whether one is hit or not, as if so, it will lay behind, or separate entirely from the rest, and either conceal itself or take some other direction. Here again, if marked down, care is requisite in approaching to make a finish; as a wounded Tahir is very watchful, and is capable of much exertion; if he gets the least glimpse of a person, approaching, will jump up and make a second run, and perhaps give a good deal of trouble, if not lost altogether.

Those to whom the excitement of stalking is but a secondary consideration, and whose object is merely to have the pleasure of firing at the animals, will prefer driving; and as this system has many admirers, a few remarks on it may be expected in these cursory notes. To give any useful hints on the subject, however, is not in my power, as preferring stalking, I have had but little



experience in the latter system. To drive a hill in the manner the villagers do in their great hunts, to a casual visitor, is a matter of great difficulty, and will seldom be attended with the same success; as those who are principally concerned, are probably totally ignorant of the locality, and without some leading individuals who know the ground, and thoroughly understand the work, though many men may be collected, they will not work in concert and the chances are it will prove a failure. A plan attended with much less trouble is to drive a piece of ground with a line of beaters in the common method. This is best done in the forest, but in the hills, to ensure sureness even in this, requires some degree of judgment in stationing the guns in the most likely places and deciding in what direction to drive. Some places are best driven upwards, some downwards, and others across; and so various is the character of the ground, that no explicit directions can be given on this head. On rocks, or where there is no forest, there is not the same difficulty, as the animals, or the spot where they may be, are generally marked down, and thus it is easier to determine in what direction they will probably take. The sportsman wherever stationed should keep concealed till they come well within range, or they will on seeing him often make a rush in some other direction. Tahir are far more numerous in the hills than is generally imagined, but sportsmen who visit the interior, being ignorant of their localities, depend for information on the villagers, who, far from imparting what knowledge they possess about the game in their own neighbourhood, do their utmost to impress on the minds of their visitors, that there is nothing worth the trouble of looking for, or insist that though there may be, they know nothing of the whereabouts; or mention some other village where, they will say, game is far more plentiful. Their only thought is to get the *Sahib logue*, and their host of attendants and coolies away from their vicinity as speedily as possible, and as the ground where game is in plenty, is probably at some distance, where it would be necessary to take the camp and remain for some days, they know that if they give the desired information, they are only prolonging the stay of what is to them often a great annoyance. Though this may sound strange, it is easily accounted for. In the higher hills where game is plentiful, grain is unfortunately scarce, little more being cultivated than serves for the consumption of the inhabitants. In many parts there is no market price of any article, that being regulated by scarcity or plenty, or the sterility or productiveness of the neighbourhood; and the rate is often fixed by the chuprassies or tindals at far below the actual value on the spot; and should the camp be taken a march away to some distant hill, they have besides to carry the provisions to the

spot, and are thus kept, perhaps at a time when most occupied with their own concerns, two or three days from their homes, merely to sell at a reduced rate what they ill and reluctantly spare. I will not say they deserve any better treatment for they are truly a lazy, insolent, lying set of beings. I merely state causes and effect. Again; chuprassesees, tindals, khansamahs, in fact every native in camp, in their dealings with the villagers, try to cheat them as much as possible, and even of what is *ordered* to be given them, a great portion is kept back if not seen paid; while they are often deterred from complaining or forcibly driven from the camp. This does not apply with such force to the lower hills, where grain is more plentiful and the inhabitants more numerous, but in the higher regions, unless you have made a former visit, and secured their good opinion, nothing better is expected, and act as justly and as generously to them as you can, you suffer for the faults or carelessness of others; there is a spell about you, over which you have no controul, which causes them to do their utmost to prevent your wishing to remain with them, even for a day. You may possibly, by *silver* promises, prevail on some individual to be more communicative than the rest; but you must profess some extraordinary powers of persuasion to induce them as a body to enter heart and hand into your views. I could give many instances in proof of this, but one simple fact attests it beyond a doubt. How many years have now rolled ever since our sportsmen first began to visit the interior. The route up the Ganges to the temple at Gangootree, is the most common one and most frequently pursued. There is perhaps no part of the hills whatever, better stocked with game of all kinds than where bordering on this route in the higher part. Every succeeding year has brought its numbers of sportsmen, eager and willing to surmount all the toil and fatigue attendant on shooting over such a wild and rugged country, if sport could but be found. Yet how few of this number have met with even a tithe of what is undoubtedly to be had; or received any useful information from the villagers to assist them in their search; and the haunts of every animal or bird, really worth shooting, where they are to be found in any numbers, have remained all the time unknown and unvisited by nearly all, who have hitherto seen but a few straggling individuals of each separate species, on the hills near the road or in the immediate vicinity of the villages.

A MOUNTAINEER.

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## A WET DAY IN THE MOFUSSIL.

A wet day in the Mofussil ! Not an ordinary, misty, showery, half-and-half day in the rains, but a regular straight down pouring day of rain, as if all the garden engines from Baker's patent mangle shop in Oxford-street were hard at work up aloft pumping with all their might and *main*—and doing their best to put out our pipes below.

A regular wet day !—In the distance runs the long dark line of jungles on the Tipperah side of the Megna, scarcely discernable, however, through the thick veil of mist intervening ; between flows the wide waters of the large river upon which an occasional salt sloop goes lolling down the tide, bowing to the heavy swell with only jib and spanker set to keep them steady ; while immediately under the house walls no end of paddy thrives in green luxuriance and swampy mud from which the boglahs slowly rise as if the general moisture had made more lazy their heavy wings. A nigger passes with a well soaked chattah, looking cold and chilly (the nigger not the chattah) and bearing in his shrinking walk a world of fever and ague ; the servants are mildewed, the table-cloth smells of the clothes' basket and Dacca soap ; the tables are sticky, and the very chairs we sit upon seem in a perpetual cold perspiration. What is to be done ?

Gentle reader (for all readers are gentle when they are not *bonâ fide* critics,) while you are lolling in your close palanquin-carriage, whirl'd along by your pair of walers towards your cutchery or the exchange, or the more soothing delights of sherry cobbler or flash at Spence's—just fancy yourself pitched into the heart of a bleak looking chur, a prey to myriads of musquitoes "whose music mars your rest"—your cheroots damp and soft, your Bass and Allsop strawed, your boots and shoes obstinately objecting to go on your feet, your note paper converted into blotting paper, and your gum and medallion wafers as limp as if cut out of seaweed—under such circumstances writing is anything but an amusement. Take a look in your dressing glass which looks as if it were getting mouldy—you will find your usually glossy curls changed to long lank locks of nine hairs each, compromising a curl by taking twists in different directions and every end most perseveringly poking itself into your eye or your ear. Look out of doors you will see the rain pelting down like mad, the uncomfortable looking crows dripping and black as the prospect, and the twitting minahs skimming before the driving wind, wet to the skin ; everything round you sticky and clammy, musty and moist as a public house cellar in Tooley-street.

Well it is wet, and here are we three respectable gentlemen, *Beppo*, *Asmodeus*, and *Outsider*, endeavouring to make the best of what cannot, to all appearance, be worse. *Asmodeus* is striding up and down the room, smoking a planchado No. 3, and between the whiffs indulging in a deprecatory remark upon the state of the atmosphere, and the mouldy books in the mouldier book cases—at intervals he takes a methodical look at his own likeness framed and glazed and hanging upon the wall, as if it were something new. *Beppo* is also exercising his understandings on the opposite side of the room, and occasionally invoking the presence of “Squab,” an undersized and very ordinary kind of *valet de chambre*. *Outsider* is wasting paper and black lead in some futile attempts to draw pretty bonnets, and in the midst of it all an occasional snatch from some air, as wild as the winds without, breaks upon the listening ear with a discordant twang suited to the general aspect of affairs around us.

*Outsider loquitur*. Well, this is just your own weather *Asmodeus*. I never knew you to put yourself on board a boat without a heavy shower being in immediate attendance. St. Swithin was a joker to you, his rain only lasted 40 days, but your's never ceases, what a monarch you would have made!

*Asmodeus*.—You may say that, when I was up the Luckyer and Bonar last week, we got wet through on the average about three times a day.

*Outsider*.—And got nothing else, I suppose, barring a cold perhaps.

*Asmodeus*.—Yes I did; I got what I guess you will travel along that road of your's with your friend coachee for many a year before you find opportunity to chronicle: to wit, a wild elephant in his native forests—we did not get a shot at him, but it is something now-a-days in the spread of cultivation and condemned muskets, to be able to say that you have seen one. He was evidently acting as sentry to the herd, for on seeing us, he retreated over a thick theela; following him through which, we came to a swamp where they had just been disporting and whence our approach had scared them; but as when once they were disturbed, they would go three yards to our one, and as just at this moment a cloud burst like a water-spout upon our heads, we followed them no farther.

*Outsider*.—And that is the amount of your finding, is it?

*Asmodeus*.—No, not altogether, for we exchanged compliments with a tiger and several very large herds of buffaloes, without, however, any incident worth narrating. It was too late in the season, the cover very heavy and difficult, our elephants not particularly staunch, and the weather very much against us; if, however, we three can only manage to get up to that same country in

March next year, I rather think the return of killed and wounded will be something worthy of publication, for small game of every kind is exceedingly plenty, and the natives told me tales of bears, sāmūr and burha singha abounding there at that season, enough to make the heart leap up into a sportsman's mouth.

*Outsider.*—Aye, aye,—and where might this wonderful preserve be found?

*Asmodeus.*—That my friend as you used to say at Matheson's, some—how many years ago shall I say? (*Outsider* shakes his head with a deprecatory gesture.) Oh! well then “*that is tellings,*” for though I hold your discretion in the most profound regard and the highest estimation, I have generally known a secret kept best when the precaution of communicating it confidentially to three people has been dispensed with, and if this same conversation were by any chance to obtain pernicious publicity, our prospects of sport next cold weather would not be enhanced by half a dozen men from Mymensing and as many from Dacca, finding occasion to visit their *thannahs* or take a trip on the river there or thereabouts, so I will take the liberty of keeping my own counsel yet awhile, and give the country a chance of remaining undisturbed.

*Beppo.*—Holloa, there! What's all that about? What are you two laying down the law about?

*Asmodeus.*—Glad to find you have recovered *your* voice at last. *Outsider* was suggesting a little while ago that the cause of your silence was not opening your mouth for fear of catching cold or flies.

*Beppo.*—Well, then, master Charly—you'd better take the hint and keep *your's* shut, or these very sharp and sour remarks may spoil the enamel of your teeth.

*Outsider.*—Bravo! old fellow—only let your tongues keep a *waggin'* and neither of you need exert yourselves in *carrying* on the conversation, and no fear of your getting a *little hoarse* by so doing.

*Beppo.*—Come don't be unpleasant Mr *Outsider*, keep your own side of the road or the chances are in favour of my running *foul* of you and then you'll find me *no chicken*.

*Asmodeus.*—You always were *cock of the walk*, so that's a *crow*.

*Beppo.*—Come *Outsider* tell us all about that hunting business of your's. I never heard you tell it, and I think half the point of the story is lost when told second and third hand.

*Outsider.*—Well, if it will serve to pass away an idle hour, I have not the slightest objection, but first let us have a glass of *mug* each—for the damp weather seems only to affect things on the outside, my throat is as dry as a—a—what the deuce shall I

say when every thing is wet? As dry as Beppo's worthy Mister Peebles in the pulpit.

Well, then you must know, I say *must* because I expect you to listen attentively and not sit puffing your cheeroots in such sleepy magnificence—well you must know when I was at Bungeypore about five years ago—it was a much more agreeable station than it is now—people were more charitable then, and looked upon the committal of an error on the part of their neighbours, as a thing which might befall themselves; they were more sociable withal, and ready and willing one and all to assist in promoting the good of the station by starting all kinds of plans for amusement, such as cricket and pigeon-matches, shikar-parties, &c., &c., all of which were duly appreciated by the less influential of the residents. At last a sudden desire affected the majority of the inhabitants to get up a pack of hounds, and a paper was sent round and a goodly prospectus drawn up, and a goodly sum collected for the purpose of defraying the first purchase; a Secretary was elected and a very good Secretary he made. Dogs were purchased and sent up from Calcutta. Dorials' houses and dog-kennels were built, hunting saddles and whips were sent up dawkbanghy, fences were erected in compounds for training obstinate roadsters, meetings were convened and tiffins got up, and everybody seemed to be counting the months and days up to the first cold morning, when the time would arrive to enable him to polish his horse's plates, and spatter his bran new tops.

Well, after going through some months of 'suspense and such delectable weather as we are now getting, at last a circular appeared, setting forth that the Bungeypore Hounds would meet at Baboo Somebody's Garden at daybreak, and sure enough at daybreak they met, and shortly after sunrise I found myself amidst the music of the dogs—the view-holloa of the huntsman and the “too-tooting” of his horn, one of a tolerable field mounted upon all sorts of cat's-meat, and each and every one looking eager to commence the run. At last a very deep-toned dog gave tongue, and the “Yoicks tallyho” of a dozen or more bipeds, told that the hunt had “gone away” in full cry—and I found myself going the pace over paddy khets and swamps and into dry nullahs and out of them, without the slightest care or notion as to the direction in which I was hurrying along. It was a very misty morning, to see was impossible and but for an occasional smothered sound, as if the horn of the huntsman had got the fog in its throat, I might as well have been doing the “Courier of St. Petersburg” for all I saw of the dogs or the jackal—however there was fun in all this, and exercise; and when the jackal was caught, which happened occasionally, people took out their

pocket handkerchiefs and wiped their faces, and talked of "a splendid run," and went home to their wives and their breakfasts apparently as well satisfied with their morning's sport, as if they had been doing their two hours run at tip-top speed across the Leicestershire country. With little variation this style of thing continued for four months, a purl now and then, or a ducking in a tank occasionally furnished matter for conversation—how so and so got his boots full of mud and water, and how "young Shiggles" came in to the field as if he'd just come out of a hand-box and left it as if he'd taken a dip in a scavenger's cart—however all pleasure must have an end, and the return of warm mornings put a stop to the chances of any more hunting that season; so it was determined to call a meeting for the purpose of returning thanks to the huntsman and making arrangements about keeping the dogs through the hot weather and the rains; it was decided that at the end of the rains a fresh supply of dogs should be procured from Calcutta, and that with young dogs and care, a very decent pack might be expected by the next cold weather: but alas for human hopes—the rains had scarcely set in when half the dogs fell sick, miserable looking objects they were: the best works upon the diseases of dogs were studied in vain; they dropped off by twos and threes, and by the end of September, the once flourishing Bungypore pack consisted of 2½ couple or 5 dogs, wretched specimens of canine living skeletons, with gummy eyes and about as lively an expression of countenance as mesmerized turtles. What was to be done? the huntsman looked gravely at the poor dogs as they were feeding at their troughs, but a shake of the head spoke more than words could have spoken, of the utter hopelessness of the case. The arrival of a new regiment would as a matter of course increase the funds—those who had experienced the delights of the chase were loud in praise of it, and practically proposed purchasing new drafts from England; many meetings took place, until at last it was proposed and carried unanimously, that a bobbery pack should be got up, and dogs of every denomination from the half-bred bull to the village pariah, should be admitted and entered as one of the Bungypore Pack. Such a pack! the very sight of a jackal would have caused some of them to leave that part of the country for ever: however after much trouble and annoyance to those interested the pack was formed, and that was quite sufficient to command an inspection of old tops, and a proportionate consumption of leather among the boot-makers of Calcutta.

The same monotonous round of events took place at Bungypore that year as in the preceding; the morning calls were perpetrated with the same precision by the ladies, and when a holi-

day gave the cutchery men an opportunity of doing the civil, all the Station was on the move, and everybody called upon somebody and found no-body at home—the race prospectus went round,—an occasional ball varied the dullness—and even to the amount of “births, marriages and deaths,” there was the self-same beaten tract observed—young men were reported to be engaged to young ladies, and young ladies were continually subjected to the jokes of elderly gentlemen and the enquiries of their lady friends about their future state.

At last the cold weather came round again, and with it the pleasures of the Chase, the Turf, and the Road; but whether the seedy appearance of the Bungypore pack somewhat disgusted people, or that they feared the morning fogs, deponent sayeth not; but that the majority preferred the more exciting sport of tiger shooting and pig sticking, soon became evident, for owing to the departure of the principal members of the Hunt, and the *bonâ fide* huntsman at their head, upon an expedition of the kind, I found myself filling *pro tem* the honorable post of huntsman to the Bungypore pack. Now as this was my first appearance in that character, I thought it would be as well to come out as strong as possible, so with this laudable purpose in view, I resolved to hunt the bobbery pack for a few mornings on the sly, just by way of getting them well up to their work—their tongues in time, and their ears accustomed to the “merry sounding horn”—for I had certain misgivings as to the view they might take of the “view holloa,” and the capabilities of their ears for music; I therefore gave orders to the dooriahs for the pack to be sent down to a retired spot of jungle situated about two miles from the Station.

Accordingly one fine, cold morning I dressed by candle-light, drew on my new tops, got into my pink and taking the horn, started in my buggy towards the cover, where I soon found the pack assembled, looking very wild and evidently unconscious of the style of work before them. The country around, across which I felt as I were about to distinguish myself, looked a very unlikely place for purls, there appeared to be no jumps to speak of, and the whole flat expanse was yellow with paddy stubble, except where the yellow blossom of the mustard or the bright green of the kallye enamelled it. It was a fine fresh morning, and in the soft swamps around me, the painted snipe were getting up by dozens—there was a freshness in the air as it came perfumed with the sersoo flower,—except when a nearer approach to the jungle brought the odour of a civet cat into too close a connexion with my olfactory nerves: however no time was to be lost, so I put the pack—and a very straggling affair the pack was—into the long grass from whence issued a notice loud and deep-toned, that



one of the old hands was on the scent ; the music was taken up by another old hand, but considering the number, I could not help thinking the music somewhat discordant in sound and wanting in power—however all I could see were a few tips of tails over the grass, and so I waited patiently until such time as the “ varmint ” whatever it might be, should break cover : seeing however little chance of this occurring and observing moreover that with the exception of a snarl and a snap, the music was dying away, I blew a blast upon the horn, but the only answer I received to my “ too-tooing ” was a dismal howl—followed by a snarling and snapping that would have done honour to a badger baiting ; this lasted for some time, in fact until I lost my temper, when I galloped up to the spot to whip them off, and I did whip them off most effectually, for the first crack sent them flying in different directions across the country, at a speed most astonishing ; dooriahs shouted “ hold back, ” “ come here, ” &c. without effect, and I blew the horn until I thought my teeth would fly through it, but all no use—nothing stopped them, they appeared to be past all command ; the stronger I blew the faster they went till at last I gave the matter up as a bad job and proceeded leisurely to inspect the point of attraction which appeared to have engrossed all the attention of the Bungypore pack. The nature of the game was strongly manifested by an unpleasant smell proceeding from a thick patch of jungle under my nose, and upon further research, I found the remains of a dead bullock upon which the bobbery pack had been busily engaged when I whipped them off—this interruption of their repast however had a very decided effect, every dog but the five old hands bolted clean away, and I neither saw or heard of them again,—where they went I know not, “ the sound of the echoing horn ” had no charms for them, and I suppose they dispersed themselves among the villages of their birth ; my own situation was anything but pleasant, having gone out with eleven couple of dogs and only returning with five old hounds as the property of the hunt, and I inwardly resolved never to attempt the part of huntsman again—for setting aside the disgust I felt at the unfortunate termination to what I should have considered a morning sport, I could not help fancying myself debited with the value of  $8\frac{1}{2}$  couple of dogs to the gentlemen of the Bungypore bobbery pack.

This is my story, gentlemen, and I hope you have been edified, if it has served to pass away an hour more pleasantly than a glance at the prospect without, would have done, I am amply repaid for the loss of breath expended, and the deprivation I have suffered in the tobacco line, and I hope you will return the compliment by following suit as easily as convenient.

OUTSIDER.

## SPORTING GALLERY.

## No. XIII.

GEORGE PLOWDEN, ESQ.

The original of our present portrait is a man to be regarded by every one who loves sport, for sport he has courted in all its legitimate branches and, with exemplary constancy, still loves. Fortune has made good casts in his favour: he has had perhaps more than his share of opportunities, and having began his career as a light weight on the Turf, he comes before us seventeen or eighteen years after as an active supporter of that noble and truly National pastime. Intermediately he has ridden to hounds, against pigs, handled the gun, the rod, the bat and the whip and has known the excitement—admirable but rare in this country—to be found in Aquatics. His sport with the gun has ranged from tigers to woodcocks, and has principally been found in the Purneah Morung and Sylhet, the former perhaps the finest shooting ground in India for the extent and variety of its game, and the latter affording superb deer shooting.

Mr Plowden made his appearance in the saddle at the Hajeepore-Meeting in 1830 or 31 and on the same course in the following year won the Hurdle Stakes against some crack riders, amongst whom were Messrs James, Charles Quintin, and A. Dick, the last well known on the Calcutta Turf as a first rate performer. Mr P.'s debut as an owner of horses is of modern date: he came out at Sonapore in 1846, winning the Maiden Arab Purse and Sweepstakes with Master Henry, beating Problem and others in the best time in which that race had ever been run there, and a Purse and Sweepstakes for maiden Cape, Australian and Country-bred horses with the Waler mare Bellona. Soldan was one of his horses and might fairly have been booked as a trump-card, but the Meeting closed without seeing him nearer than second and that only once. At the Calcutta First Meeting in the same year Bellona ran second for the Colonial and carried off the New-market Stakes and the Winners' Handicap, doing her 2 miles in 3m. 50½s. Last year at Sonapore he brought out Chancellor for the Maiden Purse, who ran the great Honeysuckle to a nose and subsequently beat him the mile for the Huttwa Cup in 1m. 53½s. His horses again came to Calcutta, but they fell sick and otherwise went wrong. Mr. Plowden has his good luck on the Turf yet to come, and every man who knows him will agree that it cannot come in excess of his deserts.

A. E.





## UNEXPECTED SPORT AT THE TENT CLUB.

Arrived at Diamond Harbour at 9 A. M. and was joined by C. in half an hour afterwards, the rest of the party behind, being wind and tide bound. Waited in vain for our companions till near noon, when we crossed the horses over the nulla and proceeded to work. We heard that a tiger had been both seen and heard the evening before in the direction we were going, but we gave no heed to the report. I went ahead with the elephants, and beat the greater part of a fine jungle along the banks of the river before C. joined me. As he did so, we noticed in a secluded spot something very like an unfinished repast of some carnivorous animal, but paying no attention, we went on and arrived at a point where the jungle turned at right angles to the line the elephants had been beating. Here I saw a large hog cross a bund straight before me and go to the left, followed by others of his species, male or female I could not discover. I rode forward and getting the elephants to form a good line, desired the mahouts to beat well in the direction I pointed out. As I did so, a large male elephant immediately in front of me, who is ordinarily very bold, began to show unusual indications of nervousness and to hesitate in his course. I abused the mahout and compelled him to proceed. He had scarcely done so, when I heard a tremendous roar and saw the elephants flying in all directions about me, the mahouts with terror-stricken countenances crying out, "Bagh, Bagh!" Finding myself in unpleasant proximity with so formidable an enemy, I moved off a little, and having two guns out, made the mahouts bring back the elephants and got on one of the pads, telling friend C. to mount another and avail himself of the services of my second Joe Manton. He did so and we had great difficulty in getting the elephants on; but had not proceeded many yards, when in turning round, I saw a beautiful tiger, with head erect, bounding along in the direction we had first been beating. He had given us the slip and was in all probability returning to the retreat where he had enjoyed so pleasant a meal. A fine hog was by his side, and it was a grand sight to witness these two noble animals, monarchs of the jungle, in their respective rights and dynasties, flying from, and thus owning allegiance to the lord of the creation, man! We immediately made after him, and though we came across him and he gallantly charged through the elephants, the jungle was too thick to admit of our having any certainty of damage inflicted on him by the discharge of our guns. We followed him to the spot where we originally found him, and as he was retreating from it,

C. got a shot at him and hit him somewhere in the region of his posteriors. Again he went down the jungle and again made his way back through the elephants and, if I mistake not, received a ball in the hind leg from J. who, together with L. had joined us a few moments before, C — making way for the latter on his gudgee. The tiger was then traced to a heavy piece of jungle, and there being a small open space immediately in front of it, I advanced my elephant in the hope of getting a fair shot at him as he emerged. My manœuvre was successful, and as he came out with a fearful roar, making apparently at my elephant, I gave him the contents of both barrels in the right cheek and turned his course. At this juncture the elephant I was riding turned tail and ran away, and it was with great difficulty he was stopped. I immediately exchanged him for another and joined the beating line. While proceeding, I was accosted by one of the mahouts, in a subdued tone of voice to avoid causing alarm, and following the indication of his finger which he was pointing, found myself in close vicinity of the tiger. We have all been *smiled upon* and *grinned at* in the course of our journey through life. With the former we have agreeable associations, with the latter their antipodes; but in this tiger-grin, strange to say, I experienced a pleasant admixture of the two sensations, an agreeable amalgamation of the sweet and bitter! I will not stop to inquire which of the feelings predominated, but the result was the deliberate discharge of one of my barrels into the region of the expressive countenance that glared upon me! A terrific roar and spring upward was the consequence, and the enemy was seen lashing the jungle with his tail and bounding forward. I cannot help thinking his object was to charge my elephant, and in that expectation reserved my second fire, but the ball lodging in his headpiece must have bothered his reflective organs a bit, and, possibly, he sprang in the wrong direction. He was afterwards seen by all my companions, C. having rejoined L, moving less rapidly and vigorously than he had been doing, and apparently sick and all the worse for the doses that had been administered to him. They all had shots at him and hoped to worse his condition, when crouching down in an open spot as if in the act of springing for a charge, I had a fair opportunity of reaching him to some purpose, and gave him his quietus by putting a ball through his brain.

THE SQUIRE.

13th February.

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## REMARKS ON SPORT IN BUNDLEKUND.

Bundlekund is remarkable for its endless jheels, and the innumerable wild fowl on them during the cold season; those in the vicinity of Banda, Muhobur, and the station of Nowgong are the best, but go where you like, wherever you find a tank or jheel, you are sure to find wild fowl of some description on them. Snipe are only to be found in numbers at Muhobur, Seerenuggur, and Esannuggur, but a sprinkling of them may be found in almost every jheel. Now for large game. The hilly tracts extending from Kallinger, contain almost every species of janowaur—Tigers, Leopards, Bears, Saumbur, Hogs, Nylghaw, the latter more plentiful above Bisram Ghaut: some of my last shooting was in these hills, vide *Sporting Magazine* August 1842. Antelope are very plentiful along the Kane river; Quails in some seasons are very plentiful; black partridges are very scarce; the leek floriken have been shot in the gram fields below the station of Banda, and in the grass plains by Lohurgong, the bustard was once very common—but now I believe scarce; the small pin-tailed grouse very common, the large scarce—the painted more so—hares very plentiful in some places.

The Kane river about Rajghur, affords very decent trout fishing and in some of the rapids masheer; in the deep channel under Booraghur fort, between the rocks, I have seen very good float fishing, principally with the rooe; there are also very pretty streams for fly and float fishing towards Allahabad, to the Bahugun and Roond.

PURDY,

## THE CALCUTTA RACE MEETINGS—1847-48.

Would that AN OLD TURFITE were still amongst us, that he might this year review the Racing season as he did the last. But after thirty years odd of service in the East he has gone to the place which the song says is without a parrallel, more poetically if less mathematically expressed thus—

‘Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble there’s no place like Home.’

The lines are a little stale but none the worse for that, and the sentiment will remain fresh to the end of time.

As we have no workman at hand to supply our friend’s place, we must take the pen ourselves and e’en make the best of it. It’s no great deal we have to tell, for upon the whole our racing these meetings has been a failure. Not a single maiden has made his appearance that any one, judging only from his performances, would particularly care to keep, or go much above a good hack price to become master of. It is accident that has spoiled sport,—the accident of there not being any particularly good horses in training; or if there were some accident or other preventing their being brought out. It may be as well to disabuse the minds of the absent of all notion that commercial disasters have had any thing to do with the matter. They did not touch the Course. There was but one horse entered, the property of any one thrown into difficulties, and he had been scratched long before the bolt fell. Much gloom was necessarily thrown over the Sporting circle, but unless it extended itself to the horses the racing was not affected. It is not unnecessary to say thus much when a wiseacre and alarmist addressed the Secretary after the arrival of the first December mail, requesting to be informed whether it was “true that all the race horses had been seized!” The Secretary replied that two of them *had*—with the gripes, but it was expected they would get over it.

In September A’PEEP OF DAY BOY gave us a few words about the horses in training, to which we shall refer before proceeding further. He spoke of the Maidens, Farewell; Bonanza and Zurbano, having Niger as a teacher, (Mr. Petre’s stable) as being under the charge of Charles Barker and with a fair chance of changing their condition and state. Niger did not very long remain in office: taking to head work too decidedly and promising to teach what were best left unlearned he was



deposed after the second or third topper and was not seen on the Course afterwards. His destination is New South Wales, whether of course he goes as a stallion, and we may add in company with the well-known Arab, Crab. It would have been extraordinary if so good a little horse as Farewell had not lost his maiden, coming out as he did a six year old with two seasons' training: his running we shall have to notice presently with a word or two about Zurbano. Bonanza did not make his appearance. The two had a 2 miles' trial on the 25th Dec. in which Zurbano showed himself the better horse. We cannot be very sure about the weights, but as it was a trial for the Derby there was probably no great difference. Mention was made of a promising grey colt that was galloping with Elepoo and a good deal like the old horse—but not entered for any thing—"no doubt a rod in pickle for some, next year." But the said colt has disappeared, having been taken out of training and sold. Of Mr. Boynton's horses, known as the "Boys,"—Fancy Boy, True Boy, Tob(o)y and Turfite which the PEEP OF DAY BOY truly described as well grown with the probability of some of them not being "far from the top of their class," one only came out and the lot was scratched through both meetings early in the first. Mr. Boynton is said to have a fine stable of maidens in another Presidency and we wish him better luck for we never knew him draw a horse with the ghost of a chance—witness the way he ran Boy Jones and Croton Oil last year. Our friend's notice then took up Mr Bag's stable, which however numbered only two, the grey Arab Golaub Sing and the bay Arab Fars. As Golaub ran he will be disposed of in the proper place: suffice it here that he proved a thoroughly stout horse in his training, for few had more constant or severer galloping. The bay, of whom it was writ—"I am disposed to be of opinion that, before the meeting is over, some people may think his performance more of a tragedy"—made it a little serious, though happily no tragedy, before the Meeting began. He was going well up to the beginning of December and was spoken of as among the Derby horses, when he disappeared and his prolonged absence told the story of some thing very wrong; indeed if he appeared after his first retirement it was but once, and we don't think he did that.

Mr. Green was reported as inoculated with the prevailing mania in favour of the "Furriners." Distinguished Furriners none of them have turned out to be. The Knight of India was named as his only Arab and to be true to his name he challenged all comers for the Derby,—gallant but a trifle Quixotish as it turned out. He was described as "a large, powerful horse, rather *deficient behind*," a remarkably felicitous

prophecy for he has been deficient enough to be behind whenever he came out. The Baron was thought to be "ready to be useful again," but the opportunity was never given him. The English horses alluded to as named by Mr Green, Leipsic and Dantzic, were soon after taken out of training. The former is a picture and much too good as a hack to be broken down in any Turf experiments, and it was thought that a little deficiency in his legs would have made persistence folly: it was just possible the horse might have stood well enough to have won a race here and there—just as the Cossack Maid has done—but to have expected more would have been a forlorn hope, and good sense was shown in preserving the handsomest saddle horse in Calcutta. Of the chesnut, Dantzic, we have no record. As one of Mr Green's stable the Waler Bungarabee was also named and described as a horse "who would not make a bad wheeler in a fast team"—not a bad judgment again, for he has gone well behind. If he was in his best form this year he is of no use: his style of going is not recommendatory, being the high, round, and pounding. The Country-bred filly, the Belle of Ballygunge, sister to Young Emblem, found place in the same paragraph and a Caper, Richmond, an entry but not a starter of last year. The Belle is a pretty, slight, dark grey animal likely to fly with a feather for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, but hardly appreciable beyond that: she was entered for the Omnibus but heard of no more. Richmond won the same race by sufferance: he may be a fair horse, but if so—was in no figure when he ran.

Then in the enumeration came Mr Charles' stable with the redoubted Selim in the van, between whom and all his anticipated fortunes some evil spirit dropped a curtain which nor trainer nor doctors could draw aside. Falcon, late Pride of the Vale, was in the Waler string with Bennelong and Lunatic. Falcon is reported half-sister to Selim, which probably was Mr Charles' inducement to take her at a handsome advance on an auction price, but she gave no promise and was shelved. Bennelong we know nothing about except that he was entered for the Colonial and Omnibus in the first Meeting, and for the Nuwab's Purse and Civilians' ditto in the second. Lunatic was entered for the Nuwab's; rather we should have called the man lunatic who could think such an animal capable of winning anything out of shafts—yet we may be writing ourselves down an ass and have hereafter to say—as a much better judge said after Selim's success—"his splendid qualities were veiled in a form, so little promising as a racer, that neither his owner nor the public ever found them out until success had, as usual, enabled them to discover new beauties and perfection in every point." When that time comes, however, we will say, as we do now, that both Selim and Luna-

tic look infinitely more like carriage cattle than followers of the great Eclipse.

Mr Charles' other horses honoured with record were Don Juan, Chamois, Ishmael, Jackdaw and Guarantee, Arabs; and Morgiana and Grasshopper, Englishers. Don Juan led a hard life; his was regularly the Rake's progress—he went fast with every thing in the stable and disappeared in boots instead of blue fire: if he has not been screwed he must be *the* Maiden of next year, barring miracles. Chamois came out once, for the Calcutta Turf Club Purse and ran sixth. Ishmael, "who," said our PEEP OF DAY BOY, "having spent his youth in hog-hunting, comes out in his prime on the Race Course, and no doubt intends like another Arab Selim, to show that he is equally good in both lines of life"—won the Derby and Dealers' Purse, walked over for a 50 G. M. Sweepstakes, and was beaten for the 40 G. M. Purse and Sweepstakes for Maiden Arabs, by Honeysuckle. Jackdaw received forfeit in a match or two, and Guarantee beat the Walers Problem and Nimrod in the 30 G. M. Sweepstakes for Maiden horses on the third day and won the Selling Stakes the sixth day, again beating Nimrod and the Arab Never-Give-In. Morgiana's turn for notice will come by and by. Grasshopper, a fine grown horse, and thorough-bred, was treated for two years with every tenderness but could not be brought out: before the meeting he had taken with Niger to the tumbling line and was put out of commission.

Then we had Mr East's stable—the Cape horse Banker and the Arabs Repulse and Pekin: Banker was to be drawn upon for the Colonial, for which his owner backed him on every possible occasion; he was treated most gingerly, cherished like a delicate boy on whose coming to maturity family inheritance depended—but it was no use; it was absolutely necessary to give him one gallop and he showed no more. As for Pekin, he continued galloping round the Course in five minutes two or three times a week and may be galloping now for anything we know to the contrary, or can surmise of obstacle in the pace he travelled at. Repulse did his work in galloping for the mare Greenmantle, taking his turn and something more with the great Madrassee, the Child and Minuet. He had three matches with Jackdaw, one 8st. 7lbs. each, a mile—which he won; one for two miles, weight for age, and one for three miles 8st. 7lbs. each, for both of which Jackdaw paid. He had also an engagement with Don Juan 8st. 7lbs. each R. C. and a distance and paid.

Janitor, an Arab; Rattan, a Waler, and Gipsy Queen, own sister to Bellona, were disposed of in a paragraph in September and so may they be now. Neither of them was kept in work.

Janitor was in the Derby and must have been bad to be scratched ; he was named also for the Nuwab's Purse ; Rattan was in the Nuwab's Purse and put out of it, long before it was time at any rate, but Gipsy Queen named for the Colonial, Omnibus and Nuwab's, was not laid up an hour too soon as her feet would not stand the most tender work. Sonopore was spoken of as sending terrific accounts of the horses named by Mr. Grey, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Fulton and others, and from Madras there was promise of the Saxon, a Cape horse, supported by Greenmantle and the great victors of last year, Child of the Islands and Minuet. Mr. Grey had a couple of country-bred colts going for a short time, but anything but kindly : one of them had a particular *penchant* for the Sudder, otherwise known as Amherst's Folly, and rarely could be persuaded to pass it : as the winning post does not happen to be in that corner it was a little awkward and he was laid by ; the other, no doubt for sufficient reason, was sent to keep him company. Mr. Fitzpatrick sent only one horse—the Calcutta-defeated and much slighted Honeysuckle—an animal first known as Vingt-Un—afterwards renamed by our veritable self because we thought he would prove a *sweet runner*. His worthy owner will say he never had a sweeter. Mr. Fulton showed in due time after the Sonopore Meeting with Chancellor, Remembrancer, Patriot and Blood Royal—all Arabs. The two latter were clearly not produceable this season, wanting at least three months to bring them into figure. Patriot has since been purchased into the army, and will, no doubt, make a fine charger : he is one of the most powerful Arabs we have ever seen. Blood Royal remains for next year and no one better deserves the best maiden of the season than his truly sporting owner. Mr. Fulton has been singularly unlucky. His main reliance was on Chancellor, and he looked a horse one in a thousand, able in health and condition to sweep a Course—but he came down sick or fell sick on his arrival and has done nothing. Remembrancer took every body's eye as a superb mover, but our record knoweth him not. Then there was Bellona and Boy Jones and the Waler Problem, all—but we must not anticipate. Ignis Fatuus with four other thorough-bred English horses, had come up from Madras, and it was mentioned by our Boy that the lot was under sale, Ignis being the only one entered for any of the races that had then closed. He fetched Rs. 3,200, not a high price for an Epsom Derby horse, by Slane, out of Deception ; he was in for the Nuwab's Purse, at that time booked to be worth something approaching Rs. 20,000. His history on this Turf will be told in its proper place. At the same time Bendigo, a chesnut English gelding, by the Doctor or Gladiator, out of Guarantee, was

knocked down to Sheik Ibrahim for Rs. 1,700, and the Precocious Youth a bay colt by Muley Moloch out of Bessy Winton, found a purchaser in Robert Ross for Rs. 1,400 and having been sold by him into the Madras Stable for Rs. 1,600, has been going quietly with Surveyor, a bay New South Wales gelding as like him as two peas. Under the same hammer was knocked down to Mr. Brown of Hunter and Co. Crassus, a chesnut colt, by Emilius out of Variation for Rs. 1,800; and Mervis, a black horse, by Hornsea out of Lady Eva, to an Armenian for Rs. 800. Crassus was subsequently sold to Mr. Wallace of the firm of Gibson and Co., and has gone to a breeding establishment at Hurpoor, Monghyr. Winding up his favour our friend wrote of the Nuwab's purse—"I am rejoiced to find that this munificent gift has called out so glorious a field (forty-eight nominations) and I trust that like our own gracious Queen, the Nuwab Nazim will continue to support this noble sport, not only with his purse but his presence. How I should like to see a little Arab come in before all the long-legged ones!" A little Arab did it.

We have thus run over the horses in training at the end of September, and we shall now carry on with a few particulars jotted down during the month preceding the great day.

Never was there a year in which there was less known or supposed to be known touching a Derby favorite. Time wore on yet not a horse took a decided lead in public estimation. Mr Green, as we have said, was ready at all times to back the Knight of India against any other and this gave him a nominal place—but in reality there was no favorite. On several occasions four were taken out and 200 to 10 offered against the pick of the remaining field. In one instance the four selected were the Knight, Remembrancer, Fancy Boy and True Boy, and Fars was the horse named for the long odds. Two of the Boys generally came into the quartette. There were rumours ever and anon of a country clipper or two, but they did not force their way into any position. The arrival of the Sonopore horses gave a little interest to affairs—and it was wanted; for though the crash commercial cannot be blamed for bad racing, it had a very visible effect on our morning reunions. A book was a thing unseen and rarely heard of—how different from last year, when about a score were as busy every day with their pencils as if they were destraining bailiffs taking an inventory of goods and chattels, and every one was crying done! done! and yet nobody left off!

Cadwallader made his appearance about the first week of December, looking and going remarkably well; in fact he was apparently twice the horse he had ever shown himself before: his style of going was strong and an unsatisfactory movement behind which always gave the idea of doubtful hocks had entirely

disappeared. Honeysuckle, too, exhibited marked improvement. At first he appeared to go a little stiff and did not get much work; but his condition was good and wind was all he appeared to want. He did not, however, alarm any body, for it was not believed his short rapid stroke in galloping would carry him along with any good striding horse.

Problem was regarded as of no sort of use, and Bellona was freely spoken of as one whose day of triumph was past. Chancellor was rumoured sick and did not show for some days after the rest of the lot, and when he did come out, his appearance confirmed it. The horse was evidently weak and out of spirits. Remembrancer exhibited himself as a stylish mover but did not advance, if indeed he did not recede, in public estimation. Mr Green's stable was without much promise. The Cape horse Battledore was reported to have a large joint and long remained invisible. About the 14th of December it was generally known that the English horses, Leipsic and Dantzic, were taken out of training, Ignis Fatuus was going very doubtfully in a pair of boots, and the Waler Nimrod, a horse that had belonged to the late Mr Pitt, was declared to be screwed. The other Walers remained as dark as Erebus, but Bungarabbee was talked of as the best of them. The Arabs were the Knight, the Baron, and Great Western, winner at Baroda last year of the Guickwar's Cup 2 miles with 8st. 4lbs. in no better time than 4m. 2s. and of the Civil and Political Cup and Winners' Handicap, for both of which he walked over, but beaten at Bombay by Mintmaster in 2m. 58s. the mile and a half, (the Derby) carrying 8st. 2lbs. and getting 3lbs. and by the same horse, and Virmuth and Druid in the Winners' Handicap, two miles in 3m. 52½s.; weights not given! He was not held to have much chance against such Platers as the Child and Minuet, both in first rate order.

Mr Charles' stable was strong in the number of Arabs going, and generally well.—Ishmael, Chamois, Guarantee, Don Juan and Jackdaw. The other Walers, Firefly and Benne-long, were early out of the coach. Selim, his great horse was stumpy, but folks said it was only at a slow pace and it was not often he was seen at any other. Morgiana, the English mare, immensely improved from last year, was booked as likely to prove a great card. The Madras horses were kept at severe work to the last, and to see their gallops was worth going out for on the worst of mornings. The three did as much as any other nine on the course, and it was generally thought the mare was run too fine. Unquestionably she was in tip-top racing order a fortnight before the meeting began. Some had unbounded confidence in her, while others were perfectly satisfied that

she was not fit to be named in the same race with Selim. It was pretty well known that the Madras stable meant to win the Merchants' Plate with her, and long before the day of nomination, Selim was backed even several times over against Mr Williams' stable! Pretty conclusive that there was not only great confidence in the horse's powers but in the certainty of his standing. The *Child* was missing for two days, but he came out on the 24th and ran a mile with Greenmantle and report flew about like lightning that he had ran away from her: the probability is, that it was a time trial for the Arab and the mare merely went with him part of the way to put him out to his very best. Brown Jumper, a Waler, and once winner of last year when he was little trained, went regularly and well; and the old Chinaman, Elepoo, was constant at his work, but it was gentle. On the 23rd the Waler Emigrant made his appearance after a very long recess, and disappeared after two or three gallops. On the 22nd, Chancellor had a two miles' gallop, and on the 26th a trial for the same distance: it was pretty clear that nothing but a miracle could give him any race while in his then form. On the 22nd also Toby, the Knight, and Great Western had a trial which was reported bad; at any rate they came out next day for a sweating gallop. On the 24th Selim came out with Guarantee—supposed for a spurt, but the Arab presently came led across the midan having thrown his rider, and Selim returned slowly home. On the 25th Mr Petre's Zurbano and Bonanza did their best for two miles, the former, as we have said, showing himself the better horse of the two.

We come now to the day before the Meeting, and the following were the horses that showed themselves:—Selim, Cadwallader, Brown Jumper, Jackdaw, Boy Jones, Chancellor, Minuet, Greenmantle, Bungarabee, Knight of India, Don Juan, and Ishmael. Before the day was out it was known that the great Selim was scratched throughout the first Meeting!

We may as well give here a list of the horses that were aged in the two appointed days:—

Mr Charles'	b.	a.	h.	Guarantee,	4 years.
„	g.	a.	h.	Don Juan,	4 „
„	g.	a.	h.	Ishmael,	6 „
„	b.	n.s.w.	h.	Firefly,	5 „
Mr Bag's	g.	a.	h.	Gholab Sing,	6 „
„	b.	a.	h.	Fars,	5 „
Mr Fulton's	g.	a.	h.	Remembrancer,	6 „
„	b.	a.	h.	Chancellor,	5 „
„	g.	a.	h.	Blood Royal,	4 „
„	c.	n.s.w.	g.	Lunatic,	5 „
Mr Brown's	g.	a.	h.	Never-give-in,	aged.

Mr Boynton's	g.	a.	h.	Toby,	5 years
"	b.	a.	h.	Fancy Boy,	5 "
Mr Green's	g.	a.	h.	Knight of India,	5 "
"	g.	a.	h.	Great Western,	aged.
"	c.	n.s.w.	c.	Bungarabbee,	4 years
"	br.	cp.	h.	Bachelor,	5 "
Mr Williams'	b.	n.s.w.	h.	Surveyor,	4 "
Mr Wallace's	g.	n.s.w.	g.	Bomerang,	5 "

Mr Cunyngham's b. n.s.w. g. Black Hawk was the only horse brought up between the Meetings and he was aged 5 years. The aging was generally satisfactory: the only exceptions made, and those doubtfully, were that Gholab Sing and Ishmael had got a year too much and that Remembrancer might have been set down as aged.

The attendance on the first day was unusually large and the meeting opened with a 50 G. M. Sweepstakes, for all horses, 2 miles, 8st. 7lbs. each. This race closed and the horses were named on the 1st of October. The only entry besides the two that started, Minuet and Morgiana, was Selim. The mare came out looking in first-rate order and full of life; Minuet was in no respect deficient; indeed both he and the Child were immensely improved by their additional year, and they had stood Hall's severe training so well that it was certain neither of them would succumb to any but first rate opponents. Minuet was the favourite but he was beaten cleverly, though Hall thought he had the race in hand as far from home as the Gaol. For the Arab the time was exceedingly good;—the mare's 3m. 49s. and his, say a second more.

And now came the DERBY, for which five horses made their appearance. Remembrancer was left in the lot but drawn at last, being lame. The following two lotteries over-night will show the relative estimation in which the competitors were held:—

Ishmael,.....	G. M.	50	..	48
Knight of India, ..	"	21	..	27
Golab Sing,.....	"	8	..*	9
Remembrancer,....	"	6	..	6
Chancellor, .....	"	5	..	7
Zurbano, .....	"	5	..	5

Ishmael won without difficulty but the time was bad; R. C. 3m. 32s. and the two miles in 4 minutes. Zurbano led out the first  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile in 1m. 25s.; nevertheless he made a good struggle with the Knight at the finish and defeated him: we do not think it at all improbable that had the race been run differently he might have won it. The stakes were worth Rs. 6,480. A fresh hand made his *debut* on our course in this race—Joy, a Yorkshire lad, whose constant employment at home recommended him to an old Turfite who



was commissioned to send out a rider worthy Mr Charles' extensive and promising stable. It was in Charles Barker's hands up to and for a short time after Joy's arrival: perhaps the two could not get on very well together; at any rate Barker was soon heard of as engaged for Sonepore and was presently in the service of Mr Walker. A 25 G. M. Sweepstakes—the Gilbert Mile—was looked upon as the really interesting race of the day, bringing out, as it did, the Child, Cadwallader, the English mare Cossack Maid, the Waler mare Greenmantle and the ditto gelding Brown Jumper. In the Lottery it was declared by the Madras stable that the Child was to win if he could, and the horses were knocked down as under:—

Child, . . . . .	G. M.	50
Cossack Maid, . . . . .	„	15
Cadwallader, . . . . .	„	10
Greenmantle, . . . . .	„	5
Brown Jumper, . . . . .	„	5

The Child was never headed, but Cadwallader was not defeated by a clear length: many declared the race was won easy!—the time—1m. 51s.—is the best answer to that. Cadwallader, for the first time in his life, as far as we are aware, showed want of temper or heart. He had been running well all the way, at the very heels of his great adversary, and when he got the whip at the finish he swerved most unmistakeably from it or he must have run up to the Child's head. The English mare had not a chance in the race and yet in anything like condition she must have won it: the fact is her legs would not bear the necessary galloping. Greenmantle though she came home leisurely was in a profuse sweat not justified by her exertion.

The COLONIAL was the first race of the second day, for maiden Cape, Australian, and Country-bred horses, R. C. Calcutta weight for age, and although there were nineteen entrances three only came to the post, and two of these Richmond and Bungarabee from Mr Green's stable. It was declared to win with the former, which could not have been managed had *Problem* chosen to run either at the beginning or end of the race. But it was not his humour: instead of starting he rushed away to the near side of the Course as if he were going through the fence and let his horses get half a distance away. There can be no question of his speed and he caught them at the Gilbert mile where the Cape was beaten. If Sherburne had chosen to sit still when his horse *was* galloping he would have ran a good race enough; but he took to the whip a quarter of a mile from home and was kicked out of his saddle in consequence: having accomplished this the brute stopped and G. Barker pulled up to let Evans go in first. Time 3m. 41s., and *Problem*

able to do it—as very confidently asserted by those who have held the watch to him—in 3m. 20s. ! Value of the Stakes Rs. 3,840.

The ALLIPORE CHAMPAGNE STAKES have not afforded as much sport as might have been expected. We have had them three years: the number of entrances has been 83 and only 7 horses have started. Three starts have taken place each year, Cadwallader running every time. We might certainly have looked for better fields than these. The Child was the favorite at not less than 5 to 1, but the running did not justify such difference between him and Cadwallader. It was a fine race and not won by more than a length. The time R. C. 3m. 22½s., with 9st. 3lbs. up, was first rate. Soldan's time with 8st. 13lbs. was 3m. 25s.; Cadwallader's with 8st. 6lbs. 3m. 26s. The Stakes were Rs. 6,240.

The Child, Minuet and Selim were in the AUCKLAND STAKES, and the Child walked over. Ishmael did the like for a 50 G. M. Sweepstakes, Gilbert Mile, the only other horse not paying forfeit being Don Juan, in the same stable. The horses scratched were Remembrancer, Toby, True Boy, Fancy Boy, Fars and Knight of India. This was bad sport enough and there was no particular promise of improvement. Repulse ran the mile match against Jackdaw, to which we have alluded, the old horse winning without difficulty. The attendance was very poor in the Stand, but there were two distinguished strangers who had a stand to themselves in the compound—to wit PUNCH and JUDY. They came out in the *Prince of Wales* and were very well introduced but did not appear to take. There was a veritable dog Toby, too, who played his part with signal propriety; but the Natives evidently thought the whole affair very inferior to their own *kathpootlee* natch.

The third day opened with the OMNIBUS and here we had another pregnant example of the worth of public opinion. There were twenty-seven nominations and four came to the post,—the little Arab Farewell, Bungarabee, Ignis Fatuus and the difficult Problem. It was declared to win with Bung and it was “a pot” for him. In a Lottery of 70 tickets he sold for G. M. 29; Farewell fetched 7; the Englisher 5, and the other Waler 1. We confess there was every justification in this instance for the foregone conclusion as to the winner. Ignis was in the same stable, Problem might as well have been in an Oxford-street Omnibus as in that of Calcutta, and Farewell was to carry 9st. 3lbs. against the Walers 8st. 4lbs! It was a pot and though it boiled over we cannot blame those who burnt their fingers. There was strong hint of an objection to Ignis Fatuus running as a four year old, and this rested on the question of his identity with the Epsom Derby horse—but it was not made by any one having a horse in this

race and therefore came to nothing. There was a false start but no mischief done, and when they went to order Farewell made the running, was caught a quarter from home by the Green stable, but neither horse could do more, and the Arab when finally called upon, came a length clear away and was greeted winner of Rs. 7,040 in Stakes and Fund money, (subject to deduction of the stakes of second horse,) with vehement cheering. It set down Bung and Ignis as of no use for the Meeting—they did not go out fast and could not manage the last half-mile in 1m. 1s. ! What of Problem ? The old story—he would not go and this time, with Charles Barker on his back, his Q. E. D. was so unquestionable that after backing and kicking from the starting post to the Stand he was taken off the course never, it is to be hoped, to re-appear. And yet had he been our's and we had had him in so splendid an affair as the Nuwab Nazim's Purse, we would have kept him at moderate work and taken our chance with him : it would certainly have been worth while in a race with prizes for the first three horses and no great probability of so many as half-a-dozen starting ! Still there can be no doubt the prevailing opinion was that his throat ought to be cut, and it certainly would have been about an even bet that he broke his rider's neck had he gone on aggravating his accomplishments. He has been sold as a hunter and with judicious treatment may do well enough in the Field.

A 50 G. M. Sweepstakes H. F. for all horses, 2 miles, to which four besides the Madras stable subscribed and all paid, gave the Child his morning gallop and G. M. 100 for taking it. Then came a 30 G. M. Sweepstakes,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats for all Maiden horses, English excepted, 9st. each, Arabs getting 7lbs. Problem was in it, and down in the prospectus of the day, but drawn in consequence of his exhibition of half an hour before, and it was contested by the Arab Guarantee and the Waler Nimrod ; and won by the former after losing the first heat. Nimrod came home lame the first time and was not expected to appear again—but it was called a tenderness that meant nothing, and all that can be said is, that he did not show as crippled in the third heat as in the second. He belonged, as before mentioned, to that good old sportsman John Pitt, whom every body persisted in calling Tom Pitts, and would no doubt have made him a capital hunter, but was not fit for more. Guarantee did his  $\frac{3}{4}$  in the second heat in 1m. 24s.

The 40 G. M. Purse for Maiden Arabs, weight for age, R. C. and heats, was generally booked as Honeysuckle's and it needed not a prophet to place him first, although in a lottery he fetched 1 G. M. less than Ishmael. He had to meet with 8st. 6lbs. the Knight with 8st. 8lbs. and Ishmael with 9st. 3lbs.

A claim was made on behalf of Honey for 5lbs. as having "been beaten in the Calcutta Derby"—as he was for the Derby of last year—but it was disallowed, the words being held to mean the Derby of the year, as no doubt they did. Had it been construed otherwise, the winners of the Merchants' or Trades' Plate of *any* year would have had to put up weight in the Civilians' Purse—which certainly was never intended. There seems to be no reason, however, why the words "of the year" should not be inserted in future prospectuses, thus avoiding the possibility of such a question being raised. Honeysuckle came out looking as fine as a star, and from his running and that of the other horses there can be little doubt he could have given all the weight he received. Ishmael had no chance with him and the Knight no chance with Ishmael: both were drawn after the first heat which was done in 3m. 25s. There were 17 entrances and the gross stakes were Rs. 3,840.

The 30 G. M. Sweepstakes for all horses,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, 9st. 7lbs. each, with an allowance to Arabs of 1st., brought out the following promising field:—Child, Ignis Fatuus, Cadwallader, Morgiana, Greenmantle, and Brown Jumper. Thus they stood in public estimation (as far as lotteries are a test) overnight. We give two lotteries:—

Child,.....	G. M.	39	G. M.	42
Morgiana, .....	"	24	"	27
Cadwallader, .....	"	9	"	6
Ignis Fatuus,.....	"	2	"	4
Brown Jumper, ..	"	2	"	1
Greenmantle,.....	"	2	"	1

It was declared by the Madras stable to win with the Child, which accounts for Greenmantle's figure; but notwithstanding the great disparity in the prices of the several horses, we believe there was not a horse in the race that some one did not expect to win, unless indeed it was Ignis. Brown Jumper got the inside but was left behind before he could get on his legs; at any rate he could not go the pace out— $\frac{1}{4}$  mile in 26s. The Child was never in difficulty. When Ignis, Cad and Morgi came upon him at the distance post, Hall hustled his horse away from them and the second, Ignis, could not get nearer at the finish than his tail. The time was 1m. 21s.

Great interest was awakened on the day before the racing by the fact of Selim being named for the 50 G. M. Sweepstakes, 3 miles. There was however only one other horse in for it, Minuet; Mr Green having paid forfeit. Selim's entrance gave great promise of amended sport—but it was a flash in the pan: the morning came, he was declared lame and drawn, and the Madras horse walked over.

It has been the fashion the last year or two when the races of the day do not severally offer much room for lottery-speculation to have a Great Comprehensive, embracing them all, the proceeds being divisible among the purchasers of the winning horses; two, three, or four according to the number of races. There was a Great Comprehensive on the fourth day's running and it came off as follows:—

Minuet,.....	G. M.	19
Selim,.....	„	19
Morgiana,.....	„	18
Child,.....	„	16
Ishmael,.....	„	15
Honeysuckle, .....	„	14
Cadwallader, .....	„	4
Greenmantle, .....	„	1
Brown Jumper, .....	„	1
Knight of India,.....	„	1
Ignis Fatuus, .....	„	1

There was no doubt about its being expected that Selim would go, for he was purchased by his owner.

The bill of fare for the 5th day was good. Greenmantle had remained long dark, but it seemed impossible the curtain could remain down any longer. She had to meet with 8st. 6lbs. up, Cadwallader 8st. 9lbs. in a 50 G. M. Purse with Sweepstakes of like amount—distance 2 miles. To this race there were seven forfeits. The mare was the favourite, but an impatient gentleman spoilt the betting at the Club dinner by going off with a bid of 2 to 1 before the cloth had well disappeared—this was snapped up greedily and nothing else done. Cadwallader, whose indications of temper we have chronicled, laid aside all disguise and bolted before he got to the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile post beyond the Stand. Hall went on to the Gilbert Mile at the same pace he was running when the accident happened and thence came home at his ease, doing the Course from the Stand in 3m. 28s. It may be fairly surmised that had the Cad been allowed to go as he liked, he would have gone straight. When he came past the Stand he exhibited the most resolute determination to have his own way. Greenmantle was inside and making play, the Cad close behind and pulling so strongly to the rear, to get room to go by, that Charles Barker's position to the off was something that of a boat's mast in a heavy breeze. He prevailed and held his horse behind, and it was almost immediately on the mare getting a clear three lengths in front that the Cad cut the course. It would be idle to say that this would not have happened under any circumstances, but it might not, had the horse had his head—which, after the hints he had been giving for a quarter of a mile, it would perhaps have been judicious to take.

For the Dealers' Plate, which came next, there were 25 nominations. Six only were left in, and of these two, Chamois and Don Juan, were ultimately drawn, leaving a stake of Rs. 8,560 to be contested by Ishmael, 9st. 3lbs., Guarantee, 8st. 4lbs., Toby 8st. 8lbs., and Golaub Sing 8st. 12lbs. Mr Charles declared to win with Ishmael and he did it easily; Gholab Sing was beaten at the mile out and Toby a good quarter from home.

The Dealers who were down as donors were—

Abdool Ryman, . . . . .	G. M.	100
Shaik Ibrahim, . . . . .	„	100
Mahomed Ben Usher, . . . . .	„	50
		<hr/>
	G. M.	250

Mahomed Ben Usher repudiated his liability on the pretence that his donation was conditional on selling five horses! He was deaf to the remonstrances of the Secretary, indifferent to the evidence of the paper which he signed. It is just as well to mention the fact for the information of Sporting men.

The Craven to which there were five subscriptions brought out the Child, Minuet and Farewell, and was won in hand by the Child, 9st. 5lbs., in 2m. 22s. Farewell had up 9st. and went out his quarter with the great horse in 26s. and the half mile in 55s.

The Newmarket, again, was not altogether without promise;—Cossack Maid 7st. 13lbs., Morgiana 9st. 4lbs., Cadwallader 9st. and Nimrod 9st. Morgiana was the favourite, though for the life of us we could not make out why she should be, giving another English mare of very fashionable if not really the best blood a stone and five pounds. It is true they ran weight for age and so it may be said no weight was given, but the race was but a mile and Morgi had no great reputation for carrying over 9st. The Maid came out a little queer; Nimrod was clearly lame, Cad had established himself as a bolter and therefore when Morgiana was got on to the course—a task requiring patience and temper, in which we never saw Joy deficient—looking as fresh and right as could be desired, it was perhaps not so unreasonable that very considerable confidence was reposed in her. Morgiana shows no objection to the course when on it, but never goes to it as a *matter* of course: she has to be humoured: three steps, and a halt, and a kick, and a long stand-still, and ditto, ditto, ditto, repeated a good many times, take her from her stable to the turf; and we say that we have noted Joy's gentle dalliance with her with unqualified admiration. On this occasion she practised the polka with great vigour even at the post, but fortunately it did not spoil her start and she led the field to the Sudder where the Maid pretty well closed with her, and

Cad who promised to be well up at the finish, literally ran round the corner and put himself clean out of the race. It looked a contest home, but it was the Maid's in hand, though she went to her stable lame. Nimrod did nothing. Charles Barker, on Cadwallader, showed a want of temper coming home that need not be repeated often we should say to put him out of all employment in the saddle. He came past the Stand at a walk, having pulled up when he was thrown out, jobbing his horse's mouth with the bit and spurring him at the same time. Supposing anything of this kind to have been done in the course of training it would account for the unusual displays of his horse during the meeting—most unusual in an Arab.

The Bengal Club Cup, the first race of the sixth day, gave another easy triumph to Honeysuckle. Again the start was poor, looking to the nominations, two horses only going out of 25. Honeysuckle had up 8st. 6lbs. and Ignis Fatuus 8st. 5lbs. They made a race for the first heat which the Arab won, and in the second Ignis fairly broke down and came home as lame as he could stand, and certainly past all recovery for Turf purposes. We saw him the other day and he could just toddle: he will make a fine carriage horse and there an end of the Derby nag! In any thing like condition he would have proved a valuable horse here for these two Meetings: he came on rapidly but could not bear the necessary work though given with care and judgment. His great prize would have been the Nuwab's purse: it seems to us impossible but that he should have won it if he could have been kept so long on his legs.

We come now to the Free Handicap Purse of 50 G. M. 5 ft. for all horses T. I. Seven horses were entered and it was a walk over! It may therefore be well to quote the Handicap.

Greenmantle,.....	9st. 3lbs.
Child of the Islands,.....	9st. 1lb.
Morgiana,.....	8st. 12lbs.
Ignis Fatuus,.....	8st. 10lbs.
Minuet,.....	8st. 8lbs.
Boy Jones,.....	8st. 4lbs.
Farewell,.....	8st. 2lbs.

Morgiana carried off the spoil. The weights were not generally objected to and certainly only the two last were in our opinion at all open to question. The Madras horses were very well in and Minuet specially so. On the first day he had met Morgiana in a two mile Race and been beaten, but with 8st. 7lbs. his time was not worse than 3m. 6s.: here he had 1lb. more up and the mare 5lbs. There was really no reason why he should not have been started and considering the share of the good things carried off by this stable, 25 G. M. might have been ven-

tured, even under less-favorable circumstances, for the promotion of sport. But so, at the moment, it was not thought, and a race was thus knocked out of the day's expected sport. In our prospectus for 1845-46 and 1846-47 it was provided that all public money would be withheld unless there were at least three subscriptions to each race. This was probably from an oversight, omitted last year. We hope it will be renewed for next year and it suggests to us that in cases of Handicap Purses public money ought to be withheld unless at least two horses stand the handicap. The forfeits are quite enough for a walk-over.

The Selling Stakes,—a Purse of 25 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. One mile—Calcutta weight for age, with allowances on price scale, gave us the prettiest race of the meeting. Guarantee was put in at Rs. 1,600 with 7st. 8lbs., Never-Give-In at Rs. 1,200 with 7st. 13lbs. and Nimrod at Rs. 1,200 with 7st. 10lbs. Guarantee beat Never-give-In by a length the first heat and for the second by the tip of his nose, after racing together every inch of the ground from the Sudder. The first heat however was the fastest by  $\frac{1}{2}$  a second, being  $\frac{1}{4}$ m. 55s.

The Seventh day afforded but one race and that was a Handicap for the Calcutta Turf Club Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. the Leger Course, for all horses. There were thirteen entered and thus the Stewards provided for them :—

Child of the Islands, ..	9st.	3lbs.
Greenmantle.....	9	3
Morgiana,.....	8	13
Minuet,.....	8	10
Great Western,..	8	6
Chamois,....	8	6
Cossack Maid,..	8	5
Ishmael,.....	8	4
Don Juan,.....	8	4
Boy Jones,.....	8	0
Brown Jumper,..	8	0
Never-Give-In,....	7	12
Guarantee,.....	7	12

Greenmantle, Great Western, Ishmael, Don Juan and Guarantee were drawn: of the others Minuet was declared the horse of the Madras stable and he was the favourite, but the difference was not great between him and Morgiana, while they stood far in advance of the rest of the lot as will be seen by the Lotteries, of which there were two.

Minuet, .....	G. M.	36	G. M.	40
Morgiana,.....	"	34	"	33
Boy Jones, .....	"	14	"	18
Child of the Islands,....	"	7	"	7



Never-Give-In, . . . . .	G. M.	5	G. M.	4
Brown Jumper, . . . . .	„	1	„	1
Chamois, . . . . .	„	0	„	1

Cossack was not put in, as she was declared lame and not to go for the race, starting only for future allowance! The horses came out all looking well; Hall of course was on Minuet.

Brown Jumper led from the start to the first turn and perhaps a trifle further, when he gradually dropped to that place specially his own and which would be an admirable one for a reporter of the running but for the cloud of dust kicked up by those in front. At the  $\frac{1}{4}$  out from the Stand, Smirke, who was on the Child, got first place and to make up for having been behind so far, made desperate running, expending every thing that was in his horse by the time he got to the Gilbert Mile, when Morgiana and Minuet went together to the front and the Boy took third place. In the next quarter he ran up to Minuet and went stride for stride with him to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile but could hold it no longer, though he did not show out of the race till up to the Sudder. Hall set to work to collar the mare and that he appeared to do on sufferance, for he was not allowed to have the advantage of a nose, and Joy holding to him came away as he liked at the finish, doing the course in 3m. 21s. and the whole distance in 3m. 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. The value of Parse and Stakes was Rs. 2,720. We said in our report at the time—"We have no doubt Minuet was a better horse in this race than the Child, whose R. C. for the Champagne Stakes, with the same weight up as he was now carrying, was 3m. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. That race was no doubt won without difficulty; but in this one it is doubtful whether he could have mended his place more than to have come in an indifferent third,—if that." The whole of the running of these first rate horses leads us to the conclusion that for any distance above a mile and up to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  there is not 4lbs. between them.

We now come to the last day of the prospectus and the Winners' and Losers' Handicaps—a day to be long remembered by some and for very diverse reasons, "to which," as the delicate expression goes, "we need not more particularly allude." The Stewards turned out the following Handicap off hand :—

Morgiana, . . . . .	9st.	0lb.
Greenmantle, . . . . .	9st.	0lb.
Child of the Islands, . . . . .	9st.	0lb.
Minuet, . . . . .	8st.	7lbs.
Cossack Maid, . . . . .	8st.	4lbs.
Honeysuckle, . . . . .	8st.	0lb.
Farewell, . . . . .	8st.	0lb.
Richmond, . . . . .	8st.	0lb.
Ishmael, . . . . .	8st.	0lb.
Guarantee, . . . . .	7st.	0lb.

Richmond, Minuet, Ishmael and Guarantee were drawn. Wherefore the Child was started to give Honeysuckle 1st. while he might have been tackled with Minuet at 7lbs. is to us a mystery, for the latter was not only not wrong but decidedly a fresher horse than his great confederate. There was a great deal of speculation on the race. When it was declared that the Child and Greenmantle would both go—the best to win, it raised the mare at once to first place. There were not fewer than five lotteries on this event, the result of which we subjoin, observing that the fifth was only half the usual number of tickets which accounts for the smaller prices.

Greenmantle,.... G. M.	42	..	51	..	55	..	50	..	26
Morgiana,.....	30	..	25	..	32	..	28	..	13
Child,.....	15	..	11	..	11	..	5	..	3
Farewell, .....	5	..	6	..	5	..	3	..	0
Honeysuckle,....	4	..	4	..	4	..	4	..	2
Cossack Maid,...	0	..	0	..	0	..	0	..	0
Richmond,.....	0	..	0	..	0	..	0	..	0

Richmond stood in the lottery, but was drawn the following morning, and Cossack Maid it was understood was not likely to attempt the distance. The above prices notify that the Handicappers were somewhat better judges than those who came after them—yet it may be mentioned that not one of them made a bid towards the winner who was bought by the same party in four out of five of the lotteries,—a very pretty haul!

A false start was speedily remedied and in about 27 seconds the lot came rattling by the Stand with Honeysuckle a little in front, but Greenmantle then displaced him. From the half mile out we may drop Farewell and Cossack Maid and on to the Goal and there give the places. The Favourite was leading with Honeysuckle a good second, Morgiana and the Child without a choice for third and close behind him. Nothing definite occurred till they reached the two miles' post where Hall began with his whip, a telegraph to almost every body that the mare would not win. She ran on to the distance and was there dead beat, and it was apparent the Child could not help the stable. Morgiana and Honeysuckle came away from them and had a brilliant set-to, the little Arab winning by half a head. It was said that Joy was caught napping and ought to have won; that he thought the race over when he had defeated Greenmantle and the Child—but we cannot very well understand this, when Honey had been running second nearly the whole distance and was with him every inch of the way from the straight run home. Moreover the mare had the best of the race by a head at least at the Stand. If the Arab had not been seen till that moment there was time to have beaten him in the few strides that re-

mained—the struggle *was* made and the race was won on the post by the gallant way in which the little horse sprung to Baker's lifted whip. The time was 3m. 48s.—a wonderful performance for the winner considering that he had met three such horses as the Child, Greenmantle and Morgiana, and had gone with the best of them every inch of the ground. He added Rs. 3,532 to his master's store. The result of this race in connection with that of the Turf Club Purse seems fully to justify what we have said about Minuet,—that it was a great mistake not to have started him for this race in place of the Child. Honeysuckle's time R. C. was 3m. 21½s. and Minuet's in the former race, with 3lbs. more than he would now have had to carry, was only a shade over 3m. 21s. This was a longer race by nearly a quarter of a mile, but we do not think that unfavourable to Minuet, and the Child, it is seen, was beaten a quarter from home.

For the Losers' Handicap there were but three horses entered and all started. Boy Jones 8st. 8lbs., Cossack Maid 8st. 6lbs., and Never-Given-In 7st. 12lbs. The mare won both heats with ease. It was thought she was too favourably weighted, but supposing that the horses had been all put up weight for age and the Maid an extra stone, giving her 3lbs. as a mare, she would have received 4lbs. from each of them. A sky race won by old Clem of the Cleugh brought the Meeting to a close, and if people were upon the whole dissatisfied with the sport—there was happily no one to blame for it and not a question occurred to mar the harmony that happily characterizes our Turf reunions.

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## SECOND MEETING.

The vacation was not marked by any event of moment. As the time for resuming work approached, it was generally understood that there was very remote chance of the great horse of last year, Selim, making his appearance, much to the dissatisfaction of those who had backed him for the Merchants' Plate, and there were some who had done so in bets that pretty well amounted to even against the field. The Child disappeared for a couple of days from, as reported, a foot lameness, but he came again into full work before the 5th of February, on which day the ball opened with a 25 G. M. Sweepstakes, the Gilbert Mile, for all horses. Those named were the Child, Farewell, Great Western and the Cape horse, Here-I-go. The attendance at the Club overnight was good and business was carried on in a tolerably spirited manner. Every now and then we have remarkable instances of how little the best judges can predict results, happily encouraging those who do not profess to judge at all to take a

dip into the lucky bag. The Cape's weight was 9st. 7lbs., the Child's and Great Western's a stone less, and they, again, gave Farewell 7lbs. It was not a race to bet upon, it was much too safely the Child's—it was absurd to talk—perfectly ridiculous to doubt—as a race it might be struck out without the slightest detriment to the morning's sport, and this being so, he sold for G. M. 42, while Here-I-go the next favorite, if such an expression may be used on the occasion, fetched 12, Farewell 6 and Great Western's figure we don't precisely remember. Even the Child against the field as a matter of course and at an early hour it was taken, but 130 to 100 offered before the evening was over was not bait enough! The hour came—the minute—the word was given—and in 1m. 53s. the two lowest priced ones had ran a dead heat, the Child never showing in front a yard of the way, though he finished between the other two with his nose as far as the saddle-flaps. It was a rattling affair—short and sharp though not decisive. The Child was not up to his mark or he could have done it in two seconds better time to a moral. We think it was in the Cape to have won this race. He got away with the lead and after keeping it about half a quarter of a mile Barnes pulled back: he held his own easily in the place he chose to take up and when he set to work at the finish his horse ran up in a style which convinced us that in ten strides more he would have passed the lot, but the race was over too soon for him. We must note that Joy on Farewell declared 5½lbs. and actually carried 6½ over, so that he was within half a pound of the Child! The dead heat was ran off after the Merchants' Plate and won by the Maiden easily.—Time 1m. 56s.

The Merchants' Plate, the first great race of the Second Meeting, is always one of the liveliest interest; this year it excited less than usual from the absence of Selim, last year's winner, and the undisguised confidence of the Madrassces on the mare Greenmantle, who for many months had been booked for this race. On the other hand the friends of Selim had considered it such a pot for him, that they had very freely backed him against the Madras stable! thus giving the pick from such horses as the Child, Minuet and the Waler, and disregarding the risk they ran on the mere point of life and death in taking one horse against three. They paid for it, and we doubt whether they would have got off any better had the horse come out. Selim ran the distance with 7st. 11lbs. in 3m. 28s., the Mare with 9st. in 3m. 31s., and both won easily. Selim ran a waiting race, the Mare led and was never headed, and in both races the pace was severer at the beginning than the finish. However it is no use speculating on what might have been—let us go back to what was. Instead of 19 entrances and 10 starts as

last year we had but 11 entrances and 6 at the post. Here is the "list of the running horses," and their riders:—

Morgiana, . . . . .	10st. 0lb.	Joy.
Brown Jumper, . . . . .	9st. 2lbs.	Evans.
Cossack Maid, . . . . .	9st. 1lb.	Watling.
Greenmantle, . . . . .	9st. 0lb.	Hall.
Child of the Islands, . . . . .	8st. 10lbs.	Smitke.
Bungarabbee, . . . . .	7st. 11lbs.	G. Barker.

The horses drawn were Cadwallader, Bachelor, Ignis Fatuus, Selim and Chancellor. It may not be uninteresting to give some lotteries, the first of December 29, the second of January 7, and the three last of February 4, or the evening preceding the event.

Selim, . . . . .	G. M.	29	..	15	..					
Child of the Islands, . . . . .	"	20	..	25	..	12	..	14	..	6
Greenmantle, . . . . .	"	14	..	31	..	38	..	41	..	39
Morgiana, . . . . .	"	6	..	5	..	10	..	12	..	10
Cadwallader, . . . . .	"	6	..	0	..					
Chancellor, . . . . .	"	4	..	2	..					
Bungarabbee, . . . . .	"	3	..	2	..	12	..	14	..	16
Ignis Fatuus, . . . . .	"	2	..	10	..					
Cossack Maid, . . . . .	"	2	..	2	..	10	..	12	..	10
Brown Jumper, . . . . .	"	2	..	1	..	2	..	1	..	0
Bachelor, . . . . .	"	1	..	0	..					

After the Lotteries of the 4th February were over, it became known that George Barker was to ride Bungarabbee, and it created very great dissatisfaction as it was received as tantamount to Cossack Maid (his mare) being out of the race and it will be seen that she sold at the price of a running horse. The next morning when it was understood that the Child, like her, was only going to start for allowance the complaint was renewed, and we are bound to say with great reason, that declarations to this effect should have been made and that the horses ought not to have been included in the lotteries. It was perfectly notorious that Greenmantle was to win if she could, but it was supposed that the Child was to have his chance in the event of her failing: had it been otherwise it is clear that he would not have fetched one gold mohur instead of 14! With regard to Cossack Maid it appears to have been a mistake and we are bound in justice to Barker to say that we satisfied ourselves he was entirely free of blame; that he did request that the fact of his mare not going for the race should be made known; his error was that he omitted to make the communication to the Secretary. It is not pleasant to notice these things, but it is our duty to do it and we do not hesitate. There must be every proper openness in lotteries, or it is

impossible they should stand. The gentleman who brought Cossack Maid and took odds against her several times, was out of pocket a very considerable sum.

When allowances were made for beaten horses, it was with the idea that it would induce men to put in horses, even without any very sanguine expectation of winning, and thus help sport; practically it has been the very reverse: horses were put in without an intention of going for the race, and this was done over and over again; thus first-rate platers came out with much less weight than they ought in fairness to have carried. In the Civilians' Purse, for instance, Plate horses beaten twice during the Meetings, matches not included, were allowed 4lbs., three times 7lbs., and four times or oftener 10lbs. It is true that Maidens were allowed 14lbs., but so were Maidens on the day of starting last year, and Maidens of the season 10lbs., without these allowances to Plate horses. But to the race,—and it is told in a few words: the winner led from the post and was never touched. Bungarabee failed half a mile from home after having gone so far with her, and Morgiana, who had been thrown out by kicking at the start, beat him a quarter from the post but could not catch the Waler. It is quite possible that she might have won had she got away well, and certainly she could have done the distance in as good time; but Greenmantle might have done better than she was called on for. The terms of the 25 G. M. Sweepstakes, Craven distance, were 3 subscribers or no race. Black Hawk and Zurbano were alone named, so that with the Merchants' Plate ended the day's sport.

Once the Nuwab's Purse had been looked to with the greatest interest as likely to produce the severest running of the season, the second horse getting G. M. 100 and the third saving his stake. The first nominations were made up on the 1st of May and showed no fewer than twenty-six, of which horses we may observe only six started at all throughout the two meetings. On the 1st of September the Book closed with twenty-two more—in all forty-eight! Of the last batch eight only came out at all. Thirty-eight were scratched for this race before the first meeting began! From the moment Honeysuckle distinguished himself, his winning this race was booked as almost a certainty, and when the start was known he was the favourite against the field and at any reasonable odds. In a Lottery on the 1st of Oct. he sold for one gold mohur! Bungarabee and Ignis Fatuus being the favourites. On the 31st of December Bungarabee stood first—selling for 25 G. M. against Ignis and Ishmael at G. M. 20, and Honeysuckle having been seen had risen to 12. Bachelor and Chamois went for 6 each, Chancellor for 3, Problem for 2, Knight of India for 1, while Anna Bullen was knocked down for a good round 0. •

The last lottery on the 7th of February was as under :—

Honeysuckle,.....	G. M.	57
Bachelor, .....	„	11
Chancellor,.....	„	4
Ishmael,.....	„	3
Knight of India,.....	„	1

As a race it was an absurd affair altogether : there was not even a contest for the second and third places. Honey-suckle ran away with a lead which he soon improved to about half a distance and won in a canter by five-and-twenty-lengths, while the Knight, who had been running second, was displaced by Bachelor half a mile from home. Ishmael was pulled up soon after starting, being sick, and Chancellor failed in half a mile from the same cause. The former had the jaundice and was bled the following day, his running having done him harm. This and the treatment he was subsequently put under, fiddled him for the private Sweepstakes on the last three days in which he was engaged with the Knight of India and others, all of which he would probably have won had he been in order. The time of the Nuwab's Purse was,—the mile 1m. 56s. and the 2 miles 3m. 56s., which will show the sort of opposition the winner had to encounter. The gross amount of the money ran for was Rs. 14,240.

His Highness was on his way to Calcutta when the event came off, and though he did not lose much we should have been happy that he had been present. His munificence deserved a more gratifying result, and we may safely reckon upon it on the next occasion. We think so noble a gift as 300 G. M. might be made to ensure sport and should his Highness continue his munificent patronage of the Calcutta Turf, we would have three races instead of one for the money—the Nuwab's Mile, Mile and a Half and two Miles. We learn with infinite pleasure that he made a very considerable selection of horses while down here ; among the number were Fancy Boy and True Boy, and if, as we imagine, they are to make their appearance at the next Titalya Races, which we see by the prospectus his Highness patronizes, we cordially wish them success. His Highness has just completed some magnificent stables, equal to the accommodation of 160 horses, the plans and elevations of which we have seen, and which we hope to be able to give copies of by and by in our *Review*. In the mean time we may say that for internal arrangements and external beauty they are all that money, skill and taste could make them.

The Governor-General and the Countess of Dalhousie honoured the Stand to see His Highness' Purse ran for, and the Prospectus for next year, now in the Press, will show that

his Lordship accords his direct patronage to the Turf. We may say the Countess does the same, for the Drawing Room Stakes, which we have not had for years and which will figure in the Prospectus of the Second Meeting, will be under the immediate countenance of her Ladyship and we shall be surprised if the Purse is not one of the very best of the two Meetings.

The second race of the second day was a 25 G. M. Handicap Sweepstakes for all horses, R. C., won by Minuet 8st. 6lbs., beating Elepoo 8st. 2lbs., Battledore and Here-I-go 8st. 4lbs., and Boy Jones and Brown Jumper 7st. 10lbs. There were six forfeits—Morgiana 9st. 3lbs., Child of the Islands 8st. 12lbs., Cossack Maid 8st. 10lbs., Bachelor 8st. 4lbs., Great Western 8st. 2lbs., and Black Hawk 7st. 10lbs. It was won without difficulty in 3m. 23½s., Minnet showing himself as good as ever. Here-I-go who was placed fourth must have finished a good deal better, but he was left behind at the start at least twenty-five lengths, being across the Course and quite away from the lot when the word was given. The value of the Stakes was Rs. 3,680.

The third race was a 30 G. M. Sweepstakes for all horses, 2 miles 8st. 7lbs. each, with weight up for winners previous to 1st October 1847. There were five subscribers, but Mr Green and Mr Fulton paid forfeit. Honeysuckle, Farewell and Greenmantle came to the post; the two former with 8st. 7lbs. and the mare with 9st. 3lbs. We apprehend Hall pretty considerably underrated Honey for he tried how far he could let him go away, and half a mile out it was perfectly certain that unless an accident happened he never would be touched. In the last ¾ mile instead of mending their places both competitors dropped, and the finish from the Leger post was a pleasant canter. 1m. 56s. the mile and R. C. 3-25½.

To a 20 G. M. Sweepstakes for all horses not winners of upwards of 100 G. M. previous to 1st October 1847, there were four subscribers; three paid forfeit, and Zurbano, named by Mr Charles, walked over.

The Trades' Plate was another failure. Last year it was a walk over for the Child, and on this occasion it might as well have been a walk over also. There were 17 entrances on that occasion, on this only 5. We hope to see it made a Handicap in the next prospectus, although our friend AN OLD TURFITE observed—"it may be questioned if there is not *quant. suff.* already, if the real object of racing is to be kept in view." We cannot help thinking that the real object with which all public money is given is *sport*, and if that be conceded, the most likely means should be adopted of securing it. The error perhaps has been in making this a race of heats and heats of 2 miles! If races of heats were knocked on the head altogether, it would not be a bad thing—certainly they ought never to exceed a mile. Pre-



caution was taken in the terms against a walk-over, three horses were to start or the plate to be withheld; and three did *start* and that's all that can be said. Bellona went to the post with Greenmantle and Black Hawk, and as they came by the Staud she was pulled up and returned to the place from whence she came. The Mare allowed Black Hawk to lead for a mile and came home as she liked in 3m. 58s.—for the second heat she walked over.

Next in the Prospectus came a 25 G. M. Sweepstakes, H. F., another 2 miles' race for all horses. There were two subscribers and both declared forfeit,—to the special advantage of the Fund. Cossack Maid carried off a 30 G. M. Sweepstakes, beating Brown Jumper. Chamois was drawn, and for Greenmantle and Chancellor forfeit was declared. This closed the third day and a wretched one it was. The fourth day opened with the Civilians' Purse, for which there were 32 entrances but only 5 starts. Last year there were 6 starts out of 15 entrances. The horses that came to the post were—

Greenmantle,.....	9st.	9lbs.	Smirke
Morgiana,....	9st.	4lbs.	Joy.
Child of the Islands,....	8st.	7lbs.	Hall.
Minuet,.....	8st.	7lbs.	Evaus.
Cossack Maid,.....	8st.	5lbs.	G. Barker.

Minuet was the favourite and he was required by so many—partly we presume to make books tolerably safe—that there were no fewer than 5 lotteries successively on this race, besides one of “half power.” The third was of 200 tickets or “high-pressure.” Thus they ranged:—

Minuet,.....	G. M.	41	..	48	..	80	..	44	..	49
Morgiana,.....	„	20	..	18	..	34	..	22	..	17
Cossack Maid ..	„	13	..	13	..	26	..	13	..	13
Child of the Islands,	„	6	..	8	..	16	..	8	..	9
Greenmantle,....	„	3	..	3	..	2	..	3	..	2

It might be supposed from the above that Minuet was declared to win for the Madrasses—but not so; “the best horse” was the declaration, and it will be seen that all three raced from post to post. Greenmantle cut out the work after a pattern that with such weight very few could imitate, running her half mile in 53s. and the mile in 1m. 52s. and holding the lead for the mile and a half, which she accomplished in 2m. 51s. running home third right honestly in 4m. 19s. Minuet took his allotted place in the van at the half mile from home and was not touched afterwards. The Child defeated the two mares between the Sudder and the 2 miles' post. Morgiana tried for third place but could not catch the Waler, and thus the Madras stable came in first, second, and third, taking the whole Purse and

stakes to itself—amounting to Rs. 9,200. Hall declared the Child lame after he went to his stable, but it was nothing serious.

The day's running closed with a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 G. M., for all horses,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Only four entered and they were weighted as follows:—Battledore, 8st. 12lbs. and Farewell, Zurbano and Great Western, 8st.-5lbs. each. The Stewards were wrong this time: the two last named horses paid forfeit and Farewell was without a chance. Knight of India walked over for the first of these Sweepstakes, a mile, mile and a half, and two miles, each set down as 50 G. M. P. P.—There were we believe some alterations in the original terms by consent, and that H. F. was substituted for P. P. The horses that paid were said to be Chancellor, Pekin, Ishmael, Golaub Sing and Fars—but as, or as to the number of the races the two last were engaged in there was some difference of opinion.

Baboo Radamadub Banerjea's Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 forfeit, for all horses, two miles, commenced the operations of the fifth day. Ten horses were entered and thus they were handicapped.

Greenmantle,.....	9st.	10lbs.
Morgiana,.....	9st.	3lbs.
Minuet,.....	8st	13lbs.
Child of the Islands, ....	8st.	11lbs.
Honeysuckle, .....	8st.	11lbs.
Elepoo, ....	7st.	13lbs.
Here-I-go, ....	7st.	13lbs.
Brown Jumper, ....	A feather.	
Boy Jones, .....	„	
Chancellor, .....	„	

Four only stood; Minuet, Honeysuckle, Boy Jones and Elepoo. Sherburne rode the Boy and got up about 6st. 12lbs., Joy on Elepoo declared 4lbs. There was more than the usual business done on this race although Minuet was a long way the favourite; the betting took the form, mainly, of two against two, Minuet and the Boy Jones *v.* Honeysuckle and Elepoo. There were four lotteries:

Minuet,.....	G. M.	30	..	41	..	40	..	43
Honeysuckle, ..	„	20	..	20	..	20	..	19
Boy Jones, ....	„	13	..	15	..	18	..	18
Elepoo,.....	„	12	..	13	..	15	..	13

It was a great triumph for Honeysuckle—who led all the way—when he was hailed the winner though it was but by half a length, for he was getting 2lbs. less from Minuet than the difference between their weights for age; Elepoo was beaten  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile from home, but the other three ran a splendid race to the

post. The time was R. C. 3m. 21½s. and two miles 3m. 50s. although some declared it two seconds better. The only other race this day was the mile and a half Sweepstakes, of the series before alluded to, which Ishmael contested with the Knight of India, but unsuccessfully. The Knight's time was 2m. 59½s. \*

The Sixth Day opened with a match between Boy Jones and Guarantee, weight for age, two miles. This gave the former 9st. 5lbs. on his back and the latter 8st. 4lbs. It was won easily by the Boy in 3m. 57½s. The Winners' Handicap embraced thirteen horses; of which seven came to the post.

Greenmantle...	9st.	11lbs.	Smirke.
Morgiana,....	9st.	5lb.	Joy.
Honeysuckle,....	9st.	3lb.	Baker. *
Minuet,.....	9st.	3lb.	Hall.
Battledore,....	8st.	8lb.	G. Barker.
Knight of India,..	a feather.		Sherburne.
Zurbano,.....	a feather.		A Native Boy.

The horses scratched were Child of the Islands and Cossack Maid 9st. 3lbs. each, Richmond 8st. 6lbs., Ishmael 8st. 4lb., Farewell 8st., and Guarantee a feather. There were four lotteries over-night, of which the first was of 200 tickets; we subjoin them.

Minuet,....	G. M.	50	..	29	..	22	..	26
Morgiana,..	„	43	..	27	..	24	..	24
Greenmantle,	„	41	..	24	..	23	..	24
Honeysuckle,	„	28	..	21	..	23	..	27
Zurbano,....	„	8	..	4	..	7	..	9

It will be seen that though Minuet was the favourite, both the jockeys ran him close: some of the purchasers of these horses at the beginning of the evening must have thought they had possibly made a mistake, for in a lottery of G. M. 399, the first, he was allowed to go for G. M. 28, while in the last which was but G. M. 225 he sold for G. M. 27 the highest of the lot! He was taken freely with Minuet against Greenmantle and Morgiana. How much Battledore was underrated the result proved: he only lost the race by a head and Barker was of opinion he must have won it had he not been thrown out at the Gilbert Mile by the child on Zurbano pulling right across him: it was with the utmost difficulty Barker avoided running over him which he did by a sweep that from its suddenness threw his horse out of his stride and lost him some two or three lengths. It was ludicrous to see the boy leading the field with Greenmantle as the lot came rushing past the Stand, and then going clean away from them; he looked much more like a monkey than anything else and weighing only with saddle, bridle, &c. about 4½st., it is not surprising that he was dead beat in a mile: the only wonder is

how he sat his horse at all in such a race. Greenmantle led after Zurbano failed at the Calcutta corner, but she was told out  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile from home. Here Honeysuckle and Minuet showed in front and the Knight was for a little time third, but quickly displaced by Morgiana who challenged Minuet, rated with him and was beaten at the Leger Post, Honeysuckle having succumbed a few seconds before. George Barker, who had been riding all through the race with his usual judgment, saw the three favourites cutting one another down and when two were disposed of, found it time to go to work. He caught Minuet, coming up inside; Hall was undoubtedly napping and left room for three at least between him and the rails; he awoke and was himself in the moment of peril, but he may thank his horse for the victory: it was a brilliant rally and Minuet having been for a second behind, must have been defeated but for the most unflinching game: it was won by a head, the horse being in his stride at the critical moment; the stride before and it was the Cape's! The time was R. C. 3m. 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. and the two miles 3m. 52s.

The Losers' Handicap, mile and a half, brought out only three.

Elepoo, .....	8st.	7lbs.	Joy.
Boy Jones, .....	8st.	5lbs.	Sherburne.
Great Western, .....	8st.	5lbs.	G. Barker.

The Chinaman won the first heat by a head, the other two, to our eye, running a dead heat; but the Judge—and he is a good one—gave a preference to Great Western. Time 2m. 51s. The second heat was no race. The Boy was drawn and Great Western couldn't, or wouldn't, contest it after the first mile.

These handicaps gave so much room for speculation, that people were not satisfied the Meeting should close with them. Gentlemen in their festivities are very prone to "one cheer more" and there was a very general cry for one day more. A subscription was quickly made up for a Handicap for all horses, 2 miles, and in due course it was thus turned out

Greenmantle, .....	9st.	8lbs.
Honeysuckle, .....	9st.	1lb.
Elepoo, .....	8st.	10lbs.
Boy Jones, .....	7st.	12lbs.
Great Western, .....	7st.	12lbs.
Farewell, .....	7st.	*12lbs.

This being really the wind-up there was a very full attendance at the Club dinner and there were not fewer than seven lotteries. Every body wanted Boy Jones and the consequence was that he fetched a price in every instance perfectly absurd, as the fol-

lowing record, five out of seven lotteries, will show. Honey-suckle and Farewell declared forfeit.

Great Western, . . . . G. M.	10	..	11	..	12	..	10	..	12	
Elepoo, . . . . .	„	10	..	11	..	13	..	11	..	10
Boy Jones, . . . . .	„	39	..	45	..	42	..	50	..	54
Greenmantle, . . . . .	„	30	..	27	..	27	..	26	..	31

Greenmantle led for three quarters of a mile, and was no more in the race ; had not Great Western pulled up in the last quarter she would have been last,—very different from her running for the Civilians' Purse ! The Boy and Great Western came together to the Sudder where they were joined by Elepoo and at once defeated, the old horse coming home easily in 3m. 51½s.—as good a performance as is recorded of him.

We have thus gone fairly through the two Meetings, necessarily giving information to be found in the Calendar because our object has been to afford information on all points, while interspersing such observations as suggested themselves at the time, for we have written from rough notes cotemporary with the events. For this duplication we dare say our readers will pardon us. At the end of our article will be found a very complete Synopsis, exactly after the fashion adopted by our friend last year. A comparison of them will show that we have had fewer races by eight and that the amount of stakes is some Rs. 14,000 less ; still the account is most satisfactory and speaks highly for the spirit and liberality with which the Turf is supported. We are glad to see that six races were carried by English horses, while last year there was only one and it is not improbable that next year may increase the number. Our friends at Sonapore seem determined to do the liberal with regard to Englishers, having imposed extra weight on them in only two races—the Sonapore Cup and the Selling Stakes ; wherefore the latter we really cannot imagine. We think we know a nag that will acknowledge the courtesy by his presence. We have mentioned that Niger was booked for South Australia. Since that arrangement his career has been cut short by an unfortunate accident. He was out walking, got away from his syce, and in crossing a drain came down and broke one of his legs and had to be destroyed on the spot. In the dreadful calamity that has just befallen the *Benares Steamer*, Baker the Jockey lost his life and Honey-suckle, whose various triumphs we have now recorded, was destroyed ; Cossack Maid, too, in foal to Chusan and on her way to the same stable, was burnt with six other horses, but we believe none of any Turf celebrity. To Mr Fitzpatrick the loss of Honey-suckle will be a very severe one, for he had proved himself to be one of the best Arabs that ever started, and it is not at all improbable that with an additional year

he would have eclipsed the best performance that has ever been recorded. Had he been in the Derby, Champagne, Colonial and one or two other races as he ought to have been, he would, we think, in these last meetings have won more in Stakes and public money than any other horse ever did in India in one season.

The prospectus for 1848-49 is just out, and will, we expect, upon the whole give general satisfaction. It will be seen that the first day of naming for the Derby is extended from the 1st of April to the 1st of July. A scale, and a favourable one, is laid down for English horses in the Omnibus which is to rule in three other races. It is as follows:—

3 Years .....	8st.	0lbs.
4 „ .....	9st.	0lbs.
5 „ .....	9st.	5lbs.
6 and aged .....	9st.	7lbs.

In one race, the Auckland Stakes, they are to carry 1st extra; in a 25 G. M. Sweepstakes and a 50 G. M. Sweepstakes 7lbs., and in the Bengal Club Cup—made for all horses, instead of Maidens only, and *not* heats—9lbs., while they can come into six races without any penalty at all. We observe a new rule appended to this prospectus which is well calculated to secure a race for second place in every race, however indifferently the first may be contested. Whenever public money is given and the terms contain no special provision regarding the second horse, he is to receive back his stake if there is a *bonâ fide* start of three or more horses—in other words horses in different interests: where there are ten or more subscriptions and three independent starts, the second horse will receive double the amount of his stakes. In the event of the owner of the winning horse questioning the second's title to make this claim, the point is to be referred to the Stewards.

And now it would be high time to break off, looking to the length of this article, even if we had not exhausted our proposed theme. We look back on our past Racing Season—all things considered—with satisfaction, and hopefully to the next.

A. E.

SYNOPSIS OF THE CALCUTTA RACES,—1847-48.  
FIRST MEETING.

Race.	Entered.	Started.	Winners.	Age.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Amount of Stakes.
50 G. M. Sweepstakes, . . . . .	3	2	<i>Morgiana</i> , ..	6	st. lbs. 8 7	m. f. 2 0	m. s. 3 49	Rs. 2,000
Derby, . . . . .	35	6	<i>Ishmael</i> , . . . .	6	8 12	2 0	4 0	6,480
25 G. M Sweepstakes, . . . . .	5	5	<i>Child of the Islands</i> , . . . .	6	8 10	1 0	1 51	2,400
The Colonial Stakes, . . . . .	19	3	<i>Richmond</i> , ..	*	9 0	R. C.†	3 41	3,840
Allpore Champagne Stakes, . . . . .	27	3	<i>Child of the Islands</i> , ..	6	9 3	R. C.	3 22½	8,240
Auckland Stakes, . . . . .	3	1	<i>Child of the Islands</i> , . . . .	6	8 8	2 4	w. over.	1,760
50 G. M. Sweepstakes, . . . . .	8	1	<i>Ishmael</i> , . . . .	6	8 4	1 0	w. over	1,000
The Omnibus Stakes, . . . . .	27	4	<i>Farewell</i> , . . . .	6	9 3	R. C.	3 40	7,010
50 G. M. Sweepstakes, . . . . .	6	1	<i>Child of the Islands</i> , ..	6	8 10	and a distance. 2 0	w. over	3,200
30 G M Sweepstakes, . . . . .	3	2	<i>Guarantee</i> , ...	4	8 7	0 6 {	1 24 1 27 }	1,440
40 G. M. Purse, . . . . .	17	3	<i>Honeysuckle</i> , ..	5	8 6	R. C.	3 25	3,840
30 G. M. Sweepstakes, ¼ miles, . . . . .	6	6	<i>Child of the Islands</i> , ..	6	8 7	0 6	1 21	2,880
50 G. M Sweepstakes 3 miles, . . . . .	2	1	<i>Minuet</i> , . . . .	6	9 3	3 0	w. over.	2,000
50 G. M. Purse, Dealers' Plate, . . . . .	7	2	<i>Greenmantle</i> , . . . .	6	8 6	2 0	3 28	4,240
25 G. M Sweepstakes, . . . . .	25	6	<i>Ishmael</i> , . . . .	6	9 3	R. C.	3 30½	8,560
50 G. M Sweepstakes, . . . . .	5	3	<i>Child of the Islands</i> , ..	6	9 5	1 2	2 22	2,000
Newmarket Stakes, . . . . .	4	4	<i>Cossack Maid</i> , . . . .	4	7 13	1 0	1 51	1,440
The Bengal Club Cup, . . . . .	21	2	<i>Honeysuckle</i> , ..	5	8 6	2 0	3 56	4,880
Free Handicap Purse, . . . . .	7	1	<i>Morgiana</i> , ..	6	8 12	1 4	w. over.	1,680
Selling Stakes, . . . . .	3	3	<i>Guarantee</i> , ..	4	7 8	1 0 {	1 55 1 55½ }	1,360
Calcutta Turf Club Purse, . . . . .	14	8	<i>Morgiana</i> , ..	6	8 13	Leger C.‡	3 21½	2,720
Winners' Handicap, . . . . .	16	6	<i>Honeysuckle</i> , . . . .	5	8 0	2 0	3 48	3,532
Losers' Handicap, . . . . .	3	3	<i>Cossack Maid</i> , . . . .	4	8 6	1 4	2 56 2 56 }	1,360
Total . . . . .								78,892

\* *Richmond* not having been brought up to be aged, ran as an aged horse, in pursuance of a rule passed by the Calcutta Turf Club, March 31, 1847.

† 1¼ and 15 yards.

‡ 1¼ miles and 125 yards.

SYNOPSIS OF THE CALCUTTA RACES,—1847-48.  
SECOND MEETING.

Race.	Entered. Stakes,	Winners.	Age.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Amount of Stakes.
Sweepstakes of 25 G. M.....	4	4 <i>Farewell</i> ,...	6	st. lbs 8 0	m. s.	m s. 1 53	1,600
Merchants' Plat., Sweepstakes of 25 G. M.....	11	6 <i>Greenmantle</i> ,.	6	9 0	St L Course	3 31	4,912
Nuwab Nazim's Purse, .....	2	0 <i>not filled</i>	0	0 0	—	0 0	
Handicap Sweep- stakes, of 25 G. M.....	48	5 <i>Honeysuckle</i> ,.	5	8 8	2 0	3 56	12,640 1,600*
Sweepstakes of 30 G. M.....	12	6 <i>Minuet</i> , ....	6	8 6	R. C.	3 23}	3,680
Sweepstakes of 20 G. M.....	1	1 <i>Zurbano</i> , ..	0	00	0 6	w. over	960
The Trades' Plate Sweepstakes of 25 G. M.....	5	3 <i>Greenmantle</i> ,.	6	90	2 0	3 58	2,090
Sweepstakes of 30 G. M.....	2	0 <i>No race.</i>	0	0 0	2 0	0 0	
The Civilians' Purse, .....	5	2 <i>Cossack Maid</i> ,	4	7 12	R. C.	3 33	1,680
Handicap Sweep- stakes, of 25 G. M.....	32	5 <i>Minuet</i> , ....	6	8 7	2 2	4 19	9,200
Baboo Radhama- dhub's Plate,	4	2 <i>Battledore</i> ,..	7	8 12	0 4	1 22	960
Winners' Handi- cap, .....	10	4 <i>Honeysuckle</i> ,.	5	8 11	2 0	3 50	3,360
Losers' Handi- cap, .....	13	7 <i>Minuet</i> , ....	6	9 3	2 0	3 52	2,080
Subscription Purse of 55 G. M.....	3	3 <i>Elepoo</i> , ....	aged	8 7	1 4	{ 2 51 } { 2 56 }	960
	6	4 <i>Elepoo</i> , ....	aged	8 10	2 0	3 51½	2 560
							50,202
					Total 1st Meeting..		78,892
					Grand Total.....		129,094

\* Second Horse.



## SUMMARY.

	Number of Races.	Amount of Stakes.	Pieces of Plate.
Won by Arabs.....	28	102,172	} All given in specie this year.
„ Cape Horses.....	2	4,800	
Country Breds....	0	—	
N S W Horses ..	3	11,242	
English Horses ...	6	10,880	
	39	Rs. 129,094	

N. B.—The above does not include Matches and private Sweepstakes.

A. E.





SELECTIONS,

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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# SELECTIONS,

AND

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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### WOODCOCK AND SNIPE SHOOTING.

BY L. LLOYD, ESQ.

Although I have shot but few woodcocks and snipes in Scandinavia, I have in my time been more successful elsewhere. A few desultory remarks respecting those birds may not therefore be unacceptable.

I will commence with the woodcock.

In Great Britain they are said to be less plentiful than was the case formerly; but of this I can form no opinion, not having of late years shot much at home. If such be the case, however, the scarcity is little to be wondered at, when we consider the manner in which they are persecuted. Why or wherefore it should be so I am at a loss to conceive; but we sportsmen seem to attach a particular charm to the killing of a woodcock, and if one be flushed in the course of the best day's shooting, everything else is neglected until the poor bird is safely deposited in the game bag. At the present time, however, there is reason to believe they breed more frequently in England than they used to do, more particularly near to the Sussex and Hampshire coast: as a proof, Mr Trimmer, in a letter to me, dated Haselmere, March 30th, 1846, says: "A neighbour of mine was rabbit-shooting last week, and found five woodcock's nests, with four eggs in each nest."

The covers in the eastern counties of England—more particularly those near to the coast—are occasionally during spring and fall well supplied. Some few years ago, whilst pheasant-shooting with the late Sir Fowell Buxton and a friend, near to Cromer, in Norfolk, we fell in towards evening with a flight, and in less than two hours bagged nine couple. Had daylight continued a while longer we should probably soon have doubled the number. By the baronet's game-book I ob-

served that during two particular seasons—those of 1825 and 1831—seventy-five couple were shot each season, but on the average of thirteen years not more than forty-five couple. At Felbrigg Hall, also, near to Cromer, the seat of Mr Wyndham, I noticed by the register that on the average of twelve years thirty-five couple had been killed, but one particular season fifty-one couple. I understood, however, that in general these birds do not remain long on the eastern coast, but on the first frost move further to the westward.

On the coast of Kent, though this can hardly be considered an eastern county, there is occasionally good shooting during the period of migration. Once at Broome Park, near to Canterbury, Mr George Chichester Oxenden and myself killed five couples; but it was thought nothing of, as many more have been bagged there in a day. On this occasion we had a great many well trained beaters; and it was needed, for the woods we shot over were immense—several thousand acres, it was said, in extent. Our *markers*, of whom we had several, were stationed in trees! a plan that I never saw adopted in England before or since, and which appeared to answer admirably.

The midland English counties are not very well supplied with cocks, and to kill two or three couple in a day is considered a great performance. I once assisted in bagging four couple at Stowe, where that season—1842-3—by the Duke's register, fifty-two couple were booked.

In parts of Lancashire cocks must at times be pretty abundant. I observed, when at Knowsley, that from 1827 to 1833, a period of seven years, 540 couple were bagged, or seventy-five couple annually on the average; 1829 and 1832 were the best seasons—ninety-three couple were killed in the former year, and ninety-two in the latter.

I have shot very little in the west of England, but by all accounts parts of Devonshire and Cornwall still afford capital cock-shooting. I have heard of great bags having been made occasionally in those counties.

Excellent sport is also to be met with in certain districts of Wales; but I speak not from personal experience, having shot but little in the principality.

In parts of Scotland, good shooting is also at times obtainable. The late Sir Francis Sykes told me that during the season 1822-3, when he rented Lynedoch cottage, in Perthshire, he bagged in the woods thereabout sixty and odd couple; and when in the town of Inverary, many years ago, I was informed by the Duke of Argyle's keeper, whom I accidentally met, that in one day during the winter of 1823-4 he and two others bagged  $21\frac{1}{2}$  couple.

Though excellent cock-shooting is to be found in various parts of Great Britain, far better, on the whole, is to be had in Ireland. The mildness of the climate, the endless springs and water-courses, together with the marshy nature of the soil, point out that country as the natural resort of all birds of the *scolopax* tribe. In point of fact, when the winters are very severe, many leave the English shores for the sister kingdom, where at such times they are always more than ordinarily

abundant. Unlike our English woods, which are generally altogether composed of oak, hazel, &c., the under cover of those in Ireland consist in a great degree of holly, and, in the southern districts, of arbutus. Under the foliage of these evergreens the woodcock delights to shelter himself in the day time, his season of rest and repose. Incredible numbers have sometimes been killed in a day—not only at the period of their arrival, when from fatigue they may occasionally almost be knocked down with sticks, or during severe weather, when the snow is so deep on the ground that the poor birds are literally famished, and retreat from the interior to the coast—but by fair shooting. For instance, a field officer of the Tipperary Militia, with whom I was in company years ago, told me that he himself was present when 50 couple were bagged by an acquaintance in a single day! It was for a considerable wager; the individual performing the feat being unlimited as to the number of guns, &c. I forget the name of the cover, but it was one of the best in Ireland, and of course strictly preserved. Again, the late Lord Glentworth assured me that in 1842, Mr Matthew Barrington and his party, probably consisting of five or six guns, bagged in one day on Lord Limerick's property, Dromore Wood, 72 couple. Though in former years, from 1814 to 1822, I have occasionally shot in various parts of Ireland, I never had any extraordinary success with cocks; but this was attributable to not happening to shoot in good covers when the frost was severe and the snow deep upon the ground. At such times, by the concurrent testimony of every one, many of the woods in that country are literally alive with those birds. Nevertheless, I have frequently met with excellent diversion. One day I bagged 15 couple; another day, 12; and on many different occasions from 10 to 11 couple. During the several excursions made to that country, I shot hard upon 700 couple. Walker and Maltby's No. 7 I considered the best shot for them; when, however, from the state of the weather, or from having been much disturbed, they were unusually wild, No. 6 succeeded rather better. Should a man be fortunate enough to get access to a succession of first-rate covers, he might, I have little doubt, readily kill 500 couple to his own gun in a single season. But to obtain this privilege is a matter of great difficulty; for game, generally speaking, being very scarce, more particularly pheasants, which are only to be found in a few places, the aristocracy have little to offer their friends, in the shape of winter shooting, besides cocks. In consequence, many of the finest covers in the country are strictly preserved almost exclusively for those birds; and to enable the sportsman to use his gun to the greater advantage, these covers are frequently intersected in all directions by paths cut expressly for the purpose.

The system of battues, as with us, is now very general; but these seldom take place until about Christmas, by which time the severity of the weather usually drives the cocks from the mountains into cover. The show is then often immense, and the slaughter proportionally great. Individuals have assured me that on these occasions they have seen from 200 to 300 couple on the wing in the course of the day, and

there is no reason to doubt the statement. For my own part, however, I do not think I ever flushed more than from 25 to 30 couple, but then I usually shot in a quiet way, and altogether alone.

I never was present at a really grand *chasse* in Ireland, but I can conceive few things more exhilarating. The animating cry of the beaters, who chaunt in concert "Cock! cock! cock!" as they labour the holly and other brakes with their wattles; the enthusiasm with which, as the birds are flushed, they vociferate "Mark! mark! mark!" together with the constant popping going on in every direction, must render it a most animating scene.

Many people imagine that cocks confine themselves almost exclusively to the woods; but this is not the fact, for in mild open weather the major part are to be found singly or in pairs on the grouse mountains. Those that are craggy and precipitous, and well covered with heath, are the best. With a few beaters walking abreast, and a dog or two, very good sport is generally to be had. In such situations I have often bagged 8 or 9 couple in a day. If the mountains lie in the vicinity of the woods it is all the better; but this is by no means indispensable, for I have frequently met with a fair sprinkling miles away from any cover. In an open line of country, such as I am speaking of, a man may bag at least two-thirds of the birds he flushes, which is a much larger proportion than he can calculate on doing in thick cover. Furze brakes, which abound in Ireland, are another favourite resort of those birds in mild weather, and, what to some may seem extraordinary, rough ploughed lands in the vicinity of cover, that is, when the latter have been previously much hunted. Even from a stubble field in the county of Waterford I once flushed two couple!

Beaters are generally preferred to dogs for wood-shooting, and in my opinion they are in every respect preferable; they beat the ground closer, and, what is more to the purpose, on a shot being fired, halt simultaneously, so that the cover is much less disturbed than by a team of wild dogs running a head. If dogs be used, however, pointers or setters are much better than spaniels; even if not broken to stop to shot, which ought to be the case, they will not kick up such a row on the discharge of the gun as the latter. From the moisture of the climate, setters are greatly to be preferred to pointers. On the mountains, indeed, where the ground is broken and craggy, I prefer beaters to dogs, for they will climb up to holes in the cliffs that are almost inaccessible to the pointer. When shooting alone, four beaters, together with one or two steady dogs, have usually been my complement; one man to carry the bag and to mark, whilst the others brushed the cover; more were hardly required, for it was my practice merely to skirt the woods, where the most cocks are always to be found, and where, besides, I was pretty sure of getting shots at the one-half of those that took wing, which otherwise would not have been the case. Many persons use boys as beaters instead of men—to save expense, I presume. But it is bad policy, even as regards the pocket, for one man that can be depended upon is better than half a dozen urchins; boys can rarely be made to do their duty properly, unless one's eye is



always upon them; if out of sight, as must often necessarily happen, they are pretty sure to get into a string on the first pathway they fall in with.

My excursions have been confined to the midland and southern districts, to the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Wicklow, Wexford, Waterford, Carlow, Tipperary, Cork, and Kerry.

In Wicklow I have seen some good shooting. In the Glen of the Downs, the property of Mr La Touche, so remarkable for its romantic beauties, I have enjoyed several days' fine sport. The like has been the case in the woods belonging to Mr Gunn and to Mr Blackford, near to Newtown Mount Kennedy, and also in the covers at Danran Park, the seat of Mr Grogan. But the celebrated vale of Avoca affords probably the best cock-shooting in the county. This very picturesque valley is deeply wooded throughout, and is studded with the seats of the nobility and gentry, who in general strictly preserve their covers. I have shot in those belonging to Lord Carysfort, Mr Bailey, of Ballyarthur, and Colonel Howard, of Castle Howard, and had great diversion. The woods owned by Mr Parnell and Lord Wicklow are also said to be excellent, but it was not my fortune to have access to them. Independently of the woods mentioned, there are many others of celebrity, in Wicklow. Amongst the rest, those belonging to Lord Powerscourt, to Mr Tighe, to Major Eccles, of Cronro, and to Major Tottenham, of Bally-Curry. Though I never shot in these covers, I saw them all during a little pedestrian trip I once made in the spring time at the period of which I am speaking. On that occasion I was also at Tinnehinch, the seat of the great Grattan, by whom I was hospitably entertained. Though far advanced in years, and though infirmities were fast gathering about him, the flashing of the eye, and the eloquence of tongue that used to electrify the senate, were still unmistakeable in the venerable patriot.

In the county of Wexford there are also some good covers, but on the whole not equal those in Wicklow. Killoghrim Forest the property of Colonel Phayne, is probably the best. This wood is about 1,000 English acres in extent, and cocking paths are cut throughout it. Here I have enjoyed good sport. A short time prior to my first visit to this wood it had been the head quarters of a famous brigand, named Grant, and his gang. The spot where they were accustomed to bivouac, and where they were captured by an armed force sent expressly in search of them, was pointed out to me by the beaters. Lord Farnham's covers at Newtown Barry are also very good—in appearance, indeed, almost equal to any in Ireland. I only shot in them on one occasion, when our party bagged a good many. In the woods of Castleboro', belonging to Lord Carew; of Rosegarland, to Mr Lee; of Ballyane, to Colonel O'Ferrall; of Tintern Abbey, to Mr Colclough; and —, to Mr Blacker, all situated in the county of Wexford, I have likewise had good sport.

The county of Tipperary abounds in capital covers. Rehill Wood the property of Lord Glengall, is probably about the best. It is about 200 acres in extent, and consists in the main of oak timber; but the

underwood is, very generally, holly; it is throughout cut into paths, and from being situated near to the Galtee mountains is said during snow storms to be full of cocks. In two instances I had the good fortune to obtain access to this splendid wood, which is very strictly preserved; but the weather being open and the season advanced, my sport was indifferent. The only pheasants I ever met with in Ireland were in this cover, but they were few in number; at the period I speak of, these birds were very scarce throughout the country; of late years they have become much more common. For some reason or other, Lord Glengall's wood ranger was at this time a marked man; he had, I believe, given evidence against some misdoer. By order of the authorities he was, in consequence, protected day and night by a dismounted dragoon. Both soldier and keeper attended me whilst in Rehill Wood, and the trooper, blunderbuss in hand, assisted in beating the bushes. The wood of Bally-David, situated within six or seven miles of the town of Cahir, afforded me a good deal of amusement. Like that at Rehill it was close to the Galtee range, and a favourite resort of cocks. Near to Clonmel, in some fine covers belonging to Mr Edmund Power, of Gurteen, I also shot on one occasion, but met with very little success—attributable, probably, to a great dearth of underwood. Within a few miles of Knocklofty, where I spent some days, I likewise met with good woods, but the weather was bad, and my sport indifferent. I was a guest of the first Lord Donoughmore, the great advocate of Catholic Emancipation; Lord Hutchinson, who commanded in Egypt after the fall of the gallant Abercrombie, was also a visitor at the mansion. The society of these distinguished noblemen, the one so celebrated in the senate, the other in the field, the many interesting historical anecdotes related by them, more than compensated for want of success. Tipperary, as well as some other parts of Ireland, were, thirty years ago, in nearly as bad a state as at present. The following extract from my journal will go far to corroborate the truth of this assertion:—"March 4th, 1817.—Left Knocklofty after dinner by mail for the King's Oak, where we arrived on the following morning. Independently of our two regular guards in the dicky of the coach, we were escorted by two mounted dragoons the greater part of the distance!"

In the county of Cork there are many superb woods. The finest are said to be those at Castle Martyr, the seat of Lord Shannon; Lord Brandon has also some good covers; but I never shot in their lordship's demesnes. The woods of Glengarriff, situated near to Bantry Bay, and the property of Lord Bantry, afforded me, on more than one occasion, capital shooting. They are isolated and extensive, and being surrounded on all sides by mountains well covered with heather, are about equal, during severe winters, to any in the country. The scenery here is very beautiful; many think it will bear comparison with any in the south of Ireland. Since I visited Glengarriff, pheasants have been introduced into the woods thereabouts. It is to be hoped that the capercali, with which I some years since supplied his lordship, have also succeeded. Independently of the pleasures of the

chase and the wild beauty of the scenery, there was much of historical recollection connected with Bantry Bay to interest me. It was here as is well known, the French landed in 98. Many stirring anecdotes of this memorable event were told me by Lord Bantry and the Hon. Mr White, his brother, who so greatly distinguished themselves on the occasion and at whose mansions I was most hospitably entertained.

But it was in the county of Kerry that I met with the most uniform good shooting, particularly at Killarney, and in the wild range of country to the westward of those beautiful and romantic lakes. On the mountains, as well as in the glens and passes by which they are intersected, I have often filled my bag with cocks. Lord Kenmore, who is all kindness and liberality to strangers, is a principal proprietor of the woods in the vicinity of Killarney. Glena Cottage, situated near to the "Eagle's Nest" on the Lower Lake, and at the foot of "Mangerton," was, on more than one occasion, my quarters for days together. The so-called "Minister's Back," near to this sylvan retreat, was a favourite brake of mine; it was an abrupt cliff, so designated, according to the tradition of the peasants, from an unfortunate parson having, in former days, tumbled down it one dark night and fractured his spine. Darahinney Cottage, on the shores of the Upper Lake, used to be another of my favourite stations. This cottage, as well as the one at Glena, is the property of his lordship, who, during my stay at Killarney, was so good as to place both at my disposal. The other covers near to the lakes belong chiefly to Muccruss Abbey, the beautiful seat of Mr Herbert, which has so often been celebrated in song and story. They are very strictly preserved, and, taken for all in all, probably amongst the first in Ireland. A very large portion of the underwood consists of holly and arbutus, the latter growing in this genial climate most luxuriantly. The woods are extensive enough for four or five distinct beats, and that too for as many guns. The best of these splendid covers are situated at the foot of the far-famed "Turk," which towers so proudly over the lake; and when the cocks are driven by stress of weather from the mountains, their usual place of resort when the temperature is mild, the woods by all accounts are filled with them. One year I shot for several days at Muccruss; but from the season being far advanced, and from the woods having been previously much beaten, our party did little comparative execution. Sometimes, however, the slaughter here is great; one day Mr Chichester Oxenden killed with a single barrel, the lock of the other being out of order, 22½ couple; but this gentleman, be it remembered, is a very first-rate shot, more particularly at cocks. My constant attendant, whilst at Killarney was a fine fellow named Doherty; he was a good sportsman, had passable dogs, and knew every inch of the country for miles and miles around. Amongst his other distinguished properties, my friend was a first-rate performer with his shillalagh, and his feats with that formidable weapon at fairs and wakes had gained him much renown. In the numerous shindies in which he had been engaged his own person had been somewhat damaged—at least so I judged from the state of his fingers, which, by

hard knocks, were twisted about like so many cocked hats. Doherty was a most amusing companion, and many a weary hour he whiled away with song and story, of which he had an inexhaustible fund. He was a good Catholic; but from the number of penances he described himself to have undergone, the many disagreeable pilgrimages performed with peas in his shoes, &c., he had, I fear, been guilty in his time of very many peccadilloes. Father Matthew's reign not having commenced at the period I am speaking of, Doherty, like many of his countrymen, indulged occasionally in a drop of the cratur—when in my company, however, never to any excess; and beyond the whiskey-bottle, which he usually carried, leaking most immoderately at times, but for which he had always some ingenious reason to allege, I had nothing to complain of. Subsequent to my visit to Killarney, and when Doherty was acting as guide to a party, a leak also occurred to the whiskey-bottle, or rather, I believe, the cork fell out altogether, which was making the matter somewhat worse. Suspecting the trick that had been played, and for the purpose of detecting the culprit, one of the gentlemen whispered pretty loud to his friend—"He trusted no person had tasted the contents of the bottle, as it contained deadly poison, and would certainly cause almost immediate dissolution!" This being overheard, as was intended, by Doherty, the ruse had the desired effect, for the poor fellow at once turned pale as ashes, and the next minute was on his knees, confessing his guilt, and petitioning for the stomach pump, &c. Doherty had his failings, but "take him for all in all, I shall not soon look on his like again." The days we spent together have left a pleasing impression on my memory. Many a long walk we took in company, exploring the mountain fastnesses from Killarney to the Atlantic. At times we fell in with much fine scenery—Glenflesk, for instance, the scene of a recent popular novel; then, again, the gap of Dunlo, a rugged defile near to the northern extremity of the lake, which struck me as very beautiful. There were a few wild red deer in the woods about Killarney, and a grand stag hunt was not unfrequently got up in the summer, for the amusement of the visitor to that far-famed watering-place. Once in a while in our rambles we started a fine fellow from his lair. Golden eagles abounded; many indeed breed in the mountains thereabouts, and during a day's shooting it was by no means uncommon to see several of these noble birds soaring immediately above one's head. But the splendid echos strike a man the most; for in particular situations, on firing a shot, the report is given back again ten-fold by the surrounding rocks. Whether or no, therefore, the efforts of the sportsman at Killarney be attended with success, still he is always amply rewarded for his toil, as well by the varied object of interest enumerated, as by the magnificence of the scenery. Around and above are mountains of every shape and form, and at his feet the placid waters of the Queen of Lakes!

But after all the cock-shooting, even in Ireland, is hardly to be compared to what is to be met with in some other parts of the world. For instance, Sir Hyde Parker, in a letter to me dated June

10th, 1844, when speaking of a trip to the Mediterranean, from whence he had recently returned in his yacht, says—"We killed 450 cocks in 10 days, and the party who preceded us killed 650 in the same number of days." Great as was the slaughter described by the baronet, it was equalled by Messrs Oxenden and Berkeley. From a printed list sent me by the former, it appears these gentlemen bagged, in twenty-one days' shooting in the Morea, 862 woodcocks—their best day was 80.

Now for a few words regarding the snipe, of which, however, the information I have to give is very meagre.

A smaller number of these birds are said at the present day to visit our shores than was the case formerly, which, as with the woodcock, is, I suppose, owing to the increased number of sportsmen, and the consequent increased persecution to which they are exposed. Excellent snipe-shooting is nevertheless, still obtainable in many parts of England—for example, in the fens of Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire; but from the extent to which draining has been carried of late years, it is now inferior, I suppose, to what it was formerly. On the few occasions of my visiting the fens, I was always too soon or too late for the large flights by which they are periodically frequented; and though I usually made a good bag, my performances were nothing to boast of. The last time I was at Whittlesea Mere, in Huntingdonshire, my friend and I bagged, in two days, 24 couple, which was about average sport.

The Norfolk fens are also very good. Those near to Hickling, and others in the vicinity of Buckenham, the property of Sir Thomas Beecham, are said to be among the best. Mr Oxenden shot over the fens in this line of country during several winters; one particular season he bagged 405½ couple, and during others some 300 couple on the average; a large portion, however, were jacks or half-snipes. But considerable as was Mr Oxenden's success, it was far exceeded by Mr Fellows, who one day, during the autumn of 1842, killed in the fens near to Buckenham 64 couple (a large portion jacks) to his own gun. This fact I learned from that gentleman himself. Not many miles from Cromer, I and a friend bagged one afternoon 16 couple; but this was on a bog rather than a regular fen.

Parts of Scotland are said to afford fair snipe-shooting. Of the lowlands I know little. On the moors some few may certainly always be picked up whilst one is grousing. In the Orkneys snipes are pretty abundant; many breed there, and such indeed is the case in all the northern parts of Scotland. One day towards the end of September, whilst shooting grouse in the island of Hay, I bagged 13 couple of whole snipes, and might have doubled that number had I made it an object. In the island of Pomona, or the mainland, those birds were equally numerous; whilst on the moors I used to meet with from 20 to 25 couple without particularly looking for them.

But Ireland is the country for snipe-shooting, as compared, at least, with the rest of the United Kingdom. The mildness of its climate, its endless morasses, &c., render it the favourite resort of those birds.

Whole districts from the one extremity of the kingdom to the other are dotted with snipe grounds ; when mountains do not intervene, indeed, a leading feature in the winter of a large portion of Ireland is bog, or, what to the sportsman amounts to the same thing, wet pasture-fields covered with long tufted grass, to which the snipes are very partial. Though it is no easy matter to procure good cock-shooting in Ireland, yet access to the snipe bogs is almost everywhere readily to be obtained. Only in two or three instances, and then from causes foreign to the preservation of those birds, do I remember meeting with refusals. Snipes, in fact, are commonly looked upon as hardly worth powder and shot—such at least was the case in my time. Though I have killed them in all the counties named when speaking of the woodcock, and consequently know something of the localities of Ireland, still as bogs are to be found, go where one will, I shall confine myself to but few of those that I shot over. The Murragh of Wicklow, a long strip of marshy land extending for many miles along the coast, was a favourite beat of mine. Here I have made many a good bag. My best day was 25 couple of whole snipe. As the ground was intersected with deep and broad ditches, a leaping-pole was here requisite. In this bog if I may so term it, some ducks were obtainable at flight time ; but I seldom waited until night fall, for after a hard day's work, tired and draggled, I was glad to get home to my dinner. Sometimes I stopped at Newrath Bridge ; but more generally Newtown Mount Kennedy, situated at some twenty miles to the southward of Dublin, was my quarters. There being fine covers for woodcocks in the vicinity was an additional inducement for me to remain at this place. It was in Wexford, however, that the larger portion of my snipes were bagged. Not that the bogs were better there than elsewhere, but the greater proximity to England, &c., induced me to visit that county more frequently than others. Sometimes I stopped at Enniscorthy, at the foot of Vinegar Hill, so famous in '98 : this town being central, and thus enabling me to extend my excursions in various directions, was a rather favourite station. From hence, and within a moderate distance, was more than one good beat. Whilst here I was one evening somewhat in jeopardy. The doors of the house, or rather cabin, in which I happened to be was suddenly beset by a rabble, who in no very courteous terms demanded immediate entrance. As their language boded no good, and remembering the old adage as to discretion, &c., I bolted by a back door, and took refuge in a garden near at hand. It was well I made myself scarce, for, as I afterwards learnt, the " boys," on effecting an entrance and finding the bird flown, revenged themselves on the building, which they levelled with the ground. I was mistaken, it seems, for an obnoxious individual to whom they purposed administering a little wholesome chastisement. But it was in the vicinity of Taghmorc that I more generally tarried whilst sniping. The country thereabouts afforded me uniform good sport. First rate wild-fowl shooting is to be had near to the town of Wexford. On one occasion I paid that place a visit for the express purpose. The show of geese and ducks of all kinds was enormous, nearly equal to that on the Blackwater in Essex during severe

winters ; but not being properly appointed as to guns, &c., very little execution was done. Though such terrible scenes occurred in the county of Wexford in '98, at Enniscorthy, Scullabogue, and other places, the recollection of which makes one's blood curdle, and though many of the actors in these bloody tragedies were still living and around me, no people could be more peaceable or better behaved. Day and night, and seldom with more than one attendant, I traversed the country in every direction, and was nevertheless at all times treated with respect and civility.

The bog of Allan is much celebrated as a snipe ground. It is of great size, extending for some seventy miles in length through the centre of Ireland. I once shot on it, not far from the town of Prosperous, in the county of Kildare ; but owing to a recent frost, found very few snipes, and those extremely wild. I saw both geese and ducks also, but neither the one nor the other would allow me to approach them ; and what may appear somewhat extraordinary, on the more elevated part of the bog I met with a few grouse. Had my time permitted, I should much like to have gone over more of this immense bog ; but would have taken a week, which I had not to spare, to explore it properly. For my own part, I am not partial to these very extended shooting grounds. A man never sees a termination to his labour ; besides, in regular peat bogs, similar to this, the snipes are commonly packed and wild ; whereas in smaller bogs, rough pasture-fields, heather, &c., they are more generally to be found singly or in pairs, and consequently lie better to the dog.

Though in the wilds of Kerry and parts adjacent Doherty was my right-hand man, in Wexford and the neighbouring counties my usual attendant was Larry—yclept O'Tool—mentioned in the "Northern Sports,"—and as good a specimen of an Irishman as one would wish to see. Like many of his countrymen, he possessed a great stock of wit and humour, which coupled with his being an admirable marker and untireable as a pedestrian, made him invaluable. One day, when we were together—though the fault was more his than mine—I had the misfortune to pepper poor Larry somewhat hard about the back of the skull, where the shots—twenty-nine in number—are sticking to this day ; but the gallant fellow took the mishap in perfectly good part, merely observing it was far better to be hit in the head than the tail ; and though bleeding most profusely, he continued for the remainder of the day to walk and mark as well as ever. At a subsequent period Larry was with me in Sweden ; at first he knew nothing of the language, but this was of no moment in his eyes, for he seemed to imagine every one must understand his native brogue. He used, therefore, to tell his stories, of which he had a never-failing supply, in his mother tongue ; and though not one word was comprehended, yet what with his gesticulations and good-humoured countenance, he always kept his auditors in a roar of laughter, and from his obliging disposition and extreme good nature, was a very great favourite wherever he went. When in Stockholm, I once sent Larry with a message to Lord B——d, then our representative at that Court. In giving the

man his directions, I merely designated his lordship as the "Minister," the usual appellation in Sweden for ambassador. Larry soon returned with the astounding intelligence that the parson was not at home. On hearing of the strange mistake Lord B——d was much amused, and presented his countryman with a bottle of the cratur to drink long life to his reverence! My friend Larry is, I am happy to say, alive and well at the present day. He has settled in England, where, from his integrity and good conduct, he holds a situation that many might envy.

I have heard people speak of having seen myriads of snipes in the course of a day in Ireland. It may be so; though I do not think I ever met with more than 50 or 60 couple—that is, of fresh birds, for I apprehend if a man be beating a country before him, the same birds are frequently put up two or three times over. Be that as it may, there are quite snipes enough for fair sport; with a good marker, a good dog, a knowledge of the country, and propitious weather, a man ought to kill some 20 couple in a day to his own gun; under favourable circumstances that was about my average. On several occasions I have bagged from 25 to 28 couple, and in one instance 32 couple; and this, be it remembered, independently of other varieties of game.

A very small portion of the snipes that at various times I have shot in Ireland were jacks, probably not more than 1 in 20; the rest were the whole or common snipe. The double or solitary snipe I never met with in that country.

I have always found Walker and Maltby's No. 8 the best shot for these birds; No. 9 is too small to do proper execution at long distances in windy weather.

Though the snipe as well as the woodcock shooting is undeniably very superior in Ireland, the greatest drawback to sporting in that country, more particularly in the western districts (barring, of course, the chance of having one's throat cut), are the very constant storms of wind, rain, &c. For days together the hurricanes have been so violent on the mountains or on exposed ground, that I could hardly keep my legs, and the rains so heavy that I have not had a dry thread about me. Killarney, for example, is somewhat famous for the frequent outpourings of the clouds, and by some is therefore termed a certain utensil for the convenience of his Satanic Majesty.

Taken altogether, my best season in Ireland was 1820. I commenced on the 5th December, and finished towards the end of March. Generally speaking, the weather was mild and very rainy, and of course unfavourable for woodcocks. Subjoined is a list of game bagged that winter:—

Woodcocks . . . . .	414
Snipes . . . . .	1310
Hares . . . . .	24
Rabbits . . . . .	6
Partridges . . . . .	17
Quail . . . . .	1
Teal . . . . .	1



Mallard. . . . .	8
Golden Plover . . . .	1
Common Plover . . . .	10
Field-fares . . . . .	2
Hérons . . . . .	2
Wood-pigeon . . . . .	1
Grouse . . . . .	1
Water-rail. . . . .	8
Land-rail . . . . .	1

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1807 head.

When I first visited Ireland I knew but few individuals in that country; but I was a stranger, and wherever I went, that sufficed to insure me every kindness and hospitality at the hands of all classes of society. Though contrary to the advice of the resident gentry, often wandering alone during the most distracted of times in the disturbed districts, still I never received the smallest molestation; and even when benighted in the woods or mountains, as occasionally happened, I have lain down to rest in a cabin with a feeling of the most perfect security. I have always entertained too good an opinion of the peasantry to imagine them capable of violating the rites of hospitality. The purse is seldom the incentive to crime in Ireland. To revenge some real or imaginary wrong may be traced nine out of ten of the terrible crimes that disgrace that most unhappy country.

*Sweden, Dec. 1846.*

*Sporting Magazine, for October.*

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## A DAY ON THE MOORS.

The strife of the season is over; the inns of court have cast forth their occupants; parliament is not merely up, but dissolved; and the provinces yet stagger under the humours of a general election. London, the mighty Babylon, has become a wilderness of bricks and mortar. Shop-windows, dingy and stripped of their gauds, bear witness to the vacuity that reigns within. Howell and James have departed, carrying with them, as it seems, the whole body of their spruce apprentices. We look into Storr and Mortimer's and see but a solitary shopman lounging listlessly behind a far-off counter. Stülz has stolen away; Hoby hideth his head; Gunter is gone; and the place of Place knoweth him no more. Colburn and Bentley, once partners, now rivals, in the arts of puff and quackery, have cast for a season their bickerings behind. Murray, exulting in a marriage jaunt, leaves Albemarle Street to mourn his temporary absence; while John Parker seeks,

where "Bath's dull fountains flow," the refreshment and repose of which energy and honourable dealing stand, from time to time, in need. As to the clubs, their aspect overwhelms us with melancholy! That solitary member hovering on the upper step at the Athenæum, exhibits manifest tokens of bewilderment; and no wonder. Athené's halls are desolate. Her chambers, uncarpeted and forlorn, offer no enticements to enter, far less to abide in them. The very library, wherein she specially rejoiceth, has become, through the absence of its excellent *custodier*, Mr Hall, comparatively useless; and the department of the *cuisine* (not at any season, perhaps, as perfect as it might be) is in utter confusion. The member appears to have attained all at once, to an intuitive perception of these sad truths. See, he withdraws the foot which had been advanced in the direction of the vestibule. He stops—hesitates—turns round—and rushes, with accelerated pace, back again into the street. He flees, as it were for life, and at last succeeds in shutting himself out from observation in one of the dark alleys adjoining St. James's Street. And so it is—or worse than this—at the Travellers', the Reform, the Carlton, and every where else. Poor fellow! we are sincerely sorry for that military-looking gentleman who stands at the door of the United Service. It is clear that he has just come up from country quarters, on two months' leave of absence. It is certain that he counted on a whirl of gaiety; of such gaiety, at least as officers of marching regiments love or seek for in town, namely, the club-breakfast at ten o'clock, eaten in the midst of a hungry, yet talkative throng; the long lounge in the crowded saloon afterwards, with newspaper in hand; the stroll up Regent Street and down St. James's, where print-shops and saddlers' windows alternately attract the gazer; the club-dinner, and then the play, with whatever accompaniments or adjuncts might follow thereupon. Instead of all this, he finds himself the sole occupant of a palace; without a comrade to greet him, without "a soul to speak to;" and forced, as if he were still a subaltern at an outstation in Ireland, to stand beating his well-polished boot with his cane, and to whistle the same air which he has been known to murder ever since he joined her majesty's 129th Regiment of Horse Marines. With respect to White's and Brookes's, we can discover no trace in either of living thing; and the pavement beneath our feet, as we pass them slowly by, cracks from the intensity of the sun's rays upon it. Is this a state of things which ought to be endured one moment longer than dire necessity shall determine? Reader, you are a person of average good sense, and of a judgment not more warped than readers' judgments usually are. We appeal, therefore, to you; and since you agree with us in thinking that the sooner, under existing circumstances, we make our escape the better, there is nothing for it but to act upon the suggestion: in return for which, and for the excellent advice that accompanies it, you shall, if the project meet your own wishes, be our companion in travel.

So far we are agreed. There is no alternative between flight and destruction; to linger here another fortnight would undoubtedly consign us both either to the cell of the lunatic, or a grave in some cross-

road. Whither shall we go, then? To Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, Bognor, the Isle of Wight, or Dawlish? Not to any of these places. Margate is a mere abomination, a fitting resort of the Cocknies that frequent it. Ramsgate, with its glaring white cliffs and dusty roads, would blind us in a week; Brighton is too large, Bognor too small, and Dawlish—beautiful Dawlish!—however attractive to the melancholy muser, has no peculiar charms for us just at this moment. We admit that the Isle of Wight is a very charming locality. If you love yachting, settle yourself for a season at Cowes, whence you may vary your amusements by picnicing it to Carisbrook Castle, and take an occasional ramble through the grounds of Osborne House. But yachting is not exactly our *forte*; and picnics, to render them endurable, must be shared with such as live, no doubt, in our memories, but are not beside us as they once were, nor ever will be again. What say you, then, to Boulogne, or Havre, or Dieppe, or possibly Brest? That they abound in all the inconveniences which attach to watering-places nearer home; and can boast of this nuisance over and above, —that you are pretty sure to pick up some equivocal acquaintances at each of them, whom you will find it extremely difficult to get rid of when the term of your holiday-making is over. Never go abroad for the mere purpose of cleansing your carcase in the sea. The water, be assured, is quite as refreshing on our own shore as on that of France; and the people, both natives and visitors, are ten times as honest.

Well, then, suppose we try——

No, reader, we will not try that, neither. Undoubtedly there is much to interest and delight amid the mediæval architecture and glorious paintings of the Flemish cities. Were we in the mood for it, we could spend a month in the least attractive of them all; in Ghent and Antwerp there is material for a whole year's enjoyment. But the animal frame demands recreation as well as the more intellectual part of us; and nature's great temple is at least as redolent of holy feeling as the noblest reared by man. The Rhine? Certainly the Rhine is not lightly to be spoken of. From Cologne to Bonn by rail, from Bonn to Coblenz by steamboat, you must be either very stupid or very fastidious if either portion of the journey fail to move you. Still something would be amiss even there. We defy you to come and go, as a mere bird of passage, more than once by a such route as this, and fail to perceive that the scene palls upon you. What can you make of the Drachenfels now, sitting upon a bench in the boat's stern, that you did not make two years ago? Nothing; indeed, less than nothing. Upon my honour, that Corrie is not half so remarkable as I had imagined it to be. This ruins—really one is not surprised that the heresy should gain ground which strips them of old romance, and reduces them to the rank of mere show-places, built for effect. Don't let us go up the Rhine. It has lost all its charms since it became the "highroad of nations." And to attempt more in this month of August, either in Switzerland or Italy, is out of the question. Very true, there are fine things in Saxony, and the Bohemian mountains are well worth a visit. So it is with the Hartz, though they be but mole-hills after all. But

consider, there are scores of places on the surface of the round globe at least as deserving of notice as they. What say you, for example, to the Cataracts of the Nile, or the Hindu Coosh? For our own parts, if we must go so far abroad, our fancy points to Peking, or Timbuctoo. Will you go there?

Considerate reader, you have lived long enough in the world to be aware that few people ask opinions of their neighbours, till their own minds have been made up in regard to the course which they propose to follow. We were, indeed, delighted when you chimed in with our views touching the necessity of change in the abstract; but we no more intended to take your advice as to the when or where of the proposed movement, than Sir Robert Peel, in submitting his project for the repeal of the Corn-laws to his colleagues, intended to be guided by the decision at which they might arrive. You have kindly recommended about a dozen schemes, to the merits of each of which we are fully alive; now hear us, and lose no time in making whatever preparations you consider to be necessary.

There stands upon the further bank of Loch Dochart a pleasant Highland habitation. It is neither very spacious nor remarkably well furnished, but it is sufficiently commodious to afford to us and to our servants as much space as we shall require; and dogs, gillies, rods, gaffs, and all the appliances of sport, are there in abundance. We rather think that you are as yet a stranger of the pleasant pastimes of grouse-shooting and salmon-fishing: observe, that we have no wish to raise your expectations too high. You know what it is to follow a well-trained brace of pointers through stubbles-field and clover. You *have* killed your birds single-handed, and your taste is not so entirely depraved as to prefer a battue to a day's shooting; and we have seen you laud your three-pound trout with equal grace and skill on the grassy banks of the Colne. Don't, therefore, expect too much; for, after, all, as regards sport, the partridge is quite as game a bird in his way as the moor-fowl; and the trout in good season, if he be but large enough, gives pretty much the same sort of play with the salmon. Nevertheless, Nature is as true to her rule of change in regard to these matters as to others; and it will go hard with us if we fail to shew you some fun. Wherefore, hie thee home, and pack thy portmanteau with as much care as the time at our disposal shall admit of.—With what are you to fill it? Nay, you are less of a lover of the country than we took you to be if you require to be directed *there*. Gather up as much of your sporting gear as you may consider necessary for a montk's sojourn among the hills, and be quick with it; for, punctually as the clock strikes nine, we must find ourselves at the Euston Square station to-morrow.

Well met, and punctual! The clock is ringing out the hour; now come, let us take our tickets, and be seated. We are off. By Jove, this is going, indeed! Thirty miles an hour at the least! How towns and villages, hill and dale, farm-house and gentleman's seat, wood and meadow, sweep past us! Are there no stoppages by this train? Shall we be shot clean and clear from Euston Square to

Princes Street? Not exactly so. Here we are, in two hours and twenty-five minutes, at Rugby, famous of old for the good men whom it has sent forth—doubly renowned now that the name of Arnold has become associated with it. He was a noble fellow, the late master of that school,—generous, and, therefore, confiding; trustful, and, therefore, skillful in creating a principle of good faith among his pupils. What a scholar he was, too! and how extensively as well as accurately read! And yet Arnold had his faults. There was by far too much of the dogmatist about him. He had lived for himself and within himself so long, that he had forgotten what was due to the opinions of others. Not of *all*, others, observe; for it was a peculiarity in the intellectual conformation of the man, that when he gave his confidence, he gave it absolutely. Arnold did not know what it was to halt between two opinions. He despised Peel, and worshipped Bunsen. Now, we think that he was wrong in both cases. Peel has his weaknesses, and Bunsen his merits; but Peel's is not a mind to be despised, any more than Bunsen's deserves apotheosis. The former is shrewd, calculating, cautious,—on most topics connected with the science of government, well informed; wanting, to be sure, in originality of idea and in the vigour of purpose which arises out of it; but adroit, clever, and, when occasion suits, obstinate. Peel's learning is confessedly not extensive, for he is master of no languages except his own, the Greek, and the Latin: but he has read the best authors whom England, Greece, and ancient Rome have produced; and a memory more than ordinarily tenacious enables him to use their aphorisms gracefully. Peel will never take his place as a statesman beside Pitt; as an orator, beside Canning; as a political writer, beside Burke; or, as a philosopher, within a hundred miles of Bacon. But, compared with the pignons of his own generation, he is a first-rate fellow,—his tergiversations, and financial blunders, and bullion Acts, notwithstanding. Of Bunsen, on the other hand, we are constrained to acknowledge, that, with much to admire and much to love about him, he is, neither as a scholar nor as a statesman, exactly such as Arnold believed him to be. What a mess he has made of his philosophy of the Church! what a perfectly unreadable book is his great work on Egypt! Yet to him the Master of Rugby wrote and looked up as if the world contained none so worthy to be consulted on every controverted question of history, as well as on the application of the principles which history teaches to the management of human affairs.

But this was not the only weak point in Arnold's character. He was dreamy in his views of the gravest things. He might not know it—he would have doubtless repelled the charge with indignation, had it been brought against him; but his writings, one and all—not even excepting his sermons to the boys—breathe a spirit which, however amiable and beautiful it may be, comes very near to pantheism. Arnold's religion was a thing more of the imagination than of the soul. He hated mysteries, and swept, rather than strove to explain, them away. He had imbibed, without being fully aware of it, much of the philosophy of Kant in these matters. All his feelings were good, but

they were precisely such as never can be rendered available for the permanent good of the world. The masses must be governed by forms, and they who seek to guide them by forms will not succeed unless their right to do so be recognised as springing from some source higher than political or even social convenience. Now Arnold's church principles were confessedly as loose as those of Hobbes, or Bretschneider; and we are much afraid that they have spread further, and taken deeper root, than is generally supposed. We have heard of the growth of a new school in Oxford, whose teaching brings with it more to alarm us than that of either Puseyism or Puritanism; and of this Arnold seems to be the founder. Arnold's biographer is at the head of it, and Arnold's views are those which he professes to disseminate. And yet Stanley is himself but a convert of yesterday to these views. When he undertook to edit his master's correspondence, it is by no means clear that he quite understood the character which he was going to describe. As he went on, the bold opinions of his hero startled him. He gave them to the press in fear and trembling, and, as every reader of his work will see, carefully avoided passing judgment upon them. The reception which was awarded to his book surprised no human being so much as himself. Sentiments which he had put upon record tremblingly, appeared to be accepted by the world without misgiving. Immediately a revulsion began to take place in his own mind. He was no longer frightened at the work of his own hands. A sort of suspicion arose that, after all, Arnold might be correct; and hesitation in this instance led to the results which usually attend upon it where points of principle are at issue. The doubting, timid recorder of another man's opinions, became a convert to views which, when he began to write, had no attractions for him, but the reverse. And now strong in the *prestige* which a successful biography has given, he inculcates upon the youth whom his winning manners gather round him, principles, of which we will not pause to say more, than that either we have mistaken their drift and object entirely, or the Church will find ere many years pass, a far more dangerous party within her pale than any with which her articles and rubrics have as yet been brought into collision.

Were you never at Coventry? Nay then, friend, you have something yet to see, which, if there be about you the good taste for which we gave you credit, will not be seen without interest. Of course your present idea of the place is of a smoky, filthy, squalid, manufacturing town. So it is. Coventry abounds in squalor, is exceedingly filthy, stands constantly in a cloud of smoke, and is crowded with manufactories. But it abounds, at the same time, in some of the most remarkable specimens of mediæval architecture which are to be found any where in England. The old church of St. Michael alone will repay you for the day which you shall spend in the examination of it. What a fine, massive, Norman edifice it is! neither cathedral nor parish church, but something intermediate between the two—gloomy and stern, almost too stern for these Protestant times, which even in their worship enter into familiar intercourse with the Most High, and seem

to forget that He is The Awful. And yet it is not fear neither—at least, not terror which we experience, as, passing under that noble arch, we move up the ascent of the high altar, and gaze from thence along the long aisle towards the huge west window. What a vista is before us! how prolific of thoughts, which bow, as it were, the human portion of us to the dust, while the spirit wings its flight upwards. Are not our sensations, while we stand alone in a crumbling edifice like this, a thousand-fold more sublime than those which take possession of us when listening to a Melville or Wilberforce, in one of the spruce theatrical oratories, which the Londoners call churches? Surely it is so. Surely our forefathers, rude as we are wont to account them were in this more civilised than we, that they studied the uses to which their various structures were to be turned; giving to God's temples an architecture, of which, be the immediate causes what they may, the effects are every where the same. And the materials of which they made use, how appropriate we feel that they are! True, that red sandstone is yielding, and has yielded, to the pressure of the atmosphere;—much of the elaborate tracery is effaced from the roof, and the huge columns have lost their fine edges; but what then? There they still stand, the limbs of an old giant sustaining a giant's form; pillars built for eternity, which nothing short of some great convulsion would have power to overthrow. Believe us, reader, that the men who laid the foundation of such an edifice as this could not be other than holy men. Their religion was a deep-seated principle; their worship came from the soul. They met together in one place—to PRAY: they did not seek to be amused or excited by the eloquence of their preachers. Can it be that such a state of feeling is incompatible with the advances in mechanical arts which their descendants are now making, and that, in proportion as we win an increased mastery over visible nature, we necessarily cease to acknowledge our dependence upon the Invisible?

Talking of the triumphs of skill over matter brings us immediately to York, where, every thing within or without the place seems stamped with the impress of one man. Just look about you. Is not this terminus a marvel in itself? See how many lines unite under one roof; and hearken to the hissing, snorting, shrieking sounds, which indicate the approach from all quarters of trains innumerable! This is Hudson's doing. He has as completely revolutionised the ancient city, as if he had come upon it at the head of a conquering army. York is no longer the capital of the north. Thriving it may be—we believe that it is—and its streets swarm continually with strangers, but they are all birds of passage. The poorer nobles and gentry who used, in our boyish days, to congregate here for the winter, spend their seasons elsewhere. It is so easy to reach the metropolis now, and the expense of conveyance is so moderate, that the most sober-minded of squires and parsons can no longer resist the temptation; and London is thronged for a week or two in the spring, while York stands empty. Is it indeed so? Not exactly. Society changes—it nowhere melts away. Both here and in Chester, thriving tradesmen occupy the

houses which used to accommodate the *élite* of our untitled aristocracy; and new streets are continually called into being, in order that new men may people them. And yet York retains some living relics of a bygone period, too. It has its musical archbishop; and a dean, of whom the world says worse things than that he *lets* his deanery as soon as the term of his residence is over, and puts up the benefices of which he is the patron to sale. Thank God, such characters are disappearing fast from among the ministers of the Church of England. They were the products of an age, in morals of universal laxity, in religion of indifference; which was not redeemed by the controversial temper that pervaded it all the while, and of which the keenest efforts were invariably directed against the first appearance or pretence of spirituality elsewhere. It was ever your musical archbishops, and deans, and rectors, whose tastes lay in the fox-covers by day and in the ball-room by night, that headed the cry against such men as John Wesley; and did their best to expel from the bosom of the Church men who, without being infected with Wesley's eccentricities, caught a portion of his zeal for the souls of their fellow-creatures and laboured to save them. Thank God, archbishops, and deans, and rectors of this description, are fast disappearing from among us; and if in York a few specimens linger, let us bear with the scandal as well as we may, knowing that, in the course of nature, it cannot be of long continuance.

Away we go, hurry-scurry, through scenes around which it would be pleasant to linger; but which it were vain to speak of, seeing that we pass them by ere you, good reader, can be made to apprehend so much as their locality. What is it to you that we point in the direction of the field where Charles set up his ill-fated banner, and where the tempests threw it down? Before you take up our meaning the vision has faded, and we find ourselves discussing, not realities, but the records of bygone events. Wherefore, be content to understand that we are crossing the Tweed—that the old town on our right is Berwick—that we are fairly in Scotland, and, unless some accident befall, may count upon reaching Edinburgh in time for supper.—Did not we tell you so? Half-past ten, and here we are, snugly settled in Mackay's, with all manner of carnal comforts before us; fish, flesh, and fowl, plenty of hot water, sugar in abundance, and whisky *ad libitum*. Be moderate, dear friend, for to-morrow we start again; and though the space to be compassed be comparatively narrow, we must be up and doing by early dawn, if we desire to get through it with day-light.—A second tumbler? Well, by all means. Two tumblers after such a journey won't hurt us, but a third would be fatal: and so good-night.

Farewell to steam for a season. Here in the ancient borough of Stirling we take our leave of rails, boilers, stuffed cushions, and such like; and transferring ourselves and appurtenances to an open barouche, prosecute our onward journey according to the good pleasure of Saunders, the sexagenarian post-boy, and his pair of sleek old horses. Saunders's driving is not, however, to be despised; it gives



ample leisure to look round ; and with such a sky as now shines above our heads, to look round upon such scenery as this is no ordinary treat. What a fine thing is that old castle ! how royally it looks down upon the rich, well cultivated plain below, through which, with a thousand links and turning, old Forth winds her way ! Observe, too, where, side by side, the old and the new bridges stand : the first, a fitting relic of chivalrous days gone by ; the second, a becoming memorial of modern skill—perfect when produced, yet, through the rapid progress of things, already well-nigh useless. Where is all this to end ? After the world shall have been overspread by a network of rail-roads, is some new invention to set them aside in their turn, and balloons, or it may be wings, to lift us, in our journeys, above the necessities of earth and its locomotives ? Meanwhile, observe whither we are going. We sweep round the castle-wall—we trot briskly by fair Craig-foith towards the bridge of Drip—we see on either side fields waving with yellow corn, and young plantations springing up, through which the waters of the Teath are glancing. Reader, all this fertile valley was, in the recollection of men not old, a barren heath. There, where the wheat is yielding its sixty-fold, the purple heather waved ; here, on the other side, where the turnips promise such abundance, a swamp corrupted the atmosphere. The skill and ingenuity of man have changed the howling wilderness into a garden. Are we not taught a lesson by this ? Why is it that people will talk about over-population and the want of employment ? Upon what grounds can our landowners and farmers justify the unmanly fears which they express—if, indeed, they entertain them—of foreign competition ? Can Great Britain, and much more Ireland, be said to have reached the limits of its capability, so long as mosses and moors, a thousand times more extensive than this, remain unreclaimed ? or will any reasonable man pretend to say that agriculture, even in our worst-cultivated districts, has attained to perfection. Why, there is not a field between London and Blair-drummond, which may not, with moderate skill, be brought to produce at least one-half more grain than it now produces ; and, as to our waste lands, we verily believe, that were they wisely dealt with, they would soon render us an exporting country. It is all nonsense this cavilling and losing heart. Undoubtedly Sir Robert Peel was not the man by whom the abolition of the corn laws ought to have been effected, and the outrage offered to the moral sense of the great Conservative party can never be forgiven. But let not the gentlemen of England lose heart. They *must* take the lead again in legislating for the country, and they will be able in every sense to do so, provided they bend their back for a while to the burden. We have no more misgivings in regard to the ability of England to hold her own in the corn-market against the world, than we doubt her power, should evil days come again, to withstand the world in arms.

There is Callender, and a lovelier village you will not find within the limits of this lovely island. Observe with what subdued grandeur these black rocks, tufted with blacker pines, overhang us on the right ;

—look before you, and see where Benledi pushes out her base, sloping down into the pass, which, if you follow it, will lead you to the Trosachs. Turn to the left, and there you will take in the brown hills that shelter Aberfoyle, and hold the silver waters of Loch Ard, deep in the hollow of their hands. These are scenes which must be visited, though not to-day, for we will follow the road which winds upwards, and enter upon the pass of Llenie. How magnificent it is. Now behold the mother of mountains rearing her crest three thousand feet and more into the clear sky, without a cloud or mist streak to hide or obscure it. Listen to the roaring of the water. Down there, far, far below the road where we are ascending, Llenie river rushes, making its way over rock and stone, eddying and flowing as human passions eddy and flow, when, from time to time, they are either soothed or irritated. There you may catch a glimpse of the waterfall just where the rocks separate; while, on your right, the dwarf oak climbs in beautiful masses upwards and upwards to the belltop. Now we have turned the angle, and you may see where the lake ends and the river begins. Beautiful Loch Lubnig! Among all the sheets of silver that interlace the mountain ranges of old Scotland, there is none more chaste, none more holy in their associations than thou art. The wise and the good have sailed upon thy bosom often, and sat, under the influence of the spirit of the place, upon thy green banks. Why should we name them, or even in thought recall the past? But one among the throng has left the impress of her image here, and to us, at least, it has become as a divinity. Be it so. The world was no fit place for her. She was too good, too fair, too highly gifted, to maintain the battle of life, or carry it into old age; and, therefore, in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and an opening fame, God took her. Pass lightly by that cottage on the mountain-side. It is desolate now, and falling to decay; but there she dwelt the few years of her woman's prime, and her spirit seems still to linger where in the body she best loved to dwell.

Go on Saunders. We cannot suffer memories of this sort to unfit us for the duties of the present. Sorrow for the departed becomes sin when we too much indulge it; and therefore, drive on, good man, faster, faster, that we may be carried beyond the influence of associations which too much sadden. Loch Lubnig is behind us now. Loch Earne is stretching away under Benvorlech, towards Ferntower; and we are in the gorge of Glen Ogle. Wilder scenes there doubtless are, both in the highlands of Scotland and elsewhere, yet this is wild enough. These rocks and stones, scattered, as in a shower, over the sides of the mountains, have lain there only since the year 1753. They fell on the same day, and amid the same convulsion of nature, that saw one half of Lisbon overthrown; and a good old Scottish minister had the fortune to witness their descent, and survived to describe it. Conceive these peaks rocked to and fro, like the masts of a tall ship in a storm. Imagine, if you can, the crash of their fall—the effect upon your own nerves, as, on a horse, motionless through terror, you sat, yourself stiffened to a statue, and saw the mountains

bow their heads. Conceive this if you can, and then you will know what he must have felt, who, on a sabbath morning, had ridden forth to perform the public duties of his office, and found himself suddenly arrested by the hand of an earthquake, and compelled, in this very gorge, to watch its terrible operations.

We have won the ascent; we stand upon the brow of the hill. It is time that we should, for the sun has gone down behind the far-off mountains, and the shadows are beginning to deepen. Look through the glen, and beyond the river which you see reflecting back the tints of a bright azure sky, and you will notice a white house among trees. Make for that, Saunders; and get your beasts into a trot again; they will grow too stiff else. That's it, that's it. What! Bottoch, Torrum, Ban, do you recognise your master already? Good dogs, good dogs;—down, down. You must not stand in the way of the hearty, yet respectful shake of the hand with which Callum bids us welcome. And you, too, Dougald,—you've grown three inches, at least, in the course of the year. If you go on at this rate, boy, we must get you into the Life Guards. You will be too big even for the Ninety-second. And so every thing is in order as usual. Ah, Callum, what a treasure you have in your old woman;—and Jean and Mary,—what strapping wenches they are! Yes, yes, we have brought each of them a present from London: a shawl for the old woman, ribands and brooches for the girls; a snuff-mull for yourself, and for the callant the skeen-dhu that we promised him. Now then for supper, and after that such sleep as comes of fresh heather beds and sheets, white as old Marion's skill in bleaching can make them.

Never, if you can help it, make a toil of a pleasure. Only gentlemen from Cockaigne, and subaltern officers whom the colonel or one of his friends may admit to a couple of days' run upon his moors, get up at midnight themselves, and drag dogs, keeper, and gilly, prematurely to the hill. Take your usual dose of sleep, like a man, and at seven o'clock, or half an hour later, a comfortable breakfast will be ready for you. There now;—don't you think that this hot coffee, rich cream, admirable barley scones, broiled salmon, and butter, of the flavour of which there is no power any where, except in the highlands, to form so much as a conception—are infinitely more to purpose than a bowl of porridge. Sit down, then, and satisfy Nature. Our ground beginning just half-way up the not very steep hill that lies behind us, and time being exactly as extended or as narrow as we chose to make it, there is no necessity that we can see, for precipitating matters. You decline a mouthful of mountain-dew to wind up with? By all means, so do we; though Dougald and Allan, if you pass the quaiçh, will shew you that they take a different view of this important matter. Now, then, up with the gun upon your shoulder; and satisfy yourself that no single appointment has been forgotten: your caps are in the proper pocket—your powder-flask is handy—shot and wadding are alike ready for use—and screw and spare nipples have been provided. Carry all these about your own person; for though you may not once require them throughout the day, the

consciousness that every possible accident has been provided against, will steady your hand marvellously. The spare ramrod you will, of course, give in charge to Allan; you could not carry *that* without great inconvenience. But it will be your own fault if you need it. Don't be flurried. Certainly, to you, who are about to hear it for the first time, the spring of the pack from the heather is a nervous thing; but there is no occasion to get frightened, nor, as a necessary consequence, to break your ramrod in the hurry of loading after you shall have missed with both barrels. Come on, then.

Stop, dear reader, for a moment or two, at the point to which we have attained, and look round you. The air is fresh and balmy. The pleasant rain of last night has left just as much of moisture on the ground as will help the dogs to take up the scent; and the wind blowing gently from the West, will favour us admirably as soon as we shall have topped the hill. The sky, also, is fleecy, the clouds hanging like a grey curtain over it; yet their consistency is so delicate, that we have all the beauty of the sunshine without suffering the slightest inconvenience. Stop and look back. Did eye of man ever rest upon a more magnificent panorama? At our foot lies Loch Dochart, a sheet of glass, with its little islands in the midst, one of which is crowned by the ruins of an old tower, concerning which, some evening when we have nothing better to do, Callum shall tell you a story. Beyond is Benmore, cleft, as you see, into halves; each of which lifts its cone some four thousand or more feet above the level of the sea. Observe these cozzies. Are they not terrifically grand? yet there the red deer haunts; and thither, if you be disposed to learn what stalking is, we must climb some of these days. Sweep round your vision to the right. That huge mass is Cruachan, and over the low hill, which we shall presently command, will be seen Loch Awe in her glory. Right before you is Glenogle; and to your left, Loch Tay; at the head of which, though concealed from our vision, stands one of the loveliest of Highland villages. It was for centuries the head-quarters of that gallant race, of whom a large portion have been driven to seek new homes for themselves beyond the Atlantic. Somehow or another the Macnabs were not a fortunate clan. Their powerful neighbours, the Campbells, first overshadowed, and ultimately, though not till many bloody skirmishes had been fought, stripped them of the larger portion of their territories; of which the result was, that when quiet times came Macnab had degenerated into the station of a poor Highland gentleman. His castle of which you may just observe a fragment, fell into ruins. He himself with difficulty kept up his state; and one by one his brothers, and nearest of kin, betook themselves to emigration, and settled in the Canadas. The last who adhered to the land, and as much as possible to the customs of his fathers, was an eccentric man, a giant in strength, somewhat of a barbarian in the use of it, and profoundly ignorant of the womanish arts of reading and writing. He is said to have had a family of eighty sons, all of them illegitimate; and he died at the age of ninety-three after, dividing the wreck of his property among his favourites. We do not know that so much as one of them remains.

The last of whom we had any cognizance obtain for his portion a farm on Loch Venechar side, which he sold about twenty years ago. Whether he betook himself afterwards, we never heard.

The dogs are pointing. Go more up to them, but take it quietly. They will stand till this time to-morrow; so keep yourself cool, and fire deliberately. Single out the old birds, you cannot mistake them; and if you bring both down, you may afterwards do with the pack what you will. Soho, Bell, steady—down, steady. Don't head her, pray—just keep on a level with her nose, but if you value your sport throughout the day, never pass her by. There, why, don't you fire. Too far off? Why, man, you might have killed right and left had you been a little less nervous; and the worst of it is, that these dogs are so little accustomed to see the birds pass unscathed, that if you repeat the experiment again, the chances are that they will hunt for you no more throughout the day. Did you ever see any thing more beautiful? Observe how they work one with another, Bell ranging wide as if to reconnoitre the ground: and Don moving at a steadier pace, so that nothing may escape him. Ha, there you are again. It is Don's turn this time, and he must on no account be disappointed. Come, we will both go up. Take you the right, I will take the left, and mind, we must secure the old couple between us. Gently, gently, the birds are running. Don't you see that fellow poking up his long neck, and looking back from every tuft and bur-roch as he reaches it. Let the dogs go alone for awhile. We shall but frighten the pack before the time if we keep up with them. Good, they are settled at last. Step out, man; there is no need to creep, and creeping, when birds are ever so litte on the move, is bad policy. Take your shot, however distant they may seem to be; you can but throw it away. Well done. Three birds down with four barrels fired, is not bad work. You have not bagged the hen. We saw her go off towards your gun, but never mind. Here is the old cock, and now we will follow. You marked them, Dougald. That's right. However, we cannot pass so much good-looking ground without a trial. We were sure of that. Another pack must be there; you see Don has pointed again. Now, take it very coolly, for whether we get our brace this time or not, if we may only succeed in driving the two packs into one, our sport for the rest of the day will be excellent.

Gentle reader, who hast followed us thus far, we pray thee let us part in amity. If thou hast ever spent a week, or even a day, upon the moors, there can be no need to say to thee how cheerily the sportsman tramps across the heather, or with what unwearied zeal his dogs and markers bear him company, and do their duty. Neither are we called upon to describe how in a quiet nook, beside the pure well-head, whence the coolest and clearest water flows silently, sportsmen, markers, and dogs sit down to count their game first—about two hours after noon—and then to discuss their luncheon. The appetites of highlanders of all ages are marvellous; highland lads from their eighteenth to their twentieth year always eat as if they had fasted for a week. Wherefore hunches of cheese and entire cakes of oatmeal pass away

in their hands like stubble before the wind, and disappear long before we have made an end of the less substantial sandwiches which fall to our share. Then comes the mountain dew, not to be spoiled by profane admixture with the pure element; but in the case of Allan and Dougald to pass hissing hot over their gullets, the water following in its proper order, and overtaking the alcohol where it may. An hour's rest follows, and then with energies renewed we all return to our sport, our aim seeming to grow better as day wears apace; and the bag becoming so stuffed and laden, that the lads are forced to take by turns the duty of bearing it. Never fire a shot, however, after the sun goes down. The law, which is founded in this as in other respects, on sound philosophy, has given to the birds of the air and wild beasts of the field, all the hours between sun-set and sun-rise; and you, if there be anything of the genuine sportsman about you, will not infringe upon them. Therefore work we now our way homewards, and let us reach it in time to enjoy a comfortable wash, and a thorough change of habiliments ere we sit down to table. For the rest, believe us that twelve hours of the hill have no tendency to provoke much conversation. And so good night, for we are sleepy. Reader are you?

*Fraser's Magazine for September.*

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## THE DOG.

BY G. V. B.

“When some proud son of man returns to earth,  
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth—

\* \* \* \* \*

When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,  
Not what he was, but what he should have been;  
But the *poor dog*, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,  
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in Heaven the soul he held on earth,

\* \* \* \* \*

To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;  
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

Were I condemned to pass my life in solitude, separated from the society of my fellow-creatures, but were allowed to take with me a dumb animal, either for protection, or defence, or amusement, my choice, I have no doubt, would be similar to that of millions under the

same circumstances—the dog. After the Creator had formed this globe, and given dominion to man over every living creature, he endowed him with the extraordinary physiological property of adaptation to every variety of climate, from the sultry heats of the torrid zone to the piercing colds of the icy poles; man, therefore, is found, in every region, and wherever man is found, there is found also the dog. He alone shares with man this valued quality; and it is by no means pushing the idea too far, to assert that the Creator intended the dog as an humble companion to man. His long domestication with man has caused an infinite variety of the species; for climate, and food, and habits cause many an external change, and have left us to this day without satisfactory proof which is the original stock; for a species taken from one climate and brought to another seems to become a different animal; and different breeds are as much separated, to all external appearances, as any two animals the most distinct in nature.

Buffon, Cuvier, and other naturalists, believed the sheep-dog or wolf-dog to be the original species. Buffon, who seems to have examined the matter most carefully, assigns his reasons for his opinion; and they are, that if other animals be compared with the dog internally, the wolf and fox have the nearest resemblance. He assumes, therefore, that the dog which most nearly resembles the wolf or the fox externally is the original animal of its kind; for as the dog most nearly resembles them internally, so will he resemble them externally, except where his form is altered by accident or art. Admitting this, he says if we examine the varieties of the dog, we shall not find one so like the wolf or the fox as the shepherd's dog. This variety is well known; he has long coarse hair on all parts except the nose, his ears are pricked, and the nose is very long. This opinion, he seems to think, is confirmed by observing the different characters which climate produces in the animal and the races of dogs propagated in every country; for in countries still savage, or only half civilized, where the dog, like his master, is still wild, a dog very like the shepherd's is the prevailing variety. The dogs running wild in America, Australasia, or in Siberia approach this form. My opinion is, that as there is no doubt that Asia was the first quarter of the globe peopled, so also was it the first rendezvous of every order of animals, and that the dog was created after a form, colour, and size, as he is now found in this division of the globe in the present age. This opinion will strengthen that of Buffon; for if a dog, no matter what his breed, be taken to Asia, he speedily assumes many of the characteristic marks of the shepherd's dog; his ears and his tail become pointed, his hair drops off, and is replaced by a coarser and thinner kind. It is very singular that the dogs in Guinea never bark. The more educated and civilized the dog, the more noisy; and, strange to say, this is also the case with his haughty master—man. Taciturnity is a characteristic mark of the savage of India, Africa, or Australia; for words are wanting where the ideas are few.

From the earliest records of history, sacred and profane, we learn

that the dog was well known to man ; but it is a most curious circumstance, that although the Jews led a pastoral life, and kept large flocks of sheep, we never hear of their having employed that useful animal, the shepherd's dog, to assist them in collecting and guarding their scattered flocks. Whether this may not have arisen from a religious observance I am not prepared to deny ; but in Leviticus there is this prohibition against touching any animal that went on all fours, except the genera expressly mentioned :—" And whatsoever goeth upon his paws among all manner of beasts that go on all fours, those are unclean to you ; whoso toucheth their carcase shall be unclean until the even." The dog is not amongst the exceptions. We first hear of the dog in the sacred scriptures as licking up the blood of Achab : " In the place where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." But this does not prove that the dog was domesticated amongst them ; for at the present day in the oriental cities of the Mahometans he is admitted for his usefulness, although despised, having an official appointment of joint scavenger with the vulture. Poor animal ! still useful to man, although hated and despised. That the dogs came into the Jewish cities is certain, from the same book ; for in the imprecation on the unjust sovereign he is forewarned that " Him that dieth of Achab in the city the dogs shall eat, and him that dieth in the fields shall the fowls of the air eat." There is scarcely a word more of this universal denizen of the world until we come to a book supposed to be apocryphal—the book of Tobias : " Then the dog which had been with them on the way ran before, and coming as if he had brought the news, shewed his joy by fawning and wagging his tail." But Tobias was then living in a foreign land, and it is very probable that the animal was employed as a guide to the old blind man. Tobias and his dog have become immortalized in the pages of Sinollett by the answer of the young lady to the celebrated Beau Nash, whom he sneeringly asked, could she tell him the name of Tobias's dog ? and was informed that the name was *Nash*, and a most impudent dog he was. That the Jews of the present day do not consider the dog unclean is certain, for Baron Rothschild keeps a noble pack of staghounds ; and when I was in a foreign land, a young Jew, an intimate friend, made me a present of a beautiful terrier, whom I, wishing to show my value of the gift, unfortunately called Moses ; but whether my friend was angry that a dog should have such a respected name, or that I neglected making a thorough Jew of him by omitting circumcision, I cannot now aver ; but he bribed a fellow to take him back again on the eve of my departure, and thus, like his great prototype, he was destined never to enter the promised land. Peace be to you, Moses ! but Nature never intended you for a good Hebrew ; for I got into great disgrace by your partiality for swine's flesh, and your profound ignorance between *meum* and *tuum* (Jew him).

One great cause of Shylock's desire for revenge on Antonio is—

Another ~~the~~ you called me *dog*."

The dog has always found friends in those gifted with the highest



order of intellect. With what rapture has the Grecian bard sung of his fidelity, his attachment to, and memory of his master, Ulysses! The poems of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, abound with allusions to his noble and generous qualities. Byron, who rivalled in Cynicism the man who lived in a tub, (I wonder was it to avoid poor rates), must have been sincerely attached to his Newfoundland dog when he declares he never knew a friend but him. As to Shakspeare, who was a poet and poacher by nature, I am convinced he was only describing his own love and consequent misfortunes for his dog, when he introduces Launce, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," soliloquising—

"One that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it."

Poor Crab having fallen into disgrace for having outraged the decencies of life in the Duke's palace, was ordered to be whipt out. Launce says—

"Friend, you mean to whip the dog?"

"Ay, marry do I."

Launce takes the fault on his own shoulder, and is immediately flagellated, and then upbraids him—

"Nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed. I have stood in the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for it. I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia, and bid you do as I do; but when did'st thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale?"

The portrait of Sir Walter Scott has his favourite dog beside him. Sir Francis Burdett made his best speeches in the House of Commons after he enjoyed a good day's fox-hunting.

I cannot forbear describing here a scene I once heard from a witness present, where the late Mr O'Connell was the principal performer. He had just returned from his duties in Parliament, and was recruiting his giant mind with the pleasures of the chase; he hunted on foot with his beagles, carrying a large pointed stick in his hand. Half of his tenants had been out that morning looking for a hare, and many were now present who had marked her form; however, as a hare was known to frequent the locality they were then in, he sat himself down on a large stone, but was immediately appealed to *for justice* by a man who accused another of the heinous offence of breaking into his house at night, and stealing his only pig. He expected Mr O'Connell's indignation would have been aroused at such a crime; but the experienced lawyer merely asked, with a smile, "Was the thief any relative to you Jemmy?" The accuser replied, "Not the slightest, *barring that he married my sister a fortnight ago*, and says that I promised him the pig as a fortune." The judge decided in favour of the thief, and the other was just acquiescing in the justice of the sentence, when the whole pack burst suddenly into full cry, and Mr O'Connell, jumping up, said *the court was dissolved*. He hunted his pack with a skill and judgment that would have astonished some of our first-rate sporting characters at Melton Mowbray.

Goldsmith, in whose bosom all the virtues and affection seem to have taken up their residence, has not forgotten to do justice to the dog. "From hence," says he, "we see of what importance this animal is to us in a state of nature. Supposing, for a moment, that the species had not existed, how could man, without the assistance of the dog, have been able to conquer, tame, and reduce to servitude every other animal? How could he discover, and chase, and destroy, those that were noxious to him? In order to be secure, and to become master of all animated nature, it is necessary for him to begin by making a friend of a part of them—to attach such of them to himself, by kindness and caresses, as seem fittest for obedience and active pursuit. Thus the first art employed by man was in conciliating the favour of the dog; and the fruits of this art were the conquest and peaceable possession of the earth."

The Mahometans—but they are an uncivilized people, sensual and cruel—have neither respect nor love for the dog; they can invent no worse name for an European than Christian dog. If it be great praise to be "*Laudari a laudato viro*," it is no disgrace to be despised by the despicable. Hasselquest, in his journey to Palestine, says that he has seen the dogs and the vultures of Grand Cairo tearing the same piece of flesh without the least enmity; on the contrary, he has known them to live together with a kind of affection, and bring up their young in the same nest. The same scene may still be witnessed; and I confess it is enough to harrow the heart, if the piece of flesh has once been the tenement of the human soul. How awfully horrific has Byron, in his "*Siege of Corinth*," described the appalling scene—

"And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall  
Hold o'er the dead their carnival;  
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb,  
They were too busy to bark at him!  
From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,  
As ye peel a fig when its fruit is fresh.  
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull,  
As it slipped through their jaws when their edge grew dull;  
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,  
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed."

Almost in the first page of the *Iliad* we learn that the dog was domesticated with the Greeks. In describing the plague inflicted on the Grecians by Apollo, merely because Achilles permitted one of the *virgins* of the temple to pass a few days in his tent, its first victims are the dogs. Homer, like most other great poets, was a close observer of nature; and sportsmen should take the hint never to make a kennel in a marshy or aguish neighbourhood, for the vengeance of the god is no more than an important fact concealed under a most beautiful allegory, and this discovery is due to the classical mind of Dr. Paris. The Grecians were encamped on a shore in the neighbourhood of a river, whence the waters had receded during the summer; Apollo is the sun,

and the action of the burning rays generated malaria. Vapour is heavy, and when first formed does not rise more than a few feet from the ground; the dogs, therefore, were first attacked, being, from their size the first to respire the pestiferous atmosphere; then the mules fell, and next the men. When crossing the Pontine Marshes, I noticed that not a dog was to be seen; and I should like to know how far the Earl of Chesterfield's kennel is placed from this unhealthy locality. It is not generally known that there is a high price for dogs in New Orleans; and this arises from the great mortality of the animal there, the neighbourhood being visited annually with malaria. If we can call that visiting which is generated on the spot.

The Grecians were a civilized people, and from their earliest ages patronized the dog; Shakspeare tells us that Theseus boasted—

“ My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind.”

and, to tell the truth, the Spartans carried their enthusiasm for *good breeding* rather far; for if a female child happened to be born deformed or ugly, she was sent a voyage on a river to be carried to the sea, it having got the reputation of being the source of beauty, from having been the *native land* of Venus. I myself have always been of opinion that a little water, fresh or salt, improved a woman's looks. Homer has many other allusions to the dog; when upbraiding a braggadocio, he tells him his courage is but feigned—

“ Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer.”

How different are the ideas that he and Byron entertained on *the power of recollection* or memory in the dog. In his “*Odyssey*,” after twenty years' absence, Ulysses is recognised by

“ Argus, the dog, his antient master knew;  
He not unconscious of the voice and tread,  
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head;  
Bred by Ulysses, nourished at his board—  
But, ah! not fated long to please his lord.

\* \* \* \* \*

Till then every sylvan chase renowned,  
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;  
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,  
Or traced the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.  
*He knew his lord*; he knew, and strove to meet—  
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet:  
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul,  
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole.”

Ulysses has always been the favourite character of Homer, and he could not possibly have introduced a more touching scene than the above; for it proves how kind the master must have been to make so

ndelible an impression on the dog. To prevent discovery, he feigns ignorance of the animal, and asks—

“ What noble beast in this abandoned state  
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate ?  
Some care his age deserves ; or was he prized  
For worthless beauty ?—therefore now despised.”

Emmeus makes an excuse by saying he once served a noble master, long since perished on some distant shore—

“ Oh ! had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,  
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong ;  
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,  
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew !”

There are several curious circumstances to be remarked in these lines ; first, how dogs had already got particular names ; secondly, how tenacious is the memory of the animal ; thirdly, that the hare was then an object of chase ; and fourthly, how correct Homer is in making his dog die then, for twenty years is an immense time for this animal to live—

“ The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold  
His lord when twenty tedious years had rolled ;  
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies—  
So closed for ever faithful Argus' eyes.”

POPE.

Byron, who wrote the beautiful epitaph which heads this essay, had a poor opinion of a dog's memory. He was not, certainly, in his best temper when he penned the stanza containing these lines—

“ Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands ;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands.”

CHILDE HAROLD.

Boatswain, however, was quietly sleeping at this time in Newstead Abbey among the monks !

Linneus's definition of the dog is not very happy ; he was more at home with the classification of the vegetable kingdom. For obvious reasons I give it in the original :—

“ Vomitua graminæ purgatur : cacat supra lapidem. Album græcum antisepticum summum. Mingit ad latus—(this, however, not till the animal is nine months old)—cum hospite centeis. Odoat anum alterius. Procis rixantibus crudelis. Menstruans coit cum variis. Mordet illa illos. Cohæret copula junctus.”

Cuvier, in his "Regne Animal" has placed the dog—

In the division . . .	Vertebratæ,
„ class . . .	Mammiferæ.
„ order . . .	Carnassiers.
„ genus . . .	Digitigrade.
„ species . . .	Canis.
„ variety . . .	Dog ( <i>canis familiaris</i> ).

His system is chiefly founded on the teeth. The dog has three molar in the upper and four in the lower jaw: two tuberculous, or pointed, behind each canine tooth (*carnassier*). The first of these, in the upper jaw, is very large. The upper canine tooth has only one small tubercle, but the inferior has its posterior point quite tuberculated. Tongue soft. Fore feet have five toes, and the hind feet four toes. He is distinguished by his tail being *curved*—the fox and wolf have their tails straight—and varies infinitely in size, form, colour, and quality of the hair. Cuvier has devoted a short chapter to him, remarking "that it is the most complete conquest, the most singular, and the most useful made by man. Every species has become our property; each individual belongs to his master, and entirely adopts his manners. He knows and defends his own goods; he remains attached to him until death; and all proceeds, not from necessity nor constraint, but solely from his own good will and true friendship. The speed, the strength, and the smell of the dog, have made him a most powerful ally for man against other animals, and *were perhaps necessary for the establishment of society*. He is the only animal that has followed man through the whole earth. Some naturalists think that the dog is a wolf, others a jackal, tamed; but dogs becoming wild in desert isles resemble neither the one nor the other. Wild dogs, and those of people scarcely civilized—such as the inhabitants of New Holland—have straight ears, which has made it be believed that the European races the nearest to the first type are the sheep-dog and the wolf dog. The comparison of the crania, however, approaches more nearly that of the mastiff or Danish dog, and next the hound (*chicou courant*), the setter, and the terrier, and which differ amongst themselves only by the size and proportion of the limbs. The greyhound is more slender, and has the frontal sinuses smaller, and a weaker scent. The sheep and wolf-dog assume the straight ears of the wild-dog, but with greater developement of the brains, which goes on increasing as well as the intelligence in the water spaniel. The bull-dog, on the other hand, is remarkable for the shortening and strength of his jaws. The smaller assortment of dogs is the strongest mark of the power man acquires over nature.

"The dog is born with closed eyes; he opens them on the tenth or twelfth day; his teeth begin to change about the fourth month, and at two years he finishes his growth. The bitch carries sixty-three days, and has from six to twelve puppies. The dog is old at fifteen, and seldom lives longer than *twenty years*."—CUVIER.

This duration of life is what might be expected from the usual calculation that an animal lives seven times as long as it takes to com-

plete its growth. Buffon having adopted the opinion that the shepherd's dog is the stem of the genealogical tree which has branched out into every part of the world, says that when he is brought into a temperate climate, and amongst people entirely civilized—such as France, England, or Germany—that he loses his savage air, his pricked ears, his rough, long, and thick hair; and from these circumstances alone he will become either a matin, a mastiff, or a hound, and that from these three varieties all the others are produced.

The hound, the harrier, and the beagle are all of the same kind, for the female sometimes produces puppies resembling all the three. This variety, brought into Spain or Barbary, will be changed into the land-spaniel and the water-spaniel, for in these countries the hair of all quadrupeds becomes soft and long. This seems to be a most rational opinion, and thus we have at once a clue to the origin of all the sporting dogs, except the greyhound: for the cocker is only a small spaniel, and our setter is the land spaniel, changed by a residence in these countries. Phrenology tells us that, in man, the broader the forehead the more intellect within; and the same holds good in animals, for the setter, with the bull-dog face, is the best to breed from. The royal staghounds of St. Germain have all bull-dog faces, and are a remarkably fine pack.

The mastiff, when transported into Denmark, becomes the little Danish dog, for a cold climate is all-powerful in diminishing the size of an animal: we have no elephants or camelopards in the arctic regions; and even man himself, as we witness in the Esquimaux, is considerably reduced from the average standard. The Danish dog, sent into a tropical climate, loses his hair, and is converted into the Turkish dog. This is a very singular variety; the skin is perfectly bare, of a flesh colour with brown spots, and their whole appearance is disgusting; at first view he seems as if flayed alive; this opinion is strengthened by observing them even in summer shivering, for they are unable to endure our cold climate.

The matin dog is tall, grey, rough, and hairy. The breed is not very general in this country. If sent to the north it becomes the large Danish dog, and this dog then brought to the south becomes the greyhound. Our English greyhound has been bred from the small Italian greyhound. Change of climate has a wonderful effect on the greyhound; even introduced as far north as Scotland, he becomes rough and hairy. The difference between the smooth, delicate, and puny Italian greyhound, and the strong, rough, hairy Russian dog of the same species, is most marked. When brought to Ireland, necessity compelled the inhabitants to educate him for the chase and capture of the wolf, and he gradually slid into that noble animal, the Irish wolf-dog. Goldsmith says the most wonderful of all the variety of dogs is that now mentioned, and may be considered as the first of the canine race. Even in his day the breed was rare, and is now almost extinct: ten years ago there were but twelve in the country, and four of these belonged to the late A. Hamilton Rowan. He is extremely beautiful and majestic in appearance, being the largest size of the

canine species: his height is about four feet, or as tall as a calf a year old: he is shaped like a greyhound, but more robust; his eye is mild, colour usually white or whitish grey, and is rather heavy unless when roused. The same author says that a mastiff would be nothing when opposed to one of them, for he would seize his antagonist by the back, and he would worry the strongest bull-dog to death in a few minutes. Buffon thinks that they are the true Molossian dogs of the ancients. The Spartan or Molossian breed, however, has the ears very pendent; while the Irish wolf-dog has them very slightly so, and very much akin to those of the greyhound. We have two very good authorities, and both poets, in testimony of the value of the Spartan breed:—

“ Elige tunc cursu facilem, facilemque recursu,  
In Lacedæmonis natam seu rure *Molosso*—  
Renibus ampla satis validis, deductaque coxas  
*Cuique nimis molles fluitent in cursibus aures.*”

NEMESIAH.

The other is a poet who must have been a dog-fancier, one William Shakspeare;—

“ My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind—  
So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung  
*With ears that sweep away the morning dew.*”

Even a sportsman may wish to know the meaning of the words “flew” and “sanded:” the former means deep-mouthed, and the latter a sandy colour.

The numerous curs and mongrels which infest our streets and lanes, vying with each other in ugliness and uselessness, are the indiscriminate progeny of almost every variety of the dog; and the legislature would do well to hang them all up, or send them to China. This celestial nation has regular dog butchers and shambles even in Canton. There is a street given up for the special purpose; and whenever the dog-butcher appears, all the dogs follow him with cries, as we see the small birds in pursuit of the hawk, persecuting their enemy as well as they can, but still keeping out of his reach. The negroes also esteem their flesh as a delicacy, and will exchange a cow for a dog.

“ Sed, de gustibus non est disputandum.”

One of our officers was imprisoned in China; his attendant one day brought him a dish, of exquisite flavour; not speaking the language, and believing it to be a duck, he pointed to the ragout, and said “Quack, quack!” The attendant shook his head in contempt, and, smacking his lips, cried “Bow, wow!” We believe the dinner was soon ended.

Thus this poor animal, even in death, is still found serviceable to man. The ancients—but they are not good authorities—asserted that the dog and fox and wolf might be made to engender. Buffon, however, gave a very fair trial between the wolf and dog, and failed; he describes their antipathy to each other as insurmountable. But neither did he succeed with the fox and dog; and yet there can be very

little doubt that they do engender occasionally, for I have been assured by respectable breeders that they have had a progeny from such an unsuitable alliance; and if I were called into a court of justice to testify on oath to the parentage of a dog once in my possession, his resemblance to a fox in colour, shape, nose, and ears, in all except his tail being gracefully suspended over his back (curved), would compel me to declare an action could be taken against reynard for crim con. That they should, however, engender, would not surprise a naturalist; the species of the genus do so constantly, the product being a mule; but the mules do not procreate, for nature defends herself when her laws are attempted to be infringed; and it is this property which proves that all the dog tribe are of the same species for *the power of producing an animal that can reproduce* marks the kind, and approximates forms that at first sight seem never made for conjunction.

There are a great many other varieties of the dog tribe not yet mentioned, but the chief point to remember is that they can all be traced to the mastiff, the matin, or the hound. A very learned physician, Dr. Caius, who gives his name to a college in one of our universities, wrote a short history of the dog during Elizabeth's reign. Several varieties are now unknown, and many others have since been introduced. He divides the whole race into three kinds also: the terrier, the harrier, the bloodhound, the gazehound, the greyhound, the leymer, the tumbler, employed in hunting; the spaniel, the setter, the water-spaniel, or finder, for fowling; and the lap-dog for amusement. The second division is for use—the shepherd's dog and the mastiff. The third is the mongrel breed—the wappe, the turnspit, and the dancer.

We, however, see in this country a greater variety of dogs than in any other country of the world. There are the various dogs for the sports of the field—the staghound, the foxhound, the harrier, the beagle, the terrier, the greyhound, the pointer, the setter, the spaniel, the water-spaniel, the cocker, and we may also mention the otter dog. The gazehound is nothing more than our greyhound; it hunted by sight, and not by scent; and the leymer was a cross between the gazehound and the terrier; it hunted both by sight and scent, and derived its name from being led in a leymer or thong, a change from the German word *leine*—in English, line.

“ They stood like greyhounds in the slip,  
Straining their necks.”

Goldsmith was of opinion that the bloodhound was extinct, but this is by no means the case; many are still brought to this country from the Cape of Good Hope and South America. A drawing of two African bloodhounds which were kept in the Tower may be seen in a work published by the Society for Promoting Entertaining Knowledge, in the article Menagerie. The Spanish bloodhound, so infamously notorious in the conquest of South America, is not very remarkable for its smell, but is for speed, sight, and courage; it is almost twenty-eight inches high at the shoulder, and in shape resembles a cross between a greyhound and a lurcher; ears something like a greyhound's,



but more pendulous. The neck is long; and, as he carries his head high, he has a noble appearance. Colour generally tan, shaded with black alone; if mottled or streaked, or black and white, he is not well bred. If the Spaniards deserve execration for having employed this animal, three hundred years ago, how can we hold up our heads; as he was, until very lately, trained to hunting down the runaway slaves in the West Indies? His first look would show that his scent cannot be exquisite, for the eyes are placed far forward in the head, which denotes that sight is intended to be the leading quality. Now, where one sense is in perfection, it is always at the expense of another; hence the sight of the greyhound, which is a very long sight, is bestowed at the expense of the scent. The exquisite nose of the pointer lessens the value of his ear. Majendie, some years since, dissected the brains of a greyhound and a pointer: he plainly showed that the optic nerves of the former were nearly double the size of the latter, and the olfactory nerves of the pointer had a corresponding advantage over those of the greyhound. The West Indians, therefore, used a small spaniel as a finder, the bloodhound being slow at hitting off a trail.

Almost any dog will trace his master accurately. I have seen a terrier in a country fair come accidentally on his master's trail, and run him through every intricacy into a public house. *I was not his master.* When a boy I amused myself frequently by running through the fields in a most devious way, and then climbing a tree to watch how scientifically a pointer would follow every turn until she came to the foot of the tree where I was hidden. This fact has not met with proper notice, for that an animal will leave a scent behind is probable enough; but how any odour can escape from man through boots and shoes is most extraordinary. I should like to see the experiment tried by a person wearing India-rubber shoes: India-rubber being impermeable to vapour or perspiration, must also be impermeable to scent. It must be observed that all the hunting dogs have depending ears: this is no freak of Nature—for, although a female, she is beyond the suspicion of being the slave of either whim or caprice—but it is her wise provision to defend the ear from injury when rushing through bushes and briars. A dog cannot endure the slightest tickling of the interior of the ear; on the other hand, the fighting species have pricked ears, for the long depending ear might be seized by their adversary, and an undue advantage therefore obtained.

Then come the shepherd's dog, the mastiff, the matin, the bull-dog, the Danish dog, the Mount St. Bernard dog, the Newfoundland, the Esquimaux, the turnspit, the pug, the French poodle, the lion dog, the wappe (of which I know nothing,) the Turkish dog without hair, and the wild dog of South Australia. Of the other varieties we may say of them, as John Bell said of arteries—they neither have a name, nor are they worth naming.

To the naturalist the web foot of the Newfoundland dog is an object of great interest; it not only acts like a paddle, but also serves to support him in the water. Other dogs, when swimming, bring the toes close together; he, on the other hand, expands them; and the greater

the expansion, the more power is obtained by his four paddles, and the greater the facility with which he supports himself in the water.

Thus we have learned that the dog has been the chosen companion of man from the earliest ages : he has accompanied him in all his immigrations, and is now his copartner in every region, from the arctic to the antarctic circle. Like man, he is omnivorous, and can soon reconcile himself to live equally well on flesh, fish, or vegetables. In utility he is now superseded by the sheep in civilized nations, but in a primitive state of society he was all in all ; he was the faithful and watchful guardian of the flock committed to his care, and, when necessary, he fought, bled, and even died in their defence. The weary shepherd could fearlessly repose in the shade while so faithful an animal kept watch by his side, and protected him from a sudden surprise from the lion or tiger. He is still, as formerly, the unpaid policeman to whom we trust our goods, and to whom we can confidently trust our house during the silence and darkness of the night. What a theme for reflection is afforded to the visitor of the buried city of Pompeii, when he reads on the wall of the entombed house " Cave canem ! " Alas ! there was more danger from fire to be dreaded, and the motto should have been " Cave ignem." The pleasures of the chase would have been unknown without him, and at the wish of his lord he is quickly educated to pursue his game in any mode ; he hunts the fox by his nose, the hare by his eye ; he will enter the earth after the badger, or the water after the otter ; he will suddenly check his speed to stand motionless before the pheasant or partridge, and pass by all other birds which the sportsman deems beneath him ; at the bidding of his master he will destroy any species of vermin—polecat, weasel, rat, or mouse ; he will dash boldly into the water, skilfully lay hold on the drowning man, and safely bring him to land ; he is employed in the kitchen, roasting that meat he is not permitted to share ; he is taught to perform a hundred tricks for our amusement ; on the shores of Kamschatka he is converted into a beast of burden ; in China he is food, in Turkey a scavenger. When dead he is still useful ; his hair has been converted into stockings, and in a certain street in Paris he is substituted by the knacker for the horse ; his flesh, subjected to the action of a running stream, becomes converted into a species of spermaceti of which candles are made ; his intestines are turned into goldbeaters' skin and fiddle-strings ; from his bones is distilled hartshorn, and, when burned, dried, and powdered, they serve to polish our boots, under the name of ivory-black ; gloves are made from his skin, and size for painters from other portions of his body. He is, then, a watchman, hunter, cook, scavenger, policeman, waterman, and food. I cannot so confidently vouch for his utility to the pork shops ; but, on the respectable authority of " Punch," it is said that the mayor of New Orleans, having issued an edict to destroy all the dogs on a suspicion of hydrophobia, there were imported into London six weeks afterwards 2,500 Bologna sausages. His benefits to society are immense, and he is blamed for one injury only—hydrophobia. This is

not the place to give a learned essay on the subject, but I have more than once put this question to the most eminent men of the medical profession—What is the characteristic mark between hydrophobia and lock-jaw? No symptom could be mentioned which would enable a person to distinguish between the two. I myself have no doubt that they are identical; both proceed from a lacerated wound; the wounds are usually inflicted on the hands or feet; the interval between the injury and the disease is of the same duration, the symptoms identical, and the treatment in both a failure. What absurdities have been uttered relative to this disease? The words “mad dog” demonstrates the illusions on the subject. How could a dog become deranged. The madness was supposed to be communicated to man and to this day we hear the expression—“He died raving mad.” I have seen two cases, and, to the very moment when the soul separated for ever from the body, both persons were perfectly sensible. It is even now believed that the sufferer barks like a dog, and to do so it would be necessary to change the organ of voice; but, as the disease kills in a few days, there is no time for the change. It is also said that the sufferer bites all that comes within his range: this, of course, is a thing easily done *by one whose jaw is locked so closely that it is often necessary to extract some teeth to pour food and medicine into the stomach.* The last assertion we have is that it was formerly the custom to smother the patient between two beds. Now, this must be the grossest fiction; for there is no raving, no violence, no biting, and, moreover, there would have been a little inconvenience from a coroner’s inquest.

*Sporting Magazine, for October.*

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## THE DEATH OF A SHEEP-SLAYER.

### EXTRAORDINARY HUNT.

In our paper of last week, we gave an account of the extraordinary losses suffered by the farmers in the district north of Preston, from the remarkable sheep-killing propensities of a large and fierce dog, which roamed over the country at night, slaughtering sheep in every direction, and escaping by some unaccountable means the numerous snares which were set to compass its capture, dead or alive. Night after night did this mysterious brute pursue his blood-thirsty course, creating alarm in every direction, and seemingly defying any attempt to check the mischief he was making. No farmer’s flock in the wide district he selected as the scene of his ravages was safe from his malignant attack; while he occasionally placed so great a distance

between the various points of his visitation, as to raise a doubt whether one dog, however ferocious and determined, could accomplish so large an amount of mischief. One morning, the owner of a fine flock would ascertain that several of his choicest sheep were lying killed in his fold, and himself some £30 or £40 the poorer; and the next, a farmer so many miles distant as to warrant his fancying himself out of harm's way, would discover himself in a similar position, from the totally unexpected visit of this ruthless destroyer.

To such a height had the ravages of the brute proceeded during an entire month, that the 'country side,' literally 'rose in arms' against him. Nearly a hundred sheep had he torn the throats of, and though seen now and then at a distance, he never would allow a single person to come within gun-shot range of him. He was understood to be dark-coloured, of unusual size, and swift of foot, but that was all, and doubts were entertained as to whether it really was a dog or not; many being inclined to believe, from the descriptions given of it, that it might be some wild beast, escaped from a travelling menagerie. Certain it is that its appearance, in a country so thinly populated and so quiet and retired, and the destruction that attended its path, gave rise to many stories more creditable to the imagination than to the judgment of the narrators. The excitement created naturally increased with every further account of the animal's deadly visits; and at length the farmers of the district felt themselves compelled to set watchers over their flocks every night, or to house every sheep, at whatever inconvenience, before dusk. Those who know the country of which we speak,—the perfect security which is felt as to any attacks on property, and the great difficulty the farmers generally would have in obtaining assistance to keep night-watches, or in finding room in their outbuildings, at this time of the year, for anything like a flock of sheep, however small, will readily understand the desire which was universally felt to rid the country of a visitor who caused so much annoyance, anxiety, and fear.

In the early part of last week, the farmers of the country turned out, far and near, to the number of upwards of a hundred, armed with guns, pitchforks, &c., and completely scoured the district in search of their enemy, but without effect. On Saturday night week, it was found that he had killed twelve sheep belonging to Mr Robert Parkinson, at Beacon-fell-side; and, on the Sunday following, 300 or 400 persons were on the hunt for the destroyer. In the course of the day, Mr Logan, of Barton, got a distant shot at a large dog by the side of Barton Mill, supposed to be the one all were looking for, but the animal escaped unhurt. That night, he killed fifteen sheep, the property of Mr John Parkinson, of Catterall Hall. The exasperation of the farmers was now at its height, and they vowed the death of the fell brute, at any cost. A reward of £5 was offered by the township for its destruction; and a thousand plans were proposed for its capture. A sharp and anxious look-out was kept, the whole of Monday, but again without avail. On Tuesday, the dog was caught sight of, and pursued by eager parties at different times, from near Goosnargh

Church to Leagrim, but at night he escaped into Backbonks Wood. But his hour was approaching.

On Wednesday, at daybreak, the brute was seen in the act of tearing a sheep's throat out, at Woolfell's Mill, having five others lying dead about him. The cry was immediately raised; all within hearing turned out, with scuh weapons as could be seized in the hurry and excitement of the moment; and the start was commenced with a determination to run 'the game' to the death at every hazard. Numbers of others joined the pursuers as they swept across the country; and there then began a chase, and arose a cry, such as the 'pikes' and 'fells' of that district never witnessed or echoed to before. Across fields, over hedges, ditches, and walls, through gaps, dykes and briars, rushed the savage beast, and perseveringly followed his pursuers, resolved to have revenge. The news of the hunt spread on every side, and as those who had run longest failed for want of wind or strength, others supplied their places. Before the chase had lasted a couple of hours, many joined in it who had come ten or twelve miles. At one time it was feared the sheep-slayer would escape into the Fylde; but fortunately, at Whinney-clough, and when he was gaining on his pursuers, Mr. John Smith farmer, got a shot at him, and hitting him in the hind leg, turned him back towards Barnes Lane. It was now past ten o'clock, and the pursuers instead of slackening in speed or losing strength, appeared to increase in number and in spirit, while the dog, exhausted from his night's work, the severe run he had had, and loss of blood from the wound in his leg, showed evident symptoms of breaking up. At about half past ten o'clock, seemingly worn out and terrified, the brute dashed into a house in Barnes Lane, in which was a woman and four children. The agonising alarm of the poor woman may be imagined, but fortunately it was of short duration. For a young man named James Alston, coming up, armed with a pitch-fork, drove the prongs through the ferocious beast, a second man, named James Bleasdale, then cut its throat, while a third farmer, named Proctor, calling out, 'Make a way, make a way there,' sprang forward to kick its brains out. Thus ended this extraordinary hunt, after a run upwards of twenty miles.

The rejoicing at the death of the sheep-slayer was deep, loud, and long, and as the farmers, labourers' boys, and women, came pouring in towards the spot from hill-side, meadow, and road, a shout of triumph was raised, and the utmost desire was shown to take a 'satisfying look' at the dead enemy. Upon examination, the animal was found to fall very little short of the descriptions which had been given of it exaggerated as they were thought to be at the time. It was of an unusual size, and very strongly made especially in the fore parts, its legs there being as big round as a man's wrist, and the print of its fore foot measuring full three inches and a half across. Its ears were cropped, and there appeared to be something of the mastiff breed about its head, which was broad and long. Its mouth opened to a great width, and its fangs were of a length and substance never seen equalled before by those who examined them; but some of the smaller

front teeth showed age. Its attack was always at the throat of the sheep, which it appeared to have torn out, as it was described,—an operation which the great strength of its fore legs, and the immense size of its fangs, would render comparatively easy. It then left the sheep to bleed to death, having only in one or two instances eaten any of the flesh. Its colour was black and brown, and it looked as if it had been used to drag one of those carts which are common enough in this part of the country.

Its death having been insured, a cart was obtained and the body placed in it, was taken off in triumph to the Horns Inn, at Goosnargh, followed by nearly a couple of hundred farmers and others. Here a volley of upwards of 100 guns was fired, and afterwards they were loaded again, and discharged singly by way of celebrating the eventful day's proceedings. The dog was subsequently taken to Bleasdale Tower, Glaughton Hall, and other places, where handsome sums of money were gladly given to the captors. The rest of the day was devoted to joviality, the farmers subscribed handsomely: bread-and-cheese and ale was served out to the poorer portion of those who had joined in the hunt, while the farmers themselves filled the house, and made the roof ring again with the loud narration of all their cares and fears in connection with the dead brute's ravages, and their unbounded gratification that so effectual a stop was at last put to the mischief. The day, and the cause of its being so observed, will be long remembered in Goosnargh (understood to be the largest township in England), Longridge, and thereabout, and it would be curious to speculate as to what shape the story will assume some fifty years hence.

The neighbourhood was visited, it is said, about 38 or 40 years ago, by a similarly destructive dog, although he was killed before he had done so much mischief.

*Blackburn Standard.*

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## HOLIDAY NOTICES.\*

" Come, let us go while we are in our prime,  
 And take the harmless follie of the time;  
     We shall grow old apace, and die  
     Before we know our liberty.  
     Our life is short, and our days run  
     As fast away as does the sunne,  
 And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,  
 Once lost can ne'er be found again ;  
     So when or you or I are made  
     A fable, song, or fleeting shade,  
     All love, all liking, all delight  
     Lies drown'd with us, in endless night.  
 Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying."

*Herrick.*

Nothing less than a new chapter will satisfy us. It would have chilled our glowing hearts, it would have been felt as a profanation had we, under the same section of our little work that detailed the miserable mistakes of God-dishonouring and man-degrading superstition, attempted to describe the inimitable and transcendent glories of MAY-DAY, the great and beneficent festival of all-loving Nature. Disappear! vanish! begone from our pages for awhile, ye paltry pomps and idle mummeries of human institution! Avaunt! for a brief space, all rites, ceremonies, sects, distinctions, that have sown disunion and hatred among men!—be dumb and stand rebuked! ye pseudo champions of Omnipotence, teachers of the omniscient Deity, who, making gods of yourselves, and climbing impiously into the judgment-seat, dare to pronounce upon your fellow-mortals, telling us who shall be saved and who shall be condemned. Learn humility and forbearance if ye can, for such is wisdom; learn charity and universal love, for such is Christianity, from this great festival of Nature, not narrowed by bigotry and intolerance to one sect, one religion, or even one nation, but diffused over the whole earth, as if our common Father, by thus showing an equal regard for all mankind as his children, would teach them all to love one another as brethren of the same family. Thus considered, May is the most instructive and religious, as well as the most delightful of all our festival times. It seems to be the bridal season of heaven and earth, and the whole month is their honeymoon. Does not the festal earth look like a bride, all beautiful as she is, and wreathed with flowers? Is not the sky like a rejoicing bridegroom, radiant with sunny smiles, and robed in gorgeous clouds of gold and ermine? What nuptials were ever celebrated with such magnificence

\* Concluded from No. XII.

as these? What festival was ever half so joyous? Every hill-top, garlanded like an altar, fumes with incense; every place is spread with the materials of a present or a future banquet for all created races of men and animals; the trees wave their palmy branches exultingly in the bright air; the winds issue forth from the orchestral sky, some to pipe merrily aloft, some to make music with the rustling leaves; the streams as they blithely dance along through the flowers, send forth a cheerful melody; the feathered songsters and the lowing herds mingle in the hymeneal strain, and this choral epithalamium finds a fitting bass in the deep-mouthed and sonorous sea. Oh! what a festival is this! How grand and solemn, even to sublimity, and yet how full of beauty and happiness, and all-embracing love! Alas! that we should quit such a noble, such a heart-expanding jubilee, to recur to the wretched mistakes of men, who, instead of imitating the wide benevolence of Nature, too often desecrate their holiday celebrations by hatred, intolerance, and superstition. But our task compels us, and we resume.

Many of our old May-day observances were doubtless derived from the heathen celebrations in honour of the goddess Flora, which consisted of licentious dances in the fields and woods, to the noise of trumpets. Thus it was the custom, both here and in Italy, for the youth of both sexes to proceed before day-break to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and horns, to gather branches of nosegays, to return home about sunrise to deck their doors and windows with garlands, and to spend the afternoon in dancing around the May-pole, which, being placed in some conspicuous part of the village, stood there during the remainder of the year, as if it were consecrated to the goddess of flowers. Well might our ancestors, and all the northern nations, after their long winter, welcome the returning splendour of the sun with the banquet and the dance, and rejoice that a better season had approached for the fishing and the hunting. Nor were the May-pole dances restricted to our villagers. Stow tells us, in his Survey of London, that on May-day morning, "Every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kinde." He subsequently adds, "I find also that in the month of May, the citizens of London of all estates, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morrice dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage-plays, and bone fires in the streets." That Londoner must be a stout pedestrian, who can now walk to the sweet meadows and green woods, and ought to reckon upon a long holiday, for he might chance to be benighted before he found a branch of May. Sometimes the May-pole was brought home from the woods with great pomp, being drawn by twenty or forty yoke of oxen, each having its horns garlanded with flowers, with which, as well as with branches, flags, and streamers, the pole itself was profusely wreathed and decked. When it was reared up, arbours and bowers were formed beneath it, the ground was strewed with flowers, "and then," says Stubbes,



a puritanical writer of Queen Elizabeth's days, "they fall to banquet and feast, to leape and dance about it as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idolles, whereof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thing itself." By an ordinance of the Long Parliament, in April, 1644, all May-poles were taken down, and the games suppressed; but they were again permitted after the Restoration.

The author of a pamphlet, entitled "The Way to Things by Words, and Words by Things," informs us that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on May-day, and that the column of May (whence our May-pole) was the great standard of justice on the Ey-commons or fields of May. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, and their kings. The judge's bough, or wand, now discontinued, and only represented by a trifling nosegay, and the staff or rod of authority in the civil and in the military power (for it was the mace of civil power and the truncheon of the field-officers), are both derived from hence. A mayor, he says, received his name from this May, in the sense of lawful power; the crown, a symbol of dignity like the mace and sceptre, was taken from the garland or crown hung at the top of the May, the arches which sprung from the circlet, and met together at the maund, or round bell, being necessarily so formed to suspend it from the top of the pole.

"The Mayings," says Strutt, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, published so lately as 1801, "are in some sort yet kept up by the milkmaids at London, who go about the streets with their garlands and music, dancing;" but even this faint shadow of the original sports has subsequently faded away, so that the green glories and flowery festivities of May-day only survive, if the grim show may not rather be deemed a posthumous and spectral pageant, in the Saturnalia of the chimney-sweeping imps, who, with daubed visages, and bedizened in tinsel trumpery, hop around a faded Jack-in-the-green, to the dissonant clatter of their shovels and brushes. Sad and sooty spectacle! art thou indeed all that is left to us of the pristine May-day glories, and the merry pipe and tabor, and the blithe dances of the young men and damsels around the garlanded May-pole? It is even so; we can now only send our thoughts into the green woods, and go a Maying with our memories.

ROGATION SUNDAY, the fifth after Easter, obtained its name from the succeeding Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, called Rogation days from the Latin word *rogare*, to beseech, which were first instituted by Mammertus, Archbishop of Vienne, in Dauphiné, about the year 469, in order to procure by these supplications deliverance from the earthquakes, fires, and wild beasts, wherewith the city had been afflicted. Hence the whole week is called Rogation week. The singing of litanies along the streets during this week, accompanied with processions, continued till the Reformation. At this period, as is still practised in some places, were made the parochial perambulations to fix the bounds and limits of the parish, a custom derived from the heathen feast, dedicated to the god *Terminus*, the guardian of the

fields and landmarks. One of our Church Homilies is composed particularly for this ceremony, which we read in the life of the pious Hooker—"He would by no means omit persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love and their parish rites and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation, when he would usually express more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations to be remembered against the new year, especially by the boys and young people."\*

WHITSUNTIDE, or the Feast of Pentecost, is compounded of the words *white* and *Sunday*, because the converts newly baptized appeared from Easter to Whitsuntide in white. The following lines in Gooze's translation of Naogeorgus record one of the customs of the day :

- Oa Whitsunday, white pigeons tame in strings from heaven fly,  
 • • And one that framed is of wood still hangeth in the skie ;  
 Thou seest how they with idols p'ay, and teach the people to ;  
 None otherwise than little gyrles with puppets use to do."

Mr Fosbrooke remarks that this feast was celebrated in Spain with representations of the gift of the Holy Ghost, and of thunder from engines which did much damage. Water, oak-leaves, burning torches, wafers, and cakes, were thrown down from the church-roof; pigeons, and small birds with cakes tied to their legs, were let loose; and a long censer was swung up and down. Our Whitsun ales were derived from the *agapai*, or love-feasts, of the early Christians. For this purpose voluntary contributions were made, with which the churchwardens purchased malt, bread, and a quantity of ale, which they sold out in the church or elsewhere. The profits, as well as those derived from the games of dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, and the fool or jester, there being then no poor-rates, were given to the poor, who were thus provided for according to the Christian rule, that all festivities should be rendered innocent by alms. Greenwich, its fair, and the gambols of its far-famed hill, keep the frolics of Whitsuntide still fresh and vivid in the hearts of the Londoners.

RESTORATION DAY, 29th of May, is only here noticed as affording another proof how long holidays and observances may survive, after the motives for their first institution have ceased to operate, or even when others of a diametrically opposite tendency have sprung up. We retain an annual form of prayer to commemorate the restoration of a monarch, whose reign gave him little title to the respect of posterity, and whose family was expelled by an insulted and indignant people. It is recorded of some pagan worthy who had conferred an important service on his native town, and was desired to name his own reward, that he requested the anniversary of his death might for ever be observed as a holiday in the schools. What other service Charles II. ever conferred, we know not, but our English schoolboys are at least indebted to that monarch for a sportive anniversary, and they

\* Walton's Lives.

may therefore stand excused, as they never scrutinize too closely the *rationale* of a holiday, for getting up by daybreak to gather oak-apples, and even for going to the expense of gold leaf to bedizen them, before they are stuck into their hats.

**MIDSUMMER DAY.**—The Feast of St. John the Baptist, 24th of June, was anciently celebrated by bonfires, and by carrying lighted torches, as an emblem of St. John the Baptist, who was a burning and a shining light. Upon this occasion the people leaped through the flames with many superstitious observances, against which a canon was issued by the council of Trullus. For a typical reason, sufficiently obvious, the period of the summer solstice has been celebrated in various nations, and from the remotest antiquity, by bonfires; vestiges, perhaps, of the ancient worship of Baal and Moloch. As an additional emblem of the sun, it was customary in England, to bind an old wheel round about with straw and tow, to take it to the top of some hill at night to set fire to the combustibles, and then roll it down the declivity. These ceremonies were attended with dancing and other pastimes. The many superstitious customs practised by the credulous on St. John's Eve, and the marvellous virtues attributed to the plant *Hypericum pulchrum*, or St. John's wort, will scarcely repay the trouble of recording them.

**ST. PETER'S DAY**, 29th of June.—Stow tells us that the rites and sports of St. John the Baptist's Eve, were also used on the Eve of St. Peter and St. Paul.

**LAMMAS DAY**, 1st of August.—The Feast of St. Peter *ad vincula*. For the term "Lammas," various derivations have been assigned by antiquaries, but the most plausible conjecture makes it a contraction of Lamb-mass, because on that day, the tenants who held lands under the cathedral church in York, which was dedicated to St. Peter *ad vincula* were bound by their tenure to bring a live lamb into the church at high mass.

**ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY**, 15th of August—a high festival of the Romish church, was observed in many places with extraordinary rejoicings and pomp of theatrical worship, in representation of the Assumption. The vast unoccupied space in our old cathedrals, for which the modern spectator is sometimes unable to account, was the theatre wherein these spectacles and shows were performed by the monks, assisted by ponderous machinery, which required a capacious area for working it. On Assumption Day it was customary to implore blessings upon herbs, plants, roots, and fruits; in allusion to which, Googe, translating from Naogeorgus, has the following lines :

The blessed Virgin Marie's feast hath here his place and time,  
Wherein departing from the earth she did the heavens clime;  
Great bundles then of herbs to church the people fast do beare,  
The which against all hurtfull things the priest doth hallow there;  
Thus kindle they and nourish still the people's wickednesse,  
And vainly make them to believe whatsoever they expresse,  
For sundry witchcrafts by these herbs are wrought, and divers charms,  
And cast into the fire are thought to drive away all harmes.

It is amusing to see Naogeorgus condemning the ignorant people for their credulity, and yet implying his own belief in witchcraft. Thus each age laughs at the mistakes of its precursor, as each in turn will probably be laughed at by its successor.

ST. ROCHE'S DAY, 16th of August.—The phrase, “sound as a roach,” is thought to have been derived from the legends and attributes of this saint, who devoted himself to the sick, and was deemed the patron of all who were afflicted with the plague. His festival on this day was kept like a wake, or general harvest-home, with dances in the church-yard in the evening. We have already observed, in commenting on the Jewish feast of Tabernacles, that the season of harvest seems always and every where, to have been kept as a festival, to express joy and gratitude for having gathered in the fruits of the earth. In imitation of the Jews, the heathens had their harvest-feast, in which they participated with the labourers and the servants who had assisted them in getting in the crops; the Saxons had the same custom, always setting aside a week after harvest for holidays; and our festive harvest-home is but a continuation of the ancient practice. On these occasions it was usual in the popish times to dress up a figure of corn, which was brought home from the field in a cart, the men and women dancing around it to the music of the pipe and tabor. “Harvest-home is still the greatest rural holiday in England: but our holiday-making is not what it was. Our ancestors used to burst into an enthusiasm of joy at the end of harvest, and appear even to have mingled their previous labour with considerable merry-making, in which they imitated the equality of the earlier ages. They crowned the wheat-sheaves with flowers, they sung, they shouted, they danced, they invited each other, or met to feast, as at Christmas, in the halls of rich houses; and what was a very amiable custom, and wise beyond the commoner wisdom that may seem to lie on the top of it, every one that had been concerned—man, woman, and child—received a little present of ribbons, laces, or sweetmeats.”\*

NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, 8th of September.—This Roman Catholic festival, which, according to Butler, and other Romish writers, has been kept about a thousand years, with matins, masses, collects, processions, and other ceremonies, is still retained in the Church of England calendar and almanacks. It is observed with much pomp in Spain and Italy, and indeed generally by the *Marian* religionists, who place greater reliance on the efficiency of the Virgin's mediation, than on that of our Lord himself.

HOLY ROOD DAY, 14th of September, was instituted on account of the recovery of a large piece of the Cross, or Holy Rood, by the Emperor Heraclius, after it had been carried away on the plundering of Jerusalem, by Cosroes, king of Persia, about the year of Christ 615. It appears to have been the custom to go a nutting upon this day, which was formerly a holiday with the boys of Eton School, in order that they might go out and gather nuts, with a portion of which they

\* The Months, by Leigh Hunt.

were to make presents to the different masters. It was ordered, however, that before this leave be granted them, they should write verses on the fruitfulness of autumn, and the deadly colds, &c., of advancing winter. Holy Cross Day appears in our almanacks and calendars.

MICHAELMAS DAY, Quarter Day, 29th of September—appointed in honour of St. Michael and all the orders of Angels—was always a grand festival in the Romish Church; for, as the saint from whom it was named was the only Archangel, it was held proper to celebrate his anniversary with extraordinary splendour. An expositor on the Common Prayer book tells us, that the feast of *St. Michael and all Angels* was instituted that the people may know what benefits are derived from the ministry of angels.\* As heathenism has its tutelary deities for particular countries, towns, and places, so the Romanists assigned patron saints and angels, not only to these, but to professions, trades, and to each member of the human body, besides invoking separate saints against various diseases, and even making them guardians over different animals.† The custom of eating a goose on this day is usually attributed to the circumstance that Queen Elizabeth was feasting upon one on Michaelmas day, when she received the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada; but this only proves that the practice then prevailed, and it is known to be not only much more ancient than Elizabeth's time, but to have obtained in other countries. Antiquaries have exhausted conjecture and research upon this subject; but it seems hardly necessary to seek any other origin for the custom, than the simple fact, that stubble geese are at this season in their highest state of perfection.

ALL SAINTS, 1st of November, is the festival of those saints to whom, on account of their number, particular days could not be allotted in their individual honour. It was observed, as well as its vigil on the previous one, by a feast, of which apples, nuts, and lamb's-wool, were deemed indispensable ingredients.

ALL SOUL'S DAY, 2nd of November.—This festival, still retained in the almanack, and Church of England calendar, has been celebrated by the western churches ever since the year 998. It was observed by prayers for the dead, in remembrance of whom, persons dressed in black went round the different towns, ringing a loud and dismal-toned bell at the corner of each street, every Sunday evening during the month; and calling upon the inhabitants to remember the deceased who were suffering the expiatory flames of purgatory, and to join in prayers for the repose of their souls.

POWDER PLOT, 5th of November.—This anniversary, observed by a strict form of prayer, and kept as a holiday at all the public offices, is a great day in the Church of England calendar. Bishop Sanderson, in one of his sermons to the people, says, "God grant that we nor ours ever live to see November the fifth forgotten, or the solemnity of it silenced!" If, by the solemnity, the good bishop sim-

\* Wheatley.

† Lists of each may be found in Ellis's Edition of Brand, art *Michaelmas*,  
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ply meant the thanksgiving prayer, we might agree with him; but if he intended to recommend a preservation of the riotous processions, bonfires, and burnings in effigy on the part of the mob—and a sermon to the people points at this conclusion—we should venture to dissent from him. Not only are these tumultuous proceedings highly objectionable on account of the numerous accidents to which they give occasion, and the disgraceful scuffles and skirmishes with which they have so often been accompanied, but they afford a sort of sanction to Protestants for insulting, hating, and ridiculing the Catholics, a much more numerous class of Christians than themselves, and inculcate therefore a feeling of bigotry and intolerance, which is in direct opposition to the spirit of Christianity. As tending to a breach of the peace, these mob revels ought to be deemed illegal; as calculated to embitter and prolong religious differences, they ought to be made an indictable profanation. - If the crimes of an individual were to afford an excuse for perpetually outraging a whole class, what sect would escape persecution? Not one; the religion of peace would be an incessant war. It is fortunate that the anniversary fooleries of this day are falling fast into desuetude. Let us hope that they will soon be utterly forgotten, or only remembered to be reprobated. Now that our Roman Catholic brethren are at length admitted to a full participation in their civil and political rights, it is high time that this Guy Fawkes's persecution should be also discontinued, for, paltry and contemptible as it is, it generates heart-burning and hatred. Protestants and Catholics should now forget their mutual mistakes, and endeavour, by a future brotherhood in love, to make atonement for past animosity; a happy and truly Christian consummation of which dawnings may already be perceived by him who watchfully peruses the signs of the times.

**LORD MAYOR'S DAY**, 9th of November.—Once a grand civic festival and pageant; the glories and triumphs of which, performed by giants, extolled by laureates, and recorded by historians, are but dimly shadowed forth in the comparatively meagre pomp of modern celebrations.

**MARTINMAS**, 11th of November, takes its name from "the Great St. Martin, the glory of Gaul," who lived in a rock at Tours, and fed upon nothing but roots, a diet which the observers of his festival have by no means thought proper to imitate. At this period it was customary to kill the cattle, which were cured for the winter, during which fresh provisions were seldom or never to be had—a circumstance that afforded excuse for holding a sort of secondary carnival. The entrails of the slaughtered animals, filled with a kind of pudding-meat, were formed into sausages and black puddings, of which a great feast was made, particularly in Germany, a country that has still retained its fame for the manufacture of these savoury edibles. The feast of St. Martin is a day of debauch upon the continent, the sausages and other viands being washed down with the new wines which are then begun to be tasted.

**CHRISTMAS**.—The author of the "Convivial Antiquities" says,

that as the heathens had their Saturnalia in December, their Sigillaria in January, and the Lupercalia and Bacchanalia in February, so among Christians the interval between the Nativity and the Epiphany is devoted to feasting and revellings of all kinds. New years' gifts and changes of clothes, or mummery, are also pagan customs of the season.

On the vigil, or preceding eve of Christmas, it was customary with our ancestors to light up candles of an uncommon size, and lay a log of wood upon the fire called a Yule-log, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, turn night into day. The following occurs in Her-ric's *Hesperides*, p. 309.

## CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

Come bring with a noise, my merry merry boys,  
 The Christmas log to the firing,  
 While my good dame she—bids ye all be free,  
 And drink to your heart's desiring.  
 With the last year's brand—light the new block, and  
 For good success in his spending,  
 On your psaltries play—that sweet luck may  
 Come while the log is teending.  
 Drink now the strong beare, cut the white loafe here,  
 The while the meat is a shredding,  
 For the rare mince-pie, and the plums stand by,  
 To fill the paste that's a kneeding.

From Barnaby Googe's translation of Naogeorgus, we learn that the solemnities began immediately after midnight, when three masses were sung by the priests.

This done, a wooden child in clowtes is on the altuar set,  
 About th<sup>e</sup> which both boyes and gyrles do daunce and nimble jet ;  
 And carrols sing in praise of Christ, and for to help them heare,  
 The organs aunswere every verse with sweete and solemne cheare ;  
 The priests do rore aloude, and round about the parents stand,  
 To see the sport, and with their voyce do helpe them, and their hande.

The Christmas Carol (derived from *cantare* to sing, and *rolu*, an interjection of joy) is of very ancient date. Bishop Taylor observes, that the "gloria in excelsis," the well-known hymn sung by the angels to the shepherds at our Lord's nativity, was the earliest Christmas carol. In former ages bishops were accustomed to sing these pious canticles among their clergy. Warton tells us, that in 1521 Wynkyn de Worde printed a set of Christmas carols. "These were festal chansons, for enlivening the merriments of the Christmas celebrity; and not such religious songs as are current at this day with the common people, under the same title, and which were substituted by those enemies of innocent and useful mirth, the puritans. The boar's head, soused, was anciently the first dish on Christmas-day, and was carried up to the principal table in the hall with great state and solemnity, to the chaunting of a special carol, which Wynkyn de Worde has given us in

the miscellany just mentioned."\* At this season it was customary for the chandlers to give candles to their customers, and for the bakers to present to them the yule-cake, a kind of baby, or little image in paste, the origin probably of our mince-pies. Among the ancient Romans the laurel was an emblem of peace, joy, and victory; whence it has been conjectured we have taken the custom of dressing up our houses with laurel, as an emblem of joy for the victory gained over the powers of darkness, and of that peace on earth, and good-will towards men, which the angels sang over the fields of Bethlehem.† Other evergreens were subsequently added. The misletoe, however, as a heathenish and profane plant, appertaining to the rites of druidism, was never admitted into churches, but was hung up in kitchens, subjecting every female who passed under it to a salute from any young man who was present. The christmas-box was a box containing the money gathered against this season; that masses might be said by the priests to obtain forgiveness for the debaucheries committed by the people. Servants had the liberty to collect box-money, that they too might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses; knowing well the truth of the proverb—"No penny, no paternosters." Hence our modern Christmas-boxes.

"Our ancestors"—we quote from a paper in *The World*, No. 104—"considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a cheerful festival; and accordingly distinguished it by devotion, by vacation from business, by merriment and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves and every body about them happy. The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played served as amusement to the lord of the mansion and his family, who, by encouraging every act conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to soften the rigour of the season, and mitigate the influence of winter." The Hobby-horse, the Mummers; the Morris-dancers, the Lord of Misrule, with other merry sports and pastimes that gave a zest to the feast, and accelerated the circulation of the wassail-bowl, at this the greatest festival of the year, will be hereafter more particularly noticed.

As usual in most of our festivals, the edible and potable celebrations have survived all the others, or constitute the sole portions that are observed with any of the ancient zeal. These accessories have in fact become principals. The waits, or watchmen who sounded the watch, and perambulated the streets during winter to prevent depre-

\* Ellis's edition of Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 375.

† Ibid. That we might not encumber our page, we have only occasionally stated our authorities for these brief holiday notices. They have been principally Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, edited by Ellis; Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*; Malcolm's *Customes of London*; Fosbrocke's *British Monachism*; Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*; and Hone's *Every Day Book*; to which latter, a work equally replete with information and amusement, the reader who wishes to see the subject more fully illustrated, may refer without fear of disappointment.



ation, have nominal descendants, who may still be occasionally though rarely heard, stealing pleasantly upon the midnight silence, and startling the drowsy ear with the sweetness of their dream-like and mysterious melody; but these invisible minstrels of the Nativity, lacking an appropriate *echo* to their silver sounds, will, it is to be feared, soon follow into oblivion the Lord of Misrule, the Abbot of Un-reason, the Morris-dancers, the Hobby-horse, and other by-gone functionaries of the Christmas pantomime. Mince-pies, however, still maintain a savoury remembrance in our mouths; but the boar's-head, holding with its teeth a lemon for its own seasoning—once the symbol of good cheer, and the favourite sign of taverns and cooks'-shops—has been dethroned from its eminence, and has long ceased to crown the festive board. It has been superseded by the turkey; which, being introduced about the time of the Reformation, became connected with the new observances of the reformed religion, without any other apparent claim than that it attains its fattest and most luxurious state about the time of Christmas. From an historical account of Norwich, we learn that between Saturday morning and Sunday night of Christmas, 1793, one thousand seven hundred turkeys, weighing nine tons two hundred weight, were sent from that single town to London, and two days after half as many more.

Let the external decorations and the superficial forms of this anniversary fade and fall into desuetude, or be replaced with newer glories, as fashion and caprice may dictate; but let not the spirit of Christmas, at once holy and festive, ever evaporate from our feelings, or be chilled by a non-observance of this happy season. Let the laurel—the symbol of peace and good-will—be green in our hearts, though it no longer adorn our parlours. A proper observance of the prescribed religious duties, hospitality and social brotherhood; an interchange of love—promoting presents; the festive board; the blazing fire; the moderate bowl, enlivened by music, wit, and song; the harmless sports and pastimes for which none are too old who find a reflected pleasure from delighting the young, or who can renew, even for a single evening, the pleasant memories of their own childhood;—but above all, that enlarged philanthropy which prompts us to look beyond our own circle of smiling faces, and to light up a similar gladness in the cottages of the poor by seasonable acts of charity—these are the observances which every man, to the extent of his ability, is strictly bound to maintain; for they constitute the noblest way in which a Christian can commemorate the founder of that religion which inculcates universal love.

Of the festivals and holidays prescribed by our ancient ritual, we have only noticed a portion. Most of these had their vigil, or previous eve, which was celebrated with festive observances; so that when we add to this long list the numerous wakes, and fairs, and merry-makings of which we catch frequent glimpses through the mist of antiquity, we are apt to think that mankind, at least in the lower orders, were much happier then than they are now, an impression which often prompts us to give vent to our feelings by an enthusiastic eulogy of

"the good old times." This golden age, however, can only be found in chronology, when we shall have fixed the exact spot occupied by Plato's Atlantis, or Sir Thomas More's Utopia. Our old Christmas gambols and tumultuous revelries, like the Saturnalia from which they were borrowed, were only destined to reconcile the people to their habitual wretchedness and degradation by a short season of riot. They derived their great attraction from the poverty and privation of the inferior classes, who rarely tasted fresh meat in the summer; while in the winter their best fare was salted ling, and other coarse fish, which even in noblemen's families formed the ordinary diet of the servants. The greater the hardships and oppressions of life, the more intense is the delight of their transient forgetfulness, whether it proceed from the drunkenness of the bowl, or the intoxication of holiday mirth. The Christmas turkeys, the roast-beef, the plum-pudding, nay even the vegetables were once rarities and expensive luxuries, which were coveted with an avidity, and enjoyed with a delight commensurate with their cost and scarcity. Most of these, except to the abjectly poor, are now within reach of at least occasional procurement, and their great attraction has vanished since they ceased to be dainties of rare occurrence.

If our humbler classes be incalculably superior to their predecessors in the essential comforts of food, clothing, fuel, and lodging, their advantages are still more distinctly marked with reference to intellectual gratifications. Theatres, reading-rooms, newspapers, magazines, reviews, novels, and mechanics' institutions, which the diffusion of education enables all ranks to enjoy, have substituted for occasional foeries and mummeries, and stated periods of public revelry, domestic habitual fire-side recreations of an infinitely higher order, and not less delightful, because they are not periodically obtruded upon our attention. The industrious operative, who can now command these everyday comforts, as a right, earned by his honest exertions, wants not the frantic extravagance of the carnival, and scorns to depend for his enjoyments either upon gratuitous holidays, or eleemosynary feastings. A fortnight's frolic he would disdain to exchange for a twelvemonth's subjection. He knows that he is no longer a vassal or a serf; and this very feeling of independence is a perpetual feast to his heart, worth all that were ever celebrated or registered even in the overloaded calendar of the Romanists.

*Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.*

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## THE RACING IN SEPTEMBER.

BY CRAVEN.

“ Un malheur ne vient jamais seul.”

Our motto is an Irish reading of the well known social aphorism of Shakspeare—

“ When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions.”

Whatever the logic, the philosophy is sound, and established by a long line of precedents—the more the pity. Moreover, its application is universal: it has reference to all the employments of life, and its enjoyments as well. In my racing article last month a couple of grievances were especially dealt with, and these shall serve to illustrate the truth of the Gallic proverb which I have selected, both as the motto and thesis of my present paper. They were, of course, *apropos* to my subject—the pastime of horse-racing, and its general *mise en scene*, known by that comprehensive figure of speech—the Turf. The first step—the transit to the place of sport—I had occasion to speak of as having been too frequently in my case exemplary of the axiom, *c'est le premier pas qui coute*. My wayfaring in search of full many a pleasant Olympic tryst had been begirt with peril. In the instance I would here relate the passage down was a *facilis descensus*—a delicious flight behind a Leeds express engine of forked-lightning speed; but the return—the *revocare gradum*—that was a squcak for Avernus!

It was in a carriage of the Midland Counties' that, hard by the junction of the Nottingham branch with the parent line, I heard a grinding as of some planet ejected from its orbit: a grating such as “the great globe itself” might give forth, should Phœbus break an axle during his morning drive. We had broken or dislocated an arm of a limb of our locomotive; one of the wheels of the tender had displaced a shoulder, and having cut through a series of vast iron bars—just as a hot knife passes through a pat of Epping butter—we were brought up “all standing”—as the nautical people express an action whereby you are suddenly reduced from the perpendicular to the horizontal. Nobody was killed, because the tender was good enough to smash instead of the engine. Had the latter got off the line, as the former did, we should all have been dashed to pieces down an embankment, except those that might have been dragged whole from the bottom of the Trent. So, at least, the men conversant in such matters asserted, while smoking their cigars, and promenading among the ruins of the rails, spificated as aforesaid. Now passages like these may be all very well for individuals ambitious of Juggernaut. But I am not among the number, and beg respectfully to remind Mr Hudson and his *corps* of the Midland Counties, that there is, in every sense of the expression, a heavy responsibility *on their shoulders*. Moreover, no

set of travellers in creation was ever less fitted for a trial of the nerves than a party returning from last Doncaster races. For four mortal days they had been surrounded by sights of human suffering such as never probably were concentrated in one spot since the days of Bethesda. The excursion from the town to the race-course was like walking an hospital three quarters of a mile long, containing a miscellany of disease, deformity, and mortal misery no where else to be met with on the face of the earth. Coming from the contemplation of a company *sans* arms, *sans* legs, *sans* eyes, *sans* noses, *sans* everything, is not a favourable moment for speculating as to the probability of being yourself in a concatenation accordingly.

Thus much touching the eccentricities of the road: now a word about the ring. Speaking of that association, in my last article on the turf, I designated it as a circle wherein the possibility of winning is confined to a class, and the certainty to a clique. I was dealing with the rule; one whose exceptions are indeed few and far between. Take the ring, as it may be seen at Epsom or Doncaster, as a sample of the system to which it is applied, and you find it almost wholly composed of individuals called, by courtesy, the profession. Not a dozen gentlemen publicly practise betting: many—too many indulge in it, indeed; but by means of agents or commissioners. A few, as I have said, may be seen labouring in their unseemly calling—a custom, let me assure them that would be infinitely more honoured in the breach than the observance. Do these win in the long run? Does anybody—(did anybody ever)—make an honest penny by racing? Here or there some exception starts into notoriety—gold chains, purple and fine linen; but his gains are estimated like the history of the Three Black Crows. Set down a leg, having credit with the crowd for £20,000 as possessed of a clear tenth of that sum, and you'll not under-write him much. If Pope Pius the Ninth were to affirm, on the virtue of his corporal oath, that a gambler of any country under the sun, *bona fide* the right owner of £10,000, then and there within his immediate control, continued to play with the intention to pay should he lose it, I should venture to think his Holiness was lying—under a mistake. Some few years ago a gentleman, who had had extensive dealings on the Derby, preferred letting his account stand over for a few months, and went to Paris, instead of Tattersall's immediately after the Epsom meeting. Circumstances making it convenient for him to return, he was welcomed at Hyde Park Corner one Monday afternoon, where he pocketed several thousand pounds, instead of disbursing a considerable sum, which he would have been expected to have done had he remained in the capital of Great Britain, instead of emigrating to that of *Belle France*. Now this party was a member of the clique that reduces winning to a certainty, by a process as simple as it is secure. Should the reader suppose I am letting out a secret of the prison-house—the subscription-room at the Corner—I beg to inform him that the fact is as notorious to all whom it concerns as Sidney Smith's estimate of Pennsylvanian principle. Well, all the cash thus brought to net was forthwith put to the credit side of the man-fisher's

account current, and he became therefrom a mighty capitalist. The million would have given him trust for a like amount sterling: he started a stud; lived *en prince*; hail-fellow well met with the nobles of the land; and, in short, did the entire animal on an unlimited scale. Perhaps when the turn of luck alluded to fell to his share, or his shrewdness or to whatever else brought him round as aforesaid, a moiety of the hawl was mortgaged in Paris, to creditors not to be trifled with: perhaps at home there were those it was better policy to pay in part than dispose of summarily—the moral of the Goose and the Golden Eggs being had in memory. All this combined—or only a portion of it operating, our millionaire no doubt found the casting-up of his book considerably affected by the yielding up of his liabilities. In the face of this, however, he essays an extensive *ménage*; sets up a team of *ballerines* and a miraculous tailor; and comes out a man about town regardless of expense, and cuts an almighty shipe. This is not to be done, as people once lived, in paradise, or as Harlequin and Columbine still live—in the Christmas pantomimes. Our speculator begins to want money—“no uncommon want”—and straightway goes to work with his head—the agent which anon puts his figures in motion. He “goes for the gloves”—a form of words representing the amalgamation of any species of plunder, from highway robbery to cly-faking. He loses his mittens, and takes himself off once more for the *Faubourg St. Honoré*, where he supports his spirits under adversity with philosophy, and a forty frank dinner *à la carte* nightly at the *Café de Paris*.

Legging, sweet gentlemen of racing studs, and enterprize to back them—legging, done in style, is the cause whereof levanting is the effect. . . . the exception to the rule being the instances upheld by a clever and careful system of cheating. Do ye suppose that Cocker, with all his arithmetic, could have earned an honest livelihood on the turf? Do ye imagine that with two and two to make four, your Olympic professor could get a living? In the innocence of a fond felicity you act, however, as if you did entertain such a notion, and express an absurd, an unjustifiable indignation, when some poor devil bursts up, having exhausted the last grain of his ore—always excepting his metallic pencil and the brass of his face. Your leg looks to Fate for his discounts, and pays a proportionable premium for his cash; it's no joke to do Providence-paper to the tune of two thousand a year. It can't be done *well*, without the aid of a good fat felony—or *at all* without a handsome petty larceny. Yet with these facts before you—as plain as the nose on Mr——, that is to say, as the remarkable proboscis on Mr——'s blank countenance—you give utterance to astonishment when a leg “cuts:” you gave yourselves airs of indignation the other day when the Mulligan “went” at Doncaster. What else could you have anticipated? What sort of logic would it be that should assume

Legs live by the betting that's call'd play or pay,

And “spend half-a-crown out of fourpence a day?”

Warwick races are not intrinsically the sort of thing a man of

spirit might affect for any worth, or the like, appertaining to themselves. There is no more picturesque passage than that by Kenilworth to the stronghold of the renowned king-maker; but the professional eye is only attached to art—in the abstract. It is not, therefore, for the sake of the landscape that the ring turns towards Warwick on its sporting anniversary, but to observe the shadows it is wont to cast over coming events; it never throws any light upon the subject. This season the mare's nest contained a colt hight Foreclosure, that it was solemnly stated would win the Leger for Mr Pedley, unless that excellent general should elect to conquer with Cossack. Rumour told such truths about him as rumour is notorious for; and the press pronounced him the *beau ideal* of a Leger horse: all manner of *prestige*, in short, was prepared for him one way or another. What a spoiled child of fortune is Mr Pedley to have a pair of nags, either of which could win him the Leger, and leave him another wherewith to floor the public! this to gather him glory, and that to bag him the base Besonians! Such was said to be his category by the Thebans who looked wise and took the odds about Foreclosure on the 7th ult. There was no doubt the stable knew the merits of their cattle: the Danebury division backed Foreclosure—freely. No one supposed the party was taking liberties either with the horse, or those who might seek to be on him—why should they, indeed?

The Trial Stakes brought to the post The Magnet, Prestwich, and Kismet, the betting being 5 to 4 on Magnet and 2 to 1 agst. Prestwich. The lead was taken by Prestwich, and maintained, albeit not without a struggle with Kismet, who defeated Magnet by half a head. The Foal Stakes were won by Sir C. Cockcrell's Congress, in an easy canter. The pace was forced by Aliwal, subsequently the last of his race. Then the attractive feature of the day was thus disposed of:

The Leamington Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and 5 only if declared, with 100 added by the town of Leamington; the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner to pay 20 sovs. towards the expenses; two miles and forty-four yards; 63 sub., of whom 14 paid 15 sovs., and 41 5 sovs.

Sir J. B. Mills's br. m. Giantess, by Leviathan, 5 yrs., 6st. 8lb.

Donaldson 1

Mr Robinson's br. h. Morpeth, 6 yrs., 7st. 13lb. . . . . Bumby 2

Lord Warwick's b. h. Yardley, aged, 7st. 13lb. . . . . Whitehouse 3

Mr Meiklan's br. g. Best-of-three, 6 yrs., 7st. 7lb. . . . . Duncan 4

Mr Moore's b. h. Wolfdog, 5 yrs., 9st. 6lb. . . . . W. Boyce 5

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Wolfdog, 2 to 1 agst. Morpeth, 3 to 1 and 7 to 2 agst. Giantess, and 5 and 6 to 1 agst. Yardley.

The running was made at a rattling speed by Morpeth; Best of Three, Giantess, and Yardley being in good places. Eventually Giantess gave Yardley and Morpeth the go-by, and ran in the winner by a good length. Wolfdog was completely in the rear. The Castle Park Stakes were allotted to Shylock, Lahore being the unsuccessful competitor. The Hero walked over for the Queen's Plate. The Maiden

Plate, in heats, was carried off by Lady Mallorie, the only shadow of a contest being with the Grand Seignior in the second heat.

The second day commenced with the victory of Lord Warwick's *Lahore* over Mr Meiklam's *Otterburn* for the Bury Stakes. The County Stakes, with gentlemen jocks up, next claimed the attention of the many congregated, who appeared to enjoy the sharp work cut out by *Spem Gregis*, and participated by *Magnet* and *Columbus*. *Cavendish* waited his opportunity to show in front, and then he took the lead and kept it to the finish, *Magnet* being next up. The Great Warwickshire Stakes turned out to be a case of division between Captain *Harcourt's Ellerdale* and Mr *Clifton's Brown Bess*, the former walking over.

The race for the Cup was a very hollow affair: The *Hero* had it all his own way, allowing *Wolfdog* to make the running until he thought it discreet to take the lead, which he held without the exhibition of any very extraordinary effort. After this performance, the "heroes" then and there laid 2,000 to 1,000 on their favourite against *War Eagle* for the *Doncaster Cup*—a vessel which has administered, in the days of its extreme juvenility, many a bitter draught.

The *Town Plate* was won by *Congress*, after a really excellent race by a head, *Ennui* and *Milliner* being second and third. Mr *Copeland's Cheapside*, not without a severe contest, succeeded in bearing off the *Selling Stakes*; this race brought the meeting to a close, and if altogether this anniversary was not remarkable for its amount of sport, let us indulge to hope that the day is not near at hand when the turfite may appropriate the language of the genius of the *locale*, and exclaim—

"Above all keep *Warwick* from my sight."

About this period were celebrated meetings at *Swindon* (intended as a revivification of *Burderop*), *Cheadle*, *Morpeth*, the new *Forest*, *Knutsford*, *Brecon*, and *Weymouth*, the features of which do not require any further comment than will be found in our usual *resumé*.

The next step, consequently, brings us to *Doncaster*—the great creature of the month—with which we shall deal after a very brief peroration; or rather it should be said, with the business of which we shall occupy ourselves after a short passage of theory. From the earliest records we possess of it, the northern part of our island appears to have been distinguished for an equestrian character the reverse of that attributed to chivalry. In especial, your *Tyke* was remarkable as a very sharp practitioner in all that related to the horse: he stole that quadruped more adroitly than the native of any other portion of the kingdom, sold him (and those that brought him) more artistically than the duller *East*, *West*, or *South*; and as for racing him—he was by nature trainer, rider, bettor—*Satan* himself had no chance in the stable, in the saddle, or in the ring, with *Tyke*, the most unsophisticated of his species. However the other families of the island may have degenerated, our yeoman of the north country retains the old properties in their early vigour. I'll

back the space in front of the Salutation against any spot on the earth's surface for oiling a screw. It is only necessary to produce a cripple on that magic arena to insure his instant soundness; for all the diseases of the horse, the air of that suburb of Doncaster called Bennethorpe, judiciously blended with ginger and whalebone, will be found a specific; and then, in the more subtle department in speculation, and the science of putting an issue on the course, where will you match York—not so much the city as the county? Never tell me the Leger policy is imported cut and dried into Doncaster; the rough material indeed is brought from other places, as well as produced where it is consumed, but it is wrought into cunning devices and ingenious designs at that great emporium of turf fabrics and fabrications. The Derby has its clumsy manufacturers—Ascot deals now and then in fine goods, retail—but for wholesale work you must go to Doncaster. There, while play is put down everywhere else with the strong hand, men gamble “from eve to dewy morn,” according to their fancies; there cant exhibits its rottenness to the noonday sun; there the tiger herds with the lamb; and, lord, leg, and levanter share one commop welcome.

\* \* \* \* \*

The races commenced on Tuesday, the 14th ult., with the Fitzwilliam Stakes, which Wilderness bore off, after a spirited encounter with Conspiracy. War Eagle put into the pocket of Mr Bouverie the Fifty Sovereigns presented by the Corporation—an easy victory, accomplished in a canter. The Cleveland Handicap gave rise to nothing very distinguished in the shape of racing. The King of Morven disposing of his opponents with the greatest of ease. Then arose manifestations of impatience for the grand *coup* of the day—the Champagne Stakes, one of the most interesting of autumnal races, which came off in this fashion:

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two years old; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb.; the second to save his stake, and the winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Doncaster Racing Club; Red House in; 35 subs.

Mr B. Green's b. c. Assault, by Touchstone out of Ghuznee—E. Edwards	1
Mr Mostyn's b. c. Loadstone, by Touchstone..... Nat	2
Mr Foljambe's ch. f. Queen of the May, by Sir Hercules.... Marlow	3
Mr Pedley's br. f. Lady Mary, by Lanercost..... S. Templeman	0
Mr Cooper's c. Slug, by Slane..... Whitehouse	0
Mr Conway's gr. c. Snowball, by Sleight-of-hand..... W. Abdale	0
Mr Bowes's ch. c. Brother to Lunedale, by Hetman Platoff.. F. Butler	0
Lord Englinton's br. c. De Witt, by The Provost..... J. Marson	0

Betting; 6 to 4 on Assault, 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst. Loadstone, and 100 to 12 agst. Lady Mary.

The result of this lively encounter—for Loadstone was only beaten by a neck, and it must not be forgotten that Edwards administered the whalebone pretty freely—shows that of the two-year-olds *Mister Green's* stable is the best for the public. Quadruped achieved an



easy triumph for the 100 Sovs. Sweepstakes, which brought the first day's programme to a finish.

The next day, "the grand day" of the meeting, was the anniversary of the all-absorbing St. Leger. Forasmuch as the burghers charge a bed for the night as elsewhere they put you in bed and board for a week, now that the rail makes it possible, people on a large scale come to see the race and go away again as soon as their curiosity is satisfied. Can there be a more rational course, from such a cause? One is told that the charges have been reduced of late days: but *as how?* They require half a guinea a night for closet, with an apology for a shake-down that occupies the whole of it, and a guinea for almost every other necessary of (racing) life. To their credit (and your own ready money), be it said, the fashion of the food and the manner of its service are in general unexceptionable. They practice the virtue of cleanliness with a most admired devotion. They set before you a rational repast wherewith to break your fast, in lieu of the pelucid bohea, the attenuated dry toast, and that excuse for butter, the "pat," which serves up the meal called breakfast at lodging-houses in other countries. They respect the swine befittingly while alive, and treat its remains decorously when it is no more. Nowhere do they embalm the departed so scientifically; nowhere does it more becomingly revisit the glympsos of the epicure. And then their stout—where do they get their XXX?—there's no such liquor to be had in the metropolis. It is produced to you in toper stone bottles—fresh, fragrant, and full of flavour—all body and soul, not so say it profanely—but I have a passion for perfect stout. Mutton, I should think, attains a fair maturity in the vicinity: saddles from the wolds, six years old, may be seen during the meeting on many a table, pouring forth their juices rich and racy as curaçoa. I had almost forgotten the muffins; not the master of the ——— doats on muffins with a love more endearing and intense: they have them always when I am there, probably they have them all the year round: a paradise, if there indeed muffins be perennial.

The record of the Rooms on the preceding night must not be overlooked. The chambers, above and aloft, were thronged with bulls and bears, to say nothing of the pigeons and scabby sheep. Above, the fallen angels got the worst of it, all to sticks. The Hades people were cleared out to the tune of £5,000, they said; but a lower average would be nearer the mark; this was above stairs. Below they were only preparing to drain the Augean. The betting, as regarded Foreclosure, was universally understood to be "gag," as also that his owner would on the morrow, declare—as he did—to win with him—as he didn't. When he announced his design of winning with that nag, it was as good as stating he meant to lose with the other. In the face of this our public laid odds on Cossack. \*Both thought they were wise in their generation: alas, for poor human nature! But a *fico* for business, and all hail to the fun. These rooms are tolerably near perfection in all that tends to promote devilment, from *rouge-et-noir* to gin cocktail; but there is one gigantic objection—all the barmaids are

men. Next year, pray, gentlemen, parade us a team of virgins in smiles, white muslin, and rose-coloured streamers. Sherry-coblers go up fifty *per cent.* in the hands of nymphs of the North Riding. About midnight, the apartments being of the temperature and fragrance of the hold of a slaver with a full freight, I went home and to bed. I only wished that some cherry-trees of my acquaintance had encountered in the spring such a course of tobacco, such as I had been subjected to on that eve of the Great St. Leger.

We will now suppose it Wednesday, all sunshine and holidayism. The town overflowed with the human tide, but it was somewhat muddy: the million is the better of being filtered. We are on the course—a populous promenade to the Red House, skirted on either side by chariots and less classical equipages. That is the course—the Red House is encompassed less brilliantly, but within there is never a fitter home-stead for a British yeoman, from Dover Cliff to the Border. I dare to say there are legions of benighted individuals who treat the Red House as some *nomines umbra*—an indication of where a barn once bloomed. Poor wretches! if they were only permitted to taste the Cognac and Hollands this farm produces, and which the proprietor thereof so prodigally produces also, how soon would they change their notion! Friend Wood, may I never have worse luck in the world than to meet as hospitable welcome as thou hast given me, or to drink thy health in liquor as good as I have quaffed beneath thy roof tree!.....The Grand Stand was a bumper. *Lignum vite's* liquid has got into my parts of speech, as once it got into my head—I had nearly committed myself by saying into my brains. They took £2,460, I think, the two first days, and that while the money market was suffering from fearful *tenes mus*. In the ring, while Mr Pedley's declaration not to win with the favourite kept the animal at evens against the field, Lord Eglinton's assurance that he meant to conquer with Van Tromp, if he could, elevated the Dutchman to the second place in the betting. The speculation was very "flat" in more senses of the word than that in which Shakspeare uses it, and generally "unprofitable," in the meaning every one attaches to the term. To sum up the characteristics of the St Leger, it was as full of chicane and questionable dealing as any of its predecessors—hardly as gentlemanly as one could have desired, but a pleasant, rough-and ready sort of affair for all that. The running began with the Municipal Stakes, a match between Surplice and Miss Orbel, of which the colt had the best by 10 to 1 in the ring, and ten times as much in the race. An hour was allowed between this and the great event, which finally was thus put on the scene:—

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three years olds; colts 8st. 7lbs., fillies 8st. 2lbs.; the second to receive 300 sovs., the third 100, and the winner to pay 100 towards expenses; St. Leger Course; 146 subs.

Lord Eglinton's br. c. Van Tromp, by Lanercost.....	Marson	1
Mr Pedley's ch. c. The Cossack, by Hetman Platoff.....	Templeman	2
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Eryx, by St. Martin.....	Marlow	3

Mr Pedley's b. c. Foreclosure, by Sheet Anchor.....	A. Day	0
Mr Mostyn's br. c. Planet, by Bay Middleton.....	Nat	0
Mr L. Fox's br. c. Philosopher, by Voltaire.....	Butler	0
Mr Meeson's b. c. Jovial, by Jereed .....	Whitehouse	0
Mr Mostyn's br. f. Swallow, by Lanercost .....	Holmes	0

Betting: 5 to 4 on Cossack, 4 to 1 agst. Van Tromp, 11 to 2 agst. Foreclosure, 7 to 1 agst. Planet, 12 to 1 agst. Eryx, 25 to 1 agst. Philosopher, 35 to 1 agst. Swallow, and 40 to 1 agst. Jovial.

The field was, both in quality and quantity, a bad average. The start was a good one, the last off being Foreclosure, who was last in likewise. The running was all made by Cossack, who led to the distance, a little generalship between Van Tromp and his *aide-de-camp*, Eryx causing them to change places in one part of the race for a few seconds; but the Dutch horse, as the *very* knowing called him, was always ready to run over the crack. The whole thing, in fact, lay between them; the other half-dozen were out of it altogether. Inside the distance Marson made more use of his nag, collared Cossack, beat him at the stand, and went in first by two liberal lengths, winning, as the judge pronounced, "the easiest Leger he had ever seen run for." No one has a word about the policy of the strong play made by Cossack, which many of the authorities have found fault with. Cossack is the grandson of Blacklock, one of the best four-mile horses that the turf has seen, as also one of the worst-hearted; once caught he was beaten, for struggle he would not. May not the taint be in the third generation, and may it not be absolutely necessary to keep him clear of his field? Was it not so ordained in the Derby? I have already given my impressions of the line pursued with Cossack and Foreclosure: I quote the opinion given of it in *Bell's Life*, to show that I am not singular in my views. On Van Tromp's number being telegraphed, it observes—"The multitude seemed almost mad with joy, not only from the race having been won by a nobleman universally esteemed, but from the defeat of those to whose machinations they considered they had been made the wilful dupes, and even those who were admitted losers unhesitatingly expressed their delight in the conviction that 'the best horse' had won. All anxiously inquired for the position of Foreclosure; but, as the really competent judges had foretold, he was actually the last in. It was said that on being shut out he was pulled, but many doubted that he had the slightest pretensions to be otherwise than where he was found—a singular proof, it was generally remarked, of the questionable character of the trial in which his merits were said to have been tested, and of the use to which the issue of that supposed trial had been applied. So far as the resolution to punish those who had presumed to bet against him 'without leave or license' went, the end was fully attained; and many had to rue their misplaced confidence and the success of the trick by which they had been made the sufferers. That Cossack ran on his own merits, and that his owner fully anticipated his success, we have not the most remote doubt; and that he would have had a much better chance if Foreclosure had made play for him, and thus

allowed Templeman to get a pull at him, is equally clear; but that Foreclosure was ever expected to have a chance the public will never believe, however 'consummately skilful,' as was remarked by a noble lord of *some* turf experience, the plot was concocted. We regret, for the sake of the turf, that such should be the general impression; it would be unfair not to say that the trainer is in no way chargeable with being a party to the transaction, having simply obeyed the instructions of his employer. It has never been asserted that Foreclosure was a better horse than Cossack; and the only surprise is that the public should have been led to believe he was better than Van Troump, or the other horses opposed to him. The whole affair, however, has led to a feeling far different to that of sympathy towards Mr Pedley, whose disappointment seems to have induced a feeling rather of pleasure than of an opposite character. We must express our own sincere regret at the complexion which the whole matter has assumed, and the distrust which it must hereafter engender."

The Selling Stakes New Era won very sportingly, and Loadstone beat Countess for the Produce Stakes (run a match) in a canter; it had previously been made a compromise, not communicated to the jockeys! The Corporation Plate Luminous carried off, in two heats; and the company went off to dinner, with appetites contingent on their luck or losing.

On Thursday Old Boreas reigned paramount; indeed, from the absence of many of the profession, one might say that it was long since so multifarious a set of *legs* had been carried off the ground. The consequence of the absence of these there were experienced in abundance "heavy *blows* and great discouragement" to the tribe, whose entire hopes were thus cruelly blasted. It is to be wished that on the occasion of the next performance of "Raising the Wind," the representation will not be attended with so serious a termination. The Foal Stakes consisted of a walk over by Bingham. The Doncaster Plate was contested by Blackbird, Discontent, Jovial, Mainbrace, Vice-Consul, New Era, Nerissa, Shelforth, Mowerina, Burlesque, Wilderness, and Winchester. Blackbird made very easy work of it. After this had been disposed of, came the event most anxiously looked for:—

THE GREAT YORKSHIRE HANDICAP of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 200 added by the Corporation; the second to receive 100 sovs., the third to save his stake, and the winner to pay 30 sovs. towards expenses; the winner of the Leamington Handicap 9lbs., or of any handicap amounting to 200 sovs. with the winner's stake, after the declaration of the weights, 5lbs. extra; St. Leger Course; 88 subs., 50 of whom declared.

Lord Warwick's b. h. Yardley, by Sir Isaac, aged, 7st. 5lbs. Whitehouse 1  
 Sir C. Monck's b. f. Vanish, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lbs. (including 5lbs. extra)

G. Simpson 2

Mr Mostyn's b. c. King of Morven, 3 yrs., 6st. 5lbs. (including 5lbs. extra) . . . . . Kitchener 3

Mr Meiklam's br. h. Lightning, 6 yrs., 8st. 9lbs. . . . . Templeman 0

Mr S. Graham's b. h. Lothario, aged, 7st. 6lbs.....	Nat	0	3
Mr Wormald's ch. c. Quadruped, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lbs.....	Longstaff	0	7
Mr Copeland's b. h. Arthur, 5yrs., 7st.....	Crouch	0	
Mr Merry's bk. c. Pilgrim, 4 yrs., 6st. 12lbs.....	W. Marson	0	
Mr J. Lillie's br. c. Spithead, 4 yrs., 6st. 12lbs.....	Williams	0	
Mr Meiklam's br. c. Alliance, 4 yrs., 6st. 7lbs.....	Duncan	0	
Lord Strathmore's ch. c. Crown Prince, 4 yrs, 6st. 5lbs. (carried 6st. 7lbs).....	Planner	0	
Mr L. Fox's b. c. Shelforth, 4 yrs., 6st. 4lbs.....	G. Abdale	0	
Mr Mostyn's b. f. Sagacity, 3 yrs., 6st. 3lbs.....	J. Evans	0	
Mr S. L. Fox's br. c. Executor, 3 yrs, 6st.....	G. Oates	0	
Colonel Peel's b. f. Palma, 3 yrs. 5st.....	Dockerary	0	
Mr J. H. Blair ns. b. c. Punch, 4 yrs, 5st. 9lbs.....	Donaldson	0	
Count Batthyany's br. g. Tragical, 4 yrs., 6st. 2lbs.....	Prince	0	
Colonel Anson's b. c. Martext, 4 yrs., 5st. 9lb.....	Charlton	0	•
Betting; 3 to 1 agst. Palma, 6 to 1 agst. Yardley, 6 to 1 agst. Alliance, 10 to 1 agst. Lothario, 10 to 1 agst. Vanish, 10 to 1 agst. Sagacity, 10 to 1 agst. Tragical, 10 to 1 agst. Pilgrim, 100 to 6 agst. King of Morven, and 15 to 1 agst. Lightning.			

The old horse accomplished a performance of great merit, which deservedly earned his noble owner a fitting remembrance of his steed's powers. The Scarborough Stakes—being run for by Christopher, Black Dwarf, and Meaux, and won by Christopher—brought the day's proceedings to an end. The last day was devoted, in the early part, to settling on the Yorkshire Handicap—an arrangement not attended with so many unpleasant consequences as experienced on the previous great event. Biocardo had no difficulty in vanquishing The Traverser in the match for 500 sovs., for the latter broke down. The Two Year Old Stakes gathered together Assault, Volley, Convict, Snowball, and Queen of the May—another triumph for Assault. In succession came—

The Cup of 300 sovs., with 50 added for the second horse, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; three years old—7st. 7lb., four 8st 12lb., five, 9st. 5lb., six and aged, 9st. 7lb.; maiden horses at starting never having received 100 sovs. as second horse, including their own stake, allowed weight in the following proportion:—Three years olds 5lb., four 9lb., five and upwards 14lb. (matches not to be reckoned as winnings;) the winner of the Derby, Oaks, the Doncaster, St. Leger or Cup, Ascot Cup. or Goodwood Cup, in 1846 and 1847, 7lb. extra; Cup Course; 15 subs.

Mr Douverie's War Eagle, by Lanercost, 3 yrs.; 7st. 7lbs....	S. Mann	1
Mr J. Day's The Hero, by Chesterfield, 4 yrs., 9st. 5lb.....	A. Day	2

Betting; 2 to 1 on The Hero.

The favourite had the lead to the distance, where War Eagle began diminishing his advantage, and eventually won easily by a length; not at all surprising, when it is considered that there were several drawbacks to the favourite—weight, his Warwick performances, and his *running* for the Queen's Plate at this meeting. Lanercost's star is brightly beaming, in thus furnishing the winners of the St. Leger

and of the Cup in one anniversary. The Park Hill Stakes had for their winner Ellerdale, the beaten nags consisting of Slander, The Provost filly, Swallow, and Palma. After Van Tromp had walked over for the Gascoignes, Clementina, Lazarillo, and Sally Maggs entered the lists for the Three Year Old Stakes, and came in as we have placed them. The last race of the meeting—the Town Plate, in heats—was won by Tim Whiffler, defeating Luminous and Lady Mallorie. Thus terminated Doncaster Races for this year of grace—may we be grateful for all its mercies; and with that meeting most conveniently may be wound up the catastrophe of the month's racing. The great northern turf tryst, it is to be regretted, by no means advances in the matter of morality. Perhaps this is especially for the discomfiture of the Mawworms; for nowhere does cant whine shudder more abominably. "Many," says Paul Riccher, "think themselves to be truly God-fearing when they call this world a valley of tears; but I believe they would be more so if they called it a happy valley. God is more pleased with those who think everything is right in the world than those who think nothing right. With so many thousand joys, is it not black ingratitude to call the world a place of sorrow and torment?" If the Doncaster saints do not thus treat that which the Eternal saw with pleasure, and declared "that it was good," at least they neglect no device for turning the sunshine of the spirit into cloud and darkness. I am not judging the good or evil which may come of such assemblies as a race-course gathers together; it is neither my office, nor, perhaps, within the compass of my philosophy. But I do not hesitate to pass sentence on the taste which desecrates the word of God, and dallies meretriciously with the sacred texts of scripture, for the purposes of ascetic fanaticism and pharasaical vain glory. There is a time for all things—to be merry as well as to be wise—if the twain may not operate in unison. Very surely it is neither to the honour of God nor the promotion of a healthy veneration for religion that the "voices in trees" should rant out anathemas against all who dress the face in smiles; or that the stones should pour forth sermons

"Sadder than owl sings or the midnight blast."

"Virtue and piety are the sun and dew of the moral world; hypocrisy "the arrow that flieth by night;" fanaticism "the pestilence that killeth in the noon day."

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#### THE RACING IN OCTOBER.

"O you kind gods!  
Cure this great breach of this abused nature."

SHAKSPEARE.

The autumnal meetings at Newmarket serve to wind up the turf season—a consummation, if perfect in the spirit as well as the letter, devoutly wished for by all who make racing a craft and calling. There is no species of hard labour known to our penal code that will bear comparison with the 'toil and trouble' of the ring: the treadmill is

fun to it. It's bad enough to travail with hand and foot; but "head work, governor," like the pace, "*kills*." Thus much may be urged in mercy and mitigation for the leg who has little else, in good sooth, to move our pity or sufferance. As if the turf were not of itself a sufficiently costly sport, we find it infested by a plague of parasites more deadly than the fabulous vampires; not merely permitted to exist, but fostered and pampered. I shall perhaps be told this has been the case since the establishment of racing as a great popular pastime; but I answer, not upon a scale bearing any proportion to the present, making any allowance for the difference of circumstances. In the last century there were some loose fish, indeed, to be met with on every race-course; but *now* they shoal wherever a meeting is announced. And how else should it be? Not to speak it profanely—the turf is a foreshadowing of kingdom come, "where none is afore or after other; none is greater or less than another"....

There might be no objection to such a patriarchal system, probably, in the abstract; but its partial application, as practised on the turf, is a crying evil. That there should be any spot of earth whereon the man of honour and the scoundrel can associate without scandal, is deeply to be deplored: that there are such "*bowers*," as Moore has it, none familiar with our race-courses need be told. The whole object of racing is fast turning clean from its original and fitting purpose. It has become the whetstone of knavery—the recognized refuse of rascality—the conventionally acknowledged resource of the broken in fame and fortune. See! there is the ring—

"Imbrowned with native bronze, lo! — stands  
Tuning his voice and balancing his hands."

This is the foreground, populous with a motley multitude: high and low, rich and poor, Dives and Lazarus. In the distance spread misty and mysterious groups—touts, dupes, tempters, nobblers; and mingled with the perspective, a mighty host of small deer—the rabble of sweeps and lotteries—the fry whereon the sharks prey—the common spoil on which the leg feeds and gorges. These fill up the subject; but it has others of more mark—to point its moral, as well as give a stronger relief to the design. Here lounges the premeditated levanter, who has "gone for the gloves," with four posters ready to whirl him to the nearest railway station, in the event of the *comp* turning up against him. There, poised like a falcon for the stoop, watches the issue of some event of interest, the "*picker-up*," ready to fly to the next electric telegraph, that his agents in the great city and elsewhere may "get on" to the premium of a foregone conclusion. Who shall say this is an over-drawn or an over-coloured picture of the turf, as it now exists? And allowing the fidelity of the sketch, where is the wonder that racing lacks the countenance it once enjoyed, or, that the course is not, as it was wont to be, a rendezvous for the "*nobles and the gentles*" of the land?

Time, that changes all things, has not left untouched the character of our national sports. Many, indeed most of them are essentially

altered—and I write it with pleasure—not for the worse. Woodcraft, athletic exercises, the sports of flood and field generally, wax faint and lose the enthusiasm with which they were pursued, as the refinements of life rob nature of its hilarious elements, and man becomes more and more a ruminating animal. The squire of a hundred years ago has met his fate either in the Scylla of political economy, or the Charybdis of social reform. But who shall say that the Meynells and Loraine Smiths were unworthy of the successors of the Lumpkins and the Westerns! Fox-hunting is not—never will be again—that which it was at the end of the last century, and the commencement of the present. Has it lost by the exchange from a business to a pastime? One cannot conceive that it has. It has still enough of the true flavour of a fine manly diversion, albeit not quaffed pottle deep as of yore. The chase is now a diversion, and not the occupation of a man's life. Racing has become a profession—and just by so much the less enjoyable and more fraught with social inconvenience and mischief than when it was merely an amusement. We have not done much for the advancement of good fellowship and friendly feeling in our yachting societies by the introduction of such contrivances, as handicap sailing matches, and regattas with their subtle rules and regulations. But in the character of a popular sport, yachting has greatly improved, both in its *matériel* and spirit within the last twenty years. Rowing and cricket are pastimes in the most legitimate meaning of the phrase; while the *battue* is doing for shooting what the ring is for racing—laying the foundation of its unpopularity—probably of its ultimate annihilation. The hope of the latter lies in the violence of the crisis, by which the seeds of the disease may be blighted, ere the harvest time shall come to “destroy more men.” The systematic nature of default, as it is developed now at every great meeting of the year, must presently work as an alternative on the body politic. It is not to be expected that people will suffer themselves to be skinned with the instinct of eels. May the hour of the uprising not be far distant! Every true friend of a truly English recreation will echo the maxim of my motto—

“O you kind gods!

Cure this great breach of this abused nature.”

\* ● \* \* \* \* \*

The autumnal annals of the British turf for the year of grace 1847 shall record especial instances of the charity that covered a multitude of sins, and thereby was enabled to hide their horrid glare from the eyes and reason of its judgment. Taking for its thesis the line of Virgil—

“His lachrymis vitam danus et miserescimus ultro,”

the Jockey Club, with a magnanimity of feeling “wondrous kind,” rescinded its sentences against those malefactors who, in previous years, had plundered—it was said—the public to their private profit and ease, and granted an amnesty in favour of those evil *doers* on the turf: doubly grateful because it enabled them to return to their calling with reward for the past, and with new incitement to present action,



because of the hope of future indemnity. This act of grace began in August, was consummated in October—a period in modern Olympics that hereafter may be set down by cynics as our *Greek Kalends*.

This allusion to dates hints that the close of September now challenges our attention. . . . It was on the 28th of September, afore noted, that the First October Meeting was put on the scene at Newmarket. They told us in the spring we should be steamed there in the autumn; but it was not so. The palmy days of the rail—at least as regards its finance, or rather, its alchymy—are over, or pausing on their way for the nonce. Money, that formerly made the mare go, is necessary to promote the locomotion of the engine, as also of the engineers, in these latter times. Now cash is a curiosity—a rarity more suitable for a museum than circulation among “navigators,”—so called because their labour is exclusively that of *landsmen: lucus a non lucendo*. Well, as we were saying, money is scarce, and consequently so were the contractors for the Newmarket line, when, on the arrival of the First October Meeting, they were wanted. Notwithstanding this, however, the attendance was good, and the sport was better. They told you it was like its predecessors of “the good old times;” but one is not expected to remember what happened before one was born. The main object with which the miscellaneous were drawn into Cambridgeshire appeared to be to bet about the Cesarewitch—an occupation as zealously engaged in as if it promised such a return as was expected from holding our corn in April last—many indeed found it turn out somewhat of a similar speculation, as regarded profits. On the Monday preceding the First October week the betting upon the handicap was as follows: I quote it, as Scott says in one of his prefaces, “because I have a reason for it.”

ODDS AT TATTERSALL'S, ON THE CESAREWITCH, SEPT. 20.

9 to 1 agst. War Eagle	25 to 1 agst. Lightning
12 to 1 — Wood Pigeon	25 to 1 — Inheritress
12 to 1 — Rob Roy (tk.)	25 to 1 — Vanity
18 to 1 — Slander	25 to 1 — Anandale (tk.)
20 to 1 — Reminiscence	30 to 1 — Lazarillo
20 to 1 — Lady Wildair	30 to 1 — Tuffhunter (tk.)
20 to 1 — Miss Whip f.	33 to 1 — Tarella (tk.)
25 to 1 — Giselle (tk.)	33 to 1 — Deiades (tk.)
25 to 1 — Marquis of Conyngham (tk.)	

These quotations were affected, on the opening day of the meeting, by the rapid advance of Reminiscence, the mare finding many friends at from 13 to 14 to 1, and for the first time the Irish “half-bred” Cawroush was asked after, and nibbled about at 30 to 1. We will now proceed to the racing on Tuesday. It began with a little 10 sovs. sweepstakes, for all ages from two years old, the winner to be sold for a rouleau—so the field was, of course, “no great shakes.” Three went, and Rudolphus, with Robinson on him, won: there might have been an achievement more worthy both the horse and his rider. In a match for a hundred—first half of the Abingdon mile—Vert Vert beat Cossachia very cleverly. The next event was a sweepstakes for two-year-old fillies, three subscribers, and all started: course the

T.Y.C. We had two heats for this, the dead heat being between *Contessa* and *Cavatina*: the conqueror was won by the former of these young ladies. A handicap sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, T.Y.C., seven subscribers, brought half-a-dozen to the post. *Lord Exeter's Cocoa Nut*, with 8st. 6lbs. on her, won a fine race by a neck, *Vert Vert* being second. The *Hopeful*, with twenty-eight nominations, and eleven of them at the post, brought out one with 5 to 4 on him. This was *Mr Moore's Blaze*: and making his own running, he went up and won as he pleased, in a canter. It was a long wild-goose flight affair, the only feature of a race in it being between *Teetotum* and *Lucy Ashton* for the second place, and fifty pounds attaching to it: this *Teetotum* got. The most accountable event of the day, as regarded the nags and their memories, was the *Grand Duke Michael Stakes*. Four of the seventeen entries went: *Conyngham* backed freely at 7 to 4 on him; 7 to 2 agst. *Coningsby*; and 5 to 1 agst. *Red Hart*—strange betting!—*Lazarillo* not named in the ring. The play was in this wise: *Red Hart* was never headed, and after a fine struggle he won on the post by a head. He was first “tackled” by *Coningsby*, and beat him in the *Ab. Mile* bottom; then *Alfred Day* went up with *Conyngham*, and set-to like grim death. But he could never quite get up, and was beaten by a head, as aforesaid. It was a slashing race from start to finish. Surplice received in the *Buckenham Stakes*, and thus a most sporting day was wound up.

Wednesday—on the heath—began with the *St Leger*: three to the post, and the odds on *Foreclosure*. He won cleverly, they said, by a neck; *Ziska* second; *Miami*, after making the running up to the *Duke's Stand*, beaten off. I have said the day began on the course with the event just noticed; in the town there was a good deal doing in the forenoon. The speculating division were hard at it, to get round on the *Cesarewitch*—the credulous backing their fancies, and the animal towards which public opinion led them by the nose. There was gossip, too, of new grist coming to the mill; young *Stephenson* being engaged as trainer to *Lord Clifden*, who has just put a stud on the stocks. The turf, indeed, has latterly had several sterling accessions. *Mr Drinkald* has come out with force: he bought *Mathematician* about this time of *Mr Gully* for 500 guineas. And there's *Lord Strathmore* with a mighty team of nags of one sort or other; though most probably racing will supersede steeple-chasing in his lordship's tastes at no distant day. Good speed, gentlemen! though sooth to say, I cannot stand godfather to the hope. The turf is no longer a plaything for grown children: it's a calling now—a craft and cunning, professed by *Masters of Arts*. Bless ye! an amateur has about as much chance in bringing a racer to the post against — or —, or any of the fraternity, as he would in starting a locomotive against *Stephenson* or *Brunel*—always intending to say when the artists “mean winning”.... After the *St. Leger* came a 20 sovs. sweepstakes handicap: *D. M.*, six subscribers, and four starters. *Palma*, *Colonel Peel's Plenipo* filly, made the play, and won as she pleased; *Paultons* second; *Prussic Acid* third: the winner's

weight was 6st. 9lbs. A match for £200 a-side, T.M.M., between King of Morven and the Conjuror—a stone between the three and the four year old—was won by the young one—a poor affair. The Fifty Pound Plate for three-year-olds and upwards, D. I., Tufthunter walked over for, dividing with Humdrum, and the sport ended: the three matches being paid, or “off by consent.”

Thursday's list was a very full one. It commenced with a sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for all ages: Rutland Stakes course: nine nominations: eight runners. Keeley was backed at even to win, and so he did. It was a straggling ugly sight; but the finish with the Vision and the Pceress filly was pretty close. The Rutland Stakes of 30 sovs. a-piece for two-year-olds, twelve subscribers, brought out four. They laid 4 to 1 agst. the winner—a nice animal, the Duke of Rutland's colt by St. Francis, out of Cowslip, brilliantly ridden by Jem Robinson: why do we see so little of that finest of all horsemen? The Town Plate of fifty sovs. for three-year-olds, Ditch-in, gave Tufthunter an opportunity of distinguishing himself, which the previous day had disappointed him in. Two others—Lord Edward Russell's Nottingham and The Admiral—went; but the Tufthunter had it nearly all his own way. A match for £200, D. M., pitted Craftsman, 8st. 2lbs., against Spider, 7st. 12lbs., the heavy weight waiting and winning very cleverly. Then another match for £100 a-side opposed Sable against Northern Eagle, 8st. each; 5 to 1 on the former, who won in a fashion that fully bore out the betting. A match for £100 a-side, T.Y.C., brought together Fandango, 8st. 6lbs., and Optimus, 8st. 7lbs., the first the winner, which they laid 4 to 1 he would be—a mere canter again: bad “matching,” my masters! The Queen's Plate of a hundred guineas for three-year-olds and upwards, the Round Course, induced a trio to perform, 2 to 1 on Jericho—that complete racer justifying his friends by winning some three or four hundred yards. It was truly the catastrophe of the meeting, with it the three days' racing being brought to a conclusion. There was to have been a match between Fistiana and Shahzadee; but the nag with the hard name paid.

This was, beyond question, the best First October week within moderate memory: whereupon it was announced that a change would forthwith be made; viz. by bringing forward the two great handicaps a meeting each. But the Jockey Club subsequently “resolved” to let well alone; and the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire will be run for in the future as heretofore. I wish all the resolutions of the Club were equally commendable.

The First October Meeting at Newmarket is succeeded by a swarm of races in the provinces; or rather, it would be more fit to say, surrounded. The last week in September and the first of the next month are racing bumpers. Wrexham, Flint, Tewkesbury, Brewood, Kelso, Chesterfield, Aberystwith, and, last but not least, Manchester races occur about the close of September. I speak, of course, of the autumn meeting at that latter place as falling among those with which it is classed. It was for the Manchester Autumn

Handicap that Cawroush made his *début* on the English turf. The sister sod had sent him over with high *prestige*, for his running in Ireland made him about the best of his compatriots. He appeared in the lists with "half-bred" attached to his name, and with 6st. 2lb. to carry—a rather flattering load for a four-year-old. He moreover raced with his horses well to the distance, where he "gave up," as the returns in the papers said; and the next we saw of him was in the betting for the Cesarewitch, at shocking long odds. If his place at Manchester was on merits, he certainly did not look well for Newmarket, with 12lbs. more up; but, if it was another Lancashire "dodge," all that can be said is that it fared better than it deserved. Lancashire has been in time past the scene of sharp practice, as relates to racing *ruses*. Passing the meeting aforementioned, as also those of Uttoxeter, Sandbach, Leintwardine, and elsewhere, without further remark we come to the Chester Autumn Meeting—an occasion that calls for a short notice. As a wind-up to their sporting season, this attempt has not proved a bad one. There was some very average sport at the last anniversary, and it threw a sort of halo on the handicaps at Newmarket, which it will probably continue to do—an effect that is certain to give it an interest with racing people. The inconvenience of a horse running in the name of any one except his *bonâ fide* proprietor was exemplified in the case of Christopher, objected to for the Saracen's Head Handicap as being the property of William Scott, the jockey, and not of Mr Conway. What's the use of a horse having a godfather at all, unless with a view to the service his "promise" may do? Felton, Pam's Lane, Stafford, Monmouth, and Portsmouth are places little known to Olympic fame, and the Yorkshire Union and Caledonian Hunt may be passed by unsung without much mischief done to the harmony of these our Pindarics. In this event we come, by chronological progression, to the great feature of the past month, so far as this notice of its turf lions will extend.

Newmarket Second October meeting commenced on the 11th ult., and ended on the 15th. As a scene of brilliant racing, it has been rarely surpassed, even on the classic stage which was graced by its performance. I say but a word of the preface to it, published in town on the Saturday and Sunday preceding it: that word relates to a question of the odds given some pages back. As in it, so in town up to the day, the winner was never mentioned in the betting, save in some whisper ventured by the uninitiated, who picked up here and there a customer as gingerly as they would smoke their cigars in a powder-magazine. Thus it was till the morning of the race, when in a sporting journal we find Mr Disney thus soliloquising:—"The strings of horses out were as numerous as ever, and the scenes on the heath at each end of the town highly animated. Cawroush was alone in his meditations, but going beautifully, and looked all over in first-rate condition. His owner was with him, and expressed undiminished confidence, declaring that the only horse he feared in the race was Geraldine, believing, from what he heard of her trial, that she was 'a flyer;' but even of her he said he had not serious apprehensions, if

his horse only got a good start and ran kindly. He considered that he had beaten Burgundy on his merits at the Curragh, although the public had assumed that Burgundy was unprepared, and that therefore the victory was of little value. For his own part he was of opinion the public was in error, as the manner in which the owner and stable of the Irish 'crack' had backed him sufficiently testified. They had lost heavily, and if the horse was 'off' (and they were likely to be best acquainted with the subject), they would scarcely have risked the large sums it was known they had invested at 2 to 1 on their favourite. But even admitting that Burgundy was 7lb. below his usual form, that was sufficient to make Cawroush good enough to win the Cesarewitch. Independent of this, Lord Howth's Rat-trap, an acknowledged good horse, was in the same race, and his position was sufficient to show that Cawroush was not without high pretensions. In respect to the race at Manchester which Cawroush had lost, and which, as it were, put an extinguisher on his prospects, Mr. Disney said he had gone to Manchester with the full conviction on his mind that he should win, and it was publicly known he had backed his opinion. He was, however, beaten; and for this he could only account by the nervousness of the boy that he had brought over to ride for him, and who for the first time appeared before an English public. The boy was rather overweight, and had been severely physicked by his father on the day before the race. This weakened him, and the horse, sometimes a little wilful, required a good deal of riding. The lad lost several yards in the start, which he brought up in the first half mile, after which he went round his horses, and kept on the outside of the course (a circular one) throughout, thereby considerably increasing the distance he had to go, and diminishing his chances. This accounted to him for his ill luck, and his confidence was unshaken; but lest any further disappointment should occur from the inexperience of his jock, he had secured the services of George Abdale."

Nevertheless the public would not have him at any price, but they laid against him to his party's hearts' content. So his party spoiled them: yea, verily, sacked them to the uttermost farthing. . . . . But while the industrious were idle where they should have been doing, they were busied on ventures that boded but little profit. The stables were never known to be more generally healthy; and a glut of horses was on the spot. A mighty field was sure to go for the Cesarewitch; and yet, handicap and all, the foolish, puffed up in their own conceits, were backing fancies as if a handicap meant a race that might be won by half-a-dozen favourites at the same time. The weather was glorious; the course verdant as spring, and elastic as hope. The attendance was ample, and the condition of the company as unexceptionable as that of the coursers. Now, there's a goodly bill of fare for you! Sit down to its discussion with what appetite you may. On Monday—as promised—the meeting began; but in the town during the forenoon business was flat. The Rooms were well peopled in front; but money was very scarce, and caution the characteristic of the deal-

ing. It was confined, almost wholly, to the Cesarewitch. I will give the quotations when I come to speak of the race. The sport began with a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for all ages, T. Y. C., ten subscribers—won by Rodulphus and Jim Robinson, who thus opened the ball for the First October. Next came a 20 sovs. handicap sweepstakes, fifteen subscribers and eight runners. This Rodulphus also won very easily, but ridden by little Sharp, and carrying 6st. 12lb. The weights look not quite up to the mark on paper, as, for instance, the winner received from Prussic Acid upwards of two stone, allowing for the difference of sex. In a match for £200 a-piece across the Flat, Nerissa gave Dr Goodall half a stone, and an especial defeat. A Fifty Sovs. Plate for two-year-olds, T.Y.C., Lord Chesterfield won with a half-bred filly by Don John her dam by Colwick, beating nine of the aristocracy of the stud. What is a half-bred? will not eternity purge plebeian blood from a courser's pedigree? Another Fifty Pound Plate—or dirty half-hundred—for all ages except two-year-olds, A. F., Ziska won, beating Jericho (second) very cleverly, and a fair quartet besides. The winner is a good sample of the Clearwell stock. In the match for £200 each, Rowley Mile, Mirmillo, getting 8lbs., beat Craftsman, just as Nat found it favourable to his fortune or fancy. Then followed the walks over, in manner as under:—

**SWEEPSTAKE** of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., for three year old fillies. D.M.; 12 subs.

Duke of Bedford's Bridle, by The Saddler..... walked over.

MATCH 300, 100 ft., 7st. 10lb. each; first half of Ab. M.

Duke of Bedford's Fistiana, by Gladiator..... walked over.

Mr Ford's Shahzadce..... paid.

MATCH 200, h. ft.; last half of Ab. M.

• Duke of Bedford's Villiers, 8st. 13lb..... walked over.

Mr Osbaldeston's Vice-Consul, 7st. 13lb..... paid.

MATCH, 200, h. ft.; T.Y.C.—Duke of Bedford's Sable, 8st., received forfeit from Mr Moore's Wilmot, 8st. 7lb.

MATCH, 200, h. ft.; D.M.—Lord Stradbroke's br. c. Merpesus, 8st. 5lb., received forfeit from Lord Glasgow's bk. f. by Retriever out of Canada, 7st. 8lb.

MATCH, 500, h. ft.; T.M.M.—Duke of Bedford's Weatherbit, 9st. 3lb., agst. Mr O'Brien's The Liberator, 7st. 10lb.—Off by consent.

MATCH, 200, h. ft.; last half of Ab. M.—Duke of Bedford's Villiers, 8st. 8lb., received 50 sovs. forfeit from Mr Osbaldeston's Vice-Consul, 7st. 13lb.

Tuesday—by such time as it was noon—filled “the street,” as regarded the Cambridgeshire borden, with something very like a crowd. At ten, or a quarter-past, a notice appeared, to the effect that Loadstone would not start for the Clearwell, whereupon with one accord the — wild gooseish multitude cried out that Blazer had as good as won, and laid long odds that he would. Half-past one was the hour named for the commencement of the revels; but considerably before that time there was a mighty multitude on the heath—both chariots and horsemen, and Cambridge men—an intermediate equestrian order. It was ripe summer weather; and surely a fairer or more characteristic

*ensemble* (we have no pretty expression equivalent to the Gallic in our mother tongue) never graced a modern Olympian game. We will suppose ourselves among the throng, "embellishing" it, as Steady the quaker took leave to tell his sweetheart they would do, when they mixed with a merry company. Well, Red Hart having walked over for the Royal Stakes, and Mr Payne having won the 15 sovs. handicap with his four year-old, The Marquis of Conyngham, the ring—lords, commons, tag-rag and bobtail—"fol-de-rol-de-riddle-dol-de-rido"—went at it "like straw a-burning." I subjoin the state of the betting on the great handicap as it was during the three days previous, the day of running inclusive:—

	SUNDAY NIGHT.	MONDAY NIGHT.	AT STARTING.
War Eagle.. . .	8 to 1 agst. (tk)	7 to 1 agst. (tk)	9 to 2 agst.
Geraldine.. . .	6 to 1 — (tk)	6 to 1 — (tk)	5 to 1 — (tk).
Reminiscence.. . .	9 to 1 —	8 to 1 —	6 to 3 —
Rob Roy.. . . .	9 to 1 — (tk)	8 to 1 — (tk)	8 to 1 — (tk)
Ulysses.. . . .	12 to 1 —	11 to 1 — (tk)	12 to 1 —
Miss Whip filly	15 to 1 —	16 to 1 —	16 to 1 —
Bingham.. . . .	12 to 1 —	20 to 1 — (tk)	20 to 1 —
Pillage.. . . .	50 to 1 — (tk)	20 to 1 — (tk)	20 to 1 —
Cossack.. . . .	25 to 1 — (tk)	25 to 1 —	25 to 1 —
Lady Wildair.. . .	22 to 1 —	25 to 1 —	—
Inheritress.. . .	—	20 to 1 —	30 to 1 —
Tuffhunter.. . .	25 to 1 — (tk)	25 to 1 —	—
Cawroush.. . . .	25 to 1 —	30 to 1 —	30 to 1 —
St. Demetri.. . .	—	33 to 1 —	30 to 1 —
Giselle.. . . .	—	30 to 1 —	50 to 1 —
Slander.. . . .	—	40 to 1 —	—
St. Lawrence.. . .	40 to 1 — (tk)	1000 to 15 —	—
Resolution.. . . .	50 to 1 — (tk)	—	—
Congress.. . . .	—	—	50 to 1 —

Thus did they bet, wager, speculate, till the ring broke up; and the appearance of Mr Eastwood's telegraph on the apex of the Devil's Ditch gave token that the last agony was close at hand. Youth! ambitious of "bookmaking," "hedging," "potting," "standing the shot," and all the mystery of turf-craft, behold the market! Bend your attention upon those pleasure populace who line the cords toward "the end of the Flat"—oh! ominous finish! Look, we say, on that leg; type of all that is spiritless and woe-begone. Fear, that hath fished away his manhood, sneaks off with his heart, "cracks" his nerves to shivers, and

"Steals also to his brow, and o'er it throws

A leaden languor, which is not repose."

They're off! Draw, youths, draw—your glasses to their focus; aim at the Gap; behold! thence flashes on you the fierce array; "see! here it is" (this latter sentence is a falling off in the poetry of the picture).

The **CESAREWITCH STAKES**, a free handicap of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 300 added by his Imperial Highness the Grande Duke Cesarewitch, for three years old and upwards; the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger 12lb.; the second in the St.

Leger, or the winner of the Doncaster Cup, or the Great Yorkshire handicap 6lb. extra; the extra weights not to be accumulative; Cesarewitch course; 68 subscribers.

Mr Disney's Cawroush, by (Irish) Birdcatcher, four years old, 7st.	
	(G. Abdale) 1
Mr T. Parr's Giselle, four years old, 6st. 12lb.....	(W. Butler) 2
Mr Greville's Geraldine, four years old, 5st. 12lb. (carried 6st.)	
	(J. Prince) 3
Mr G. H. Moore's Wolfdog, five years old, 9st. 2lb.....	(F. Butler) 0
Mr Meiklam's Inheritress, aged, 8st. 8lb.....	(Templeman) 0
Mr Pedley's Cossack, three years old, 8st. 6lb. (including 6lb. extra)	
	(A. Day) 0
Mr Drinkald's St. Lawrence, aged, 8st. 2lb.....	(Ford) 0
Col. Bouveric's War Eagle, three years old, 8st. 1lb. (including 6lb. extra).....	(J. Marson) 0
Lord Chesterfield's Lady Wildair, five years old, 8st.....	(Nat) 0
Mr Crawford's Humdrum, four years old, 7st. 7lb.....	(Chapple) 0
Lord E. Russell's Reminiscence, three years old, 7st.....	(W. Abdale) 0
Lord Exeter's St. Demetri, four years old, 7st.....	(Pettit) 0
Mr Mostyn's b. g. Fisticuff, aged, 6st. 12lb.....	(Esling) 0
Lord E. Russell's Fergus (late Nottingham), three years old, 6st. 6lb.	
	(Smith) 0
Col. Anson's Bingham, three years old, 6st. 4lb.....	(Charlton) 0
Mr Stephenson's Doctrine, three years old, 6st. 3lb. ....	(Pearl) 0
Lord Exeter's Cosachia, three years old, 6st. 3lb.....	(J. Sharp) 0
Mr Shelley's Tarella, three years old, 6st. 3lb.....	(Planner) 0
Mr Barnes' Tufthunter, three years old, 6st. 2lb.....	(Tasker) 0
Mr Mostyn's b. f. Slander, three years old, 6st. 2lb. (carried 6st. 3lb.)	
	(Kitchener) 0
Sir C. R. Cockerell's Congress, three years old, 6st.	(H. Evans) 0
Mr Douglas's Eveline, four years old, 6st.....	(Brown) 0
Mr St. Paul's Ulysses, three years old, 6st.....	(Rider) 0
Mr B. Green's Rob Roy, three years old, 6st.....	(Fenn) 0
Capt. Delmé's Resolution, three years old, 6st.....	(Puttock) 0
Mr Wigram's Deriades, three years old, 5st. 12lb.....	(Dean) 0
Mr Gratwicke's Flitch, four years old, 5st. 12lb.....	(W. Treen) 0
Sir J. Hawley's Vanity, three years old, 5st. 12lb.....	(G. Brown) 0
Mr Drinkald's f. Pillage, three years old, 5st. 5lb.....	(Rodney) 0
Lord Glasgow's b. f. by The Provost, out of Miss Whip, three years old, 4st. 12lb.....	(G. Dockeray) 0

I am at a loss to know what good might come of giving details of what nobody saw or cared a button about; viz. the economy of the race up and down Choke Jade—or rather down and up, because that's the way it works: *fatilis descensus*, you know—fine shewy ground to the bottom, and then a slovenly, unhandsome acclivity, both as regards cause and effect. First through the ditch, some one with the voice of a speaking-trumpet in a hurricane, and an eagle eye at the end



of a six-foot telescope, announced, "the Irish horse;" and it was true for him. Cawroush, to speak technically, or by the book—Calendar—jumped off with the lead, was never headed, and won very cleverly by a length. Giselle raced with him part of the fall to the bushes; but she could not "stay:" neither could any of them "go," as did the despised of the ring, the defeated of Manchester "leather-platers" (as the *élite* thought fit to call the company he succumbed to on "the cotton coast")—Cawroush, the extremest *scabics* of the ring. The performance was a very good one; for the pace was first-rate, and the race was run from end to end: the winner cutting out the work, and finishing it like an artist. Cawroush is said to be Irish for "Where are you going?"—a question his followers across the Newmarket flat no doubt put to themselves (if horses are in the habit of soliloquizing). Next to Giselle, it will be seen, came Geraldine; whose place might have been more forward had she not reared, and fallen backwards just before the start. Cossack's achievement was far from an indifferent one, considering the weights and the speed; he finished close up with Geraldine: Pillage being a good fifth. It was understood that the Derby winner had a bad start. There was very considerably tailing: St. Lawrence the last—having broken down a long way from home. The results of the Cesarewitch since its commencement have been in this wise:—

Year.	Winner.	Subs.	Started.	Valuc.
1839	Cruiskeen	26	10	£715
1840	Clarion	33	19	910
1841	Iliona	50	27	1,245
1842	Arcanus	31	18	870
1843	Corranna	43	25	1,120
1844	Faugh-a-ballagh	46	26	1,175
1845	The Baron	50	27	1,245
1846	Wits-end	45	31	1,210
1847	Cawroush	68	30	1,595

The match for £100 aside, T.Y.C., between Sotterley and Duplicity, the filly receiving 2lbs., the colt won after a hard struggle by a head. To this succeeded the Clearwell, with its 33 nominations, run a match between Glendower and Blaze. They laid 3 to 1 on the Irish horse, and indeed it was sheer pluck in Mr Payne to start Glendower at all, and not leave Mr Moore a walk over. However, he did not; but coming to the post as soon as Mr Hibburd dropped his flag, he stuck as well as he might to Blaze, whose jockey came away with him as hard as he could split, after the fashion of the tactics at the Curragh. Thus did the foreigner "fire away," and thus did the pair enter the cords. There Nat began to look out—sneaking up with guile like a tarnation serpent—catch his adversary, floor him, and land Glendower a clever winner by half a length. You should have heard the fieldsmen! You *might* have heard them had you been attending—whether at the time cultivating health at Nice or fortune at Baden

Baden. Their roars shamed the thunder: verily, any one of them would have put down M. Prosper and his ophecleide. Both animals carried 8st. 13lbs. A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. for all ages, Criterion Course, Mr Mostyn won with Winchester, beating three others; and thus ended the racing. In the match for 300 sovs. aside, Spider receiving from Chainbearer, and in that for a like sum Bridle receiving from Miss Sarah. I should have said, when alluding to Red Hart having walked over for the Royal Stakes, that Col. Peel withdrew his stake with Veneer, and received 30 sovs. forfeit.

Wednesday was another guess affair, and very unlike its predecessor. Long faces were the order of the street, for Old Ireland had triumphed, and Bull had again to fork out to the Patlander. The Milesians had won some thirty thousand pounds! What will they say to that at Kildare Street or think of it at Dycer's? And then there was more defaulting, and levanting, and all manner of non-paying. Some received before they "went," others bolted on the *saave qui peut* principle—if any principle may be in such cases. What has become of the "Black Board," whilom the "buggabo" of Tattersall's—"the finger on the wall" of the Subscription Room that was to have been, but never was? This day was also memorable from other causes. It witnessed the leniency of the Jockey Club in certain instances, and its obduracy in others; it saw Messrs Braham and Stebbings restored to the privileges of the Heath, and the Bury and Thetford Railway "warned off." By Hercules! but that must be an awful society that can order men from the face of the earth, and roads through the bowels of it, at will and pleasure. It was decided in the course of the morning that the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire should continue to be run for in the Second October and Houghton Meetings, as at present. With these preliminaries, we approach the racing. It opened with the Bedford Stakes of 50 sovs. each, "for colts and fillies—thus runs the "Racing Calendar"—but whether two, three, or four-year-olds is left to the reader's discretion. Oddly enough the conditions of this race are thus undefined in Ruff's Guide," and everywhere else that I have seen them in print. It is a two-year-old stake. Sotterly, with a 3lbs. penalty, won by a head, beating a field of eight—a very promising performance. The match for £100 aside between Fistian, 8st. 2lb., and the Cardinal's Niece, 8st. 7lb., the former won in a canter—The Cardinal's Niece having run very unkindly, especially at the finish. The Oatlands brought four to the post—The Cur, last in the ring, being first in the race: there were nice pickings for the fielders during the meeting, it will be perceived. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for two of three-year-olds brought out half a score, but the issue was not a very interesting one. The course was the T.Y.C. Dromedary won very cleverly, was claimed for 80 sovs. (cheap at the price), and went into Lord Exeter's stables. The Town Plate of 50 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards, had four starters; the distance was the T.M.M.; Alboni, a nice filly, won after a beautiful set-to with Tim Whiffler, and passed into his owner's possession for 200 sovs. A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for two-year-old colts and fillies, Crit-

tion Course, 12 subs., induced seven of the dozen to show. The Duke of Rutland's Paladin—the favourite at starting—won after the most magnificent struggle that ever was seen between the winner, Alpha, and Cracow. It was a glorious chaplet for a brow no stranger to the olive. I ever rejoice at James Robinson's success; both in his professional and private life his course has been one that would have done honour to any man, whatever his station or condition. For the 100 sovs. Sweepstakes, for three-year-olds, D. M., 5 subs., the Duke of Bedford's Bridle walked over, and brought the list to an end.

In the evening they began upon the Cambridgeshire, just as if the Cesarewitch had gone off upon velvet. Some were sober, and some were—not very but all were ready for a shy, though they should never see their sticks again. The scene was a sort of *tableau vivans* to illustrate as it were Byron's line—

“In play there are two pleasures for the choosing.”

Thursday gave excitement a respite, and warns me that I must deal with it in a like spirit. For space—in a periodical, at all events—has its limits; and I have already almost reached the confines of my province. The weather was all that even the greatest grumbler could desire—a fine, bracing, autumnal day. The sport was confined to four races, the first being a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two year olds, borne off by Lord Oxford's Firefly filly in a wonderfully easy manner, proving her to be some chalks better than her competitors. Next in succession came a Handicap Plate of 100 sovs., for three year olds and upwards. In the ring, the winner was without a price. Those named stood thus: 5 to 1 agst. Watchdog, 5 to 1 agst. St. Demetri, 6 to 1 agst. The Admiral, 8 to 1 agst. Palma, 9 to 1 agst. Widred, 10 to 1 agst. Master Downes, and 12 to 1 agst. Inheritress. Master Downes made good running, closely attended by The Admiral, Inheritress, Widred, St. Demetri, and The Fitch; Palma, Lady Cecilia, and Dulcet lying wide of their horses until the hill was passed, when they reached the front rank; the struggle eventually being between Dulcet, The Admiral, and Lady Cecilia, who came in as above: the old mare was fourth. This was following up last year's achievement in a glorious and certainly in an unexpected manner. The Bishop of Romford's Cob made no bones about cutting down his opponents for the Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each. The favourite did not attempt anything beyond a common canter, which, indeed, proved to be a complete settler of the pretensions of the adversaries of The Cob. For the Bretby Stakes five entered the lists, and returned in this wise: Sister to Arkwright, Reflection, Jenny Lind, Tamarind, and Contessa. Reflection took the lead, with Jenny Lind and Contessa well up. The favourite presently joined them, then passed, and ran in the winner by a length, the Goodwood mare beating Jenny Lind by half a length, the latter on this occasion being content to “sing small.” Afterwards the Pet of the Fancy walked over for a 10 sovs. Sweepstakes; and there ended the business of the day. In the evening nothing of in-

portance was transacted at the rooms, where there was no lack of bel-  
lowing, shouting, squeaking, and talking; but all was

“ Sound and fury,

• Signifying nothing.”

Friday.—If the list yesterday was scanty, to-day it was almost a surfeit. Besides, it was very highly-peppered—at least, so it proved on trial; and what with quantity and quality, the excitement-seekers had a treat. The case of cayenne was the Prendergast, for which that scape-goat, the long-suffering public, were “ put in the hole,” as the vulgar interpretation of being out-generalled has it. Blaze, considered the champion, entered “ the lists,” indeed, but declined the field. He made a demonstration of coming to the scratch; and when his friends and lovers (not his countrymen, for Milesian doth not prey on Mile-  
sian) had most confidence, lo! he turned his tail on them, and his head toward the Duke’s stand. Thus it fell out that those who took 7 to 4 about Loadstone were fain to get off at 3 to 1 on him, which left them like those capitalists at these presents who bought their consols at the July quotations, and *perforce* realized at those for October. Matters soon took a lively turn, every turfite being up betimes and stirring, eager for the race. As early as eleven the curtain was drawn, when the actors, Watchdog and Spider, commenced the performances by running a match, the dog being the first in to make his “ bow.” After this exhibition the Duke of Bedford’s Eothen and Lord Glasgow’s Miss Whip filly ran a dead heat for a £200 post match. Then Lazarillo gave Millwood that which his jock administered to *him*—a good beating. Next we had

The PENDERGAST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two years old; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb.; the winner of the July, Chesterfield, Hopeful, or Clearwell Stakes at Newmarket, the New Stakes at Ascot, the Ham, Lavant, or Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood, the Prince of Wales’s Stakes at York, the Champagne or 20 sov. Two Year Old Stakes at Doncaster 6lb., of any two of those stakes 9lb. extra; the winner of any other sweepstakes value 200 sovs., including the winner’s own stake, and not having less than ten subscribers, 3lb. extra; no horse to carry more than 9lb. extra, unless the winner of the Clearwell shall have won that race carrying 9lb. extra, in which case he is to carry 12lb. extra for this race; T.Y.C.; 28 subs.

Mr Mostyn’s b. c. Loadstone, by Touchstone.....	Nat	1
Lord Albemarle’s b. f. Kangaroo, by Elis.....	Robinson	2
Lord Exeter’s ch. f. Tisiphone, by Gladiator.....	W. Abdale	3
Sir J. B. Mills’s c. Deerstalker, by Venison.....	A. Day	4
Field-Marshal Grosvenor’s b. c. Sir Oliver.....	J. Marson	5

Betting: 3 to 1 on Loadstone, and 6 to 1, 5 to 1, and 4 to 1 agst. Kangaroo.

Lord Exeter’s filly went off with the running, with Sir William and another close up; the speed very good; the favourite lying by. In this very way they entered the cords, Nat waiting to come when it may seem fit to him—and his advisers. Soon after they were within bounds, he did come, passed his horses two strides for their one, and won with all ease by a brace of lengths. It will be seen that the

season's running had now pretty well unfolded its tale—and its *tail*, for the lengths of the nags' had been accurately taken. Even among the two-year-old division entries of thirty and forty only sent their twos and threes and fours to the post: half-forfeits are things not to be despised—in the existing state of the *currency* question. The Squire's Vice-Consul, in the 100 sov. match over the T.Y.C., at equal weights (as also main-and-chance, Flatman riding this and Butler the other), defeated the Duke of Bedford's Fistiana, contrary to the expectations of the layers of odds, who had manifested a strong desire to make the latter their hope. When Bowstring had accomplished an easy victory over Swordplayer, in another £100 match, came the contest for a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, which fell to the lot of the Marquis of Exeter and Mr Payne, whose Cocoa Nut and Marquis of Conyngham ran *two* dead heats. At the termination of the second, it was agreed upon to divide. In the match between the Duke of Bedford's Duplicity and Lord Spencer's Dacia, £100 each, the former succeeded in carrying off the laurels. Woodpigeon, after a severe struggle in a similar contest, vanquished Wolfdog. Afterwards came a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs., for which the following ran: Vice-Consul, Black Doe, Deriades, Redwing, The Cardinal's Niece, Bohemienne, Oregon, Timour, Outpost, Reflection, Pet of the Fancy, and Panic; Vice-Consul winning in crack style. The Torrington Stakes brought to the post Mr Stanley's St. Ann and the Duke of Bedford's Sable. The latter was the favourite at starting, but was easily defeated. There were on the cards also eight matches, in some of which forfeit was paid, others off by consent, and a brilliant week was brought to an end. The racing has run to too great a length to allow of any epilogue to sum it up. This will be done anon, however, in our review of the turf season generally. In our next number we shall take occasion to allude to some minor events connected with the racing in October.

*Sporting Magazine.*

## HOUNDS AND HORSES AT ROME.

## ENGLISH KENNEL.

“The Dog-Star rages!”—POPE.

To do at Rome as the Romans do, is an adage which we English can no longer apply to our proceedings in that city; we now reverse this, and carrying thither our games, field-sports, and other whimsies, not only practise these ourselves, but would impose them upon her senate and people; for a senate she still has, and the Romans take a strange pleasure in exhibiting, on state occasions, the well-known letters, which tell of formerly allied, but long since departed glories. What would her ancient senate, the stern descendants of the wolf-nursed twins—

“Curius quid sentit, et ambo  
Scipiadræ?—”

have said to the subserviency of their present *mis*-representatives, who go forth, not to give races, but to witness the feats of barbarian jockeyship, on a turf that once resounded only to the hoofs of their own favourite racers;

“Whose easy triumph and transcendant speed  
Palm after palm proclaimed; whilst Victory,  
In the horse circus, stood exulting by.”\*

If the senator Damisippus once received such a castigation at the hands of the bard of Aquinum, for merely driving his own phaeton at noon, and for nodding *varminity* to a friend as he passed, how would that poet's indignation or muse—

“Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum—”

have dealt with you, Princes Borghese and Cesarini, Doria and Colonna, who, changing your long robes for the scarlet jacket, (worse than any *Trechidipna*), have learned to vie with each other in acquiring a field-note, of which Alaric had been proud, to strive for precedence in a fox-hunt, and to glory more in winning his brush, than ever did your ancestors on wresting a trophy from the Sicambri. But thanks to Popes who have wisely prohibited satirists and satire, ye are free to follow, unscathed by the Iambic muse, this or any other pastime you please, however unsuited in character to the dignity of your descent. To one merely paying a transitory visit to Rome in the grand tour of twenty years ago, it might not have occurred as a likely contingency that a pack of English fox-hounds should be one day kennelled close up to her gates; but to him who witnessed the sporting mania of some of our countrymen, and the difficulty they found (having nothing else to *kill*) in killing *time*, it would never have seem-

\* Badham's *Juvenal*, Sat. 8.

ed improbable. The enthusiasm which every one gets up for the Coliseum, or the Arch of Titus, generally expends itself on the spot, and is not afterwards to be resuscitated. This leads many during a six weeks' sojourn in the eternal city, (which seems to them already an eternity), to ask themselves, with Fabricius, their business there; while some, following his example still farther, leave it in disgust. Till certain very recent arrangements had been completed for his equipment, no one's position was more to be compassionated—If you adopted his own view of it—than that of the English sportsman; it was really lamentable to hear him describe, while it would occasionally prompt a smile to see his expedients, to relieve it. Finding little that was congenial to his tastes or his talents in the arts or the society of the place, he would sometimes seek to abridge the tedium and length of his stay at Rome, by episodes of lark-shooting at Subiaco, or by looking after wild-boars at Ostia; and some, to whom hunting was indispensable, would hire dogs and make them chase *each other*, while they harked on the ragged pack, on the best hacks they could procure for the purpose. This, however, which might have proved excellent sport had the dogs always chosen to run properly, was oft-times tried and relinquished, in consequence of a practical difficulty, originating in the pack itself, when refused to supply from its ranks the necessary *quota* of amateur hares required by the riders. By this token, it was high time something should be done! At length the auspicious day dawned, when the sporting world (already on the alert to contrive less unturf-like proceedings than the last mentioned) was agreeably saved from the embarrassment of further thought on the subject, by a spirited announcement, noticed with becoming gratitude in *Galignani* from Lord C—— that he had actually sent for his dogs from England. No time was lost; the groom, despatched in haste with the necessary instructions, returned within six weeks, leaving the kennel and *canaille* that accompanied it only a few days behind on the road. One morning shortly after, it was announced at the Vatican, that a pack of hungry hounds was at the Popolo Gate barking for admittance, and apparently threatening to eat up the whole Apostolic Doganieri if they kept them much longer. The matter pressed: a deputation of Englishmen waited on the governor, requesting permission for the establishment of a kennel in a spot already fixed upon for the purpose, (it was somewhere about the site where Constantine's mother was buried, and where by tradition, Nero's ghost is supposed to brood, beyond the Pons Nomentana, and the Sacred mount); and having obtained the desired leave, the dogs were at once established in their new settlement. When they had recovered the fatigues of their journey, a notice was posted up, advertising the first "throw off" for the next day. On this occasion they hunted an old fox round the Claudian Aqueduct, into the body of which, on getting over his surprise, he secured a retreat, thus baffling the pursuers. The next field-day his successor was not so fortunate, losing both brush and life at the end of a long run. The third was distinguished by the feat of a Roman prince, who contrived to be in at the death, and received the

brush for his encouragement. After this the weekly obituary of foxes increased permanently in number. Meanwhile a few dogs disappeared in subterranean mystery, awkward falls occurred, wrists and ankles were dislocated; but no brains split. At last forty persons, having nothing better to do with themselves, agree to meet regularly twice a week and to set up a subscription. While it is yet early in the winter, dogs come dropping in by couples, from various well-wishers in England; while large orders in the shape of scarlet coats and hunting-caps, duly executed and forwarded, are stopped at the Dogana Apostolica, and after a suitable demur on account of the Cardinal-esque colour, allowed to pass, on paying a handsome duty. These *liveries* at first produced a great sensation in Rome, not only amongst the hierarchy, who were jealous of the profanation, but with the populace, both within and without the walls: from the prince to the peasant, every body had something to say about them. As they paced along the streets the men stared in silent admiration, while the women clapped their hands and cried, *Guardi! Guardi!* When they trotted out to cover, the delighted swine-herd whistled to his pigs to make way for them to pass; while the mounted buffalo-driver, from some crag above the road, would point them out with his long-spiked pole, to the man in the sheep-skin who was on foot. We do not know what comments *these* might make, but those of the Roman town-folk were by no means in keeping with the flattering admiration they expressed. "What a gay livery!" said a Roman citizen, emerging from the Salara Gate, as a detachment of the "red-coats" was turning in. "Cazzo! how well they ride, and what a number too!" "Yes," said his friend at our elbow; "to whom do they belong—*a chi appartengono?*" "'Tis the livery of a Russian prince who came last week to Rome, and has put up at Serny's," said the other, affecting to know all about it. "Well, to my mind, they beat Prince Torlonia's postillions out-and-out." "*Altro*—I agree with you there; *ma abbia pazienza*—wait a bit, and depend on it our Prince, when he has seen them, will not be long in taking the hint!" We hope he will; for however we may elsewhere admire a mounted field, *here* it shocks every notion of propriety. That fox-hunters should have their *meeting* where the Fabii met; Gell's map of Rome's classic topography be studied, with no other reference than to *runs*; and Veii be scared in her lofty citadel by the cry of hounds and harumscarum fellows sweeping along her ravines, are evident improprieties; while the having all one's senses assailed and offended together by the scent of highly-ammoniated bandy-legged fellows in fustian or corduroy, (their necessary satellites,) who inundate street and piazza with the slang of the London-mews, is something still worse.

"Quoi! Venue d'un peuple roi.  
Toi, reine encore du monde!"

Thou who hast taken the lead by turns, in legislature, literature, and the fine arts, doomed at last to become the sovereign seat for hunting—the Melton Mowbray of the South! May thy *genius loci* forbid



it ; may thy goddess of fever visit the hounds in one of her ugliest types ; λοιμος or λιμος destroy them ; old Tiber rise with his yellow waves to drown, catacombs yawn to engulf, and aqueducts fall to crush them ! Or should inanimate nature disregard our row, two other hopes remain ; the one, that the foxes, made aware by this time of the love with which the Roman princes contemplated *il loro brush*, will send them a yearly tribute of a certain number of these appendages, on condition that they forthwith dismiss the dogs ; the other, that the Dominicans, who are well known to be jealous of our movements, will come to regard hunting as an heretical sport, especially as here practised by Protestant dogs and riders—and in Lent, too, against orthodox foxes—and persuade the Pope to abolish it !

#### THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

In that grassy month of the Campagna, ere the sun has seared the standing herbage into hay—when anemones, cyclameus, crocuses, and Roman hyacinths, as prescient of the coming heat, lose no time in quickening, and burst out suddenly in myriads to cover the plain with their loveliness ; while the towering *ferula* conceals the sandy rock whence it springs, with his delicate tracery yet unspewed by the solar rays ; and the stately tealze, bending under the clutch of goldfinch and linnet, or recoiling as they spurn it, in quest of their butterfly-breakfast, has still some sap in its veins. Early on one of the most exhilarating mornings of this truly delicious season, (alas, how brief in its continuance !) we are awaked by unusual sounds in the street. These proceeded from the young Romans vociferating to their friends to bestir themselves to procure places at the steeple-chase programmed the 14th of March. An hour before Aurora had opened her *porte cochère* to Phæbus, and those sleek piebald coursers whose portraits are to be seen in the Ludovisi and Ruspigliosi palaces, all the vetturini and cabmen of Rome had already opened *theirs* ; and while some were adjusting misfitting harness to every specimen of horse-flesh that could be procured for the occasion, others were trundling out from their black recesses in stable and coach-house, every misshapen vehicle that permitted of being fastened to their backs, in order to proceed out of the Porta Salara betimes. By six all Rome was awake, and by seven, in motion towards the race course. On that memorable morning artists forewent their studies, the Sapienza its wisdom, the Roman college its theology : shopkeepers kept their windows closed ; Italian masters barouched with their pupils, mouthed Ariosto, and seemed highly delighted ; while the professions of law and physic sent as many of their members as public safety could spare. In short, it had been long ago settled that all the world would be present ; and all the world was present, sure enough, and long before the time. It was a lively and a pleasing spectacle, to which novelty lent another charm, when, about two miles beyond the Salara gate, we looked from our double-lined procession of Broughams and Britskas, fore and aft, and saw, for miles, scattered over that usually deserted plain, groups of peasants in the gay costumes of the adjacent

villages, now animating it in every direction; some emerging from under the arches of aqueducts, or the screen of ruined columbaria, alternately lost to sight and again rising above those abrupt dips in which the ground abounds, all tending in one direction, all bent on one object. At length our carriage, (which has been intimating its purpose shortly to stop,) pulls up definitely, and Joseph, having already told us that he can neither move backward nor forward, touches his hat for orders. On such an occasion, we resigned ourselves to wait, without any feeling of impatience, finding sufficient amusement, both from the distant prospect and in the immediate vicinity; sometimes watching the wheeling of those sporting characters, the Peregrine Hawks overhead, now listening to the warbling of the loudest lark music we ever remember to have heard; then exchanging a few words with some roadside acquaintance, and anon giving ourselves up exclusively to the silent enjoyment of the weather. We were kept long enough in all conscience, waiting till even the quietly expectant Romans, drilled by their church into habits of great forbearance, at length began to murmur aloud disapprobation, and we could hear one coachman ask another "*Quando quel benidetto stippel-chess*" was to be; while the respondent, shrugging his shoulders, growled out for answer a "*Chi lo sa!*" Meanwhile our attention was fitfully resuscitated by a rider in costume doing a bit of turf, by an unsaddled racer led across the ground, or by men on horseback carrying small flags to stake at the different leaps; sometimes by an English oath, startling the *genius loci* or whoever heard it; or more agreeably by a display of voluble young countrywomen, standing tip-toe on their carriage seats, eager to see the first fall, and permitting the young men who swaggered by to scare them into the prettiest attitudes of dismay, by a prophetic announcement of the bones that would be broken before the race was won. Some little buzz there is about unfairness and jockeyship, when we catch, from the mouth of our Anglo-Roman livery-stable-man, who chanced to be near, that "*the osses is a-saddling.*" It took long to saddle; long to mount; and some time still before they started, during which interval

"The jockeys keep their horses on the fret,  
 And each gay Spencer prompts the noisy bet,  
 Till drops the signal; then, without demur,  
 Ten horses start,—ten riders whip and spur;  
 At first a line an easy gallop keep,  
 Then forward press, to take th' approaching leap:  
 Abreast go red and yellow; after these  
 Two more succeed; one's down upon his knees;  
 The sixth o'ertops it; clattering go two more,  
 And two decline; now swells the general roar."

And every horse on the right side of the hurdle strives to get his head, and every rider is wiser than to indulge this instinct. Soon another leap presents itself; up they all go and down again,—four close together! Hurrah! blue and yellow! Hurrah! green and red! A

third leap, not far from the last, and no refusals! Over and on again. Another! and this time three favourites are abreast, the fourth is a second behind, but may still be in, for he has cleared the fence and is coming up with the others; the motion appears smoother as they recede; the riders, diminished to the size of birds, are still seen gliding on—on:—

“ No longer soon their colours can we trace,  
 Lost in the mazy distance of the race ;  
 Till at Salara’s far-off-bridge descried,  
 Like coursing butterflies, they seem to glide ;  
 Then, dwindling farther, in the lengthening course,  
 Mere floating specks supplant both man and horse ;  
 Till, having crossed the Columbarium gray,  
 They swerve, and back retrace their airy way.”

At this point of the contest we cross the road—and there far away, two dots, a yellow and a blue one, are seen with increasing distinctness every second: which may be in advance of the other we cannot say, notwithstanding the clearness of the air; they *seem*, from where we stand, in the same line of distance; the coloured dots disappear momentarily behind a slope, and on emerging the yellow is distinctly first; the green not far behind. Where are the others? have they broken their necks? No! there they come, in the rear. They were a little thrown out at the last leap, but two are making ground upon the green usurper; and now they are once more all in full sight and full speed, while the Roman welkin rings to strange sounds! “ *Guardi il Verde;*” “ *Per me guadagna il Giallo.*” “ I’ll take you two to one on the Maid of the Mill.” “ Done.” “ Who’s riding the bay-mare?” “ Mr A. for Lord G. and a pretty mess he’s making of it.” “ *Das ist wunderbar, nicht wahr?*” “ *Ya, gut?*” “ *Les Anglais savent manier leurs chevaux, parbleu!*” “ I’ll be blowed if Lord G. don’t win after all!” “ Well, Miss Smith, I shall call for my gloves to-morrow.” “ *Bravi tutti quanti!*” “ *Cazzo! chè cavalli!*” “ *Forwärtz! Forwärtz.*” “ *Allons Messieurs! avancez.*” “ *Allez! Allez!*” “ *Guardi! Guardi!*” And here a distant shout, fleetest in its journey than the fleetest of the horses that it sped onwards, reaches our ears; another moment brings the two foremost to the last leap, the blue hesitates—the red springs into the air, drops *d’aplomb*, then on again swifter than before. The blue sticks close to him, is near, nearer still; comes up—

“ Then anxious silence breaks in deafening cries,  
 His whip and spur each desperate rider plies ;  
 The prescient coursers foaming, cheek by jowl,  
 Now see the stand and guess the approaching goal ;  
 True to their blood, and frantic still to win,  
 Goaded, they fly, and spent, will not give in,  
 Exactly matched, with fruitless efforts strain  
 In rival speed, a single inch to gain.  
 Once more, the fluttering Spencers urge the goad,  
 Bend o’er their saddles, lift them, lift their load

Just at the goal—one spur and it is done !  
The rowel'd *Red* starts forward, and has won !”

After this exploit, the red, green, and yellow liveries could have done what they would with the uninitiated Romans. Captain Cooke's arrival at Otaheite; the first steamer seen on the Nile; the introduction of gun and gunpowder amongst people hitherto hunting or making war with bow and arrow,—are only parallel cases of that enthusiasm mixed with awe, with which the Romans viewed the English gentleman jockeys on this day. They would have been delighted to have it over again six times, but had to learn that races (unlike songs) are never *encored*.

#### ROMAN DOGS.

A “dog's life” has become a synonym for suffering; nor does the associating him with another domestic animal (if a second proverbial expression may be trusted) appear to mend his condition; but ill as he may fare with the cat, his position is less enviable when man is co-partner in the ménage, against whose kicks and hard usage should he venture upon the lowest remonstrative growl, he is sure to receive a double portion of both for his pains; and thus it has ever been, for the condition of a dog cannot have changed materially since the creation. Being naturally domestic in his habits, he was born to that contumely “which patient merit from the unworthy takes,” and can never have known a golden age. “Croyez-vous,” (demanda quelqu'un à Candide,) “que les hommes ont toujours été raux?” “Croyez-vous,” (repliqua Candide,) “que les éperviers ont toujours mangé les pigeons.” We entertain no more doubt of the one than of the other, and must therefore applaud the sagacity of Esop's wolf, who, when sufficiently tamed by hunger to think of offering himself as a volunteer dog, speedily changed his mind, on hearing the uses of a collar first fully expounded to him by Trusty. Not that every dog is ill-used; no; for every rule has its exception, and every tyrant his favourite. Man's selfishness here proves a safer ally than his humanity, and oft-times interposes to rescue the dog from those sufferings to which the race is subject. Thus in savage countries, where his strength may be turned to account, size and sinew recommend him to public notice and respect;

“———— animalia muta  
Quis generosa putat nisi fortia”

while among civilised nations, eccentricity, beauty, cleverness, or love of sport, may establish him a lady's pet or a sportsman's companion. Happy indeed the dog born in the kennel of a park; no canister for his tail, no halter for his neck; physiologists shall try no experiments on his eighth pair of nerves; his wants are liberally supplied; a Tartar might envy him his rations of horse-flesh, shut up with congenial and select associates with whom he courses twice a-week.

“Unites his bark with theirs; and through the vale,  
Pursues in triumph, as he snuffs the gale.”

He enjoys himself thoroughly while in health, and when he is sick a veterinary surgeon feels his pulse, and prescribes for him in dog-Latin! Benign too the star, albeit the "dog star," under which are born those equal rivals in their mistress' heart, the silky-eared spaniel and the black-nosed pug, who sleep at opposite ends of a costly muff, lie on the sofa, bow-wow strangers round the drawing-room, and take their daily airing in the park! Nor are the several lots of the spotted dog from Denmark, who adds importance to his master's equipage; of the ferocious bull-dog, the Frenchman's and the butcher's friend; or of the quick-witted terrier from Skye, less enviable. But where caprice or interest do not plead for the dog, his condition is universally such as fully to justify the terms in which men speak of it. To see this exemplified, observe the misery of his *life* and *death*, in a country where he is neither petted nor employed. Through Italy, and particularly in Rome, (where we now introduce him to the reader,) he lives "to find abuse his only use;" to be hunted, and not to hunt; now dropping from starvation without the gates, and now the victim of poison within. Ye unkenelled scavengers of the Pincian Hill,—ye that have nomaster to propitiate the good Saint Anthony, on his birth-day, to bless, nor priest to asperse you with holy water (in consequence of which omissions, no doubt, your plagues multiply upon you)—poor friendless wanderers, who come to every lonely pedestrian, at once to remind him that it is not good for man to be alone, and to alleviate his solitude with your company; good-natured, rough, ill-favoured dogs, with whom our acquaintance has been extensive, dull indeed would the Pincian appear, were it deprived of your grotesque forms and awkward but well-meant gambols! The life of a Campagna sheep-dog, kept half starved in the sight of mutton which he dare not touch, is hard enough, but that of the members of this large unowned republic more so. Hungry and gaunt as she-wolves, but with none of their fierceness, these poor animals seek the city gates, and, molesting nobody, find a foul and precarious subsistence from the *Immondezze* of the streets; but when their condition and appearance are improved, and they are beginning to think of an establishment, the fatal edict goes forth; *nux vomica* is triturated with liver, and the treacherous *bocconi* are strewn upon the dirt-heaps where they resort; the unsuspecting animals greedily devour the only meal provided for them by the State, and in a few hours experience the anguish of the slowly killing poison; an intense thirst urges them to the fountains, but the water only serves to dilute and render it more potent: their bodies swell, they totter, fall, try to recover their feet, but cannot; then piteously howling are carried off in the height of a tetanic convulsion. Often on returning at this season from an evening party, we discern dark receding forms and hear voices too, "*visæ canes ululare per umbras*," as they glide moaning away and are lost in the obscurity of the off streets. Occasionaly they anticipate their doom, by premature madness, when the authorities issue orders to use steel, and sometimes fifty will perish in a single night. It is remarkable that notwithstanding these summary

proceedings, the canine ranks, as Easter comes round again, are renewed for fresh destruction. Some few dogs of superior cunning contrive from year to year to elude these "*Editti fulminanti*," which make such havoc among their companions; these, by securing the favour and protection of the soldiers and galley slaves of the district, obtain besides an occasional meal from the canteens, and plenary indulgence for themselves, and for an unsightly progeny, which they screen from public remark, and bring up amidst the *latebræ* of the brushwood: but aware at the same time of the precarious tenure by which such clandestine concessions must be held, they seek to keep alive the interest, exerted in their behalf, by the exhibition of many strange antics, evidently got up for the occasion, by affecting an extraordinary interest in man and his affairs, which they cannot feel, and by the display of a most obsequious gentleness, humouring, while they play with your favourite dog, and though his superior in strength, lying under on purpose to give him the advantage; but above all they seek to make interest with the Pincian *bonnes*, whom they readily conciliate by withdrawing the attention of the children from any *collateral* object of interest which may engage theirs. Petted and patted by many little hands, which *bongré malgré* must give up their buns to his voracity, the large quadruped, in return for these snatched courtesies, follows the small urchin, who is learning to trundle his hoop, barking for it to proceed, and stopping when it stops. Any one observing their clever gambols and extreme docility, wishes straightway that their forms were less uncouth, and might next be tempted, as we were, to overlook external disadvantages, and to adopt one of the ragged pack in consideration of mental endowments; the experiment would fail if he made it; these animals resemble the *uneducated* negro, who shows to most advantage in difficulties—well housed, well fed, caressed, and cared for, both forget their master and the part he has taken in securing their prosperity. Stand forth, ungrateful *Frate*, while, for the reader's caution, and your own misconduct, we rehearse your history.

We met *Frate* at the end of the fever season upon the unhealthy heights of Otricoli; a poor lean beast, with a penetrating gray eye, rough brown coat, a tail with no grace in its rigid half curl, and an untidy grizzly white beard. We had halted to bait the horses, and finding nothing for ourselves, preceded the carriage, and were winding down the steep hill, when he came suddenly upon us through a break in the hedge, and having first looking all around and satisfied himself that no fellow town-dog was in sight, raised his ill-shaped head, barked an unmistakable "*bon giorno*;" then, turning tail on the city of his birth, ran on gambolling a few yards in front, to look back, bark again, and encourage us to proceed. "What an ugly brute! what a *hideous* dog!" but as he engages the attention of our party, these expressions become modified, and before reaching the bottom of the hill, nobody cares about the remains of Otricoli, nor looks any longer at the yellow reaches of the pestiferous Tiber, that was winding far along the plain; the dog alone occupies every thought. "Such a discern-

ing creature ! What clever eyes he has ! See how well he understands what we are saying about him ; suppose we take him on to Rome ? We might get his grizzly beard shaved ; his rough coat would become sleek after a month's good feeding, his legs could be clipped below the knees. Oh ! he is full of capabilities. See ! he is now acting Sphinx, and looking up at us, as if he could delve into what is passing in our minds, and would turn these vague suggestions to account." Suddenly he sprang to his feet, barked, and seemed much agitated ; in a minute we, too, hear the sound of wheels, which his more acute ear had already caught ; as the carriage approached, his excitement increased ; at first he only barked back as if to entreat it not to come on so quickly, but as it plainly did not heed his civil remonstrance, the bow-wow became still more earnest in its expostulatory accents. Bōw (long) wōw (short). "Why such haste ?" Then he tried his eloquence upon us ; and while reiterating his canine *accidente* in his own way at the horses now close at hand, his voice assumes an elegiac whine as he turns to supplicate, in a tone that none accustomed to Italian beggars can mistake ; "*non abandonatemi*," being plainly the support of its most dolorous and plaintive accents. We hesitate, the carriage draws up, down go the steps, and lo ! in a twinkling, our new friend has darted in before us, taken possession, and there he sits ready to kiss our hand. Such audacity was sure to succeed, so, letting him gently down from the steps we left him to follow if he chose. Follow ! trust him for that ! he bounded along the Appian way, barking to encourage the horses, coquetting with a favourite pony, and winning over our Joseph, by the time we had arrived at *Civita Castellana*, to let him remain in their company for the night. Next morning he starts betimes, nor permits the carriage to overtake him, till all fear of being sent back is removed, by our near approach to Rome. Arrived there, he at once finds his way to the livery stables, and establishes himself permanently with the horses. Throughout the winter, we take with good humour the flippant comments of *flaneurs* and over-fastidious friends, touching the bestowal of our patronage upon such an ill-favoured cur, while we thought ourselves the objects of his gratitude and affection ; but Frate's character (we gave him this name from the length of his beard, the colour of his coat, and because he had lived upon alms) did not improve upon acquaintance. One bad trait soon showed itself, he refused to hold communication with the less-favoured dogs of the Pincian, turning a deaf ear to their advances, or if they yet persevered, meeting them with set teeth and an unamiable growl ; as he filled out, his regard for his patrons diminished perceptibly ; attentions bestowed on a smaller colleague excited his jealousy ; and we began to believe the truth of a report circulated to his prejudice, that Frate was really on the lookout for a place where no other dog was kept, and where he might have it all his own way. No longer proud of notice, he seldom sought our society, but was glad to slink off whenever this could be done without observation. Toward the close of the winter, indeed, we were deceived by some renewed advances into the belief of a re-

turn of affection, which determined us, when we left Rome, to take him once more in our suite; we soon, however, found out our mistake. Already unprincipled in no ordinary degree, the society of the cafés and table-d'hôtes at Lucca completed his corruption. His misconduct at last became town-talk, and his misdeeds were in every body's mouth; so, when he had lamed half-a-dozen labourers, scared the whole neighbourhood like a second Dragon of Wantley, and fought sundry battles with dogs as ugly, for Helens scarce better-looking than himself, we yielded to public remonstrance; and removing our protective collar from his unworthy neck, consigned him to a village sportsman, who hoped to turn his fierceness to account in attacking the wild-boar. With him Frate remained for about six weeks, by which time, tiring of the *Cacciatore's* rough handlings he had the temerity, two days before our departure, to present himself again at our door. Too much disgusted to receive him after what had passed, we showed him a whip from an open window, which to a dog of his sagacity was enough; in one instant he was on his legs, and in the next out of sight, but whether to return to the sportsman, or the mountain, or to seek and find a new master to cozen, we never heard, as this was our last visit to Lucca. The lesson inculcated by Frate's misconduct has not been lost upon us; so whenever any queer canine scare-crow now meets us on the Pincian, and by his dejected looks seeks to enlist our sympathy, we cut short the appeal, stare him in the face, and then utter the word "never" with sufficient emphasis to send him off shaking his head, as if a brace of fleas, or a "fulminating edict" from the governor were ringing in both ears.

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

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## RACING "SWEEPS" AND LOTTERIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I have bespoke supper to-morrow, in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns."

\* KING HENRY IV.: PART I.

No proposition in modern social logic was ever met by a more general dissent than that put forward a few years ago by a patrician of the ultra school—to the intent that "every man might do what he pleased with his own." Not only was the hypothesis indignantly scouted, but a Niagara of abuse and contumely was poured upon its propounder. Whatever might have been his views, his system was very certainly not founded on facts. It fails, indeed, in its first princi-



ples. Of all a man's goods and chattels it may fairly be assumed those over which he might exercise the most liberal control, to which he possesses the most inextinguishable right, are his body and bones. But he may by no means order even these according to his mere humour or caprice. If he be of another way of thinking, let him attempt to take the air, some bright summer's noon, adown Regent-street *in puris naturalibus*. In a state of civilization individuals are not abstract and independent portions of the commonwealth, but (if the phrase may be allowed) integral parts of it. I have my private duties to perform, and interests to attend to; but these are not to be discharged to the let or injury of the public convenience. The object of all government is to minister to this end: the popular respect can only be secured for an executive that never permits a weak lenience to tolerate the annoyance of the many for the sake of conciliating the few. The contempt of society is turned to a sterner feeling, when positive wrong is suffered to exist and prosper from any cause, whether carelessness or corruption.

A taste for gambling should seem to be one of nature's untoward instincts; one of the "ills mankind is heir too." It is found among all nations, savage as well as civilized. It is to be seen, however, among the former only, suffered to riot in the impunity permitted to all other evil passions; in the latter, its toleration is now happily the exception to a rule. Within late years men have almost everywhere revolted against a system of avowed gaming; save, indeed, where a bias to the contrary might have been most expected—for still common gambling-houses are the reproach and disgrace of some of the minor principalities of Germany. In Paris, Frascati's "echoes are no more;" and in London hazard "hides its diminished head." Play exists, no doubt, in every capital (and corner) of the world; but civilization no longer marks it for her own. Still is it the fact—startling as it may read—that England is behind all other countries, wherein open gaming is denounced, in her means of restraining it. It has been said our legislature never framed an act that a coach-and-six might not be driven through. The laws against gamblers and their craft would give free passage to a monster train of the Great Western. To the parish officers of St. James's is confided the duty of purging that division of Westminster of dicers and their "dreadful trade." The case is quoted for the sake of example—said to be so much more potent than precept. Once upon a time we were shewn over one of its temples of fortune, whereof the high-priests were the brothers Bond. As we passed out of the fortress, we were asked what we thought of its fashion of architecture, and whether it ran any risk of surprise or siege at the hands of the authorities? "The parish beadles," said we in soliloquy rather than reply to the question, as we called to mind its doors of wrought iron that would have astonished Hades—and its porters that would have put Cerberus out of countenance—"the parish beadles would have as much chance to storm it as the parish engines to extinguish Vesuvius." . . .

We are indebted to one Mr Alfred Smee for a knowledge of the

agents whereby the potatoes of last year were all but annihilated. These were a species of the family of the *aphides*, which he tells us contains numerous branches, "but those inhabiting Great Britain have not as yet been satisfactorily determined." What if sweeps and lotteries should be the *genera* of *aphides vastatores*, affecting the turf!

"Aphides came first upon healthy plants." . . .

The turf was never doing better than when sweeps and lotteries first made their appearance.

"Aphides, by sucking the juices, impair the qualities of the sap." . . .

Sweeps and lotteries suck, through their premiums and other *après*, the sap of the turf—its circulating medium.

"The total death of the plant may arise from the death of a part necessary to the whole."

Who imagines the turf would exist an hour after it was "sucked" of its circulation? . . . . .

"But let me change this theme, which grows too sad,

And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf—

Besides, I've no more on this head to add;

And as my muse is a capricious elf,

We'll put about, and try another tack."

The turf in its legitimate character is not a joint-stock company concern. It flourishes indeed under the fertilizing influences of liberal subscriptions applied in the form of substantial plates and additions to stakes and handicaps; but its *matériel* must not be contingent on casual supplies. An English stud of the right class must never look to the public purse for the means, in any degree, of its support. Such an establishment must never be expected to "pay." The institution of horse-racing never contemplated the profit of those who engaged in it. It is a sport which originated with men who could afford to disburse money for individual as well as popular purposes. The Olympic games were the most costly amusements of Greece in the days of her most palmy prosperity. The English turf saw the time when "Mellish never opened his mouth in the ring under a thousand pounds." We have no national picture of it when kings and princes were wont to rendezvous at Newmarket; but a sketch by a foreign artist may not be uninteresting—though we do not vouch for the truth of his colouring. This trifling is said to have been dashed off by M. Eugene Sue. Some of the touches savour strongly of his style. The subject is a memoir of the Godolphin Arabian, done in *romanesque*. . . . .

"Lord Godolphin's training-stables are kept up and attended with extreme care and unusual splendour. The day after his arrival at Gog-Magog, the Moor (the groom of the Godolphin Arabian) was permitted the honour of visiting Hobgoblin (at that time the most honoured of the stud), Mr Chifney himself condescending to conduct him to the stable—or, rather, drawing-room of this much vaunted horse; for

the extreme luxury still displayed in certain stables in England was far surpassed at that period, and frequently became absurd, from its superfluous splendour and expense. The animal occupied a large building, detached from the main stables by an extensive court-yard thickly strewn with fine sand, and devoted to his daily exercise. On the further side of this court there was an entrance by a sort of portico, over which, on the outside, was a slab of blue Turkey marble, supported by two griffins; on which, in gold letters, was written the word

### HOBGOBLIN!!!

That triumphant name being followed by three notes of admiration.

"The entrance-porch, like the rest of the building, was paved with bricks so close in quality, and so red from being constantly rubbed with oil, that they looked like glazed porcelain. The walls were of white stucco, with no other ornament than a bas-relief after the antique, representing the cavalcade of the Parthenon.

"Then came a large apartment, wainscoted half way up the walls with carved oak, inlaid with marquetry of holly-wood, the brightness of which shone like silver in the dark shades of the panel. These arabesques—of the most finished and delicate workmanship, and for which the original designs had been drawn by Keller, a famous French artist in that peculiar way—contained in their centres, encircled by graceful foliage, centaurs and horses' heads exquisitely executed. These wainscots reached eight feet from the ground, the remaining part of the walls being covered with the finest Lincoln green cloth, emblazoned with the earl's coat of arms, on which were hung a number of paintings by Stubbs, representing Hobgoblin in all the phases of his glories and triumphs—in the stable; at liberty; before the race; after the race.

"Through the glasses of two kinds of closets for plate, of the same precious manufacture and character as the wainscoting, and placed at each side of the door (relieved by a ground of crimson velvet) were seen, in one, the gold and silver cups won by Hobgoblin; in the other, his racing "plates," hardly stained by their contact with the turf; as well as the bridle, bit, and saddle, which his jockey had used when he rode him. In this apartment two grooms, in the family livery, waited, continually watching the least movement of Hobgoblin, whom they kept constantly in sight through large windows, which on the inside of the box were covered with a close lattice-work of gilt brass. . . . Presently the rings supporting the curtains, richly embroidered and emblazoned with the earl's arms, rattled on their rods: the two carved and inlaid doors of the box, moving on a spring, slid into their recesses (the doors were thus constructed for fear that projecting doors might injure the horses as he passed in and out), and the Moor beheld the divinity of the temple, Idly stretched upon a soft and thick litter of fine-picked straw, Hobgoblin, after having cast a glance of disdain on the persons who thus intruded, rolled lazily over, and rose. Of a grey colour, with a black mane, he was high in flesh, like all stud horses—the consequence of the most substantial

feeding. This plumpness completely hid his muscles, and prevented the perfection of his make from being perceptible. Hence his limbs seemed too light for his carcass; but his head, small and well-shaped, had a beautiful and engaging expression. . . . .

“Thick cushions, stuffed with horsehair and covered with thick Spanish leather, eight feet high, and fastened to the wall by gilt-headed nails, surrounded the lower part of the box. The remainder was covered with green cloth, which blended well with the golden yellow of the leather, and heightened the bright and glossy coat of Hobgoblin. Two brass-gilt racks, placed one in each angle of the wall, and two small mangers, covered (with a refinement worthy of the stable of Caligula) with shining plates of silver, completed the fitting-up of this magnificent stable. Through two windows, opposite those of the antechamber, and covered, like them, with gilt-brass lattices, was seen a broad meadow, intersected by a running brook, and planted with small clumps of trees, which served Hobgoblin for a park, when turned out at the proper season. A door facing the portico opened under an elegant verandah, which led to this delicious carpet of verdure mingled with thick clover, and closely sprinkled with small flowers of a deep violet colour” . . . . . There’s for you! A *tableau* minute enough for Isabey, and gorgeous enough for Etty—or anybody else; we pledge us so far, and no farther. . . . .

The quarter appropriate to the turf and its patrons was (whatever it be now) St. James’s: we are treating of the sport in its metropolitan relation. The motto, however, prefixed to our treatise has an oriental allusion: “I have bespoke supper in Eastcheap,” said Poin to Prince Henry and Falstaff, *apropos* of a robbery which he had planned most artistically—of which he thus speaks: “We may do it as secure as sleep.” For the soul of us, when transcribing the passage we could not help fancying “We may do it as secure as a sweep” would be a better modern reading. Come with us to Eastcheap, or elsewhere east of the city barriers—for the scene of a perfect sweep should be played by a company of perfect cockneys.

Suffer yourself then to be introduced to a society engaged upon a matter of which they know more of nothing than any other expression in any language could convey. In a chamber twelve feet by twelve feet, whose gas is a burning fiery furnace, whose atmosphere is tobacco smoke, and whose temperature would bother any ordinary thermometer, are assembled some four or five score beings just emancipated from every species of toil incident to the face of the earth—or its howels. It is the parlour of a famous sporting house. The Shark, kept by Mr Judas Iscariot Nibble, the proprietor of the great *gin*-palace in *Water Lane*. But if the saloon be circumscribed, you observe mine host does everything (and everybody) quite “slap,” and no mistake. He is the lottery-king of the east, and all on that side of the *line*. He is the renowned city Olympian—the Olympians were “*Greeks*”—who contributes to the promotion of horse-racing every shilling that is placed in his hands for that purpose—except what he deducts for himself. His manner is that of a gent who “stands at ease:” his neat

spirits of the species called half-water-grog by pursers—but the marines have another name for it: and his philosophy of finance is simply the *meum* without the *tuum*. Cool as the shark—his sign and symbol—when “lapp’d in round waves,” Nibble presides over that hot assembly, as though fire were his native element. There, what time cheer—better than common occasion furnishes, albeit bad is the best—and those natural incitements that are bred of company have done their work with his victims, out comes his bait: his sweep, “only ten *per cent.* for expenses, and ten dozen of champagne—the best that can be procured (from gooseberries)—to be drunk at the time of drawing, at the expense of the winner.” Every ticket is taken on the instant: it’s only a chicken “go”—a hundred subscribers at a couple of “sovs.” a-piece—and may be worth to the drawer, contingencies included, “a little twenty-pound-note.” This is to-night: to-morrow a £5 sweep is on the *tapis*, worth a *rouleau* to the instigator—and so on, as regularly as the company assembles in the parlour of the “Shark.”

Such, though the vein in which it is described may seem a scoffing one, is literally the scene of nine-tenths of the racing lotteries got up in our towns and villages—bating the gas in the rural districts. An amount of money altogether inconceivable is invested in these schemes, and thus locked up for months, unless the stakeholder neglects even that precaution. When first they originated, in the character of small hazards upon the issue of great popular events, we viewed them as harmless parasites of the turf—in some instances even calculated to afford support to the stem on which they were grafted. Anon the shoots grew rank, and threatened the health of the tree. We predicted then the mischief that would come of them, unless immediate steps were taken to clear away those, at least, which had grown beyond due limits. They have been suffered to increase and multiply exceedingly; and having wrought great evil and menaced more, the hour perhaps has arrived in which a salutary stay will be put upon their career. The fifth estate, being, it may be, more conversant with their economy than Lords and Commons, has taken the matter into its especial care. In a leading journal there recently appeared some most pertinent comments on this gross social abuse—a violation of the law, neglected while in the embryo, in an unwise spirit, perhaps; but if tolerated now that it has assumed a position which threatens public morals, through the most dangerous because the most insidious channel, that of social intercourse, a deep responsibility will rest with those whose office it is to protect, that it may not be necessary to punish.

I never was present at the drawing of a lottery but once, and the following are the details. The number of tickets was *one hundred and seventy*; the number of prizes *ten*. When the eventful evening arrived, the subscribers assembled to fish out their fortunes. Before the drawing commenced, the person who made it—the proprietor of the sweep—announced that there were ten of the tickets on his hands unsold, and inquired whether any of the company present would purchase the whole, or any portion of them. No customer being forth-

coming, he stated that he himself would take them at the ordinary price—a guinea each—and the drawing then began. There were, as I have stated, ten prizes to the one hundred and seventy tickets; and of these ten *three* came up prizes to the ten tickets purchased, as aforesaid, by the proprietor of the lottery. Three out of ten being the proprietor's share "of the plunder," as Jonathan calls property of every description, and seven out of one hundred and seventy the public proportion, or 3 in 10 against 1 in 17. This, I suppose, was an exception to the rule, for it was a very strong dose; but if it at all resembles the principle of the devices which form the subject of this paper, it is not difficult to understand the interest so many take in them. The fact, as here related, can be substantiated, should any sceptic desire to be enlightened as to the when and where.

The statute-law, as it at present exists, has proved insufficient to suppress the vice of gaming in gaming-houses. In the suppression of sweeps and lotteries, as they are now in operation, no such difficulty will have to be encountered. These substitutes for hazard, *rouge-et-noir*, and such-like speculative contrivances, are almost wholly confined to houses licensed by the magistrates of the districts in which they are situated, for the sale of wines, spirits, and other refreshments. It is the duty of those who grant these privileges to see that they are discreetly used. If billiards be forbidden in such places—a game more resorted to as a trial of skill than for the mere purpose of winning money—surely unlimited lotteries will not be suffered to enjoy a patent for enticing and gulling the unwary. It is very likely indeed the time will come when the law officers of the crown will be compelled to take a decided course in restraining the practice of public gambling under the cloak of this pretence. It is too good a game long to be suffered to keep the quiet tenor of its way. By-and-bye some aspiring firm will open its bay window, all plate-glass and crimson velvet, in Cornhill or Charing-Cross, announcing sweeps for all the great races of the year—£10,000 to the first horse, £1,000 to the second, and so forth, according to the most popular system of "gammon" at the moment.

These "round sums" will startle the authorities into their propriety and a prosecution. But is not the principle in full work now? and has it not been for years? Did not ten times ten thousand pounds, invested in racing lotteries, depend upon the result of the last Derby? Is there, in short, one public-house in fifty, from one end of Great Britain to the other, that is not at this instant, to all intents and purposes, a hell—a rendezvous for constant gambling? and is this a state of things that ought to be suffered to continue?

Mr Baron Alderson, the sporting leader of the judges, has recently declared his views of gambling under the denomination of lotteries and the like. Nevertheless there might be a question as to the safest and surest method of appealing for their suppression to a court of equity or common law. To the judicial members of the Lords and Commons is assigned the duty of preparing and directing the forms and technicalities of all judicial acts of parliament. The consequence is, they are framed with such professional regard for obscurity, ambi-

guity, and mystery, that some of them are past all interpretation; while others admit of as many meanings as there may be counsel employed to expound them. And alas for the spirit in which this office is so often set about, for the fashion in which this service is so often discharged! By what manner of logic are we to reconcile honour or honesty to efforts made for defeating, by any stratagem or perversion of fact, the penalty of the murderer, and letting loose upon society the assassin and the cut-purse. And this is the duty of the advocate! Born and bred a gentleman—aye, and in all else, it may be, chivalrous of integrity—he hesitates not in his profession to become the hireling mouth-piece of any lie or slander that the scum of his species, some miserable attorney, may direct him to publish. Hard words but harsher truth; not only is this so, but no matter how monstrous the case, it in no wise interferes with the future fortunes of the actor. Were an advocate (of course adequately paid), with the knowledge that the "client" he was defending had perpetrated an assassination as cold-blooded and diabolical as the devil himself could device—were a lawyer, so cognizant of a prisoner's guilt, to rise in face of the sovereign's representatives, and pledge himself solemnly to judge and jury for the innocence of the villain he was defending, there would be little fear of its interfering with his professional interests. We shrink dismayed from contemplating how practice such as this might affect the head and heart of a man in whose hands are the issues of life and death.....

But the desperate ordeal of an action at law is not necessary; neither, indeed, would it, if successful, so directly serve the object of abolishing the mischievous system, now so universally adopted, of setting gambling materials before the guests of houses of public entertainment, as the course pointed out in the subjoined paragraph:—

"On Tuesday the 8th of May, at a petty sessions held at the Holborn Union Work-house, Little Gray's Inn-lane, before Mr Whiskin (chairman) and a bench of magistrates, for the transfer of licenses for the Holborn division, the subject of sweepstake being allowed at the houses of licensed victuallers came on for consideration. Mr Hector Rose, one of the licensing magistrates, stated that at a meeting of the licensing magistrates for the Marylebone division, a resolution was come to (in consequence of Baron Alderson having given an opinion that sweepstakes being a species of gambling were illegal, and as an act of self-destruction had been committed by a licensed victualler who had sweepstakes at his house), to send a notice to all the proprietors of licensed houses in the district, intimating that, in the event of sweepstakes being continued after the notice had been received that they were illegal such continuance might endanger their licenses at the next licensing day. He thought that the bench might come to a similar arrangement with respect to licensed victuallers in that district. The chairman having observed that he concurred in the view taken by Mr Rose, said it would be advisable to instruct the high constable to inform the licensed victuallers in the district, that continuing to hold sweepstakes might endanger the licenses of their houses in the ensuing March, and a similar intimation might be given to those applying for the transfer of licenses. The bench having entered into a resolution to that effect, Mr Bralshaw, the high constable, and Inspector

Dodd, of the F division, received instructions to call upon all the licensed victuallers in the district to notify the feeling entertained."

This passage of magistrate-law, however, calls for more observance than at first sight it may seem worth. A judge of the land has pronounced the practice of drawing sweepstakes to be contrary to law, and yet no notice on authority was taken of it, until the coroner's commentary had been first duly recorded. Was it nobody's business to see that the law against a great public evil was not outraged? and if it was the duty of any public officer, whose might it be, and why was it neglected? Turning from this view of the question to that taken by the magistrates "at Petty Sessions," we find Mr Hector Rose stating that the commission of an illegal act by a licensed victualler, in the district he and his brother justices governed, "*might endanger his licence.*" Is the privilege of violating the law, then, to be granted or withheld at the option or caprice of the bench "at Petty Sessions?" If the policy of permitting or suppressing common gambling be still a moot point with those to whom the public have delegated the direction of the national and social economy, then have the Pandemonium people suffered a persecution as unrelenting as unjust. But if the letter of the statute declares gaming, whether by dice or cards, or slips of sweepstake-papers, obnoxious to public interests, subversive of public morals, and opposed to public convenience, then there can no longer exist a question as to its public sufferance and countenance.

So much for the law: a word for the licence of the practice. While racing-sweeps and lotteries were the simple agents of a harmless speculation on such events as the national taste for the turf made subjects of popular excitement, so far from being opposed to them we were their advocate; but not bound to plead *per fas et nefas*. To the latter "complexion they have come at last." They have driven men to self-murder and to plunder: and should they go on, spreading far and wide temptation before those the least suited to withstand it, and that, too, in their most unguarded hours, a crisis must come for which surely there will be a day of reckoning with those who, in slighting a grave duty, shall suffer a great injury to come upon us. So far from the system benefiting the sport of horse-racing, it has already given it a great discouragement. Was Epsom, or Ascot, or Goodwood, or Doncaster, this season, the proud national gathering we have seen it in years gone by? This is not asked in the spirit of a "*laudator temporis acti*," but in the letter of an honest lament for the falling off that was there. The turf is a great national sport; a generous pastime, based on liberal feelings and gentle motives, on boon rivalry and frank emulation. True it has long had its "legs," and now it has its sweeps and lotteries. "Pity 'tis 'tis true!" But its position as a noble and a national sport never was nor ever shall be contingent on agents such as these.

The betting men did it no service: the betting thousands must be its ruin as well as their own. Buying a ten shilling chance in a Derby lottery, indeed, could not damage to any disastrous extent a



tradesman or artizan; but not so the habit that it engenders and fosters. How many now "put into a sweep" that would not for the world put a foot over the threshold of a gambling house! Yet these would have refused, a few years ago, to speculate on a horse race: it was not then the practice of their class. Shame upon the guardians of the public weal, by whom it has been permitted to attain its present rank popularity! And has not that shame come upon them? Are they not published to the world in the advertising columns of every sporting newspaper as panderers to common gambling? Look at the Holborn and Mary-le-bone districts of the metropolis, where the authorities made parade of their virtue against the "cakes and ale" of the lotteries and sweeps. What find you there? that "ginger is hot in the mouth."

When Louis the Fourteenth made use of the celebrated expression, "*L'état c'est moi*," he pronounced, by anticipation, the funeral oration of a policy that closed its career with a sacrifice for which the sixteenth of his line furnished the victim. The French Revolution—albeit the parturition was a fearful one—produced a race of vigorous views and energetic purposes: somewhat unruly in their youth, it is true, but in their maturity furnishing materials for the social system that now prevails—the philosophy that recognizes the world as one family. That which kingcraft was once supposed to do by its divinity, common sense and common cause now bring about by an agency of less pretence, but not less potent. Mankind now ministers to itself in the policy of both social and political life. The world is no longer the especial estate of the "twice two thousand" that Byron describes as born to its fee and inheritance. The feudal age is long passed; the exclusive age will soon be numbered among the things that were, also. The very movements it attempts, to prove that it still exists, but hasten on its last agonies. Within a very few years certain lords of the soil have manifested a desire to revive the ancient system of forestry, with its accompaniments—pride, vain glory, and exclusiveness. Straightway—so soon as a fitting opportunity occurred for putting it in strong relief before the public—the press opened; and my life to a Pennsylvanian promise to pay, Braemar and Badenoch will presently be as free promenades as Pall Mall or Rotten Row. Time and the hour work miracles. Not long since a little book was published, wherein we were told that a blood relation of the Tudors is a rag merchant in Wapping, and that the last of the Plantagenets was recently driving a Paddington 'bus. "And what the plague," cries the reader, "has this do with the question of winking at sweeps and lotteries at public houses?" Just this much, as written in that sooth old saying, "What is every one's business is no ones business".... The body politic is like the crew of some stately vessel—the majority able seaman, but not a dozen in the muster trouble themselves about an observation. Until "the little book" saw the light, nobody thought of the Houses of York and Lancaster any more than of the house that Jack built. Until a solitary pedestrian complained to the newspapers that he had been forcibly ejected

from a Highland glen, nobody fancied that man-traps were set for cockneys in the "land of the mountain and the flood." Until they see it in black and white, people won't reflect that lotteries are laid for the lieges, contrary to the law in that case made and provided, in places particularly licensed for their comfort and convenience. But they are told it here; and as surely as the fact is here related, will the antidote follow the exposure of the bane. In the spirit of prophecy which led Sidney Smith to date railway reform from the *auto da fè* of a bishop, do I predict the fate of "Racing Sweeps and Lotteries," even though we should have to wait for their suppression till the Governor of the bank levants on the Derby.

*Sporting Magazine for November.*

## ZOOLOGICAL CLASSIFICATION OF THE HORSE.

### SIZE, COLOUR AND FORMATION OF THE THOROUGH-BRED HORSE.

The thorough-bred horse varies in point of size, the preference being given to a low over a large horse. Experience teaches the justness of this preference, for we find that while the largest horses that have ever appeared on the British Turf, have with a very few exceptions proved very inferior in running to those of a medium height, many instances are to be found on the other hand, of the best horse of his year being almost the lowest. As speed does not arise from superior height,—being more frequently destroyed by it, as we find the long beam breaks from its own length,—we may safely venture to lay down the medium height, about 15 hands, 2 inches,\* as constituting the best size for a race-horse. The prevailing color of the thorough-bred horse is a bright bay, † with black mane and tail, and black legs to correspond, occasionally relieved with a small white star on the forehead, or a white heel of the leg. What are commonly termed vulgar colors, such as dun, light sorrel or brown, with a mealy muzzle, are seldom met with; and we remember but one instance of the piebald, and very few roans. ‡

Black is also an uncommon color and seldom approved of, although several of our best racers (almost all of the Trumpeter blood) have been of that color. On the other hand the real chesnut is both

\* A hand is 4 inches.

† According to Zenophon, the ancients reckoned thirteen colours of horses, holding the bay in the highest favor.

‡ See "the Cocker," by W. Sketchley. London 1814.

a favorite and more prevailing color, and is reckoned equal to the bay, in the rich beauty of its hue. The celebrated Eclipse was a rich chestnut, and it is a remarkable fact that a small dark spot on the quarter of this famous horse, has been frequently found in his descendants in the fifth and sixth generation.

The perfection to which the form of the thorough-bred horse has attained, by the efforts of human skill grafted on nature, consists in the following cardinal points. But before we attempt to portray these, it is highly necessary to observe, that no rules can be laid down by which it can be determined whether or not a horse will make a racer, by the mere examination and consideration of his form. Numerous instances might be adduced in which horses, that the eye of the judge in such matters would delight to study, have turned out worthless on the Turf; and the contrary. While therefore the sportsman may derive much useful information, as well as pleasure, from a proper investigation of the symmetry and proportions of the thorough-bred horse, he will do well to remember that his powers can only be safely determined by actual trial.

The peculiar elegance of form of the race-horse, is derived from the just proportions of his limbs and moving levers, coupled with the exact fitting with each other, of all the mechanical parts of his frame. To this mechanical excellence of frame is united a superiority of muscular substance, joined with justly proportioned shape, ~~gives~~ that elegance of form, in which there is no unnecessary weight to oppress the muscles. We now proceed to portray the generally approved points of the race-horse, without pretending to lay down any *exact standard* of perfection. The form of the head in the racer, resembles that of the Arabian, and is one of the leading characteristics of the thorough-bred horse. His broad, angular forehead, the tapering of the face from the forehead to the muzzle, his brilliant and rather prominent eye, and his expanded and flexible nostrils, give him that beautiful and intelligent expression of countenance, which no other breed (with the exception perhaps of a few of Eastern countries) possesses. His throat should be clean, with a good wide space between the jaw-bones,—which should be thin, but not extend too high towards the onset. His neck should be muscular, rather long than otherwise, wide, but not too high crested. What is termed a loose neck in a race-horse, has been by many considered as favorable to speed, the head being as it were the helm by which he guides his motions in the race; but we consider a *good mouth*, to be of much greater service in this respect.

The shoulders being the chief moving levers of the horse, the points on which his action in a great measure depends demand our utmost attention. We find they vary in form more than any other part of the horse's frame, and it is difficult to discriminate between the theories of the numerous writers who have laid down the law, as to the most correct formation of these limbs. While those of Flying Childers rose very high and fine towards the withers, on the other hand a firkin of butter is said to have rested on the withers of Eclipse, when in covering condition; and yet each of these match-

less race horses were unequalled in speed and power of endurance. The shoulders of Eclipse, it would appear, resembled those of the greyhound, wide at the upper part, and nearly on a line with the back. We refer our reader to our extract from Sainbel's celebrated Essay on the proportions of this matchless racer, which we have given at some length in a former chapter of this work, for much useful information, both as to this and other points of the race horse. Upright shoulders, being a great impediment to speed, a certain obliquity of the scapular becomes absolutely necessary; but not so their running fine at the withers. Thus we find large and even what are termed coarse shoulders, no impediment to speed (being always highly conducive to strength) if there is proper declivity of the shoulder-bone or scapular. The withers should enlarge gradually downwards, there being a distance of 4 or 5 inches between the fore-thigh, and less between the feet; in fact the shoulders should be what is commonly termed well laid back. It is impossible to go into a minute investigation of those points from which the thorough-bred horse derives his wonderful speed, without being struck with the fact, that these distinguishing features may be traced through sire and dam to the Eastern horse, from which they were originally derived. All the Herod legs had prominent knees and yet were famous for standing work; a point handed down to that splendid racer from the Byerley Turk,\* and the excellence of which consists in the great diminution of concussion in galloping which takes place in legs so formed. The setting on, and the length of the fore arm, or part from shoulder to knee in the fore-leg, and the declension of the haunch to the hock in the hind leg, commonly known by the phrase "well let down in the thigh," are points of great importance. It is the true position of the limbs thus constituted, which causes the thorough-bred horse to stand over more ground than one wanting this formation, although of a larger frame. The hare, possessing those points in perfection, is enabled thereby to describe a larger circle in running, and to cover more ground at one bound, than any other animal double her size. The cannon or shank,† from the knee to the fetlock, should be of moderate length, flat, (round being highly objectionable) with sinews and bones distinct; and the former very firmly braced. The pastern should be rather small than otherwise, but long and lax. The hoof of moderate size, although there are many who think a horse's foot cannot be too large or spread out. This we find in direct opposition both to nature and reason, the swiftest animals having generally small feet in proportion to their size; while reflection must convince, that the larger the surface which comes in frequent contact with the ground, the greater must be the resistance to its removal; to say nothing of the animal

\* Herod was got by Tartar, whose sire was Mr Croft's Partner, got by Jigg, son of the Byerley Turk and each of these horses are mentioned as having these prominent knees.

† A reference to the plates and the explanations of them given (in pp. 122—126 No. XII., I.S.R.) will enable the reader better to understand the positions here laid down.

force expended in the action of moving a superfluous weight. The race horse should have length, the length being in his shoulders and *quarters*, (the part posterior to the hips) and not in his back, which should be short, sinking a little behind the withers, which gives his rider a good seat without diminishing his strength. His shoulders should sink imperceptibly into his neck at the points; acute angles and straight lines being destructive of elegance of shape. He should have what is termed a *round barrel carcass*, which is produced by the ribs standing well out from the spine; as well as great depth of body—a formation which not only gives strength, activity and beauty to the whole frame of the horse, but by affording the lungs and intestines ample room to perform their functions, imparts freedom of breathing, and constitutional vigor. Care is, however, requisite that these points are not carried too far, so as to make the horse too heavy for his legs; as it is well known that horses too heavy in the body, injure their legs much in their gallop; and we find accordingly that mares and geldings stand training to a later period of life than stallions; for as they generally carry less flesh than entire horses, so they require less work in training.

After the head, the peculiar formation of his haunches may be said to be the truest characteristic of the thorough-bred horse. What little injury is done to the elegance of the parts, by the width of the hips, is amply compensated by the increased strength it imparts to the animal; and when found in conjunction with good loins, these projections of the ilium can hardly be too great for the purposes of power and action. The form and substance of the thigh form another material point. The thigh of the hare gives us the best idea of what should be the formation of those of the race-horse; accordingly we find its thighs let down to a great extent for their size, and the lower parts of the hinder legs placed under them, as those of the racer should be, from a proper curve of the hock. Well *developed muscle*, not size, is what is wanted; for although horses are said to go with their shoulders, the power to give the impetus in progressive motion comes from behind. The hock is a very complicated joint; it should be large and lean, with its points projecting behind the body. As the proper understanding of this important subject is of manifest interest and utility to all sportsmen, we cannot do better than illustrate it still further by quoting the opinions of Mr Darvill,\* one of the ablest writers on these matters we possess. The following are amongst the principal and essential points of a race-horse, pointed out by that writer in the second volume of his Treatise.

“ His head should be small and lean; his ears small and picked; his eyes brilliantly large; his forehead broad and flat. . . . His throat should be clean, and fine from the butt of the ear down to its centre, with a good wide space between the jaw bones which latter should be thin. . . . The neck should be mo-

\* Darvill's Treatise on the Care, Treatment and Training of the English Race-horse, 2 vols. London, 1831.

derate in length. I prefer its being wide; I mean its width should be formed by the substance of muscles which pass long each side of the top part of it; from the withers to the head it may gradually rise a little in its centre, but by no means to any extreme, as I have a great aversion to a high crested race-horse. Indeed, I would prefer that his neck should be as I have described his face, rather of the ewe or deer-like shape, (this we consider a peculiarly happy expression) than that it should be loaded on top, which I will presently explain. As to the lower part of the neck, I have no very particular remarks to make, further than that the trachea or windpipe should be spacious, and loosely attached to the neck on its way to the lungs. The withers may be moderately high, and, if the reader like, they may be also moderately thin; but, with respect to this latter point, I am not so very particular, provided the shoulders lay well back. From the withers the back commences. I confess that appearance may be in favor of a horse that has his back a little low or hollow. As a saddle-horse this may be all very well; but for a race-horse, to have strength and liberty of stride, his back should be straight and moderately long, with the shoulders and loins running well in at each end. The loins should have great breadth and muscular substance, so much so as for them to have the appearance of being raised as it were on their surface; and those muscles posterior to the loins should fill up level the top part of the quarters to the setting on of the tail, which latter should be set pretty high up. . . . . I now come to speak of the body, or as it is by some people commonly called, the middle piece of the horse, and which is divided internally into two cavities, by a muscular substance called the diaphragm. The anterior cavity, the chest, contains the stomach, intestines, liver, kidneys, &c. Now, with respect to the external form of the body, which contains and protects all those numerous organs so important to life, I shall first make my observations on the chest. To use a common phrase, and somewhat an expressive one, a horse in this part should be what is called well over the heart, that is to say, he should be deep in his girth, round or well arched in his ribs. I mean by this, that a rider on the back of a race-horse (as they are generally better about the chest than horses in common use,) should feel he has some breadth or substance between his legs; and there should be a good swell of muscle before his knees, or the centre of the flaps of the saddle. The chest, thus spaciouly formed, gives room for respiration, so that in training, the horse's wind can be brought to the greatest perfection, which enables him to run on in long lengths. The next part to be treated of is the abdomen or belly, or what is commonly called the carcass. It may perhaps appear a little strange, but I have a great aversion to what is commonly called a good carcassed horse, nor am I particularly partial to a large sheathed one. I like both these parts to be in the medium, as I do also that of his being well ribbed up. It is true that a horse being well ribbed up denotes strength, and a short close made race-horse is, in running, handy in his turns, and as I have already noticed, he is generally a pretty good one under high weights,

over a small round cock-pit course; but this description of course and sort of running is not now so much practised as formerly, or rather it is a sort of racing that does not exactly suit long-striding horses, as most of those are that run at Newmarket. Another thing is, that horses with large carcasses are mostly great glutton; they put up flesh very rapidly, and are very difficult and troublesome to train, in consequence of their constitution being too strong, or proportionably too much for their feet and legs. Such horses not only seldom remain long in training, but they cannot remain long in condition, without their becoming stale in themselves, as also on their legs, and those are my reasons for objecting to very large carcassed horses.....

To return to the fore-extremities. The shoulders commence from a little below the withers. They should be most particularly well back; should be deep, broad, and muscularly strong; yet those muscular parts should appear to the eye as being moderately so, that is, not unproportionably loaded. These muscles should be distinctly seen; there should be no appearance of fat, or as it is technically termed, 'adipose membrane.' The shoulders cannot well be too oblique in their descent to the front of the chest; here, on each side, a joint is formed by the lower part of the scapula or shoulder-blade being united with the upper part of the humerus or arm bone. Those joints thus formed are usually called the points of the shoulders, which points should appear straight or level. There should be no coarse, projecting, or heavy appearance about the points of the shoulders of such horses as are intended to race; nor indeed does this often occur, unless where it happens that the chest or counter of the horse is unproportionably wide. In taking a front view of the chest, it should appear moderate as to breadth, and if its prominency is at all to the extreme, it should be in consequence of the fullness or substance of those muscles covering the breast, which muscles should be lengthy and their divisions distinctly to be observed. The fore-arm should be broad and long, and most particularly well furnished with muscles on its top parts, inside as well as out; I mean by this, that the muscles on the top and inside of the arm should here be so large as to leave but a moderate space between the fore-legs immediately under the chest, and which muscles should appear, as those in front of the chest, distinctly divided. The posterior part of the top of the arm is called the 'elbow;' this should appear (the horse in condition) somewhat on a level with the body; if it at all elevates from this appearance, I would prefer its standing in, to that of its standing unproportionably out. The knee-joint should be large, broad, and flat in front. Generally speaking, the larger and broader all joints are in reason, the better and stronger they are; and the longer, coarser, and rougher their projecting points or processes are, the greater and more secure will be the lever for the muscles or tendons to act upon, provided such projecting parts or joints (as the hocks and pasterns) do not amount to disease, as that of producing spavins and ring bones. The legs from the knee to the fetlock cannot well be too short, neither can they well be too broad or too flat, nor their flexer tendon scarcely be too large or appearing too distinctly di-

vided, as it were, from the leg; the fetlock-joint should also be large, and the pastern proportionally strong, but its length and obliquity should be in the medium. The wall or crust of the feet should also be moderately oblique, with the heels open, and frogs sound; this indeed, is generally the state of racing-colts on first leaving their paddocks, if their feet have been paid proper attention to during the time they have remained there. Yet the feet of such of them as have been some time in work, will occasionally get out of order; they grow upright and strong; the horn gets hard and brittle, and the heels more or less contracted; almost all of which defects are too often occasioned from the want of proper attention being paid to them at the time of shoeing, and the want of proper application being applied to them in the stables. Previous to concluding my remarks on the fore extremities, it may not be amiss to observe to the reader, that supposing him to stand opposite to those parts of the horse, if the animal is formed in them as I have already described, the centre of the top part of the fore-arm, to be well placed, ought to be nearly or quite in a parallel line with the top or fore-part of the horse's withers; and again, from the top part of the fore-arm, down to the foot, for the horse to stand firm and well, and have the power of using his fore-legs well, he should stand perfectly straight on them. I mean by this, they are not to appear too much under him, or too much out or away from him. Suppose again, for example, a man standing in front of the horse, and here taking a view of the foot; the centre part of the wall or crust should be in or on a parallel line with that lower part or joint of the shoulder, commonly termed its point. A horse's feet thus placed, will neither be too much out or too much in; but should his feet deviate from what I have here observed, by amounting to a fault, in turning too much out or too much in, I should prefer their being a little out, to that of the other extreme of turning in, and being what is called 'pigeon-toed.'

"I shall now proceed to describe the hind-quarters or posterior extremities. As may be supposed, the well formation of those parts is of the utmost importance to a race-horse in his running; it is, therefore, necessary that they should be, in breadth, substance, and length, of very superior dimensions. The hips should have a great breadth between them; and if they are a little coarse or projecting, so much the better, provided such coarse projections are not in extreme, or appear vulgar or unsightly. From the centre and posterior part of the loins, to the top of the tail, is called the 'croup,' and should be of great length; and, if it deviates from that of a straight line, it may be somewhat arched in the centre. The croup being thus formed gives great breadth to the top of the quarters, the length of which, from the croup down to the hock, cannot scarcely be of too great an extent, in order that there may be sufficient room here for the attachment of those broad, powerful, lengthy, and distinctly divided muscles on the outside of the quarters and thighs; and there should also be a similar portion of such muscles on the inside of the quarters and thighs; so that a man who is a good judge, taking a



posterior view, may observe how the horse is made. In this position he should be, as it were, struck by the appearance of the great breadth and length of the back part of the quarters, and as he moves his head to the right or left, the centre and outside of the quarters and thighs, and the swell of the muscles, should appear beyond a level with the hips. The upper parts of the muscles on the inside of the quarters should appear quite close to each other, so that no vacuous space should be visible between them, as that of an appearance of the horse being (if I may thus express myself) chucked up in the fork. Such should be the lengthy and muscular quarters of a well made race-horse.

“The stifle joint should be in a direct line under the hip, and the length from this joint to that of the hock cannot reasonably be too long, and the farther out of the angular or oblique position of the thighbone the better, so as to admit of the bark part, or projecting point of the hock appearing some distance out beyond the top of the hind quarters. Those parts being thus formed, admit of a very considerable lever for the main tendon here to act upon the tendon Achilles; which like the flexor one of the leg, can scarcely be too large or too distinctly seen, in its commencement from the lower part of the quarter to its insertion into the posterior or projecting point of the hock, the os ocilis. The hock should be broad and wide with a clean, lean appearance, and those parts which are occasionally the seat of thorough pins and log spavins in a sound well formed hock, should appear more as cavities, than as having the above mentioned projections, and which are sometimes the cause of lameness. The hind leg, like the fore one should be short, broad, flat, and straight; the trifling angle formed by the hock, should together with the moderate obliquity of the pastern, bring the extremity of the toe nearly under the stifle-joint.”

When we consider the situation and action of the hock, the weight and stress thrown upon it must be exceedingly great, and we find accordingly that it is frequently injured in rapid and powerful motion. It is true that some provision to prevent injury is provided, in the grooved or pulley-like heads of the tibia (see page 324, No. XII., I. S. R.) and the astragalus, received deeply into each other, and confined by powerful ligaments, admit of a hinge-like motion, but if no side motion, to which the joint might be exposed in rapid action, or on an uneven surface. The hock is, from its complicated structure and its work, the principal seat of lameness behind. Nine-tenths of the lamenesses that occur in the hind leg are to be traced to this joint, and when, after careful examination, we are unable to find any other seat of lameness, we shall usually be justified in affirming that the hock is affected.

#### ACTION, SPEED AND WIND OF THE RACE HORSE.

The great proportion in the limbs and moving levers of the race horse give him, as we have previously remarked, a great stride in his gallop; but to render this stride effective in producing speed, it is necessary that it be quickly repeated, otherwise the racer would lose in time what he gains in space. Accordingly it is stride and quickness

united that constitute fleetness in the race horse. Eclipse, as will be shown when we come to treat of that celebrated horse, is generally believed to have covered 83 feet of ground in a second, when at the top of his speed; which, by the calculation by M. Sainbel, which we have given elsewhere, amounted to about 25 feet of ground covered at a single stride; the most which has been done by any horse before or since, with the exception of Flying Childers,\* to which horse the same feat is likewise ascribed. Hambletonian, in his famous match with Diamond, is asserted to have covered 21 feet at a stroke at the finish. But much doubt has been thrown of late years upon these instances of uncommon speed on these two grounds; viz. in the first place that they are unsupported by authority, and therefore unworthy of belief; secondly, that the race horses of the present day, being *in no way inferior to those of whom these wonderful feats are recorded*, cannot, it is well known, anything like equal their reputed performances. Although we are perfectly ready to admit that the writers who have recorded those wonderful performances, have advanced to the utmost verge of possibility, nevertheless a proper investigation of the subject teaches us that we should be guilty of illiberality and even selfish prejudice in entirely rejecting their evidence. In the first place, we find on making a careful research, that these accounts have been written (the greater part at least) by contemporaries, and often witnesses, of the performance they record, in whose day the event was a matter of public notoriety; therefore had they advanced beyond the bounds of truth, there can be no doubt but that denials, as public as their recorded facts, would have been made, and handed down to us. Wm. Pick of York, in his Historical and Annual Racing Calender published in 1786, gives the account we have quoted of the wonderful performances of Flying Childers, without insinuating that the slightest doubt existed in his time of their having taken place. Now as Childers ran as late as 1723, and did not die till 1741, Mr Pick, if not himself cotemporary with Childers (of which we have little doubt,) had most certainly the opportunity of conversing with many who had witnessed the performances of that wonderful racer; and it would appear, was quite convinced that their accounts were correct. Of the performances of Eclipse we have still more perfect evidence, as they are handed down to us direct from several who had actually witnessed them, noblemen and gentlemen of the highest rank, judges of racing, and utterly incapable of mistating facts. Accordingly Wm. Pick, Sainbel, with several other writers, in their works published soon\* after the death of Eclipse, only mention these performances as stated to them by the above mentioned leading men on the Turf. Another argument in favor

\* It is said that this celebrated horse, carrying nine stone, two lbs. ran over the round course at Newmarket, (three miles, six furlongs and ninety-three yards in length) in six minutes and forty seconds. Also that he ran over the Beacon course, (four miles, one furlong and 138 yards in length) in seven minutes and thirty seconds; covering at every bound a space of about twenty-five feet.

of our position may be adduced from the fact, that a reference to the rate of speed at which the most celebrated races were run between those periods and the present day, shew the falling off to have been gradual. For instance, the famous match in which Hambletonian, carrying 8st. 3lb. beat Diamond at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 25th March, 1799, for £3000 over the Beacon Course (4 miles, 1 furlong and 138 yards) which he ran in 7 minutes, 15 seconds. Hambletonian was supposed to have covered seven yards in his last stroke in passing the winning post. At Doncaster 19th September 1801, Sir Solomon beat Cockfighter 8st. 7lbs. each (4lbs. more than Hambletonian) over the round course (4 miles, less 408 yards) the distance being done the first 2 miles in 3 minutes, the whole distance in 7 minutes and 11 seconds. In comparing this with the performance of Hambletonian, it should be remembered that the latter was over the straight course of Newmarket, while at Doncaster the former had to run round a course twice over, which doubtless impedes a horse's speed, besides which the Doncaster course was excessively hard at the time this race was run.

The following is a fair specimen of the speed of our present racing stock, as compared with the above, from which it appears to have gradually declined. In 1822, Theodore the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger Stakes, ran over the St. Leger course, (one mile, six furlongs and 132 yards) in 3 minutes, 23 seconds, carrying 8st. 6lb. At the commencement of the present century, 3 and 4 mile heats, with 10st. 4lbs. to 11st. 6lbs. formed the conditions on which the Royal Plates were usually run for. Sir Charles Bunbury introduced the system of short races, and light weights, and the conditions of the Royal Plates were gradually altered to suit the new style of racing. From this period we may date the falling off of our present breed of thorough-bred horses, as compared with those of the eighteenth century, both in speed and stoutness. It is well known that we have not such good four mile horses, as they are termed, as formerly, and we consider the reasons obvious. In the first place, we have at present very few four mile races, either at Newmarket, or in the country; consequently the deep rate of the old four mile horses is not wanted; but as in short distances a horse is required to get off quickly, or as the term is *to get on his legs*, in a few hundred yards, the animal now in request is one of a lighter and more active kind. In the next place, it must be observed that the most celebrated horses of the last century, such as Childers, Old Crab, Flea-catcher, Eclipse, Herod, &c., &c., did not appear on the Turf before they were five years old; while now, the inducement to train colts and fillies at a very early period of their lives, before they are arrived at their full growth and powers, must have a most injurious effect on their stamina. According to the present system, no sooner have they won, or even run well for any of our great three year old stakes, than they are put into the stud (frequently broken down) to breed racing stock, which is necessarily defective, and which in turn undergoes the same disadvantageous system.

But, however, the British race horse of the present day may suffer in comparison with the racers of the past century, they nevertheless maintain a proud superiority over every other breed in the world. We are impelled to make this observation, and to adduce the fact which we shall give in evidence of its truth, from having frequently of late observed with surprise in several of our leading metropolitan daily journals, paragraphs copied from the German papers, and professing to give accounts of races in Russia. According to these statements not only are the Cossack horses made to equal our present highest bred and carefully trained race horses, but without regard to either due preparation or weight, are stated to run distances in periods that *out-herod Herod* and *eclipse Eclipse*. With these veracious scribes a *mile in a minute* is about the performance of the *last horse*; as for the winner the pen of a Gulliver or a Munchausen is required to portray his speed and power of endurance. Now what is the real fact, is sufficiently shown in the following trial between the rival breeds. On the 4th of August, 1825, two second rate English racers, Sharper and Mina, contended, against the most celebrated Cossack horses from the Don, the Black Sea, and the Ural, in a race of the cruel distance of forty-seven miles. At starting Sharper and Mina ran away with their riders more than a mile, and up a very steep hill, where the latter horse broke down and consequently was pulled up. Half the distance was run in an hour and forty minutes. In the last half, only one of the many Cossack horses that started was able to contend with Sharper, who, notwithstanding every foul advantage was taken by changing the weight, and even dragging along his opponent with a rope, won his race in gallant style, performing the distance in two hours and forty-eight minutes. At starting the English horses carried three stone, more weight than the Cossacks; and during the last half of the race the one Cossack that remained in it was ridden by a mere child.

#### THE HALF-BRED HORSE OR COCK-TAIL.

We will conclude this chapter with a brief notice of a second rate description of racer, of comparatively modern origin, and lately very prevalent in England with the exception of Newmarket;—the *half-bred horse*, or as he is commonly termed the cock-tail. This description of race horse has never found favor in the eyes of the nobility and gentry, the real supporters of the Turf; and for very good reasons.

In the first place, what are termed half-bred stakes (some of which are of large value) have led to a great many frauds being committed, as horses have been brought to run for them, under false pedigrees and false age; which must ever be the case, from the great difficulty of proving a horse to be thorough-bred, where the owner, for his own dishonest purposes, has carefully removed all traces of his origin. We find therefore that for the most part, cock-tails are in the hands of third rate trainers, horse dealers, and what are called at the present day, *gentlemen riders*, and that continual disputes and unpleasantness arise out of half-bred stakes,—frequently to the disgust of a genuine sportsman, who may by chance happen to have entered

a horse for the same stake. Besides this the breeding of these horses is a direct injury to the country, as it encourages a spurious breed of horses, instead of the blood horse, the great object of racing. Were what are now called cock-tail stakes only used for what they were originally intended; viz. for hunters, there would be no reason to complain. *Real hunter's stakes* would be advantageous, if open to all horses that had been regularly hunted for a season, (not merely ridden by a boy to see a fox found, or cantered on the road to see a stag taken) and giving no allowance to the cock-tail; and if this practise was followed in all other stakes throughout the country, we should soon have the satisfaction of seeing this eyesore of real sportsmen, and blot on racing, done away with.

*Whyte's History of the British Turf.*

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## AQUATICS.

### REGATTA IN BOMBAY.

The fears entertained at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the hour for the commencement of the race, that the first regatta of the season would turn out a complete failure, were happily not realized. Only two unpropitious circumstances marred the complete success of the *Noumuchia*; the first, that Eolus was unpropitious, and there was not breeze sufficient to display the competing qualities of the rival vessels; the second, that the legitimate yachts were allowed to be superseded, and were, in the end, vanquished, by fishing boats. In everything else the present race completely eclipsed those of last season. As there appeared no likelihood of a strong breeze, it was understood in the morning that the Governor would prefer that the race for the Cup of his presentation should be postponed; and, accordingly the Stewards fell back upon the alternative prepared before hand, a purse of Rs. 100 from the Funds of the Club. There was a noble entry of boats; and at no regatta last year were there so many contending at once. Some disappointment was felt at the absence of the *Dauntless*, Captain Church's fine vessel, which was entered, but did not arrive from Surat in time to contend. Every preparation possible was made to do honor to the occasion. All the Steamers in harbor, and many of the ships, were in gala dress; the *Hastings*, in particular. A party of ladies and gentlemen made that flag ship their rendezvous; the Stewards and their friends assembled on board the *Snake*; Colonel Aplin, Captain D'Arcy, and party, patronized the *Margaret*; the Hon'ble the Governor and suite were on board the *Medusa*. At the time appointed for starting, excellent starts were

made by the boats of the various class and *calibre*; the signal guns being fired from the *Hastings*. Shortly after the vessels were off, the *Medusa* and the *Snake* got up the steam, and went round the course; the *Margaret* crowded all sail, and followed the example. The breeze freshening, on the return of the rival yachts, the contest became animating, and even exciting. We shall supply a more lengthened description to-morrow, contenting ourselves now with subjoining the order in which the leading boats passed the various stations:

*Flag-boat Number 1.*

<i>Mazagon</i> .....	..	..	..	..	1
<i>Fanny</i> .....	..	..	..	..	2
<i>Alert</i> .....	..	..	..	..	3

*Flag-boat Number 2.*

1 <i>Luximee</i> .....	27	minutes	past	4.
2 <i>Decoy Duck</i> .....	34	..	..	4.
3 <i>Country Lass</i> .....	39	..	..	4.
4 <i>Jone</i> .....	42	..	..	4.
5 <i>Sophy</i> .....	51	..	..	4.
6 <i>Alert</i> .....	53½	..	..	4.
7 <i>Diana</i> .....	54	..	..	4.

The *Foam* and *Fanny*, which were fourth and fifth, fouled here, and of course were out of the race.

*Flag-boat Number 3.*

1 <i>Luximee</i> .....	3	minutes	past 5.
2 <i>Decoy Duck</i> .....		(times not taken.)	
3 <i>Jone</i> .....	27	minutes	past 5.
4 <i>Alert</i> .....	..	..	..

*Rendezvous Boat.*

1 <i>Luximee</i> .....	51	minutes	past 5.
2 <i>Decoy Duck</i> .....		about five	minutes later.

The two first boats were fishing boats, and we believe the third in was so likewise.

We understand the Governor's Cup will be sailed for some time next week.

*Bombay Telegraph and Courier, Dec. 22.*

The Race for the Cup presented by the Honorable the Governor came off at last yesterday afternoon. The only notice of the forthcoming contest was contained in an advertisement, published in the morning journals; so that it took every one by surprize, and fewer spectators than usual assembled to witness the sport. The *Hastings* was the *rendezvous*; but there was a poor muster of the stewards and their friends. At the last moment, indeed, after the first boats had started, a written protest was received from the owner of the *Sophy* against the race, on the ground of the short notice that had been given. The *Sophy*, of course, did not sail. Nearly all the other boats, however, assembled in due time, and made an excellent start.

There was a famous breeze; so that the larger yachts had every chance of beating their plebeian adversaries, the fishing boats. It was impossible, where so large a number of boats were sailing together, to follow them distinctly enough with the eye, to describe the race; the prevailing opinion was, that it was a capital one. The following was the result:

Capt. Barr's	<i>Country Lass</i>	1. about 10 min. to 6.
Capt. Chamberlain's	<i>Severn</i>	2. 5 min. later.
Mr Howard's	<i>Daring</i>	3.
Capt. Gillett's	<i>Foam</i>	4. .

The rest not placed.

The steamer *Snake*, with a party on board, went round the course. No accidents happened, except that two European sailors fell overboard from the *Luey Neale*. They were soon picked up uninjured. There was a new boat in the race, the *Grace Darling*, of which great expectations were entertained; but her performances disappointed steam. The *Luximee*, which had the first place for some time, was badly steered towards the end of the race, and was nowhere. The *Shitan* met with a mischief near the first play boat, having broken her main yard. She anchored, and finally came home with jib and jigger. She had a party of ladies on board. Amongst the company on board the *Snake* were the Archdeacon and Captain Lynch. The course was the same as on the last occasion.

*Bombay Telegraph and Courier, Feb. 1.*

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## REGATTA IN SINGAPORE.

It is with pleasure that I contribute my annual quota to the accounts of the New Year's day Sports, which press of business prevented me doing before.

It was owing to the dreadful state of the weather that I could not get a good view of the start of the 1st class boats on the 1st. I hear however that the *Fanny* took the lead, closely followed by the *Hirondelle* and *Sweep*, but the dead calm that prevailed was a death blow to all interest in the race. The *Fanny* owing to the immense quantity of sail she carried, increased her lead and the wind being aft nearly the whole way was greatly in her favor. The moment however it became necessary to haul in the sheets, the *Hirondelle* passed her. The light foul wind also here favored the *Wild Irish Girl*, which boat had been along way astern, and she now crept up to the *Sweep* and went ahead.

In the meanwhile the second class boats had started, the *Royal Monkey* and *Panama* keeping close together, and gradually joined the first class, as also did the Malay lateen boats; the *Fatel Kahar* leading the way.

Until three o'clock did the boats persevere to sail in a calm. At last the *Fanny* and *Royal Monkey* took to their oars and on passing close to the *Hirondelle*, then rounding the last buoy and far ahead of all, hailed to say that the umpire had decided that it was no race, if not concluded at two o'clock. How this was communicated no one knows, and although I have asked several of the sailors of the other boats, they had not heard anything of the sort said by the umpire, nor was it printed in the regulations. But however the race was postponed to Monday the 3rd, when—

At 11-5, the first-class boats started, they were the *Hirondelle*, *Fanny*, *Wild Irish Girl*, *Frances*, *Royal Ape*—late *Happy Go Lucky*, *Sri Singapura*, *Black Joke* and—no—the *Sweep* had swamped in a calm!!

There was a beautiful breeze blowing and away they went, the *Hirondelle* ahead. The *Fanny* was next off, but presently was passed by the *Wild Irish Girl*, *Frances*, &c. having got into difficulties with her gaff top-sail or ring-tailed rover, which ever may be the correct term to apply to the Bermudian rig—it would not set—three times was it hoisted and three times did it turn topsy turvy, and ended by throwing itself into the sea, where it nearly met with a watery grave. During this time the boats had been gradually nearing the 1st buoy which was passed by the *Hirondelle* at 11-27, closely followed by the *Sri Singapura*, *Wild Irish Girl* and *Fanny*. The other boats were along day astern, especially the *Royal Ape*—whether it was that her, armament (4-sixteen ounces, with which it is said she has been armed since her purchase into the Royal Navy) was too much for her or whether she felt uncomfortable and bashful under the white ensign I cannot say, but the winner of the St Andrew's Cup could not look near the boats she had on the former occasion defeated. In the meanwhile the *Hirondelle* kept increasing the lead, the *Fanny* second, and *Wild Irish Girl* third, with a strong foul breeze, in fact it was a dead beat from the 1st to the 3rd buoy, which the *Hirondelle* rounded at 12, 44-30, and came in a winner at 12-50, beating the *Fanny* by 7-10, and the *Wild Irish Girl* 13-15 with the greatest ease. The other boats of this class were nowhere.

Of the 2nd class boats four only started, (the *Royal Monkey* having left for China), and the only boat that was seen was the *Panama*, she came in at 1-12-30.

The Malay lateen boats, *Sri Maharaj*, *Snake*, *Fatel Kahar* and *Black Cygnet*, were, with the exception of the latter, excessively well matched. They kept together the whole way round, but the strong breeze favored the more powerful boat and the *Snake* came in first, beating the *Sri Maharaj* by 1-½ minute, the latter being 15 seconds only ahead of the *Fatel Kahar*. The *Black Cygnet* 'far far away.'

The Regatta may on the whole be considered a very capital one—17 boats in all started—and the day being, for a wonder fine, the sight was very interesting.

O. H. P.

Singapore, 10th January, 1848.



## PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

## JULLUNDER SPRING MEETING.

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*First Day, Monday, April 3, 1848.*

*1st Race.*—Jullunder Derby of — G. M., for all Maiden Arabs, 9st. 7lbs. each. R. C. and a distance. Entrance 5 G. M.

*2nd Race.*—A Purse of — G. M., for all Hacks. Half mile heats. G. R. 10st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G. M. Winner to be sold for 400 Rupees.

*3rd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M., with — G. M. added from the Fund, for all horses. R. C. Arabs and C. B., 9st. 7lbs.; Colonial, 10st. 7lbs.; English, 11st.

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*Second Day.*

*1st Race.*—Welter Stakes of 5 G. M. each, with — G. M. added from the Fund, for all Horses. R. C. and a distance. G. R. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Winner of the Derby to carry 3lbs. extra. Arabs and C. B., 11st.; Colonial, 11st. 8lbs.; English, 12st. 7lbs.

*2nd Race.*—Galloway Purse of — G. M. one mile heats. 9st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Entrance 5 G. M.

*3rd Race.*—Consolation Purse of — G. M. Weight for valuation. R. C. 500 Rs. to carry 9st. 7lbs. and 4lbs. extra for every 100 Rs. Entrance 3 G. M.

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*Third Day.*

*1st Race.*—Dooab Purse —. Weight for age. N. N. I. T Club Standard, one mile and a half. Maidens allowed 3lbs. Winner of the Derby excepted. Entrance 5 G. M.

*2nd Race.*—A Silver Tankard. For all *bona fide* Chargers who have been regularly ridden on parade. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Entrance 5 G. M. Arabs and C. B., 11st. 7lbs.; Colonial, 12st.; English, 12st. 7lbs.

*3rd Race.*—Handicap, for all Horses, with — G. M. added. R. C. and a distance. Entrance 5 G. M.

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*Fourth Day.*

*1st Race.*—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M., with — G. M. added from the Fund, for all Horses. Two miles. Standard for weight same as 3rd race, 1st day.

*2nd Race.*—Give and Take. Three quarters of a mile heats. 14 hands to carry 10st. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Entrance 4 G. M.

*3rd Race.*—Pony Race. One quarter of a mile heats. Catch weights. Entrance 2 G. M.

*Fifth Day.*

*1st Race.*—Forced Handicap for winners. One mile and a half mile race, for which all winners of public money must enter, (Hacks, Charger and Pony Stakes excepted). Entrance 5 G. M.

*2nd Race.*—Losers' Handicap, (optional) for all horses who have not won public money. One mile race. Entrance 5 G. M.

*3rd Race.*—Shorts. Half mile race, 8st. 7lbs. each, with — G. M. added. Entrance 3 G. M.

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● RULES.

The N. N. I. T. Club Rules to apply to these Races, unless otherwise specified.

No horse allowed to start whose owner has not subscribed 50 Rupees to the Race Fund, and each Member of a Confederacy to pay the like sum.

The decision of the Stewards to be final, and no references allowed to be made to any other authority whatever.

All entrances with entrance money to be sent to the Secretary by 2 o'clock the day before each race.

Winning horses to pay 8 Rs. and Losers 4—for Course repairs.

Settling day the last day of the Meeting.

By order of the Stewards,

CAPT. HAMILTON.	} Stewards.
R. H. ATTLEY, ESQ.	
W. WALKER, ESQ.	

JAMES WARDE, *Secy.*

*Mofussilite.*

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COLOMBO RACES.

*Programme as decided upon at a General Meeting held on the 29th January, 1848.*

*First Day, Monday, September 4, 1848.*

*1st Race.*—The Importation Plate of £60 for Arabs, and Island-bred horses, added to a Sweeptakes of £10 each.—£5 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 5 o'clock P. M. on the 4th August. 1½ mile Race

• *Weights.*

3 years old feather.		5 years old 10st. 0lb.
4 years old 9st 7lbs.		6 years and aged 10st. 5lbs.

Imported and Island-bred horses that have never won, walked

over or received forfeit for any Plate, Purse, Sweepstakes or Race of any description (*matches excepted*) allowed 7lbs.

VISCOUNT TORRINGTON, CAPTAIN MACLEAN, CAPTAIN AIREY.	}	<i>Present Subscribers.</i>
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The Winner to pay £5 to the Fund and carry 7lbs. extra for the Governor's Cup and the Ceylon Cup.

To close and name by 5 o'clock P. M. to the Secretary on the 1st August.

*2nd Race.*—The Ladies' Purse of £20, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. Half forfeit if declared to the Secretary by 5 o'clock P. M. on the day before the race is to be run.—Heats 1 mile.

*Weights.*

3 years old feather. 4 years old 9st.		5 years old 9st. 7lbs. 6 years and aged 9st. 12lbs.
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The Winner of the Importation Plate to carry 7lbs. extra.  
To close and name on the 1st August.

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*Second Day, Wednesday, September 6.*

*1st Race.*—The Governor's Cup for Arabs and Island-bred horses, added to a Sweepstakes of £10 each. £5 forfeit if declared to the Secretary by  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 5 o'clock P. M. on the evening previous to the race. The owner of the second horse to save his stake.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race. The Winner of the Importation Plate to carry 7lbs. extra.—Maiden horses allowed 5lbs. To start from the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile post.

*Weights.*

3 years old feather. 4 years old 9st. 7lbs.		5 years old 10st. 0lbs. 6 years and aged 10st. 5lbs.
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VISCOUNT TORRINGTON, CAPT. MACLEAN, CAPT. AIREY,	}	<i>Present Subscribers.</i>
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To close and name on the 1st August.

*2nd Race.*—The Staff Plate of £20, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. Half forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 5 P. M. on the 5th September.—Two mile race. Winner of either the Importation Plate or Governor's Cup to carry 7lbs. extra, or of both 12lbs. extra.

*Weights.*

3 years old feather. 4 years old 8st. 7lbs.	5 years old 9st. 4lbs. 6 years and aged 1st. 10lbs.
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*Third Day, Thursday, September 7.*

*1st Race.*—The Ceylon Cup value £60, added to a Sweepstakes of £10 each. Two miles, for all Arab and Island-bred horses. Weight

for age, same as the Importation Plate. Winner of the Importation Plate or Governor's Cup to carry 7lbs. extra.

Horses valued	at £ 200	and upwards	weight for age.
"	"	150	" allowed 4lbs.
"	"	100	" " 4lbs.
"	"	75	" " 14lbs.
"	"	50	" " 24lbs.

The Winner to be sold at the price declared if claimed in the usual manner within half an hour after the race is run, and security given to the Stewards that the money will be paid before 12 o'clock at noon of the following day.

To close at 5 p. m. on the 4th September, and the sum at which this horse is entered, to be declared before 5 p. m. on the day previous to the race.

*2nd Race.*—Hack Stakes of £2 each, and £10 added. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. The Winner to be sold for £50 if demanded in the usual manner.

*3rd Race.*—Pony Race of £2 each and £5 added for all horses. 13 hands and under, Catch weights. —Heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

#### *Fourth Day, Friday, September 8.*

*1st Race.*—A Forced Handicap Sweepstakes for winning horses (free for all others) of £5 each, and £20 added.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile race.

*2nd Race.*—A Handicap Sweepstakes for beaten horses of £3 each, and £15 added. 1 mile race.

#### STEWARDS.

HON'BLE F. J. TEMPLER,  
CAPTAIN BINGHAM, R. A.  
CAPTAIN MANNERS, 37TH REGT.  
F. B. NORRIS, ESQ.  
W. FAIRHOLME, ESQ.

By order,  
J. CLOWES,  
*Hon. Secretary.*

*Colombo Examiner, Feb. 9.*

### MORADABAD RACES.

The Stewards of the Mradabad Races beg to acquaint subscribers and gentlemen who have entered horses for the different Purses, that there will be no Meeting at Moradabad this year.

A new prospectus will be published hereafter.

J. P. MACWHIRTER,  
*Secretary.*

*Mofussilite.*

PROSPECTUS OF THE SONEPORE RACES:

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*R. C. one mile and a half and one hundred and fifty-eight yards.*

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*First Day, Tuesday, November 7, 1848.*

*1st Race.*—The Sonepore Derby Stakes for Maiden Arabs, R. C. Sonepore weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 3lbs.

Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of June 1848. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and the 15th September, when the Race will close. Forty G. M. from the Fund and an Entrance of 10 G. M. each, for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the Race.

*2nd Race.*—The Sonepore Colonial Stakes for Maiden Cape, Australian and Country-bred horses. R. C. Sonepore weight for age. Horses that have never started in India before the days of naming allowed 3lbs. Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of June 1848. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and the 15th Sept. when the Race will close. Forty G. M. from the Fund and an Entrance of 10 G. M. each, for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the Race.

*3rd Race.*—A Cup valued Co.'s Rs. —, presented by Maharajah Roodur Sing Bahadoor, Rajah of Durbungah, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, H. F. for all horses 8st. 7lbs. R. C. To close and name on the 15th September.

*4th Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for all Horses 1st. 7lbs. each, one mile, to close on the 15th September.

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*Second Day, Thursday, November 9.*

*1st Race.*—The Chumparun Cup valued Co.'s Rs. —, presented by Maharajah Newul Kishur Sing Bahadoor, Rajah of Bettiah, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 10 Forfeit, for all horses. Craven weights and distance. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The Winner of the 3d Race 1st day to carry 4lbs. extra. To close and name on the 15th September.

*2nd Race.*—A Purse of 500 Rupees, presented to the Sonepore Turf by the Dumroan Rajah, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. for all horses. Weight for age and inches, Sonepore Standard as specified at foot. R. C. Winners previous to the Meeting, once 3lbs., twice or oftener 5lbs. extra. To close and name on the 15th September.

2 years.....	Feather.
3 „ .....	6st. 12lbs.
4 „ .....	8 0

5 years.....	8st.	8lbs.
6 „ .....	8	12
Aged .....	9	0

*2nd Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for horses that never started before the day of closing. One and a half mile. To close on the 15th September.

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*Third Day, Saturday, November 11.*

*1st Race.*—The Civilians' Purse value Co.'s Rs —, for all horses. Sonopore weight for age. One and three quarters of a mile. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The winner of either the Durbungah or Chumparun Cup 5lbs., of both 7lbs. extra. Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st June 1848. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and the 15th September, when the race will close. An Entrance of 10 G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the Race.

*2nd Race.*—The Sonopore Welter of 20 G. M. from the Fund for all horses. 11st. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The winner of either of the Maiden Plates first day 5lbs. extra R. C. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 10 G. M. To close on the 15th September.

*3rd Race.*—A Purse of Co.'s Rs. 200 presented by —, for all *bond fide* untrained horses. 11st. each. One mile. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 50 Rupees.

*4th Race.*—The Poosah Oaks of 20 G. M. for all 3 year old Fillies, rejected subsequent to the 1st December 1847. 8st. 7lb. each. Three quarter of a mile. Entrance 3 G. M. P. P.

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*Fourth Day, Tuesday, November 14.*

*1st Race.*—The Sonopore Cup value 50 G. M. guaranteed for all horses. Two miles. Weight for age, Sonopore Standard. Maidens allowed 7lb. English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra.

Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st June 1848. 15 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 15th September, when the Race will close.

An Entrance of 10 G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the Race.

*2nd Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. H. F. for all Arabs that never started before the day of closing, 8st. 7lbs. each. One mile and a half. To close on the 15th September.

*3rd Race.*—A Purse of 100 Rupees from the Fund for all *bond fide* hacks. Half mile heat, 11st. each. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 50 Rupees. The winner to be claimed for Co.'s Rs. 600.

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*Fifth Day, Thursday, November 16.*

*1st Race.*—The Hutwa Cup valued Co.'s Rs. —, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. for all Maiden horses. 8st. 7lbs.

each. One mile heats. The winner of the Sonepore Derby to carry 5lbs., of the Colonial Stakes 7lbs. extra. To close and name on the 15th September.

*2nd Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for all Arabs. 8st. 7lbs. each. To close on the 15th September.

*3rd Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 F. for all horses 8st. 7lbs. each. One mile. The winner of the Sweepstakes 1st day to carry 5lbs. extra. To close on the 15th September.

*4th Race.*—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all fillies that started for the Poosah Oaks. To be handicapped by the Stewards. One mile. Entrance 3 G. M.

*Sixth Day, Saturday, November 18.*

*1st Race.*—A forced Handicap, with 10 G. M. from the Fund, for which all horses that have won public money must enter, optional to winners of Sweepstakes, Matches and Hack Stakes. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. One and three quarters of a mile.

*2nd Race.*—A Handicap, with 20 G. M. from the Fund, for all horses that have started for and not won public money. R. C. Entrance 15 G. M. 5 forfeit.

*3rd Race.*—Consolation Cup of 20 G. M. 5 G. M. Entrance, for all horses. To be valued by their owners and the winner to be sold if claimed at that price. To carry weight as under. One mile heats.

	st. lbs.
Valued at 1,000 Rs.....	10 0
"    900 ".....	9 8
"    800 ".....	9 3
"    700 ".....	8 12
"    600 ".....	8 7
"    500 ".....	8 0
"    400 ".....	7 9

English imported horses 1st. 7lbs. extra.

All entrances to be made and forfeits declared to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the Race, unless otherwise specified in the terms of Race.

Public money to be withheld when there are not three subscribers to the Race.

By order of the Stewards,

R. HAWK, Secretary.

*Chuprah, January 1, 1848.*

RULES FOR THE SONEPORE COURSE.

1. Newmarket rules as far as applicable to this country to be adopted.
2. The rules concerning horse-racing in general, the rules and orders of the Jockey Club, and the adjudged cases, all of which are

contained in Wetherby's Racing Calendar, apply to the races run on, and engagements made for the Sonapore Course with exception of certain rules hereinafter specified, some of which are in lieu of rules not adapted to the state of the Turf in India, and others purely local, and no other book than Wetherby's Racing Calendar is to be considered as authority of the above rules and decisions of the Jockey Club, Newmarket.

3. The Newmarket rule for horses taking age from 1st January is not adopted, and horses are to continue to take their ages from 1st May.

4. The fifth of the rules concerning horse-racing in general is not adopted, and the following rules are substituted.

5. Horses that cannot produce a satisfactory certificate of their age from the breeder are to be aged by the Stewards or by such person or persons as they may appoint, who will be guided by such certificates of the presence of Colt's teeth at any previous period as they may deem satisfactory. No horse that has once been aged on the Sonapore Course, whether he shall have started under such age or not, will be re-aged in any subsequent year.

N. B.—No dealers' certificates of Colt's teeth will be received.

6. The Stewards or persons appointed to age horses, will perform that duty at the Race Stand on the day previous to that before the meeting at 3 o'clock P. M.

7. Any objection to a horse being improperly aged is to be made and decided before the race is run, and such decision is to be final as regards that particular race, notwithstanding any thing that may be subsequently adduced to the contrary.

8. The Sonapore Standard to be considered as the established weight for age, unless expressed to the contrary on the terms of any race, st. lbs.; viz.

Two years	..	..	..	Feather.
Three "	..	..	..	7st. 4lbs.
Four "	..	..	..	8st. 4lbs.
Five "	..	..	..	8st. 12lbs.
Six "	..	..	..	9st. 1lb.
Aged "	..	..	..	9st. 3lbs.

9. In all races in which weight for age and inches is to be carried, the following is to be considered the standard or give and take scale:—

Two years	..	..	..	Feather.
Three "	..	..	..	6st. 12lbs.
Four "	..	..	..	8st. 0lb
Five "	..	..	..	8st. 1lb.
Six "	..	..	..	8st. 12lbs.
Aged "	..	..	..	9st. 0lb.

10. Horses to be measured by the Stewards of the Meeting, or such persons as they may appoint, and this measurement to hold good for that meeting.



11. Where a quarter of an inch is allowed for measuring in shoes or plates, such are to be *bonâ fide* shoes or plates, and no pieces of tin or other substances out in the shape of shoes will be allowed; a horse must stand to be measured with his legs as nearly perpendicular as possible. The skin on his withers is not to be pressed down, and his mane is not to be held lower than what brings the poll on a level with the withers.

12. All confederacies must be declared to the Secretary in writing on or before the day preceding the meeting, and confederates are jointly and severally responsible for all losses and demands connected with racing, incurred jointly or separately by them during the Meeting. If a confederacy is subsequently dissolved, the confederates must notify this to the Secretary by a letter signed by both or all of them. In like manner if a confederacy is formed before a meeting, it must be immediately notified to the Secretary to entitle the confederates to the benefit of it before the meeting.

13. In all races the terms of which are that they are to close or name on a certain day, it is understood that subscriptions be received by the Secretary not despatched on or before that day, and this applies also to forfeits that are to be declared on or before a certain day.

14. When a horse's name is changed from one he has been entered in before, both names must be specified the first time he is entered under the new one.

15. All horses that cannot be entered in conformity with Rule 17 of the Newmarket Jockey Club, must be shewn to the Stewards within ten days from the day of naming or entering, or where that is impracticable must be so described as to admit of being afterwards identified to the satisfaction of the Stewards—and any infraction of this or the preceding Rule, will be met by the application of Rule 18 of the Newmarket Jockey Club, which prescribes the penalty consequent on an infraction of the 17th Rule of that Code.

16. In all races where a plate or money is added, mares and geldings are allowed 3lbs. when nothing to the contrary is specified.

17. In Matches or Sweepstakes where no plate or money is added, no allowance is made to mares and geldings, unless so specified in the terms.

18. Maidens on the 1st October of each year preceding the meetings, run as such during the Sonapore Meeting, except as may be otherwise provided.

*Saddling, Weighing, Starting and Heats.*

19. Rule 54 of the Newmarket Jockey Club not being applicable to Races that are run early in the morning, is modified to the extent of admitting the sufficiency of declaration of over weight, if made at any time before the race.

20. If the word off, go, or away is given by the Steward or person appointed by the Stewards to start the horses, it must be considered a fair start, and no other will be allowed, and no caution is required beyond the calling the Horses up to the post.

21. The Stewards shall fix the order in which all races to be run the day before shall take place.

22. In races of heats, no more than half an hour from the time the jockey is weighed will be allowed between each heat.

23. When a race is proposed to be run between the heats, the order to Saddle for it will be given ten minutes after the last jockey is weighed ; but should such race seem likely to occupy more time than the half hour, any owner of a horse engaged in the preceding heat is at liberty to object to the same.

24. The jockeys are entitled to weigh in the order in which they come in, and if a horse leave the weighing enclosure before his jockey is weighed, nothing which may be upon him when he leaves the enclosure shall be allowed for in the weight.

25. After the order for saddling has been given, five minutes are allowed to bring the horses out, and they must take their places without delay, the Steward or person appointed to start them leaving out any horse that may not have come up.

26. The order in which the horses are to start is to be previously determined by lot, except in the case of a race for heats, when after the first heat, the horses will take their places in the order in which they are placed in the preceding heat.

27. In all races in which extra weight is to be carried for winning, winners of matches or handicaps are not to be considered liable to carry extra weight for such races.

#### *Changes and Deviations.*

28. All bets on Races on the Sonapore Course to be played, unless otherwise specified.

29. In case of unfavorable weather, the Stewards have the power to postpone the races, and in such cases all the bets on races for public money must stand.

30. No other deviation from original terms of races for public money will be allowed, even though parties concerned agree to it.

31. If any change takes place in private Sweepstakes or Matches, with the exception of the change of the day within the week, as specified in the 26th rule for horse racing in general, all bets made before the alteration shall be void.

#### *Foul Riding.*

32. The 94th rule of the Jockey Club is modified, as it was in all probability intended to apply to a straight Course, and the Stewards will consider that only to be a cross or jostle, which shall in any way impede the progress of a competitor ; but no Jockey will be justified in crossing the path of the horse behind him, unless he be at least two full lengths ahead, or in preventing a horse coming up on either side by swerving to the one or the other, so as to shut such horse out after he has fairly established his position on either side.

33. If, in running for any race one horse shall jostle or cross another, such horse, and every horse belonging to the same owner, or in which he shall have a share, running in the same race, shall be disqualified from winning the race ; and if such cross or jostle shall be

proved to have happened through the foul riding of the jockey, he shall be disqualified from again riding at Sonapore, or shall be punished by fine or suspension for a time, as the Stewards shall think fit.

*Subscriptions and Course Repairs.*

34. All owners of horses to pay 5 G. M. to the General Fund, to enable them to start one horse during the meeting, 10 G. M. two horse, 15 G. M. three or more horses; subscriptions to Cups not to count in the above, the amount subscribed to be specified to the Secretary on the 15th September, such specification not to be altered by any subsequent withdrawal of horses or failure in bringing them to the Post. Confederacies to pay 5 G. M. extra on any of the above amounts. This rule is not intended to apply to Sky or Hack Stakes,\* or Poosah Fillies.

35. Every horse trained on the Sonapore Course to pay 8 Rs., and all winners of plate, purse, match, or sweepstakes to pay one gold mohur to the general Race Fund; a week's training will subject a horse to the first of the charges.

*Disputes.*

36. All disputes will be settled by the Stewards, and their decision shall be final, in all cases from the nature of which it may be necessary that they should be decided at once on the spot. In other cases parties dissatisfied with the Steward's decision are at liberty to refer their case to the Committee of the Calcutta Turf Club for the year.

37. Any jockey who shall be proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards to have broken his agreement with his master, shall be disqualified for again riding in a race or training, on the Sonapore Course, for such period as the Stewards may determine, and such disqualification shall not be removed without the consent of the master notified in writing to the Secretary. In order to facilitate the investigation of complaints against jockeys for breach of agreements, the adoption of written agreements is strongly recommended to the notice of owners of horses.

By order of the Stewards,

K. HAWKE, *Secy.*, *Sonapore Races.*

*Sonapore Weights.*

		Weight for age.		Byculla.
2 years	..	.. Feather	..	Feather
3 "	..	.. 7st. 4lbs.	..	7st. 5lbs.
4 "	..	.. 8st. 4lbs.	..	7st. 12lbs.
5 "	..	.. 8st. 12lbs.	..	8st. 5lbs.
6 "	..	.. 9st. 1lb.	..	8st. 12lbs.
Aged	..	.. 9st. 3lbs.	..	9st. 0lb.
		Craven.		Give and Take.
2 years	..	.. 5st. 10lbs.	..	Feather.
3 "	..	.. 8st. 0lb.	..	6st. 12lbs.
4 "	..	.. 8st. 9lbs.	..	8st. 0lb.
5 "	..	.. 9st. 1lb.	..	8st. 8lbs.
6 "	..	.. 9st. 5lbs.	..	8st. 12lbs.
Aged	..	.. 9st. 7lbs.	..	9st. 0lb.

K. HAWKE, *Secretary*, *Sonapore Races.*

\* *Poosah.*

PROSPECTUS OF THE TITALYA RACES,  
FOR 1848.

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*First Day, Thursday, December 21.*

*1st Race.*—The Titalya Derby of 25 G. M., for all Maiden Arabs 9st. 7lbs. each,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats,—entrance to this race to be 3 G. M. if made before the 1st June, 6 G. M. if after that date, nominations to be sent in by 1st December, and a further entrance of 2 G. M. to be paid on nominating by those who entered before the 1st June; and of 4 G. M. on nominating by those who entered after that period.

*2nd Race.*—The Civilians' Purse of—G. M. Entrance 8 G. M. for all horses, English excepted, Arabs 9st. Cape, C. B., and N. S. W., 11st. 7lbs. heats, R. C. and a distance. Winners once 3lbs., twice or more 5lbs. extra, to close and name the day before the meeting.

*3rd Race*—A Purse of 15 G. M., given by Master Mathew, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M., for all maiden Arabs that have not or will not eventually cost their owners more than Co.'s Rs. 1,000. 10st. each  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, to close and name the day before the Race.

*4th Race.*—Pony Purse of 5 G. M., 2 G. M. entrance, half mile heats, catch weights.

*Second Day, Saturday, December 23.*

*1st Race.*—A Purse of 25 G. M. given by Mr Villiers with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. for the Arabs that may run for Master Mathew's Purse the 1st day, distance 2 miles, weight for age. The Winner of Master Mathew's Purse to carry 7lbs. extra, and the second horse in the race to have 15 G. M. out of the Stakes. 3 horses or no race. To close and name the same day on which Master Mathew's Purse closes.

*2nd Race.*—The Purneah Purse of—G. M. Entrance 2 G. M., H. F., for country bred horses. One mile heats 10st. 7lbs. The Winner to be sold for 400 Rs. if claimed  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour after the race. To close and name the day before the race.

*3rd Race.*—The Ladies' Purse of 20 G. M. Entrance 5 G. M. for all horses. English to carry 11st. 7lb., Cape and N. S. W. 10st. 7lbs., C. B. 10st., Arabs 9st. 7lbs. Winner of the maiden to carry 5lbs. extra. R. C. and a distance.

*4th Race.*—A Purse of Co.'s Rs. 100, given by a Patron of the Fair, added to 3 G. M. from the fund. One G. M. entrance for all Sikim and Bootan ponies purchased at the Titalya Fair of December 1847—half mile heats, catch weights.

*Third Day, Monday, December 25.*

*1st Race.*—His Highness The Nawab Nazim of Bengal's Titalya Purse of 30 G. M. Entrance 7 G. M. for all horses. English to carry 11st., Cape, Australians, and C. B. 10st., Arabs 9st. 7lbs. The

Winner of Master Mathew's and Mr Villier's Purses allowed 5lbs., or the Winner of both allowed 7lbs. 2 miles heats. To close and name the day before the race. No horse qualified for entry that has, or will cost his owner *bond fide* more than 1,600 Rs.

*2nd Race.*—The Titalya Welter of 20 G. M., 10 G. M. entrance for all horses. Arabs 10st. 7lbs., N. S. W., Cape and C. B. 11st., English 12 stones. Heats R. C. and a distance. To close and name the day before the race.

*3rd Race.*—The Whim Plate of 15 G. M., 5 G. M., entrance for all horses. Weight for age and inches—14 hands and aged to carry 9 stones. English horses to carry 1st. extra. 2 miles.

*4th Race.*—The Hack Stakes of 8 G. M. 2 G. M., entrance, for all horses, 10st. 3½ miles heat. The Winner to be sold for 350 Rs. if claimed in the usual manner.

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*Fourth Day, Wednesday, December 27.*

*1st Race.*—Forced Handicap for all Winners of Public Money, optional with Winners of private purses, hacks, or ponies 20 G. M., 10 G. M. entrance, H. F. To be handicapped by the Stewards. R. C. and a distance.

*2nd Race.*—Free Handicap for all horses that have started, and not won during the Meeting 15 G. M., 5 G. M. entrance, H. F. To be handicapped by the Stewards. R. C. and a distance.

*3rd Race.*—Purse of 15 G. M. with Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. for all horses purchased at the Titalya Fair of 1848. 10st. One mile.

*4th Race.*—Pony Race 8 G. M., 1 G. M. entrance. Half mile heats. Catch weights.

*5th Race.*—Elephant Race. Value of Purse and terms to be arranged by the Stewards.

RULES.

*1st.*—The Calcutta Rules to be applicable to these races.

*2nd.*—Every owner of horses and every member of a confederacy, must subscribe 3 G. M. to the races. Except owners of horses who only start for the hacks, ponies, and horses purchased at the Fair.

*3rd.*—Two horses *bond fide* from different stables to start for each race—in the event of only one horse coming to the post, the owner will only receive the forfeits and half the public money—except for the maiden race, the entire purse for which will be made over.

*4th.*—Scaled nominations with entrance to be sent to the Secretary at or before the Ordinaries preceding the race, unless otherwise provided for.

*5th.*—Subscription to races closing on or before the 1st December, to arrive at Dinapore on or before the day specified.

*6th.*—No horse is qualified to start for any race, unless all the owner's subscription and entrance have been paid.

*7th.*—The word "Off" once given by the appointed starter to be final.

8th.—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and their decision to be final.

9th.—In case of a deficiency in the funds, a proportionate sum will be deducted from the value of each Public Purse.

10th.—In the event of there being an excess in the funds, the amount to be placed at the disposal of the Stewards.

Present length of Course  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile and 26 yards, but will be made as near as possible to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile before the races.

H. HOLM, *Secy.*

*Dinapore, February 15, 1848.*

### JULLUNDER SPRING RACES,—1848.

To be run for during the Spring Meeting at Jullunder.

A Silver Cup given by the Mounted Officers of Division, value 25 G. M. for all Horses. Entrance 5 G. M. Heats R. C. To close on the 1st March 1848, and name the day before the race. G. R. Three horses to start from different stables, or the Cup to be withheld.

Arabs.....	9st.	7lbs.
Colonial.....	10st.	0lb.
English.....	11st.	0lb.

JAMES WARDE, *Secy.*

*Mofussilite.*

### JULLUNDER RACES,—1848-49.

The N. N. Indian Turf Club Purse of 20 G. M. for all horses. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 5lbs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, half forfeit. To close and name 1st October.

At a General Meeting of the N. N. Indian Turf Club held at Umballa, 18th November 1847. Major Genl. Sir W. R. Gilbert. K. C. B., in the chair, it was resolved that after the 1st May 1848, Rules No. 20 and No. 32 be cancelled, and the following substituted in place:—

*Rule 20.*—Horses being 5 years old and upwards shall be measured by the Stewards of the Club or persons appointed by them, such measurement to hold good for the future— $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch allowed for shoes on first measurement.

*Rule 32.*—Maidens on the 1st of May, to run as such until the 1st May following, except as may be otherwise provided for.

FRED. TROWER,  
*Secy. N. N. I. Turf Club.*

*Ibid.*

## MEERUT RACES FOR 1848-49.

The Civilians' Cup, value 100 G. M., given by the Civilians of the N. W. Provinces, for all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age.

2 years .....	a feather
3 ,, .....	7st. 4lbs.
4 ,, .....	8st. 4lbs.
5 ,, .....	8st. 13lbs.
6 ,, .....	9st. 3lbs.
aged .....	9st. 5lbs.

Round the Course and a distance. Horses named on or before 1st May 3 G. M. Entrance, on the 1st August 5 G. M.; on 1st Nov. 10 G. M., when the race finally closes. All Horses declining to start by 1 p. m. the day before *the race* to pay 5 G. M. extra.

The day of running to be fixed hereafter by the Meerut Stewards.

The N. N. Indian Turf Club Purse of 40 G. M. for all horses. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 5lb.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. To close and name 1st October 1848.

*Mofussilite.*

## MOZUFFERPOOR RACES,—DECEMBER 1848.

*First Day, November 30.*

*1st Race.*—The Mozufferpoor Derby Stakes 5 G. M. each, 3 F., with 20 G. M. added from the Fund, for maiden Arabs. Weight for age. Sonapore Standard. Winners once before the day of race 7lbs., twice and oftener 1st. extra. To close on the 15th October. Horses that have never started allowed 7lbs.

*2nd Race.*—A Purse of 15 G. M. for all maiden Cape, N. S. W. and Country-bred horses. Weight for age, Sonapore Standard. R. C. Entrance 5 G. M., 3 F. To close on the 15th October. Winners once before the day of race 7lbs., twice and oftener 1st. extra. Horses that have never started allowed 7lbs. To close on the 15th October.

*3rd Race.*—A Purse of 15 G. M. from the Fund, for all horses. Entrance 5 G. M., 3 F.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. 8st. 7lbs. each. To close on the 15th October. Winners once 7lbs., twice and oftener 1st. extra. A winner of any of the Sonapore Cups 2st. extra not cumulative.

*4th Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. for all maiden Poochah Fillies. One milc. 8st. 7lbs. each. Entrance 3 G. M. The winner of the Oaks to carry 5lbs. extra.

*Second Day, December 1.*

*1st Race.*—A Purse of 15 G. M. for maiden C. bred. 1½ mile. Byculla weight for age. Entrance 5 G. M., 3 F. To close on the 15th October, 1847. Winners at Sonepore 1st. extra.

*2nd Race.*—The Planters' Cup for all horses. 1½ mile heats. Calcutta weight for age. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. Horses that have not won before the meeting allowed 7lbs. Two horses *bonâ fide* competitors start or the Cup to be withheld.

*3rd Race.*—A Purse for all horses, 15 G. M. from the Fund, with an entrance of 3 G. M. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 9st. R. C.

*4th Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each for all horses. 8st. 7lbs. each. 1½ mile. To close on the 15th October.

*Third Day, December 4.*

*1st Race.*—The Durbungah Rajah's Cup for all horses. Byculla weight for age. 1½ mile heats. Arabs allowed 5lbs. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. To close on the 15th October. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winners once to carry 7lbs, twice and oftener 1st. extra. Two horses *bonâ fide* competitors to start or the Cup to be withheld. A winner of any of the Sonepore Cups 2st. extra not cumulative.

*2nd Race.*—A Purse of 100 Rs. from the Fund for all horses that have never won more than 25 G. M. *public money*. ½ mile. Gentlemen riders. 11st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G. M. Arabs allowed 7lbs.

*3rd Race.*—A Handicap for Poosah Fillies. ½ mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M. with 10 G. M. from the Fund.

*Fourth Day, December 5.*

*1st Race.*—The Winners' Handicap, 10 G. M. from the Fund, for which all horses that have won public money must enter. 1¾ miles. Winners twice to pay 10 G. M. entrance, others 5 G. M., optional to winners of hacks.

*2nd Race.*—The Beaten Handicap, 15 G. M. from the Fund, for all horses that have started for, and not won public money. R. C. Entrance 5 G. M. 3 F.

*3rd Race.*—A Purse of 10 G. M., for all Country-bred horses purchased at Sonepore Fair in 1848 from native dealers. Weight for age. Byculla Standard. Entrance 3 G. M. ¼ mile heats. Winner of Fair Stakes at Sonepore to carry 5lbs. extra.

*4th Race.*—A Purse of Rs. 100 for all ponies. Weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G. M. ¾ mile heats.

*Fifth Day, December 8.*

*1st Race.*—A Purse of 50 G. M., presented by Messrs Bryant and Co. for all horses. Heats R. C. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 5 G. M.



*2nd Race.*—The Cheroot Stakes, Rs. 100 from the Fund, for all horses. Gentlemen riders. 11st. 7lbs. each.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. Riders not to dismount till the heats are run out and to bring their cheroots lighted to the scales. Entrance Rs. 32. Arabs allowed 7lbs.

*3rd Race.*—A Handicap Purse of Rs. 100 for all untrained horses. Entrance 5 G. M. 3 F. To close on the 15th October.  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile.

*4th Race.*—A Hurdle Race, 15 G. M. from the Fund, with an entrance of 4 G. M. each. R. C. over 8 hurdles, 4 feet high. 12st. each. Arabs allowed 1st. Two horses *bond fide* competitors to start or no race.

The Mozufferpoo Rules as published at page 364, No. 6, of the *Sporting Review* to be in force with the exception of Rule 12, which is hereby cancelled.

English Horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra.

By order of the Stewards,

R. FORTESQUE,

*Secretary.*

## UMBALLA RACES FOR 1848.

### *First Day.*

*1st Race.*—The Trial Stakes of 15 G. M., 5 forfeit, with 40 G. M. from the Fund, for all Maiden Horses—3 years old, 7st. 7lbs.; 4 years, 8st. 4lbs.; 5 years, 8st. 10lbs.; 6 and aged, 9st. English Horses to carry 21lbs. extra.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile.

*2nd Race.*—A Cup value 800 Rupees, to be given by Sir W. R. Gilbert, (if at Umballa when the meeting takes place) with a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 5 forfeit, for Maiden Arabs carrying 11st. Gentlemen Riders.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile. To close and name on the 1st September.

*3rd Race.*—The Give and Take Stakes of 5 G. M. each, with 5 G. M. added, for all Horses—14 hands to carry 9st. Maidens allowed 5lbs. 1 Mile heats.

*4th Race.*—Sky Stakes of 2 G. M. each, with 5 G. M. added, for all horses untrained.  $\frac{1}{4}$  Mile heats. 10st. 7lbs. each. To close and name the day before the Race— $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour allowed between the heats. Gentlemen Riders.

### *Second Day.*

*1st Race.*—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse of 20 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, for all horses, 11st. each. Gen.

lemen Riders. Maidens allowed 7lbs., English Horses to carry 2lbs. extra. 1 Mile.

*2nd Race.*—The Umballa Champagne Sweepstakes for Arabs. Maidens on the 1st October 1847, 11st. each. Gentlemen Riders. Once round the new Course. Maidens on the day of running allowed 5lbs. 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st November 1847; 10 G. M. each for horses named between that date and the 1st January 1848, and 20 G. M. for horses named between the 1st January and the 1st May 1848, when the race will close. 10 G. M. entrance for each horse declared to start. Entrance to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race, and 25 G. M. from the Fund. The Winner to give three dozen of Champagne to the Ordinary. The new Course is one furlong and ten yards shorter than the present one, or 2 miles 404 yards.

Nominations on the 1st November 1847.

Mr Francis'	b. h.	<i>Pioneer.</i>
„	ch. h.	<i>Rubini.</i>
Mr Kemp's	b. h.	<i>Hussar.</i>
Mr Walter's	b. h.	<i>Wukeel.</i>
„ ●	b. h.	<i>Wuzzeer.</i>
„	g. h.	<i>Punjaub.</i>
Captain Edwards'	ch. h.	<i>Red Rover.</i>
The Major's	gr. h.	<i>The Knight of Gwynne.</i>
„	gr. h.	<i>Paragon.</i>

*3rd Race.*—The Champagne Give and Take Stakes, for all horses 14 hands to carry 9st. Maidens on the day of running allowed 5lbs. One mile and a half. 5 G. M. each for horses named by 9 p. m. on the 8th November 1847; 10 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st January 1848, and 20 G. M. for horses named between 1st January and 1st May 1848, when the race will close. 15 G. M. will be added and an entrance of 10 G. M. for horses declared to start at the Ordinary the evening before the meeting. The Winner to give two dozen Champagne to the Ordinary.

Mr Goodridge's	b. a. h.	<i>Dominie Skelp.</i>
„	g. a. h.	<i>Fusilier.</i>
„	g. a. h.	<i>Conrad.</i>
Mr Edwards's	c. a. h.	<i>Red Rover.</i>
The Major's	g. a. h.	<i>Renegade.</i>

### Third Day.

*1st Race.*—The N. N. Indian Turf Club Purse of 40 G. M., for all horses. Weight for age. G. R. 1½ mile. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. To close and name 1st October.

*2nd Race.*—The Claret Stakes of 40 G. M. from the Fund, for all Arabs, 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 2 Miles. Horses named on 1st May, 5 G. M.; on 1st July, 10 G. M., and 1st September, 15 G. M. Horses starting to pay 10 G. M. in addition.

**3rd Race.**—The Spbraon Cup, on its terms, to be published hereafter.

**4th Race.**—The Consolation Purse of 5 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 1 G. M. each, for all untrained horses.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Mile. 10st. 7lbs. each. The Winner to be sold for 600 Rs. To close and name the day before the race.

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#### Fourth Day.

**1st Race.**—The Umballa Great Welter Stakes of 10 G. M. each, with 30 G. M. added, for all horses carrying 11st. Gentlemen Riders. English Horses to carry 1st. extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. R. C.

**2nd Race.**—The Open Stakes of 15 G. M. each, 5 forfeit, with 25 G. M. added for all horses 3 years, 7st. 4lb.; 4 years, 8st. 4lbs.; 5 years, 8st. 12lbs.; 6 and aged, 9st. 2lbs.; C. B., 3lbs. extra; Colonials 6lbs. extra; English, 21lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 5lbs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile.

**3rd Race.**—The Short, a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 15 G. M. added, for all horses. 10st. 7lbs. Country Bred and Colonials, 7lbs. extra; English, 21lbs. extra. Gentlemen Riders.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Mile heats.

**4th Race.**—A Cup, value 500 Rupees, presented by a Lover of Sport, for all Maiden Arabs, 10st. 2 Miles. Gentlemen Riders. 2 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 5 forfeit. Three horses *bond fide* the property of different owners to start or the Cup to be withheld. To close and name on the 1st September.

**5th Race.**—A Silver Cheroot Case and Fuleetah, by Subscribers of one (1) G. M. each, with Rs. 100 added from the Fund to purchase the same, for all Maiden Ponies, 13-1 and under. Straight  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Gentlemen Riders—10st. To close and name the day before the race.

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#### Fifth Day.

**1st Race.**—The Charger Stakes of 5 G. M. each, with 10 G. M. added, for horses which have been in the possession of the owner for 6 months previous to naming, 11st. each. Gentlemen Riders. T. Y. C. To close and name on or before the 1st November.

**2nd Race.**—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each, 5 forfeit, for all Maiden Arabs. 8st. 7lbs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile.

**3rd Race.**—Galloway Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each. 14 hands 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile. To close and name the day before Meeting.

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#### Sixth Day.

**1st Race.**—Handicap for all Winners of 10 G. M., 5 forfeit, added to a Purse of 25 G. M.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile. To be handicapped by the Stewards or Gentlemen they may appoint.

**2nd Race.**—The Beaten Handicap for all Losers, 4 G. M. entrance, 2 forfeit, added to a Purse of 15 G. M.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile. To be handicapped by the Stewards or Gentlemen they may appoint.

*3rd Race.*—A Cashmere Shawl for all Horses. Lady Riders.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile; 1 dozen of Gloves entrance to go to the 2nd horse. Three horses to start, or the Shawl to be withheld.

Colonel MARKHAM,  
Colonel LOCKWOOD, } *Stewards.*  
Major HOUGHTON,  
EDWD. CHRISTIE, *Secretary.*

All Races to close on the 1st of September, 1848, unless otherwise specified.

*Mofussilite.*

### CALCUTTA TURF CLUB.

*At a Meeting held at the Race Stand on the morning of March 11, 1848, pursuant to advertisement.*

Dr SAWERS in the Chair.

It was proposed by F. C. Sandes, Esq., seconded by W. H. Frith, Esq., and carried unanimously,—that G. Bushby, Esq., W. Grey, Esq., and Capt. James Ramsay, A. D. C., be appointed Stewards of the Calcutta Races for 1848-49.

Proposed by W. Grey, Esq., seconded by G. Bushby, Esq., and carried unanimously,—that the Secretary be requested to continue his services.

Proposed by J. Hume, Esq., seconded by G. Bushby, Esq., and carried unanimously,—that Messrs. Grey and Sawers, be requested to prepare a Prospectus for 1848-49.

Proposed by W. H. Frith, Esq., and seconded by F. C. Sandes, Esq.,—that—

“Any member of the Calcutta Turf Club, having a disputed bet with another member, shall be bound, if required by him, to refer such dispute to the Committee of the Club. Any member refusing to refer any bet so disputed or to comply with any decision consequent upon such reference within one Calendar month, next ensuing after notice of such decision from the Committee, either personally or by letter, shall upon complaint to the Committee be deemed to be, and be treated by them as a defaulter, and his membership shall thereupon and at once cease and determine, and he shall thenceforward be excluded from the Club.”

Amendment moved by W. Grey, Esq.

“That the suggested Rule be referred to the Committee of the Club, with a view to ascertaining their opinion as to its expediency.”

Amendment put and negatived.

Original Resolution put and carried.

JAMES HUME,  
*Secy. Cal. T. Club.*

March 11, 1848.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE CALCUTTA RACES,—1848-49.

## FIRST MEETING.

*First Day, Saturday, December 30, 1848.*

*1st Race.*—The Calcutta Derby Stakes for Maiden Arabs. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lbs. Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of July, 1848. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st October, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the Fund, and an entrance of Twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

If there are 20 nominations the second horse to save his stake, if 30 nominations, the second horse to receive 50 G. M.

*2nd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for all horses. Two miles. 8st. 7lbs. each. To close and name the 1st of October.

*3rd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. The Gilbert mile. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 7lbs. extra. To close the 1st of December, and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

*4th Race.*—The Colonial Stakes for maiden Cape, Australian and Country-bred horses. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started in India before the days of naming allowed 5lbs.

Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of July 1848. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st of October, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the fund and an entrance of twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

*Second Day, Tuesday, January 2, 1849.*

*1st Race.*—Third year of the Allipore Champagne Stakes 50 G. M. 10 Ft. if declared the day before the Meeting, and H. F. if the day before the race, for all Arabs entitled to run as maidens on the 27th December 1847. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Maidens on the 1st of October 1848, allowed 7lbs. To close and name on the 27th of December 1847.

*Nominations of 27th Dec., 1847.*

Mr Williams'	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Cruizer.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	c.	<i>Glenmark.</i>
Mr Fulton's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Chancellor.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Blood Royal.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Smolensko.</i>

Mr Charles'	..	b.	a.	c.	<i>Lord George.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	c.	<i>Meteor.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	c.	<i>Panic.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Don Juan.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Ishmael.</i>
Mr R. Rose names	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Knight of India.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Grand Chamberlain.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Vice Chamberlain.</i>
"	..	..	a.	h.	<i>Whalebone.</i>
Mr Petre's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Farewell.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Bonanza.</i>
"	..	bk.	a.	c.	—————

*2nd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. Craven weights and distance. Arabs and C. B. allowed 5lbs.—Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the 1st December and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

*3rd Race.*—The Auckland Stakes of 50 G. M. each, H. F. and only 10 G. M. Ft. if declared the day before the Meeting; for all horses, 2½ miles. English horses to carry 1st. extra: to close and name the 1st December.

2 years .....	a feather.
3 " .....	6st. 12lbs.
4 " .....	7st. 12lbs.
5 " .....	8st. 5lbs.
6 and aged .....	8st. 8lbs.

*4th Race.*—The Omnibus Stakes for maiden horses. R. C. and a distance. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry weight as follows:—

3 years ..	8st. 0lb.
4 " ..	9st. 0lb.
5 " ..	9st. 5lbs.
6 and aged ..	9st. 7lbs.

Horses that have been beaten in the Derby or Colonial allowed 5lbs. 10 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of July 1848. 20 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of October, when the race will close. 50 G. M. from the Fund, and an entrance of 20 G. M. for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race. If there are 15 nominations the second horse to save his stake; if 25 nominations, the second horse to receive 100 G. M. from the Stakes.

#### Third Day, Thursday, January 4.

*1st Race.*—Purse of 50 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F. and only 15 G. M. Ft. if declared the day before the Meeting, for all horses. Two Miles. English horses to carry the same weight as in the Omnibus Stakes. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Winners of

the Derby, Colonial, or Omnibus Stakes to carry 3lbs. extra; of two of those races 7lbs. extra. To close and name the 1st of October.

3 years .....	7st. 4lbs.
4 „ .....	8st. 4lbs.
5 „ .....	8st. 12lbs.
6 and aged.....	9st. 2lbs.

*2nd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F. for all horses. Two miles, 8st. 7lbs. each. English horses to carry 7lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

*3rd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for maiden horses. Three quarters of a mile heats, 9st. each. Arabs allowed 7lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

*4th Race.*—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for Maiden Arabs. The Gilbert mile, 8st. 4lbs. each. To close and name the 1st of October.

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*Fourth Day, Saturday, January 6.*

*1st Race.*—Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 Forfeit, for Maiden Arabs. R. C. heats. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have been beaten in the Derby allowed 7lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

*2nd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for all horses. Three quarters of a mile. 9st. each. Arabs allowed 7lbs. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the day before the first meeting and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

*3rd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for all horses. Three miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry the same weights as in the Omnibus Stakes. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

*4th Race.*—The Calcutta Turf Club Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. St. Leger Course. For all horses. To be handicapped by the Stewards the day before the race. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

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*Fifth Day, Tuesday, January 9.*

*1st Race.*—Dealers' Plate.

*2nd Race.*—A Cup presented by the Right Honorable the Governor-General, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M., for all horses. St. Leger Course. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry the same weight as in the Omnibus Stakes. Maidens allowed 12lbs.; the winner of the Derby, Colonial or Omnibus to carry 5lbs. extra; of two of those races 7lbs. extra—the winner of the 50 G. M. Purse on the 3d day to carry 5lbs. extra—the above penalties cumulative. To close and name the 1st of December. The second horse to receive 50 G. M. from the Stakes.

*3rd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all Arabs. Craven weights and distance. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

*4th Race.*—The Newmarket Stakes of 15 G. M., with 30 G. M. added from the Fund, for all horses that have started during the Meeting. The Gilbert Mile. Winners once during the Meeting to carry 7lbs. extra, twice 10lbs. extra, thrice and oftener 1st. extra. To close and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

3 years .....	7st. 0lb.
4 „ .....	8st. 2lbs.
5 „ .....	8st. 10lbs.
6 and aged .....	9st. 0lb.

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*Sixth Day, Thursday, January 11.*

*1st Race.*—The Bengal Club Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 F., for all horses. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 9lbs. extra. The winner of the Omnibus Stakes 5lbs. extra; the winner of the 50 G. M. Purse on the 3d day, or of the Governor-General's Cup, 5lbs. extra; of both those races 9lbs. extra. The above penalties cumulative. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close and name the 1st of Oct. If there are 15 nominations, the second horse to receive 50 G. M.

*2nd Race.*—Free Handicap Purse of 50 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 5 F., for all horses. T. I.—Horses' names to be given in to the Secretary by 2 P. M. on the 5th day of the Meeting, and weights to be published by 9 o'clock A. M. the day before the race.

*3rd Race.*—A Purse of 25 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M., for all horses. The Gilbert mile heats. Calcutta weight for age. The winner to be sold with his engagements for Rs. 2,000, with the option of being sold for Rs. 1,800, Rs. 1,600, or Rs. 1,200. If to be sold for Rs. 1,800, to be allowed 5lbs., if for Rs. 1,600, to be allowed 10lbs.; and if for Rs. 1,200, to be allowed 20lbs. To close and name, and prices to be declared by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

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*Seventh Day, Saturday, January 13.*

*1st Race.*—A Forced Handicap for Winning horses only: for which all winners of 100 G. M. during the Meeting must enter, optional to other winners. Entrance 10 G. M. and 5 per cent. on all winning in excess of 100 G. M. Two miles.

*2nd Race.*—Free Handicap Purse of 25 G. M. for horses that have started and not won 100 G. M. during the Meeting. Entrance 20 G. M., 5 forfeit. 1½ miles heats.

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Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta subsequent to the 5th of November, 1848, al-



lowed 5lbs., in all races where public money is given, the Governor-General's Cup, Selling Stakes and Handicaps excepted.

In all races for public money the same to be withheld unless there are three subscribers to the race.

In all races for public money, the terms of which contain no special provision regarding the second horse, whenever there is a *bond fide* start of 3 or more horses on separate interests the second horse to receive back his Stake, or, where there are 10 or more subscriptions to the race and a start as above, to receive double the amount of his Stake. On any protest from the owner or the party representing the owner of the winning horse, the Stewards shall consider and determine whether the start has been such as to entitle the second horse to claim under the above terms.

All Forfeits are to be declared to the Secretary *the day before the race* by 2 P. M., except when otherwise specified in the terms of the race.

G. A. BUSHBY,	}	Stewards.
W. GREY,		
CAPT. RAMSAY, A. D. C.		
JAMES HUME, Secy.		

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## BOMBAY RACES.

At a General Meeting held on the 23rd February, 1848, it was resolved that Rule No. 2 be cancelled, and that for the future horses and colts running on the Byculla Course, shall take their ages from the 1st January.

Also, that a horse walking over for public money shall be entitled to the whole of the purse, as well as all the entrances, but that no horse shall receive public money for 'walking over' more than once during any one meeting.

Also that a Maiden, on the 1st May, previous to each meeting, is a 'Maiden of the season.'

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## PROSPECTUS FOR THE BOMBAY RACES, 1849.

*First Day, Tuesday, February 6.*

*1st Race.*—*Dealers' Plate*, value 200 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each, H. F. and only 5 G. M. forfeit if declared by the 1st January 1849. 2 miles. Weight for age. For all Arabs imported after the 1st September 1847, and purchased from either of the following Stables:—Sorabjee Dady Santook's, Bazunjee Fuckera's,

Agā Mahomed Bakur's, or Nowrojee Nussorwanjee's. The 2nd horse to receive Rupees 500, and the 3d to save his stakes. To close and name on the 1st May, 1848.—Horses imported after the 1st September 1848, allowed to enter until the 1st December.

*2nd Race.*—*The Forbes Stakes* of Rupees 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each. 5 G. M. forfeit, for all horses. Weight for age. 2 miles. Maidens of the season allowed 5lbs. To name on the 1st October, and horses allowed to enter until the 1st December, upon double stakes and forfeits.

*3d Race.*—*The Give and Take*, of Rupees 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all horses. Weight for inches—14 hands carrying 8st. 7lbs. 1½ mile heats.

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*Second Day, Thursday, February 8.*

*1st Race.*—*The Derby*, Rupees 400 from the Fund, for all Arabs, maidens of the season. To close and name on the 1st October, 1848. Weight for age. 1½ miles.—Maidens that have started before the day of closing to carry 4lbs. extra. 5 G. M. subscription, with an entrance of 10 G. M. for horses declared to start.

*2nd Race.*—A *Sweepstakes* of 30 G. M. each, H. F., for all horses. 9 stone. 1½ miles and a distance. Maidens of the season allowed 10lbs. Maidens imported into Bombay after the 1st September 1847, allowed 1 stone. A winner on the 1st day to carry 5lbs. extra. To close on the 1st October, and to name the day before the race.

*3rd Race.*—*The Welter*, Rupees 400 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F., for all horses. 11 stone. Gentlemen Riders. 1½ mile and a distance. To name on the 1st October, and horses allowed to enter until the 1st December upon September 1847, allowed 10lbs.

*4th Race.*—*The Drawing Room Stakes*, of Rupees 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all Arabs. 8 stone 7lbs. 1 mile.

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*Third Day, Saturday, February 10.*

*1st Race.*—*The Elliot Cup* for all Arabs. Two miles. With a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., 5 G. M. forfeit, if declared the day before the race. To close and name on the 1st May, 1848. Weight according to following classes :

Class.	st.	lbs.
1. Winners on the day of naming . . . . .	10	0
2. Horses that have started, but not won, before .. the day of naming . . . . .	9	0
3. Horses that have not started before the day of naming, but which were imported before the 1st day of September 1847. . . . .	8	0
4. Horses that have not started before the day of naming, but which were imported after the 1st day of September, 1847 . . . . .	7	7

Horses of the 2nd, 3rd and 4th classes, if winners before the day of starting, to carry 5lbs. extra.

*2nd Race.*—*The Galloway Plate*, Rupees 150 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each.  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles. Heats. Weight for age. Maidens on the day of starting allowed 5lbs.

*3rd Race.*—*A Sweepstakes* of 30 G. M. each, H. F., for all horses. 1 mile. Weight for age. A winner twice during the meeting to carry 7lbs. extra. To close on the 1st October, and to name the day before the race.

*Fourth Day, Tuesday, February 13.*

*1st Race.*—*A Sweepstakes* of 30 G. M. each, H. F., for all horses, maidens of the season. 2 miles 8st. 4lbs. Maidens that have started before the day of closing to carry 4lbs. extra. A winner of the 'Derby' 'Dealers' Plate,' 'Elliot Cup,' or either of the Sweepstakes, to carry 4lbs. extra, of any two of them 10lbs., or three or more 1 stone. To close on the 1st October, and name the day before the race.

*2nd Race.*—*The Malet Stakes*, Rupees 400 from the Fund. A Handicap. Gentlemen Riders. Open to all horses that have started during the meeting.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. 10 G. M. entrance, 2 G. M. forfeit for not standing the Handicap. Entrances to be made by 8 A. M. the day before the Race. Weight to be announced by 12 o'clock, and declarations as to standing or not to be made with the other nominations of the day.

*3rd Race.*—*The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse*, for all horses, Rupees 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. 1 mile Heats. 8 stone 7lbs. The Winner of the 'Drawing-Room Stakes' to carry 7lbs. extra.

*Fifth Day, Thursday, February 15.*

*1st Race.*—*A Forced Handicap*, for all Winners during the meeting, 5 G. M. for each race won; open to losers at an entrance of 5 G. M. 2 miles.

*2nd Race.*—*The Beaten Plate*, Rupees 300 from the Fund. Handicap open to the beaten horses of the Meeting. 10 G. M. entrance.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

No Horses to be allowed to start for the 'Derby,' 'Forbes' Stakes,' 'Cup,' 'Welter,' or either of the Sweepstakes, that are not the *bond fide* property of a gentleman on the day of closing.

Horses arriving in Bombay from stations distant upwards of 200 miles on or subsequent to the 15th November, are allowed 3lbs. in all races which close on or before the 1st October.

*Telegraph and Courier.*



RACING CALENDAR

F O I

1847-48.

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# RACING CALENDAR.

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## SPRING MEETING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TURF CLUB.

FIRST DAY, *Monday, September 20, 1817.*

1ST RACE.—The Breeders' Purse, of £15 each. P.P. added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. P. P. for all 3 years old Colts and Fillies, bred by Subscribers. Colts, 7st. 10lbs., Fillies, 7st. 7lbs. One mile and a half. (Six Subscribers.)

Mr J. van Reenen's	gr. c.	<i>Swallow</i> , by <i>Seth</i> ,	..	1
Hon'ble Mr P. van der Byl's	ch. f.	<i>Ringlet</i> ,	..	2

Race very bad till they had gone half round, when *Swallow* improved it. He very soon disposed of the filly (who was amiss) and won easily by some lengths, cantering in from the distance.

Time,—3m. 7s.

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2D RACE.—The Turf Club Purse, of £30, to which is added the Town Cup, for all Horses. Weight for age. Heats two miles. Entrance £3, £1 F. Horses that have not won, allowed 7lbs.

Mr Hoffman's b. h. *Lad of Stellenbosch*, 5 years old, walked over.

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3D RACE.—The Merchants' Cup and Purse, value £25, for Horses that have not won. Weight for age. Heats, one mile and a half. Entrance £1-10. Two Horses to start or no race.

Mr Hoffman's	b. c.	<i>Montagu</i> ,	4 years old	..	1	1
Mr A. Cloete's	bl. c.	<i>Whalebone</i> ,	4 years old	..	2	2

*Montagu* won both heats with great ease.

---

SECOND DAY, *Wednesday, September 22.*

1ST RACE.—The Visitors' Purse, value £20, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. H. F., for all Horses. Weight for age. Heats, one mile and a half. The winner of the Breeders' Purse and Turf Club Purse on the 1st day, to carry 7lbs. extra.

Hon'ble P. V. vander Byl's	ch. f.	<i>Modesty</i> ,	3 yrs. old	1	1
Mr Hoffman's	b. h.	<i>Lad of Stellenbosch</i> ,	5 yrs. old	bolted.	

One of the usual exhibitions in the bolting line.

2D RACE.—Match of £25. Weight 8st. One mile.

Mr P. L. Cloete's ch. f. *Variety*, by *Skipper*, dam *Georgiana*.. 1

Mr J. W. J. Mersveld's br. f. *Maria* by *Humphrey*, dam *Ariadne* .. 2

Another failure. *Maria* would not start kindly, and lost so much ground, she could never reach the other.

3D RACE.—The New Market Sweepstakes, of £3 each. H. F., with £15 added, for all Colonial Horses. Heats, one mile. Six and aged Horses to carry 10st., 5 years 9st. 9lbs., 4 years 9st., 3 years 8st. 2lbs. A winner once to carry 7lbs. extra, twice or oftener 14lbs.

Mr Hoffman's gr. c. *Sir Henry*, 4 yrs. old .. 1 1

Mr A. Cloete's bl. c. *Whalebone*, 4 yrs. old .. 2 3

Hon'ble P. van der Byl's ch. f. *Roulet*, 3 yrs. old 7lbs. extra 3 2

*Sir Henry* won both heats in a canter.

Time,—2m. 5s.—2m. 12s.

THIRD DAY, Friday, September 21.

1ST RACE.—The Ladies' Purse, value £25, a Handicap. Heats, one and a half mile.

.. *Lad of Stellenbosch*, 5 years, 10st. 7lbs. .. 1 2 2

.. *Whalebone*, 4 ,, a feather .. 2 1 1

.. *Variety*, 3 ,, 7st. 0lb. .. bolted.

1st Heat.—The feather cantered for the first mile—and of course the *Lad* beat him in easily.

2d Heat.—*Whalebone* with a new rider, made strong running, the *Lad* lying with him all the way. Both came into difficulties about the distance, and the weight telling in the last few strides, the feather won cleverly by half a length.

Time,—2m. 58½s.

3d Heat.—*Whalebone* made play, got a lead of 3 lengths and was never caught.

2D RACE.—The Lottery Handicap, value £15. Heats, one mile.

.. *Sir Henry*, 4 years 10st. 7lbs. .. 1 1

.. *Whalebone*, 4 ,, 7st. 7lbs. .. 2 2

The unfortunate *Whalebone* was brought out again, but had no chance with a fresh and fast Colt like *Sir Henry*, who won both heats in a canter.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 56s.

Weights for Age for the Spring Meeting.

2 Years old feather	5 Years old 9st. 9lbs.
3 ————— 7st. 0lb.	6 ————— 10st. 1lb.
4 ————— 8st. 12lbs.	Aged 10st. 4lbs.

Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

CHRY. ALFRED DU PRAT,  
P. L. CLOETE, Esq.,  
CAPT. CAMPBELL, 7th Dragoon Guards. } Stewards.



## AGRA SKY RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, November 2, 1847.*

A Purse of 15 G. M. for Maiden Arabs, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each. Once round the Course and a distance. 9st. To close and name on 1st Oct. Half forfeit if declared by noon of the day previous to the race.

1st RACE.—Maiden Arabs.

Mr Tyler's	b. a. h.	<i>Chance,</i>	.. Native	1
Capt. Travers'	g. a. h.	<i>Hunah,</i>	.. Mr Smyly	2

At the word both off at score, but it soon became apparent that the race was the bay's, who took the lead and was never caught, winning easily.

2d RACE.—A Purse of 5 G. M. for country bred. Weight for inches, 16 hands to carry 12st. Gentlemen Riders.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M. To close and name at 12 A. M. of the day previous.

Mr Denison's	b. m.	<i>Jumping Jane,</i>	.. Mr Millar	1 dis.
Mr Fortescue's	b. m.	<i>Imogene,</i>	.. Mr Gardner	2
Capt. Ellce's	c. m.	<i>Dimity,</i>	.. Capt. Wodchouse	bd. dis.

1st Heat.—At the word off *Dimity* started with a great lead and for the first quarter of a mile, was some ten lengths a head, when she bolted and her chance was out; the other two rated it home, *Jumping Jane* winning hard held.

2d Heat.—*Dimity* having been distanced in the first heat, for the 2d the two Mares came out at the starting post. *Jumping Jane* threw her Jockey and took a line of country of her own; after some little trouble she was caught and was ridden by her owner back to the starting post, he having the pleasure of seeing *Imogene* cantering in at her pleasure, the time having elapsed.

3d RACE.—A Purse of 50 Rs. given by Captain Weller, Engineer, for all Galloways, 14 hands and under, with 50 rupees from the fund. Entrance 1 G. M. Catch weights. P. F. Quarter mile heats. To close and name at the Ordinary of the previous day. The riders to be fixed by raffle. Stewards to draw for riders and places. The last horse to win provided he is within the distance.

Mr Fox's	g. g.	<i>Koorjee,</i>	.. Mr Smyly	1 1
Mr Denny's	d. g.	<i>Oily Cove,</i>	.. Mr Stubbs	2 2
Capt. Weller's	g. g.	<i>Beans,</i>	.. Lt. Shellwall	3 0

At the word off *Koorjee* took the lead closely waited upon by *Oily Cove*, but this little galloway proved himself such a flyer for the distance that not even the beautiful riding and sound judgment of Mr Stubbs, one known in Upper India as a first-rate gentleman jock, could wrest the race from him. The 2d heat was run much the same as the 1st, *Koorjee* winning hard held by a length or two, the 2d heat run in 57 seconds.

SECOND DAY, *Friday, November 5.*

1st RACE.—Ladies' Purse of 10 G. M. for all horses. Arabs 10st. Country-bred, 10st. 4lbs. Cape and N. S. W. 10st 10lbs. English 11st. 10lbs. Entrance 3 G. M. Once round the Course. To close and name by 1st Oct.  $\frac{1}{2}$  ft. if declared before 1st Nov. •

Mr Thellusson's	g. a.	<i>Kumbucht,</i>	.. Mr Stubbs	..
Mr Fox's	b. a.	<i>Chance,</i>	.. Mr Millar	..
Capt. Travers'	g. a.	<i>Hunah,</i>	.. Lt. Shawe	..

*Chance* was slightly the favorite at starting, out the artistical riding of *Kumbucht's* jockey frightened many from laying the odds against him; the three went off at a devil's own pace, *Chance* with the inside, *Kumbucht* laying some way behind; at the  $\frac{2}{3}$  mile, *Hunah* appeared done for and a little further he was pumped out; the other two kept close together; at the last  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, *Kumbucht* closed with *Chance*, who till then had had the lead. The struggle was exciting in the extreme and many a heart leaped to its owner's mouth; a few strides from the winning post *Kumbucht's* rider made his rush and won by a head in the most scientific manner possible, and eliciting loud and long hurrahs from all who witnessed so Chifney-like a feat.

2D RACE.—A Purse for all *bona fide* Buggy Horses of 5 G. M. The winner to be sold for 500 Rs if claimed within  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour of the winner being named. Entrance 2 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Catch weights. Gentlemen Riders. To close and name on the ground.

Lord W. Hay's	c. a.	<i>Girths,</i>	..	It. L.	..
Mr Fortescue's	b. m.	<i>Imogene,</i>	..	Mr Millar	..

This race is easily described, the Arab took the lead in both heats, was never headed and won hard held.

3D RACE.—50 Rs. for all Ponies, 13 hands and under. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Catch weights. To close and name at the Ordinary previous.

Capt. Travers'	c. p.	<i>Ginger,</i>	..	Native.
Mr Thomson's	b. p.	<i>Artful Dodger,</i>	..	Mr Smyly.
Capt. Weller's	b. p.	<i>Belooch,</i>	..	Native.
Capt. McKenzie's	b. p.	<i>No. 9,</i>	..	European, bolted.

1st Heat.—By a mistake of one of the Stewards, was changed into a  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heat and won by *Artful Dodger*, the remaining two  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, each won easy by *Ginger*.

### 3D DAY, Tuesday, November 9.

1ST RACE.—200 Rs. for all Arabs. Gentlemen Riders. 10st. 7lbs. Added to a Sweepstakes of 50 Rs. each.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. To close and name on the 1st Oct. P. P.

Lord W. Hay's	c. a. h.	<i>Ganger,</i>	..	..	Mr Thedwile.
Mr Thellusson's	g. a.	<i>Kumbucht,</i>	..	..	Mr Stubbs.
Mr Fox's	b. a.	<i>Chance,</i>	..	..	Mr Millar.

A good start, all well off. *Kumbucht* was fancied by many from what he had done, combined with the known excellence of his rider, but to the astonishment of most the Chesnut came in the winner with ease to himself, in spite of the vigorous shoves-alongs of Mr Stubbs. *Chance* had truly no chance and was completely beaten.

2D RACE.—Cheroot Stakes of 80 Rs. from the fund for all horses. Catch weight.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. The winner to be sold for 500 Rs. if claimed in the usual manner. To close and name at the Ordinary of the previous day.

3D RACE.—Give and Take Purse of 100 Rs. for all Galloways. 14 hands to carry 9st. 2 G. M. Entrance. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. To close and name by 1st Nov. noon.

Mr Simon's	c. g.	<i>Railway,</i>	..	..	Native.
Mr Millar's	c. g.	<i>Mulligan,</i>	..	..	Owner.
Mr Fox's	c. g.	<i>Koorjee,</i>	..	..	Native.

*Railway* won both heats easily, the chesnut carrying about a stone more and the weight told as weight generally does. *Koorjee* had no chance.

4TH RACE.—Hurdle Race of 10 G. M. from the fund added to a Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. for all horses. Arabs 10st. 7lbs. Country bred, Cape and N. S. W. 11st., English 12st. Over 6 hurdles 3 feet 6 inches high. Round the Course. Gentlemen riders. To close and name by noon of the day previous.

Mr Jackson's      Cape h.  
Mr Denison's      m.

Both off at the word and both dashed gallantly at the 1st hurdle. The Cape swerved and the mare wanted to do the same, but her jock kept her too well in hand and got over, but touched. This gave him a good lead; the Cape's rider got his way round and over and caught up; t'other the leaps were taken pretty simultaneously: at the last the Cape went ahead and won, there was a dispute about the race, but eventually it was settled; the hurdles were not at all breakneck affair, but perhaps it is better they were not; between the 3rd and last race, a sack came off, which afforded much amusement, especially to the natives; who marvelled greatly at the exhibition, also a foot hurdle race by the Privates H. M. 24th Regiment.

DACCA SKY RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Monday, November 22, 1847.*

1ST RACE.—The Jehangire Derby, for all *bonâ fide* Bazaar Native Tattoos. Any Tattoo starting, is to be sold for Co. Rs. 32 if claimed after the Race.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. 20 rupees from the fund. No entrance.

Shaik Beerbul's	c.	tat	<i>Pobone,</i>	..	1
„ Mohun's	c.	tat	<i>Luchman,</i>	..	2
Mr Long's	b.	tat	<i>Tolly,</i>	..	3
„	b.	tat	<i>Chucy Leeks,</i>	..	4
Khaji Abdool Gunnee's	c.	tat	<i>Jamadar,</i>	..	5
Mr Pogose's	..		<i>Chulton Mop,</i>	..	0
Shaik Omedallee's	cream cd.	tat	<i>Moolookchand,</i>	..	0

2D RACE.—The Pony Race. 3 G. M. from the fund and 1 G. M. Entrance, half mile heats. Catch weights.

Khaji A. Gunnee's	c.	p.	<i>Khansamah,</i>	..	1 1
Mr Pogose's	b.	p. m.	<i>Rosinante,</i>	..	2 2

3D RACE.—Race for all *bonâ fide* buggy and carriage horses.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. Catch weights. 3 G. M. from the fund and 1 G. M. Entrance.

Mr P. Pearson's	c. b. h.		<i>Pet of the Fancy late Cockey,</i>	1	1
Khaji A. Gunnee's	g. c. b. h.		<i>Rajah Bahadoor,</i>	..	2 2

SECOND DAY, *Wednesday, November 24.*

1ST RACE.—The Jehangire Great St. Leger for all *bonâ fide* Bazaar Native Tattoos. Any tat starting is to be sold after the race if claimed for Co.'s Rs. 50.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. The heats to be run immediately after each other. 32 Rs. from the fund. No entrance.

Khaji A. Gunnee's	p. mare		<i>Dolly Dump,*</i>	..	1 1
Mr Pogose's	blk. p.		<i>No-Go,</i>	..	2 3
Shaik Beerbul's	c. p.		<i>Molookchand,</i>	..	3 2
Mr Pogose names	c. p.		<i>Cheeks,</i>	..	4 4

2D RACE.—Match for 5 G. M.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Catch weights.

Mr Baker's	b.	m.	<i>Belle Sauvage,</i>	..	1
Mr Pearson's	c.	h.	<i>Pet of the Fancy,</i>	..	2

3D RACE.—A mile race for all Galloways and Ponies under 13-3. 3 G. M. from the fund. 1 G. M. Entrance. The winner to be sold for Co.'s Rs. 80 if claimed.

Khaji A. Gunnee's	c.	p.	<i>Khansamah,</i>	..	1
Khaji A. Gunnee's	g.	c. b. h.	<i>Rajah Bahadoor,</i>	..	2
Mr Gordon's	c.	g.	<i>Irish Girl,</i>	..	3

4TH RACE.—Selling Purse for all horses, for the Surplus Funds of the Meeting *one mile*. Horses to carry weight according to the price at which they are entered for sale. 5 G. M. Entrance, half forfeit.

300 rupees....	a feather.	700 rupees .....	8st. 0lb.
400 ,, .....	7st. 0lb.	800 ,, .....	8st. 7lbs.
500 ,, .....	7st. 4lbs.	900 ,, .....	9st. 0lb.
600 ,, .....	7st. 8lbs.	1000 ,, .....	10st. 0lb.

And if above 1000 to carry 11st.

Khaji A. Gunnee's	..	<i>Sir Richard,</i>	11st. ..	1
Mr Crombie ns. Mr Baker's..		<i>Rushlight,</i>	a feather	2
Mr P. Pearson's	..	<i>Pet of the Fancy,</i>	feather	3

### THIRD DAY, Friday, November 26.

1ST RACE.—Hack Race for all *bonâ fide* Saddle Horses. The winners to be sold for Co.'s Rs. 300 if claimed, from the Big Tree in. 3 G. M. from the fund. 1 G. M. Entrance, 11st. Gentlemen riders.

Captain Richardson's	d.	h.	<i>Daddy Long-legs,</i>	..	1
Mr Moqroqo's	g.	a. h.	<i>The Honourable,</i>	..	2

This was looked upon as *the* race of the morning, and the multitude assembled were busy on the look-out for the "names, weights and colors of the riders," when lo! it was discovered that the *Honourable* was *non est*. The sun got up, looking very seedy through the fog. Steward after Steward arrived, and at last the *Honourable* was seen looming large in the distance; sharp was now the word—and the start was accomplished like the pop of a Simpkin cork—both nags piloted by Jolly Ensigns. All went well, until the half mile in, when the *Honourable* went a-head like a cricket-ball, rushed wildly on and taking a line of his own, left the Course clear for *Daddy Long-legs*, who galloped in a winner, having all his own way. The *Honourable* preferring the pukka road, retired from the Turf.

2D RACE.—Match for 2 G. M. Round Course. Catch weights.

Khaji A. Gunnee's	c.	p.	<i>Khansamah,</i>	..	1
Mr Pogose's	c.	p.	<i>Rosinante,</i>	..	2

A very close-run race, and had *Khansamah* been ridden by an amateur as well as *Rosinante*, the result might have been different.

3D RACE.—Winners' Handicap, for which all winners of public money at this meeting *must* enter, except the winners of Derby St. Leger and Foot Race. Open to all losers. 50 Rs. from the fund. 1 G. M. Entrance R. C., P. P.

Khaji A. Gunnee's	..	<i>Sir Richard,</i>	..
Mr Pearson's	..	<i>Pet of the Fancy,</i>	dr.

4TH RACE.—Losers' Handicap, open to all Horses and Ponies that have started for and not won public money at this Meeting. 50 Rs. from the fund. 1 G. M. Entrance, Heats, the Big Tree in, P. P.

Khaji A. Gunnee's	g.	c. b.	h.	<i>Rajah Bahadoor</i> ,	..
Mr Crombie ns. Mr Baker's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Rushtlight</i> ,	.. dr.

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FOURTH DAY, Saturday, November 27.

THE HURDLE RACE.—1 Mile 4 hurdles 4 feet high. English Horses to carry 12st. Cape and N. S. Wales Horses 11st. 7lbs. Country bred and Arabs 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders, to close and name by noon the day before the race. 10 G. M. from the fund, 2 G. M. Entrance, half forfeit.

Mr Dick's	..	c. ch.	h.	<i>Rufus</i> ,	Owner	1
Major Vaughan ns. Mr Charles's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Desert</i> ,	Mr Charles	2

At the word "off" the nags went away together at a gentle canter, and continued taking it very quietly up to within 100 yards of the first jump, when, *Desert* shot a-head, and took almost a standing jump clean over; *Rufus* nevertheless gained some 20 yards in the spring, and so on they went, clearing the hurdles like cats, *Rufus* continually gaining ground in his spring, and *Desert* always making up for it upon the Flat. It was a very pretty race, and the rider of *Desert* tried hand and heel to win it, but all persuasions were without effect. *Rufus* cleared the last hurdle in splendid style and ran in a winner by only half a length. Both horses were ridden in masterly style, and for an amateur race we should say, it was never surpassed for cool, straightforward, gentlemanly riding; there was not a hurdle damaged, and every leap done clean out of hand.

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MIDNAPORE SKY RACES.

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FIRST DAY, Monday, November 22, 1847.

1ST RACE.—Purse of 200 Rs. for all horses. Heats R. C. (1 mile and  $\frac{1}{2}$ ) English 11st. 7lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 11st., C. B. 10st. 12lbs., Arabs 10st. 7lbs., Maidens allowed 7lbs.

Mr Raikes'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Cyclops</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	Mr F. Tucker	1	1
Mr Sneyd	b.	a.	h.	<i>Boots</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	Mr Smith	2	2

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 33s.; 2d heat, 2m. 34s.

Running the mile in 2m. 5s. first heat, and 2m. 4s. the second.

The 1st heat was a pretty race—the horses well together until within a few lengths of the winning post when the Grey went a yard and a half ahead, and crossed and shut out the little horse. The cross was claimed but was disallowed.

The 1st heat the Bay won beat by a length only, and the second by about two.

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2D RACE.—Purse of 100 Rs. for all Hacks. Entrance 2 G. M. Any horse in the Race to be sold for Co.'s Rs. 350 if claimed within  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour after the last heat.

Post Entrances admitted on paying an extra 10 Rs.

Mr Bowal's	g.	c.	h.	<i>Cruel Oysters</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Mr Auld	1	1
Mr Brigg's	b.	c.	h.	<i>Lifter</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Mr Smith	2	0

*Cruel Oysters* went away and won easily. The time was not taken, but from the short time they were about it, it must have been good.

SECOND DAY, *Wednesday, November 24.*

1ST RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. with 10 G. M. added for all horses. Heats R. C. Weight for inches, fourteen hands to carry ten stone, the weight to increase or decrease five lbs., for every inch.

Two horses were brought to the Post; viz.

Mr Sneyd's ..	<i>Boots</i> ,	9st. 12lbs. 12oz.	..	1	1
Mr Raikes' ..	<i>Cyclops</i> ,	10st. 8lbs. 12oz.	..	2	2

At the word "off" both horses got away well together, making a beautiful race to the rails, when the little horse drew ahead and won by a neck, admirably ridden by J. Smith, Esq., of the Kelat-i-Ghilzie Regiment. The second heat was ridden and won in the same excellent manner.

The length round the Course is 1 mile and a  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 33s.; 2nd heat, 2m. 33s.

THIRD DAY, *Friday, November 26.*

1ST RACE.—A Purse of Rs. (250) added to a Sweepstakes of 4 G. M. for all Arabs. Heats R. C. 10st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winners once, to carry 3lbs., twice 5lbs., three times, or oftener, 7lbs. extra.

Mr Sneyd's	b. a. h.	<i>Boots</i> ,	9st. 10lbs.	Mr Bruce	1	1
The Confederates'	g. a. h.	<i>Cyclops</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	Mr Smith	2	2

Both horses went off at score in both heats, the little horse making the running and winning hard held.

Time,—R. C. 1st heat, 2m. 36s.; 2d heat, 2m. 35s.

2D RACE.—Handicap for all horses half mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M. and 100 Rs. from the Fund—any horse in the race to be sold for 400 Rs.

Mr A——d's	g. c. m.	<i>Magpie</i> ,	11st.	..	1	1
Mr Bowel's	g. a. g.	<i>Cruel Oysters</i> ,	10st. 11lbs.	..	2	2
Mr T——'s	s. bc. m.	<i>Finesse</i> ,	10st. 8lbs.	..	3	dr.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 4s.; 2d heat, 1m. 3s.

After which there were several Pony races, which afforded much amusement to the spectators.

FOURTH DAY, *Monday, November 29.*

1ST RACE.—A Handicap for all Horses one mile. Heats 10 G. M. from the fund and 2 G. M. Entrance.

The Confederates'	g. a. h.	<i>Cyclops</i> ,	10st. 3lbs.	Mr Smith	1	2	2
Mr Sneyd's	b. a. h.	<i>Boots</i> ,	9st. 10lbs.	Mr Bruce	2	1	2

This was as pretty a Race as was ever run. The Bay made the running and was never headed until half way up the distance, when the Grey collared him, and won by half a length.

2d Heat.—Both horses went together until they reached the half mile, when the little Bay suddenly darted ahead several lengths and was never again touched, though the Grey made a tremendous struggle for it up the distance. The Bay won this heat by about two lengths hard held in 2m. 4s.

3d Heat.—Was a dead one and a more beautiful Race throughout could not have been; you might have covered the horses the whole way with a sheet.

4th Heat.—The little horse made the running and won hard held by a couple of lengths.

2<sup>D</sup> RACE.—A Handicap for all Horses  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, 10 G. M. from the fund and 2 G. M. Entrance.

Mr A — g. c. m. *Maggie*, 11st. 0lb. Buckle 1 1  
 Mr J — c. c. h. *Van Tromp*, 10st. 5lbs. Boy 2 dr.  
*Maggie* had it all her own way.

Time,—59s.

LAHORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, Friday, December 4, 1847.

1<sup>ST</sup> RACE.—Lahore Derby of 500 Rs., and 5 G. M. Entrance. 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles 9st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders.

Mr Davidge's g. a. h. *Tancred*, .. .. 1  
 Mr Thomson's g. a. h. *Nonsuch*, .. .. 2  
 The Confederates' b. a. h. *Cardinal*, .. .. 3  
 Mr Frank's b. a. h. *Grab*, .. ..  
 Mr G. Thomson's b. a. h. *Glendower*, .. not placed.  
 Mr Radford's b. a. h. *Mahmoud*, .. ..  
 Mr Rawlins' b. a. h. *Ibrahim*, .. .. did not start.

*Grab* took up the running from the post, and led for upwards of  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, but gave way at the mile post, when *Tancred*, *Nonsuch* and *Cardinal* took up the running, *Tancred* winning easily.

Time,—1st mile, 2m. 3s.—3m. 6s.

2<sup>D</sup> RACE.—Purse of 15 G. M. and 3 Entrance for all Country-bred horses, 9st. 7lbs. 1 mile heats.

Captain Loser's c. mare .. *My Old Friend*, .. 1 1  
 The Confederates' c. mare .. *Marchioness*, .. 2 2  
*My Old Friend* won both heats easily.

Time,—1st heat, 57m. 2m. 5s.—2nd heat, 1m. 3s. 2m. 7s.

3<sup>D</sup> RACE.—Purse of 100 Rs. for all Hacks, 11st. Half a mile. Entrance 25 Rs. \*The winner to be sold for 500 Rs.

Mr Williams' c. a. h. *Rattler*, .. .. 1  
 Mr Rawlin's mare *Cascade*, .. .. 2 dr.

The mare got a bad start, losing 50 yards, and was beaten easily.

Time,—1m. 5s.

SECOND DAY, Monday, December 7.

1<sup>ST</sup> RACE.—Maharajah's Cup of 500 Rs. for all Horses. Entrance 100 Rs. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Winner of the Derby 5lbs. extra. Heats R. C. (1  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles and 59 yards.)

Mr Davidge's g. a. h. *Tancred*, 10st. 0lb. .. 1 1  
 Mr North's b. a. h. *Holocaust*, 10st. 0lb. .. 4  
 Mr Rapid's b. a. h. *Gauntlet*, 10st. 0lb. .. 2  
 Mr Freak's b. a. h. *Grab*, 9st. 9lbs. .. 3 dr.

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*Holocaust failed at 1/4 mile  
 caught in same*

The Grey made play from the post and won very easily the 1st heat and rather easily the 2d. A cross claimed but not established.

Time,—2m. 38s.—2m. 38s.

2D RACE.—Purse of 15 G. M. and 3 Entrance for all Galloways, 1 mile heats 9st. 7lbs. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs.

Mr Thomson's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Nonsuch</i> ,	9st.	0lb.	4	3	1	1
The Confederates'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Pam</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.	3	1	2	2
Mr Roberts'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Ganymede</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.	1	2	3	3
Mr Rawlins'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Barrister</i> ,	9st.	0lb.	2	4	4	0

1st Heat.—*Ganymede* went away and won easily.

2d Heat.—*Ganymede* led, but was caught at the distance and beaten by *Pam* with difficulty.

3d Heat.—*Ganymede* again led, followed by *Nonsuch*, *Pam* lying too far behind—he however caught his Horses at the distance, but was beaten by *Nonsuch* with great difficulty after one of the finest races ever seen.

4th Heat.—5 to 4 on *Nonsuch*—who made the running and was nearly caught at the distance by *Pam*, but ended an easy winner.

Time,—59s., 2m. 3½s.;—58½s., 2m. 0s.;—1m. 1s., 2m. 2s.;—1m. 2s., 2m. 5s.

3D RACE.—Charger Stakes of 2 G. M. each, with 8 added, 11st. 1 mile.

Capt. Loser's c. mare *Our Old Friend*, (admitted by mutual consent) 1

Mr Roberts' b. a. h. *Prize Fighter*, .. .. 2

Mr Hotham's c. a. h. *Rein Deer*, .. .. 3

The mare won this race with the greatest ease, so much for "letting her in by mutual consent."

Time,—59s., 2m. 3½s.

### THIRD DAY, Wednesday, December 9.

1st RACE.—Lahore Great Welter of 30 G. M. and 5 entrance, H. F. Arabs 11st., maidens allowed 5lbs. 2 miles.

Mr Davidge's g. a. h. *Tancred*, .. 10st. 9lbs. .. 1

Mr Rapi's b. a. h. *Gauntlet*, .. 11st. 9lbs. .. 2

Four Horses paid forfeit.

*Tancred* had this race all his own way.

Time,—1m. 0s.;—2m. 6s.;—3m. 9s.;—4m. 12s.

2D RACE.—The Give and Take of 15 G. M. and 3 entrance, 1 mile heats.

The Confederates' g. a. h. *Pam*, 8st. 7lbs. .. 1 1

Mr Frank's g. a. h. *Quarter Master*, 8st. 10lbs. .. 2 2

*Quarter Master* led in both heats, but was passed by *Pam* at the quarter mile from home and beaten easily.

Time,—2m. 2s.;—2m. 3s.

3D RACE.—Ponies ½ mile heats, catch weights.

Mr Joseph's .. *Rob Roy*, .. *Master Tudor*, .. 1 1

Mr Davidge's .. *Jessy*, .. *Boy*, .. 2 2



FOURTH DAY, *Friday, December 11.*

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, with 15 added, for Maiden Arabs,  
—8st. 7lb. each. Winners to carry extra. 1 mile heats.

Mr Davidge's	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Tancred</i> ,	9st.	3lbs.	..	1	1
The Confederates'	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Cardinal</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	..	2	2
Mr Thomson's	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Nonsuch</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	..	3	3

*Tancred* won both heats with apparent ease.

Time,—1st heat, 2m.; 2nd heat, 1m. 58s.

2D RACE.—The Consolation Stakes of 15 G. M., with 3 entrance. 1 mile heats.

Captain Loser's	c.	mare	..	<i>Our Old Friend</i> ,	9st.	4lbs.	..	1	1	
Mr G. Thomson's	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Glendower</i> ,	9st.	4lbs.	..	2	2
The Confederates'	c.	mare	..	<i>Marchioness</i> ,	7st.	12lbs.	..	3	dr.	

*Our Old Friend* had it all her own way. The *Marchioness* having taken a preliminary gallop with *Glendower* in a false start lost all chance if she ever had any.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 4s.; 2nd heat, 2m. 7s.

3D RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of 15 G. M., with 5 entrance. 1½ mile heats. Handicap.

The Confederates'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Pam</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	..	1	1
Mr Rapid's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Gauntlet</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.	..	2	2
Captain Loser's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Clarion</i> ,	9st.	4lbs.	..	3	3

The first heat *Clarion* and *Gauntlet* made play, but little *Pam*, as is his wont, collared them at the ¼ mile from home and beat them easily.

Second heat they tried different tactics, but with no better success; for making a slow race of it for the first mile they found *Pam* too quick for them at the finish —for he ran the last ¼ mile in 5s.

Time,—1st heat, ½ mile, 1m.; 1 mile, 2m. 4s.; 1½ mile, 3m. 5s.

[2nd heat, ½ mile, 1m. 8s.; 1 mile, 2m. 16s.; 1½ mile, 3m. 13s.]

FIFTH DAY, *Monday, December 14.*

1ST RACE.—Winners' Handicap of 10 G. M., with 5 entrance. ½ mile.

Mr Rapid's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Gauntlet</i> ,	9st.	12lbs.	..	1
The Confederates'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Pam</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.	..	2
Captain Loser's	c.	mare		<i>Our Old Friend</i> ,	9st.	12lbs.	..	3
Mr Davidge's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Tancred</i> ,	10st.	12lbs.	paid	forfeit.

*Gauntlet* made all the running and was never caught, winning by many lengths.

Time,—3m. 8s.

2D RACE.—Losers' Handicap of 10 G. M., with 5 entrance. Mile heats.

Mr Robert's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Ganymede</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	..	1	1
The Confederates'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cardinal</i> ,	9st.	0lb.	..	2	2
Mr Thomson's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Glendower</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	..	3	dr.
Mr Rawlins'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Prize Fighter</i> ,	9st.	0lbs.	..	Distanced.	

*Ganymede* won both heats rather easily.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 1s.;—2nd heat, 2m. 1s.

Both handicaps were considered a failure.

## STEEPLE CHASE.

c. n. s. w. gelding	<i>Kangaroo</i> , ..	..	..	1
g. a. h.	<i>Maharajah</i> , ..	..	..	2
c. mare.	<i>Marchioness</i> ,	..	..	3

It was impossible to see this Steeple Chase for the immense crowd, and therefore I cannot describe it further than that *Marchioness* got a great start, through the other horses refusing the 1st jump, and notwithstanding came in last, and further that there seems to have been no falls, since the jackets came in as unstained as they went out.

The Sowars' Race was won by a mare of Major Wheler's regiment in good style, and there was a grand crush in the Seik Race, *Ramsing* winning easy.

## MHOW RACES.

FIRST DAY, Saturday, December 4, 1847.

1ST RACE.—A Race for all Arab Horses that have never started previous to the 16th October 1847. Weight for age; Rs. 300 from the fund added to a Sweepstakes of 150 Rs. each; distance 1½ mile; to close 1st November 1847, Rs. 50 forfeit if declared by 1st December 1847. Two subscribers or no race.

Mr McGiveron's	g. a. h.	<i>Lavender</i> , ..	..	McGiveron	1
Capt. Beatson's	b. a. c.	<i>Cossack</i> , 7st.	4lbs.	G. Taylor	2
Capt. Dellascelle's	g. a. h.	<i>Mavourneen</i> , 8st.	4lbs.	The Squire	3
Capt. Montgomery's	g. a. h.	<i>Stroke Oar</i> , 8st.	13lbs.	Native	4
Time,—1st half mile 57½s.;—2d 1m.;—3d 1m. 2s.—Total 2m. 59½s.					

In the above race the owner of *Cossack* declared 10lbs. over weight. *Lavender* went off at score and soon headed the other horses; he was closely followed by *Cossack*, who tried in vain to collar him in the run in, and he came in a winner by two lengths, *Cossack* a good second, the others no where. Had not *Cossack* made several attempts to bolt during the race, the result might have been different, as it was the winner was pretty severely punished.

2D RACE.—Give and Take; Rs 300 from the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 each, for all Arabs 14 hands 9st. 1½ mile heats.

Mr Davidge's	g. a. h.	<i>Reality</i> , 9st.	0lb.	0oz.	Mr Chiffney	1	1	
Capt. Beatson's	c. a. h.	<i>S.</i>	9st.	8lbs.	12ozs.	G. Taylor	2	2
„	Montgomery's	g. a. h.	<i>Lottery</i> , 10st.	3lbs.	3ozs.	Capt. Montgomery	3	3

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 4s.;—2d heat, 3m. 6½s.

1st Heat.—*S.* off with the lead closely followed by *Lottery*, *Reality* lying about three or four lengths behind; they ran in this order to the ½ mile, when *Reality* began to close up, collared the leading horse and raced with him to near the distance post when he came away and won hard held.

2nd Heat.—Repetition of the former, *Reality* coming in an easy winner by two or three lengths.

3D RACE.—Pony Plate of Rs. 75 from the fund, and 15 Rs. entrance, for all ponies, 13 hands and under catch weights, heats ½ mile.

Mr Davidge's	b. pony	<i>Tomandar</i> ,	8st. 3lbs. 8ozs.		
Mr Chiffney,	..	..	..	..	1 1
Mr Burdwan's	e. pony	<i>Magnie</i> ,	7st. 4lbs. 0oz.		
McGiverons,	..	..	..	..	2 2
Mr Chiffney's	b. c. b. h.	<i>The Swiss Giantess</i> ,	5st. 4lbs. 0oz.		
Davedeen,	..	..	..	..	3 3

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 5s.;—2d heat, 1m. 4s.

1st Heat.—A hollow thing for the *Tomandar*, who started with the lead, was never headed and won in a canter.

2d Heat.—*Tomandar* restive and lost about two lengths at starting which he soon recovered and won easy.

SECOND DAY, Monday, December 6.

1ST RACE.—A Sweepstakes of Rs. 200 each with Rs. 400 from the fund for all Arab horses that have never started prior to the 15th October 1847 for purse, match, plate, or sweepstakes; 2 mile heats; 8st. 7lbs.; to be closed on the 1st November 1847. The winner of the maiden to carry 7lbs. extra; horses to be named the day before the meeting, half forfeit if declared on or before the 1st December 1847. Two subscribers or no race.

Mr Davidge's	g. a. h.	<i>Reality</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Mr Chiffney	1 1
Capt. Beatson's	b. a. h.	<i>Cossack</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	G. Taylor	2 2
Mr Burdwan's	b. a. h.	<i>Redhazard</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Shanley	3 3
Mr McGiveron's	g. a. h.	<i>Exile</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	McGivcron	4 bt.

Time,—1st heat, 4m. 7s.; 2d heat, 4m. 20s.

*Cossack* went off with the lead, which he carried on past the stand and round the first corner, when *Redhazard* ran up to him, the two greys lying about four or five lengths behind; in this order they ran to the 3 mile post, when the greys closed up, all four horses rattling into the straight running together, *Reality* and *Cossack* a little in advance, which place they maintained until half way up the distance, when *Reality* came away winning by a length, *Redhazard* on *Cossack's* quarter.

2d Heat.—*Exile* jumped off with the lead at a good pace, the other horses lying about five lengths behind. They went in this order to the mile post, when on the other horses drawing on him he bolted off the Course: a good race home ensued, *Reality* being again the winner, *Redhazard* a capital second.

2D RACE.—The Little Welter of Rs. 250 from the fund and 75 Rs. each subscription for all horses, Arabs 10st. 7lbs., English, Cape, Stud and Country-bred, as in Calcutta; half mile race. Maidens of the season allowed 7lbs. G. R.

Mr Burdwan's	c. a. h.	<i>Ruin</i> ,	..	Owner	1
Capt. Montgomery's	w. a. h.	<i>The Pearl</i> ,	..	Capt. Montgomery	2

Time,—3m. 9½s.

*Ruin* was never headed, winning after a well contested race by a length.

3D RACE.—The Charger Stakes of Rs. 150 from the fund and 32 Rs. each subscription for all horses *bond fide* chargers and ridden during the season on parade. Arabs 10st. 7lbs., Cape, Stud or Country-bred 11st., English horses 12st.; heats half a mile, G. R.

Not run.

THIRD DAY, Wednesday, December 8, 1847.

1ST RACE.—Holkar's Cup value 1,000 Rs. Entrance 100 Rs. P. P. for all horses, Calcutta weight for age; heats round the Course; English horses to carry

2st. extra. Capes, Wales, Country or Stud-bred 1st. 7lbs. extra, winners once 5lbs. extra, twice 8lbs., thrice or more 12lbs., extra; to close on the 1st Nov. 1847, and to name to Secretary by 2 p. m. day before meeting, three horses from separate stables to start or cup withheld, horses to be aged as on Calcutta Course.

Mr Davidge's	g. a. h. <i>Reality</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Mr Chiffney	1 1
Mr Burdwan's	b. a. h. <i>Redhazard</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	The Squire	2 2
Captain Dellascelle's	g. a. h. <i>Mavourneen</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	McGiverons	3 dr.
„	Montgomery's g. a. h. <i>Lottery</i> ,	10st. 3lbs.	Capt. Montgomery	4 dr.
„	Beatson's b. a. c. <i>Cossack</i> ,	0st. 0lb.	..	dr.
Mr McGiveron's	g. a. h. <i>Exile</i> ,	0st. 0lb.	..	dr.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 14s.; 2d heat, 3m. 6s.

1st Heat.—*Redhazard* made the running at a moderate pace to the mile from which all four horses ran in a cluster to the distance, when *Reality* and *Redhazard* came away and rated it from the distance; twenty yards from home, *Reality's* rider let go his horse, winning cleverly by a head and neck, *Lottery* and *Mavourneen* no where.

2d Heat.—*Lottery* and *Mavourneen* drawn; *Reality* and *Redhazard* appeared to contest the heat: both horses off together, *Redhazard* slightly in advance, which position he kept to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from home, when *Reality* came up, raced with him to the distance, defeated him, and went in an easy winner by three or four lengths; time excellent, the one and half mile being done in 3m. 1s., in second heat *Redhazard* was ridden by McGiveron.

2D RACE.—A Purse of Rs. 300 from the fund and 150 Rs. each subscription for all Arabs that have never won, weight for age, distance 2 miles.

Mr Burdwan's	g. a. h. <i>Kangaroo</i> ,	* 8st. 13lbs.	Shanly	1
Mr Davidge's Capt. Montgomery	g. a. h. <i>Stroke Oar</i> ,	8st. 13lbs.	Mr Chiffney	2

\* Late *Nebuchadnezzar*.

*Kangaroo* took the lead at starting, increased his advantage as he went on, coming in a winner by about ten lengths.

3D RACE.—The Hack Stakes of Rs. 100 from the fund and Rs. 20 each subscription for all horses. Arabs to carry 10st. 7lbs., Cape, Stud, and Country-bred 11st. English horses 12st. G. R. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, the winner to be sold for Rs. 400 if claimed within half an hour, giving priority of claim to horses coming in.

Mr Taylor's	b. s. b. g. <i>Mathematician</i> ,	10st. 11lbs.	..	1 1
Mr Thomas'	b. c. b. m. <i>Mary</i> ,	10st. 11lbs.	..	4 2
Mr Chiffney's	g. a. h. <i>Cruiskeen</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	..	3 dr.
Mr Naher's	b. a. h. <i>Paunch</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	..	2 3

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 35s.;—2d heat, 1m. 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Both heats won easy by *Mathematician*.

#### FOURTH DAY, <sup>o</sup>Friday, December 10.

1ST RACE.—The Indore Purse 500 Rs. for all Arabs carrying 9st. round the Course and a distance. Entrance 50 Rs. Maidens of the season allowed 7lbs. To close 15th November 1847 and name the day before meeting; two horses to start from separate stables; horses to be aged as on Calcutta Course.

Mr Davidge's	g. a. h. <i>Reality</i> ,	..	Mr Chiffney	1
Capt. Dallascelle's	g. a. h. <i>Mavourneen</i> ,	..	McGiverons	2
Capt. Montgomery's	g. a. h. <i>Lottery</i> ,	..	G. Taylor	3

Capt. Beatson's c. a. h. *S.*  
 Capt. Montgomery's w. a. h. *The Pearl*,  
 Mr McGiveron's g. a. h. *Exile*,  
 Mr Burdwan's b. a. h. *Redhazard*.

Time,—3m. 33s.

For this Race *Reality*, *Lottery* and *Mavourneen* appeared, the others drawn. *Reality* took the lead, was never headed and won in a canter by four lengths.

2D RACE.—Mhow Purse of Rs. 500 added to a sweepstakes of Rs. 100 each, for all Arab Horses, weight for age, mile heats.

Capt. Montgomery's	w.	a.	h.	<i>The Pearl</i> ,	8st.	13lbs.	G. Taylor	1	1
Mr Burdwan's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	8st.	13lbs.	The Squire	2	2
Mr McGiveron's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Lavender</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.	McGiveron	3	3

Time,—1st heat 2m. ; 2d heat 2m.

At the Ordinary the night before the race *Lavender*, the winner of the first maiden race, was the favorite at long odds ; whilst *Pearl* had not a single backer, any odds being offered against him but no takers.

1st Heat.—*Kangaroo* off with the lead, *Lavender* sticking to him, with *Pearl* five or six lengths in the rear, they ran in this order past the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile post, when *Pearl* drew on his horses, reached them at the quarter mile from home, there and then beat them, and won, not without strong punishment, by three lengths.

2d Heat.—Race much the same as the first, at the finish : *Lavender*, beautifully ridden by McGiveron, (a most promising Jockey) was never able to reach the winner, who won the heat as he did before ; all three horses at the whip.

3RD RACE.—Great Welter Stakes of Rs. 300 from the fund for all Horses, Arabs 11st 7lb. English, Cape, Stud and Country-bred as at Calcutta ; entrance 75 Rs. Maidens of the season allowed 7lb. G. R.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race.

Not run.

FIFTH DAY, Monday, December 13.

1ST RACE.—The Jowrah Nawab's Purse 400 Rs. for all Arabs added to a Sweepstakes of 50 Rupees each 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winners at previous meeting to carry for once 5lbs., twice 8lbs., thrice or more 12lbs. Mile heats, three horses to be entered or no race, to close and name the day before the race.

Mr Davidge's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Reality</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	Mr Chiffney	1	1
Mr McGiveron's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Lavender</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	McGiveron	2	3
Capt. Montgomery's	w.	a.	h.	<i>The Pearl</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	G. Taylor	3	3
Mr Burdwan's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	Shanly	4	4 dr.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 57s. ;—2d heat, 1m, 59s. ;—3d heat, 2m.  $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

This was decidedly the best race of the meeting.

1st Heat.—*Lavender* and *Kangaroo* off with the lead, the others in close attendance ; they ran in this order to the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, when *Reality* began to close up, passed *Kangaroo*, caught *Lavender* at the distance, when a splendid race home, ensued, *Reality* winning by a head.

2d Heat.—*Lavender* off at score, *Reality* lying about three lengths behind, where he remained till about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile from home ; he then ran up to the leading horse, when one of the finest struggles ever seen on the Mhow Course took place and ended, leaving every one in doubt which was first,—the judge pronouncing it a dead heat.

3d Heat.—*Reality* took the lead at starting and kept it throughout, winning by a couple of lengths, *Pearl* taking the second place after the finish. This race is pending a reference to the Calcutta Turf Club, Mr Chiffney having, with the permis-

sion of the weighing steward, carried in the 3rd heat 8st. 7lbs., whereas in the former heats he had declared 2lb. over weight.\*

2D RACE.—A Hurdle Race Rs. 150 from the fund with 20 Rs. Entrance. 1 mile; six leaps 3 feet 6 inch, weight 10st. 7lbs. G. R.

Mr Burdwan's	g. a. h.	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	..	..	1
Mr Taylor's	b. c. b. h.	<i>Mathematician</i> ,	..	..	distanced.
Mr Thomas'	b. c. b. m.	<i>Mary</i> ,	..	..	distanced.

*Kangaroo* took the lead, refused the 1st hurdle and baulked both the other horses who were close behind him; they fell and threw their riders, and *Kangaroo* had the field to himself.

#### SIXTH DAY, Wednesday, December 15.

1ST RACE.—A forced Handicap for all winners, Rs. 300 from the fund, a 2 mile race, winner of one race during the Meeting, 4 Gold Mohurs entrance and an extra G. M. for each race won during the meeting; optional to winners of public money under Rupees 250 and to losers.

Mr Davidge's	g. a. h.	<i>Reality</i> ,	9st. 9lbs.	7 G. M.	Mr Chiffney,	1
Capt. Montgomery's	w. a. h.	<i>Pearl</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	4 G. M.	G. Taylor	2
Mr McGiveron's	g. a. h.	<i>Lavender</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	4 G. M.	McGiveron	3
Mr Burdwan's	g. a. h.	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	4 G. M.(a)	Squire	4
„	c. a. h.	<i>Ruin</i> ,	0st. 0lb.	4 G. M.	..	dr.

(a) 5lbs. over weight.

Time,—4m. 6½s.

The handicap gave general satisfaction, *Reality* being if any thing the favourite from his well known lasting qualities. *Kangaroo* took the lead, the others well up, when they passed the Stand. *Lavender* and *Kangaroo* were abreast and the other two four lengths behind; in this manner they ran round the 1st Corner when *Reality* passed *Kangaroo* and ran with *Lavender* to the ½ mile, when *Pearl* suddenly made a rush to the front and a good race between him and *Reality* ensued, the latter winning by a head and neck.

2D RACE.—Beaten Plate of Rs. 200 from the fund and 50 Rs. each subscription for the beaten horses of the meeting; heats 1½ mile.

Capt. Dallascelle's	g. a. h.	<i>Mavourneen</i> ,	8st. 11b.	McGiveron	1
Capt. Montgomery's	g. a. h.	<i>Stroke Oar</i> ,	a feather,	Kulloo Native	2

Time,—3m. 12½s.

Both horses off in a canter for the first ¼ of a mile, after which the pace improved: between the ¼ and ½ mile post *Stroke Oar* took the inside place, kept the lead till within a few yards of the post, when *Mavourneen's* Jockey made a splendid rush, a dead heat being the result. On coming to the scales McGiveron claimed a cross against *Stroke Oar's* Jockey, which was given in his favor by the Steward and *Stroke Oar* was distanced.

3RD RACE.—The Consolation Stakes of Rupees 200 from the fund and Rs. 30 entrance, mile heats. The horses to be sold for Rs. 350 to carry 9st. 7lbs. 400 Rs. to carry 10st. 500 Rs. to carry 10st. 7lbs. and 600 Rs. to carry 11st.

Mr Taylor's b. c. h. *Mathematician*, 9st. 7lbs. Mr Chiffney walked over.

\* Decided in his favour.—A. E.

MOZUFFERPOOR RACES.

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R. C. 1½ mile less 46 yards.

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FIRST DAY, *Saturday, December 11, 1847.*

1ST RACE.—The Mozufferpoor Derby Stakes, 10 G. M. each. H. F., with 30 G. M. added from the Fund for maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. 1½ mile. Winners once before the day of race 5lbs., twice and oftener 7lbs. extra. To close and name the 15th October.

Mr Cunyngham names	g.	a.	h.	Euclid,	..	Walked over.
Mr DeVaux	do	b.	a.	Sultan,	..	Paid forfeit.
Mr Cunyngham	do	g.	a.	Mango,	..	Paid forfeit.
Mr Thomas	do	g.	a.	Rasselas,	..	Do. do.

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2D RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all maiden N. S. W. horses. Weight for age, Calcutta Standard R. C. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. To close on the 15th October.

Mr Cunyngham names bk. n.s.w. g. *Black Hawk*,

Mr Hamilton declares forfeit.

*Black Hawk* walked over.

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3D RACE.—A Purse of 30 G. M. from the Fund for all horses. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. Two miles 8st. 7lbs. each. To close on the 15th October. Winners once 7lbs., twice and oftener 10lbs. extra.

Mr Cunyngham's b. cape h. *Here-I-go*.

Mr DeVaux declares forfeit.

Mr Thomas do. do.

*Here-I-go* walker over.

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4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each for all Arabs. One mile. 8st. 7lbs. each. To close on the 15th October.

No entry.

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*Extra Race.*

A Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each with 20 added from the fund for all Arabs and Country-bred horses, 8st. 7lbs. each. Horses that have started in 1846 and not won allowed 3lbs. Horses that have started in 1846 and won to carry 5lbs. extra, Maidens allowed 3lbs. To close and name by 2 o'clock on Friday, the 10th instant, R. C.

Mr Hamilton names	b.	a.	g.	Devil-to-Pay,*	8st. 9lbs.	.. 1
Mr Namreh's	b.	cb.	m.	Miss Manilla,	8st. 11b.	.. 2
Mr D'Arcy's	b.	a.	g.	Pilgrim,	8st. 11b.	.. 3
Mr Cunyngham's	g.	a.	h.	Euclid,	8st. 4lbs.	.. 4

*Devil-to-Pay* took the lead and won with ease, much to the disgust of *Miss Manilla's* owner, who backed her freely against the field. *Pilgrim* also had his admirers, but the way in which he ran, proved him to be short of work.

Time,—3m. 1s.

## SECOND DAY, Tuesday, December 14.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 25 G. M. for maiden C.-breds. 1½ mile. Byculla weight for age. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. To close on the 15th October, 1847. Winners at Soncpor 5lbs. extra.

Mr Hamilton names	g. f.	<i>Lady Grey,</i>	..	..	1
Mr Namreh's	b. f.	<i>Crabs,</i>	..	..	2

Great things were expected of these fillies, from the confidence displayed by their owners, who had brought the power of their blood stock to the acme of training perfection (six months' hard galloping) but the result proved anything but satisfactory (to all but the owner of *Lady Grey*): both went off at score at *Keranchy* pace and came in a dead heat.

Time,—1st. ¼ 36s.—½ mile, 1m. 13s.—¾ mile. 1m. 51s.—1 mile, 2m. 30s.—1½ mile, 3m. 10s.

2D RACE.—A Purse for all horses. 20 G. M. from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 9st. R. C.

Mr Cunyningham's	b. cape h. *	<i>Here-I-go, &amp;c.</i>	10st. 8lbs. 12oz.	1
Mr Hamilton names	b. a. g.	<i>Devil-to-Pay,</i>	9st. 5lbs. 12oz.	
Mr D'Arcy's	b. a. g.	<i>Pilgrim,</i>	8st. 12lbs. 12oz.	

*Devil* took the lead. *Here-I-go* in the rear to the ½ mile post, where he went up and passed them with ease.

Time,—3m.

3D RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each for all horses. 8st. 7lbs. each. 1½ mile. To close on the 15th October.

Mr Cunyningham's	b. c.p. h.	<i>Here-I-go.</i>	
Mr De Vaux	..	..	forfeit.
Mr Thomas	..	..	do.

## An Extra Race got up for Sport.

A Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. extra P. P. with 8 added by the Fund for all horses to be handicapped by the Stewards, none under 10st. ½ mile.

Mr Cunyningham's	g. a. h.	<i>Euclid,</i>	10st. 5lbs. ..	1
Mr O'Toole's	b. g. m.	<i>Madge Wildfire,</i>	12st. 0lb. ..	
Peter Pedlar's	c. n.s.w. h.	<i>Sir Bertram,</i>	10st. 7lbs. ..	
Mr Fortescue's	g. a. h.	<i>Marmion,</i>	10st. 0lb. ..	
Mr Nutcut's	b. a. h.	<i>Tom Boy,</i>	10st. 3lbs. ..	
The Baron's	g. a. g.	<i>Phosphorus,</i>	10st. 7lbs. ..	

At the start the owner of *Phosphorus* was in such a nervous state of excitement that he bounded off before the start was given. The horses were recalled, but in his dream of being collared at the distance, the owner of *Phosphorus* whipped and spurred, and much to his disgust found that the Race was to be run for again.

This time the horses were all in a good line. A beautiful start. *Euclid* with the lead—*Madge* waiting on his quarters to the distance where a hustle commenced, the mare went ahead, but age and want of galloping told upon her, and *Euclid* won the Race by a good length in 57s.



THIRD DAY, Thursday, December 16.

1ST RACE.—The Durbungah Rajah's Cup for all horses. R. C. heats. Entrance 5 G. M. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock on Wednesday the 15th. Horses not standing the handicap to pay 3 G. M.

Mr Cunyngnam's	b.	c.	h.	<i>Here-I-go,</i>	..	11st.	0lb.
„	bk.	n.s.w.	g.	<i>Black Hawk,</i>	..	10st.	0lb.
„		g.	a.	<i>Euclid,</i>	..	8st.	11b.
„	names	b.	n.s.w.	<i>Nimrod,</i>	..	9st.	0lb.
Mr D'Arcy's		b.	a.	<i>Pilgrim,</i>	..	7st.	12lbs.
Mr Hamilton	names	b.	a.	<i>Devil-to-Pay,</i>	..	8st.	11lbs.

*Devil-to-Pay* went away with the lead, *Pilgrim* close at hand, and *Here-I-go* well in the rear : in this way the race was run to the last turn home when Barnes indulged *Here-I-go* by letting him into a gallop and won the race hard held and with ease in 2m. 58s. the 1st heat.

2d heat,—2m. 59s.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 200 Rs. from the Fund for all horses that have never won more than 25 G. M. public money. Heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Gentlemen riders. 11st. 7lbs. Entrance 3 G. M.

Mr Cunyngnam's	..	..	<i>Euclid,</i>	...	..	1
Mr Mortlock's	..	..	<i>Nimrod,</i>	..	..	2

*Euclid* popped off with the lead, and won easily by three lengths.

Time,—59s.

3D RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for all Arabs. 2 miles. 8st. 7lbs. each. To close on the 15th October.

(Did not fill.)

FOURTH DAY, Saturday, December 18.

1ST RACE.—The Winners' Handicap, 10 G. M. from the Fund, for which all horses that have won public money must enter. 2 miles. Winners twice to pay 10 G. M. entrance, others 5 G. M. optional to winners of Hacks.

Mr Cunyngnam's	b.	c.	h.	<i>Here-I-go,</i>	12st.	0lb.
Mr Cunyngnam names	b.	n.s.w.	g.	<i>Black Hawk,</i>	9st.	12lbs.
Mr Cunyngnam's		g.	a.	<i>Euclid,</i>	7st.	0lb.
Mr Hamilton's		b.	a.	<i>Devil-to-Pay,</i>	8st.	2lbs.
Ditto Ditto		g.	c.	<i>b. f. Lady Grey,</i>	a feather.	

*Black Hawk* walked over.

2D RACE.—The Beaten Handicap 20 G. M. from the Fund for all horses that started for, and not won public money ; R. C. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F.

Mr Cunyngnam names	b.	n.s.w.	g.	<i>Nimrod,</i>	8st.	12lbs.
Mr Namreh's	b.	c.	b.	<i>m. Manilla,</i>	8st.	7lbs.
Mr D'Arcy's		b.	a.	<i>Pilgrim,</i>	8st.	0lbs.
Mr Adam's		b.	a.	<i>galloway, Tom Boy,</i>	7st.	7lbs.

*Pilgrim* and *Manilla* went away with the lead, the Mare shut up at the  $\frac{3}{4}$  post, *Nimrod* some distance behind now crept up and passed *Pilgrim* at the Stand, winning his race by two lengths in 3 minutes.

**3D RACE.**—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all Country-bred horses purchased at Sonopore Fair in 1847, from native dealers. Weight for age, Byculla Standard. Entrance 3 G. M.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Winner of Fair Stakes at Sonopore to carry 5lbs. extra.

Mr Staunton's	b. c. b. m.	<i>Esmeralda,</i>	8st. 2lbs.	1
Mr Cloud's	b. c. b. m.	<i>Maid of the Isles,</i>	8st. 2lbs.	2

Both heats won easy.

Time,—1m. 37s.

**4TH RACE.**—A Purse of Rs. 100 for all ponies. Weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G. M.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats.

Mr Lang's	.. g. pony	..	<i>Jerry.</i>
Mr Namreh's	.. g. p.	..	<i>Saltpetre.</i>

*Jerry* won easy.

FIFTH DAY, Tuesday, December 20.

**1ST RACE.**—A Purse of 50 G. M. presented by Messrs Bryant and Co. for all horses. R. C. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 5 G. M.

Mr Cunyngham	names	b. n.s.w. g.	<i>Nimrod,</i>	9st. 12lbs.
„	names	b. n.s.w. g.	<i>Black Hawk,</i>	10st. 7lbs.
„	„	g. a. h.	<i>Euclid,</i>	8st. 11lb.
Mr D'Arcy's		b. a. g.	<i>Pilgrim,</i>	7st. 12lbs.
Mr Brown's		bn. cb. m.	<i>Baby Blake,</i>	7st. 5lbs.

*Baby Blake* got a tremendous start before the word was given, however this advantage was allowed her. *Euclid* followed close upon his heels, *Pilgrim* next: in this way they ran up the back of the Course with *Nimrod* in their rear; at the  $\frac{3}{4}$  post, *Baby* shut up, *Euclid* and *Pilgrim* rated it to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in, where the grey shut up—here *Nimrod* collared *Pilgrim* who had lots in him and after a pretty struggle the Waler came in the winner by length in 2m. 59s.

**2D RACE.**—The Cheroot Stakes Rs. 100 from the Fund for all horses. Gentlemen riders. 11st. 7lb. each.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Riders not to dismount till the heats are run out and to bring their cheroots lighted to the scales. Entrance Rs. 32.

Mr Mortlock	b. n.s.w. g.	<i>Sir Bertran,</i>	.. ..	1 3 1
Mr Adam's	b. a. g.	<i>Tom Boy,</i>	.. ..	2 1 2
The Baron's	g. a. h.	<i>Phosphorus,</i>	.. ..	4 2 8
Mr Fortescue's	g. a. h.	<i>Marmion,</i>	.. ..	3 dr.
Mr Mortlock's	b. n.s.w. g.	<i>Nimrod,</i>	.. ..	dr.
Mr O'Toole's	b. e. m.	<i>Madge Wildfire,</i>	.. ..	dr.

A most beautiful Race for each heat.

**3D RACE.**—A Purse of Rs. 100 (for all horses that have been used for harness only,) 11st. each.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. The horses to be driven to the Course and shewn in harness to the Stewards on the morning of the race. Entrance Rs. 32.

Mr Mortlock names b. c.b. h. *Put that in your Pipe and Smoke it,* walked over.

**4TH RACE.**—A Hurdle Race, 15 G. M from the Fund with an entrance of 4 G. M. each. R. C. over 8 hurdles, 4 feet high, 12st. each. Two horses *bona fide* competitors to start or no race.

Mr Mortlock	names	b.y. n.s.w. g.	<i>Nimrod,</i>	..	Owner	1
„	do	b.k. n.s.w. g.	<i>Admiral,</i>	..	Mr Smith.	

Mr Spee	names	g. n.s.w. g.	<i>Gratis</i> ,	..	Mr Cosey.
Mr Nutcut's		g. galloway	<i>Adam</i> ,	..	Owner.
Mr Fergusson's		g. a. h.	<i>Resident</i> ,	..	Mr Fortescue.

*Resident* and *Nimrod* went away with the lead over the two first hurdles, here *Gratis* passed them both hard pressed with a loose rein; he baulked the 3d hurdle, and *Nimrod* would have followed his example by going off the Course before he came to it, but his rider was not to be denied, and by sheer strength made him keep to his line. At the 4th hurdle *Gratis* had a considerable lead, *Nimrod* hard held the 5th hurdle the same, at the 6th and 7th *Gratis* swerved and *Nimrod* took the remaining hurdles at a good gallop, thus shewing himself an out and outer—by winning the Cup in the morning and the Jumping Stakes the same day.

DELHI RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, December 14, 1847.*

1ST RACE.—The Kootub Purse, of 20 G. M. for all maidens, weight for age, the property of Subscribers at Delhi, Rohtuk, Paneeput, Goorgaon and Hansee. Heats R. C. Entrance 5 G. M.

Arabs and C. B.		Cape and N. S. W.		English.	
3 years	8st. 4lbs.	..	8st. 11lbs.	..	9st. 11lbs.
4 ,,	9st. 2lbs.	..	9st. 9lbs.	..	10st. 9lbs.
5 ,,	9st. 9lbs.	..	10st. 2lbs.	..	11st. 2lbs.
6 ,,	10st. 0lb.	..	10st. 7lbs.	..	11st. 7lbs.
Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	<i>Protestant</i> ,	..	1	1
Mr Davy names	b. a. h.	<i>Mural</i> ,	..	2	2
Mr Remington's	b. a. h.	<i>Doongur Sing</i> ,	..	3	3
Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	<i>Sir Harry</i> ,	..	forfeit.	

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 10s.; 2d heat, 3m. 7½s.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 6 G. M. for all horses, that have been regularly driven in harness during the last 6 months, half mile heats, weight 10st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G. M.

Mr Williams'	c. c. h.	<i>Don Antonio</i> ,	..	2	1	1
Mr Lindsay's	g. a. g.	<i>Assistant</i> ,	..	1	2	2
Mr Dick's	g. p. h.	<i>Plenipotentiary</i> ,	..	2	3	0
Mr Davy's	b. c. h.	<i>Ruby</i> ,	..	distanced.		

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 1s.; 2d heat, 1m. 2s.; 3d heat, not taken.

3D RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. 5 forfeit with 20 G. M. added (if funds admit of it) for all horses, English excepted, 9st. Distance 2 miles, Maidens allowed 5lbs. Cape and N. S. W. horses 12lbs. extra: to close 1st October and name the day before the Race. Two horses to start or the purse to be withheld.

Major Mayne names	Mr Newson's	g. a. h.	<i>Protégé</i> ,	1
Mr Fox's	..	g. a. h.	<i>Fusilier</i> ,	2
Mr Brown's	..	b. a. h.	<i>Sir Harry</i> ,	forfeit.

Time,—4m. 6s.

Three horses came to the post for the Kootub Purse. *Protestant* came out apparently lame but won both heats like a trump. The *Freebooter* was evidently short of work and disliking the company of his betters remained behind. The king of Naples, seemed to have eaten too much Macaroni; in the first heat he was like a waiter "*Comin Sir*," but in the second the difference was very apparent, he being fairly ridden.

In the first heat of the Buggies a jostle was established against *Ruby*, by which the *Don* lost his chance and *Assistant* came in an easy winner, but in the 2d and 3d heats size and stride told against the lame little Arab, who however made a very good fight for it.

The sweepstakes was *the race* of the morning as bringing to the post two such good horses, *Protégé* running throughout in beautiful style, though his jockey from the effects of fever was hardly strong enough to hold him, and winning at last with ease.

*Fusilier's* star was not in the ascendant, but he can and will do better.

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SECOND DAY, Thursday, December 16.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 40 G. M. for all Maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. 2 mile heats. Entrance 15 G. M. To close and name 1st Nov. 1817, H. F. the day before the race. Three horses to start or the purse to be withheld.

Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	<i>Sir Harry</i> ,	..	1	1
Mr Higgins'	b. a. h.	<i>Hussar</i> ,	..	2	2
Mr Fox's	b. a. h.	<i>Zephyr</i> ,	..	forfeit.	
"	b. a. h.	<i>Chance</i> ,	..	forfeit.	

Time,—1st heat, 4m. 11½s.; 2d heat, 4m. 43½s.

2D RACE.—A Galloway Purse of 15 G. M. weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 9st. One mile and a quarter heats. Entrance 3 G. M.

Mr Fox's	g. a. g.	<i>Fusileer</i> ,	13 hands 3½ inches	1	2	2
Mr James'	g. a. g.	<i>Revenge</i> ,	13 ,, 3¾ ,,	2	1	1
Mr Brown's	b. a. g.	<i>Protestant</i> ,	14 ,,	3 dr.		

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 19½s.; 2d heat, 2m. 29½s.; 3d heat, 2m. 34s.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 8 G. M. for all hacks, value not exceeding 500 rupees; heats ¾ mile; entrance 2 G. M. The winner to be sold at his valuation if claimed in the usual manner. Horses valued at 500 Rs. to carry 11st.

Mr Williams' c. * c. h.	<i>Don Antonio</i> ,	..	1	1
Mr Higgins' b. cb. m.	<i>Step and Fetch it</i> ,	..	2	2

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 32½s.; 2d heat, 1m. 34s.

The terms of the first Race were altered at the Ordinary, and the two nags *Hussar* and *Sir Harry* allowed to start for it; in the first heat *Sir Harry's* jockey tried to distance his antagonist, but it was no go, and he had to come to the post a second time, when, had he been as viciously inclined, it is not at all improbable he would have succeeded: as it was he contented himself by coming in some twenty or thirty lengths a head.

The Galloway Race has been the best thing hitherto of the meeting. In the 1st heat *Fusilier* won, but not without a severe struggle, *Revenge* pushing him hard. *Protestant* was drawn for the 2d heat, and *Revenge* beat *Fusilier* after a most splendid tussle, on the post by half a length; 3d heat ditto in worse time but more easily.

Two nags came to the post for the Hack Purse, but the mare could not afford to give a stone to the Cape, and was beaten.

THIRD DAY, *Saturday, December 18.*

1ST RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. with 20 G. M. added from the fund for all horses, Welter weight for age. To close and name 1st Nov. 1847. H. F. the day before the Race.

Mr Smith's	b. a. h.	<i>Lounger,</i>	..	..	forfeit.
Mr Remington's	b. a. h.	<i>Doongur Sing,</i>	..	..	forfeit.
Mr Higgin's	b. a. h.	<i>Hussar,</i>	..	..	forfeit.
„	b. a. h.	<i>Aboukir,</i>	..	..	forfeit.
Mr Newson's	g. a. h.	<i>Protégé,</i>	..	..	walked over.
Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	<i>Protestant,</i>	..	..	forfeit.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 15 G. M. Entrance 5 G. M. for Arabs 10st. 7lbs. Heats 1 mile. To close and name 1st December, H. F. the day before the Race, maidens on the day of running allowed 7lbs.

Mr Higgins'	b. a. h.	<i>Aboukir,</i>	..	..	1 1
Mr Newton's	b. a. h.	<i>Sumbcam,</i>	..	..	2 3
Mr Remington's	c. a. g.	<i>Carabinier,</i>	..	..	3 4
Mr James'	g. a. h.	<i>Revenge,</i>	..	..	4 2

Time,—1st heat, 2m.  $\frac{3}{4}$ s. ;—2d heat, 2m.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 6 G. M. for all ponies, weight for inches, 18 hands to carry 9st 7lbs. Heats half mile. Entrance 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  G. M.

Mr James	names	g. p.	<i>The Silent Friend,</i>	..	1	
Mr Pierrepoint	names	Mr Newson's	g. p.	<i>Peter Priggus,</i>	..	2
Mr Diet	names	r. p.	<i>The Industrious Flea,</i>	..	3	

Time,—1st heat, no time taken ; 2d heat, 1m. 4s.

Match for 25 G. M.,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, 10st. each.

Mr Williams'	c. c. h.	<i>Don Antonio,</i>	..	..	1
Mr Higgins'	b. c. b. m.	<i>Step and Fetch it,</i>	..	..	2

Time,— 1m. 29s.

Our third day's races commenced with *Protégé* walking over for the sweepstakes, no horse liking to try his powers against him a heavy weight up.

Next came the all Arabs Purse, for which four nags came to the post, but *Aboukir* was too good for them, and carried off the prize without much difficulty.

The *Silent Friend* was over pony height, but allowed to start by the other owners of horses, and won both heats easily.

The mare *Step and Fetch it*, it was supposed, would win easily with even weights, having been beaten on the post only the day before when she gave the Cape a stone, but after a beautiful race, she was obliged to succumb to the superior powers of *Don Antonio*.

FOURTH DAY, *Tuesday, December 21.*

1ST RACE.—The Delhi Purse of 20 G. M., for all horses weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs. Heats R. C. Entrance 8 G. M. To close and name 1st Nov. 1847. H. F. the day before the Races.

Mr Newson's	g. a. h.	<i>Protégé,</i>	9st. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.	2 dis.
Mr James'	g. a. h.	<i>Revenge,</i>	8st. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.	3 wa. ov.
Mr Fox's	g. a. h.	<i>Fusilier,</i>	8st. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.	1 dis.
Mr Remington's	c. a. g.	<i>Carabinier,</i>	..	forfeit.

Mr Smith's	b. a. h.	<i>Dominie Skelp,</i>	..	forfeit.
Mr Fox's	b. a. h.	<i>Chance,</i>	..	ditto.
„	g. a. h.	<i>Cardinal,</i>	..	ditto.
Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	<i>Sir Harry,</i>	..	ditto.

2D RACE.—The Beaten Purse of 15 G. M. for all beaten horses during the meeting, optional to Galloways and Hacks, &c. One mile heats. Entrance 4 G. M. Horses not starting the Handicap to pay H. F. To be Handicapped by the Stewards.

Mr Lucas'	b. a. h.	<i>Sunbeam,</i>	10st. 7lbs.	
Mr Davy's	b. a. h.	<i>Murat,</i>	9st. 7lbs.	
Mr Remington's	c. a. g.	<i>Carabinier,</i>	..	a feather.
Mr Higgins'	b. a. h.	<i>Hussar,</i>	9st. 0lb.	forfeit.
Mr Remington's	b. a. h.	<i>Doongur Sing,</i>	..	a feather, ft.
Mr Fox's	g. a. h.	<i>Fusilier,</i>	9st. 12lbs.	forfeit.

3D RACE.—A Hurdle Race of 8 G. M. for all horses, Arabs and C. B. to carry 10st. 7lb., Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 4lbs., English 12st. Winners of a hurdle or jumping stakes to carry 7lbs. Extra distance to be settled by the Stewards. Entrance 2 G. M.

Lord Lovell's *H. M. Lady Nancibell,* walked over.

Match for 5 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 13 hands to carry 9st.

Mr Williams' c. f. *Shulah* 8st. 5lbs.

Mr Dick's r. h. *The Industrious Flea,* .. a feather.

Time,—52s.

This day's proceedings were rather slow from various untoward circumstances.

In the first heat of the Delhi Purse *Fusilier* unfortunately took a stride or two inside the Course, and *Protégé*, on being brought to the whip at the straight run in, swerved so much as to impede *Revenge's* progress, and the latter claiming a cross both his antagonists were declared to be distanced, and little *Revenge* had only to canter over for the next heat.

In the "Beaten Purse" *Sunbeam* had it all his own way, winning both heats hard held.

The *Industrious Flea* did display an immense deal of industry, but the stride and size of the mare left him no chance of victory.

The known power and performances of *Lady Nancibell* prevented any from entering the lists with her and she had only to jump over one hurdle for the amusement of the spectators, and with that ended the Delhi Races for this season.

### TITALYA RACES, 1847.

#### FIRST DAY, Monday, December 20.

1ST RACE.—The Titalya Derby of 20 G. M. from the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. For Maiden Arabs 8st. 7lbs., heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. To close on the 1st December and name the day before the meeting.

Mr Return names Mr Macdonald's c. a. h. *Cupid,* walked over.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M. 3 G. M. entrance for all horses, English excepted. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile 10st.

Mr Return's b. a. h. *Quo Warranto,* Mr Watson 1 1

Mr Shylock's b. a. h. *Alchymist,* .. 2 2

*Alchymist's* owner, unable to procure a light weight, was obliged to declare 12lbs. : this coupled to his original non-intention to run the horse at the races, and *Quo's* superior condition leaves little to be said about the two heats which were easily won by *Quo*, running apparently as strong and well as ever.

3D RACE.—Pony Purse of 5 G. M., 2 G. M. Entrance. Half mile heats. Catch weights.

Mr MacDonal	names Mr Return's	g. p.	<i>Go-Ahead</i> ,	Kanto	1
Mr Holdhard	names Mr Dep's	c. p.	<i>Dancer</i> ,	..	dist.

*Dancer* the favorite at the lottery, but possessing a sweet temper of his own preferred the pleasure of his stable opposite the distance post to the glory of the Race Course ; so, true to his name, he stopped short, and commenced a series of capers and pirouettes to the discomfort of his rider ; while *Go-Ahead* made the most of time and ran his best towards the gram bag from which he had been kept unusually late this morning.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday, December 22.

1ST RACE.—The Titalya Welter for all horses, English excepted. 15 G. M from the fund, Entrance 10 G. M. Arabs and Country Breeds 11st., Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 7lbs. Heats R. C. To close the day before the meeting and name the day before the race.

Mr Return's	b. a. h.	<i>Flibbertigibbet</i> ,	..	walked over.
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2D RACE.—Purse of 15 G. M.—10 G. M. Entrance for all Arabs. Calcutta weight for age, heats 2 miles, to close on the 1st December and name the day before the race.

Mr Return's	b. a. h.	<i>Quo Warranto</i> ,	..	walked over.
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3RD RACE.—50 Rs. from the fund, 20 Rs. Entrance for all Ponies. Catch weights  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

Mr Hawkins'	c. p. m.	<i>Peggy</i> ,	Mr Watson	1	1
Mr Donough's	Piebald Pony,	..	..	2	3
Mr —'s	Piebald Pony,	<i>Give him a Name</i> ,	..	3	2

*Peggy* left her competitors a few strides from the post in both heats, notwithstanding the desperate exertions of the other jockeys.

A Match of 3 G. M.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile.

Mr Oscar's	g. a. h.	<i>The Doctor</i> ,	..	Mr Watson	1
Mr Frederick's	b. cb. g.	<i>Saladin</i> ,	..	..	2

The *Doctor* had rather the call in the betting, and justified the confidence of his backers by jumping away with a good start and winning easily in 28 seconds.

THIRD DAY, Friday, December 24.

1ST RACE.—10 G. M. from the fund for all horses purchased at the Titalya Fair— $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. To be handicapped by the Stewards.

Mr Return's	b. c.b. m.	<i>Fleur-de-lis</i> ,	..	Kanto	1	1
Mr Mathew's	b. c.b. m.	<i>Dolla Bella</i> ,	..	..	2	2

In the first heat, there was considerable difficulty in starting the mares, neither of them probably having ever been under saddle before : when they were once off,

however, they went nearly round the Course before they could be pulled up. *Fleur-de-lis* being first at the winning post

At the second heat, as soon as they were half way up the rails, *Fleur-de-lis* made a determined bolt to the rails on the left and cleared them, *Dolla Bella's* saddle turning round almost at the same moment. The native being afraid to get up again, his place was taken by a well-known sportsman of Berhampore, who however was beaten on the post by *Fleur-de-lis*, whose rider had succeeded in getting her into the Course again. Time about 10 minutes.

2ND RACE.—Purse of 5 G. M. from the fund for all horses. Purchased at the Fair. 14 hands and under; 14 hands to carry 10st. 7lbs. R. C. Gentlemen riders. (Did not fill.)

3RD RACE.—8 G. M. from the fund for all Hacks,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. The winner to be sold for 350 Rs. if claimed in the usual manner

Mr Oscar's	g. a. h.	<i>Doctor</i> ,	Mr Watson	1	1
Mr Frederick's	b. cb. g.	<i>Saladin</i> ,	..	2	2
Mr Donough's	g. cb. h.	<i>Adonis</i> ,	..	3	dr.
Shylock names Mr Sam's	g. a. p.	<i>Hansi</i> ,	..	4	dr.

The *Doctor* was backed at evens against the field : in the first heat he went away with the lead, closely followed by *Adonis* at the top of his speed. At the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile post *Saladin* began to creep up, but could not reach the *Doctor* who won hard held by two lengths. In the second heat *Saladin* went away with the lead at a great pace, but was passed at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile by the *Doctor* who cantered in by himself.

#### FOURTH DAY, Monday, December 27.

1ST RACE.—Forced Handicap, 9 G. M. from the fund, 5 G. M. Entrance for all winners, optional to hacks, ponies and horses purchased at the fair, 2 miles.

Mr Return's	b. a. h.	<i>Quo Warranto</i> ,	..	walked over.
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2ND RACE.—Benten Handicap, 10 G. M. from the fund, 5 G. M. Entrance, heats 1 mile. 11. F., for horses not standing the handicap,

Shylock's	b. a. h.	<i>Alchymist</i> ,	..	..	12st.	1
Mr Mathews'	b. ch. m.	<i>Dolla Bella</i> ,	..	..	feather.	dr.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M. given by Mr Villiers, 2 G. M. Entrance. H. F. for all untrained horses, heats R. C. and a distance. To be handicapped by parties named by the donor of the Purse.

Shylock's	b. e. g.	<i>Black Jack</i> ,	12st. 0lb.	Mr Holdhard	1	1
Mr Return names Mr Hawkins' }	c. p. m.	<i>Peggy</i> ,	feather	..	..	2 2
Mr Frederick's	c. cb. g.	<i>Saladin</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	..	..	dist.
Mr Oscar's	g. a. h.	<i>The Doctor</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	..	..	drawn.
Mr Donough's	g. cb. h.	<i>Adonis</i> ,	feather,	..	..	ditto.

The English horse won both heats easy.

4TH RACE.—50 Rs. for all Elephants, 8 Rs. Entrance,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr Frederick names Mr Dep's	<i>Chullan Peyary</i> ,	..	..	1	0
Mr Return's	<i>Chand Peyary</i> ,	..	..	2	0
Mr Matthew names	<i>Hyder Goz</i> ,	..	..	drawn.	



*Chand Peyary* got a start of several lengths, but *Chullan Peyary* the winner of two former races on this Course proved that age had not impaired her speed, caught her adversary at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in, then took the lead and improving the distance at every stride, passed the post an easy winner.

5TH RACE.—A Purse of 18 Rs. to be run for by *Akres*, the first to receive 9 Rs., the second 6 Rs., and the third 3 Rs.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

Meer Khan's	..	<i>Velocipede,</i>	..	..	1
Peer Khan's	..	<i>Quicksilver,</i>	..	..	2 2
Agā Mirza's	..	<i>Lightning,</i>	..	..	3 8

## CALCUTTA RACES.

## FIRST MEETING, 1847-48.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, December 28, 1847.*

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for all horses. Two miles-8st. 7lbs. each. To close and name the 1st of October.

Mr Charles'	br. eng. m.	<i>Morgiana,</i>	..	Joy	1
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet,</i>	..	Hall	2
Mr Charles'	c. n.s.w. h.	<i>Selim,</i>	..	..	dr.

*Minuet* went away from the post, Hall evidently determined to rate it throughout. The mare waited upon him round the Calcutta corner and took the lead from him against his will. The Arab stuck well to his work and closed and went with her to about the goal, at which point the race was over although they came respectably together home, Joy only winning by enough to prevent any doubt about the matter. This was Joy's *debut* on the Calcutta Course.

Time,—28—29—29—28—27—1. 1=R. C. 3-22. Two miles 3m. 49s.

2D RACE.—The Calcutta Derby Stakes for maiden Arabs. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lbs. Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta, subsequently to the 1st of October, 1847, allowed 5lbs.

Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of April, 1847. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of August when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the Fund and an entrance of twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Charles'	g. a. h.	<i>Ishmael,</i>	8st. 12lbs.	Joy	1
Mr Petre's	g. a. h.	<i>Zurbano,</i>	8st. 8lbs.	Baker	2
Mr Green's	g. a. h.	<i>Knight of India,</i>	8st. 8lbs.	G. Barker	3
Mr Bag's	g. a. h.	<i>Cholab Sing,</i>	8st. 12lbs.	Evans	4
Mr Fulton's	b. a. h.	<i>Chancellor,</i>	8st. 3lbs.	Sherburn	5
„	g. a. h.	<i>Remembrancer,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	..	dr.

(Twenty-eight forfeits.)

There never has been so little speculation on any Calcutta Derby as upon the present one, and until last evening at the Turf Club dinner it may fairly be said that there was not a favorite. *Knight of India* had perhaps been most spoken of as the probable winner, but when it came to the lotteries, of which there were two, *Ishmael* took first place by long odds, the figure being more than 2 to 1 in his

favor against the *Knight*, and varying from 6 to 10 to 1 against the other horses! In the second lottery the *Knight* advanced a trifle. There is little to tell of the race, but that it was the slowest Derby we have had, and was won easily. *Zurbano* drew the inside and after one false start, went away making play. *Ishmael* came by the Stand second, the *Knight* third, then *Gholab*, and *Chancellor* last, evidently only going for the weight allowed to beaten horses in subsequent races. The horse has been sick since his arrival from Sonapore and was in no figure to justify his going, except for this purpose. *Zurbano* maintained a great lead for  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile out when *Ishmael* gradually drew up on him and soon after leaving the Gilbert Mile, passed him. *Zurbano*, however, never yielded place beyond this, and while the winner was coming home easily, he and the *Knight* had a determined set-to for second place which the former obtained, being about 5 or 6 lengths behind *Ishmael*.

Time,—28—28—29—30 $\frac{1}{2}$ —30 $\frac{1}{2}$ —31—1-3 = 4 minutes, R. C. 3m. 32s.

3RD RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. The Gilbert mile. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 7lbs. extra. Arabs allowed 7lbs. To close the 1st of December and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	Hall	1
Mr Walker's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cadwallader</i> .	8st. 10lbs.	C. Barker	2
Mr Green names	c.	eng.	m.	<i>Cossack Maid</i> ,*	8st. 11lbs.	G. Barker	3
Mr Williams'	b.	n.s.w.	m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Smirke	4
Mr Pye's	br.	n.s.w.	g.	<i>Brown Jumper</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	Evans	5
Mr Charles'	(did not name.)						

\* Late *Flyaway*.

At the lottery it was declared to win if possible with the *Child*; he ran up to 50 G. M. while the English mare was knocked down at 15—and *Cadwallader* at 10,—the other two at 5 each. The Favourite jumped off, as usual, with the lead and was never touched, though *Cad*, who was looking in fine order, was not to be shaken off and raced every inch of the way. On receiving punishment coming home he swerved, by which he must have lost a trifle; as it was he was beaten by less than a clear length; *Cossack Maid* was a fair third. The Waler mare came in at her leisure and *Brown Jumper* just behind her.

Time,—27—28—27—29=1m. 51s.

#### SECOND DAY, Thursday, December 30.

1ST RACE.—The Colonial Stakes for maiden Cape, Australian, and Country-bred horses. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started in India before the days of naming, allowed 5lbs. Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta, subsequently to the 1st of October, 1847, allowed 5lbs.

Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of April, 1847. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of August, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the Fund and an entrance of Twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Green's	br.	cp.	h.	<i>Richmond</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Evans	1
„	c.	n.s.w.	c.	<i>Bungarabee</i> ,	7st. 13lbs.*	G. Barker	2
Mr Fulton's	c.	n.s.w.	g.	<i>Problem</i> ,	8st. 11lbs.	Sherburne	3

\* Declared 2lbs.

(Nineteen Entrances.)

Mr Green declared to win with *Richmond*. *Problem* took his place between the other two, and the word was no sooner given than he began to show his temper, rushing away to the fence on the near side. The other two horses went away at

their leisure. Sherburne did all that could be done with his brute and got him into running when the others were half a distance away. He ran up to them about the Gilbert Mile and left *Richmond* soon after, *Bungarabee* taking first place and holding it. Still *Problem* went pretty well with him to the two miles' post, where Sherburne called on his horse with the whip,—on which he bucked three times, threw his saddle out of its place, kicked and stopped. *Richmond* came up and was allowed first place in pursuance of declaration.

Time,—3m. 41s.

2ND RACE.—Third year of the Allipore Champaigne Stakes, 50 G. M., 10 ft., if declared the day before the meeting, and H. F. if the day before the race, for all Arabs entitled to run as maidens on the 24th December, 1846. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Maidens on the 1st of October, 1847, allowed 7lbs. To close and name on the 24th of December, 1846. All bets on this race to be P. P. unless otherwise specified.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Hall	1
„	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Smirke	3
Mr Walker's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cadwallader</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	C. Barker	2

(Twenty-four forfeits.)

*Minuet* drew the inside and the *Child* was next. There was one false start and all returned readily. Next time it was all right. *Cad* and the *Child* jumped away together: then the great horse took the lead and the three went to the Gilbert mile with half a length between them. There *Minuet* closed with *Cad* and went stride for stride with him to the half mile, and then gradually dropped till there was daylight between them. This brought *Cad* apparently into stride with the *Child* as they swung round the Sudder corner. At the two mile post Barker was at work and his horse raced honestly home, the *Child* at his best and beating him by a trifle more than a length.

Time,—3m. 22½s.

3D RACE.—The Auckland Stakes of 50 G. M. each. H. F., and only 10 G. M. ft., if declared the day before the meeting; for all horses. 2½ miles. English horses to carry 1½st. extra. To close and name the 1st December.

2 years,	....	....	a feather.
3	„	....	6st. 12lbs.
4	„	....	7st. 12lbs.
5	„	....	8st. 5lbs.
6 and aged,	....	....	8st. 8lbs.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	walked over.
„	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	

(One forfeit.)

4TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for maiden Arabs. The Gilbert mile. 8st. 4lbs. each. To close and name the 1st of October.

Mr Charles'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Ishmael</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	..	walked over.
„	g.	a.	h.	<i>Don Juan</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	..	..

(Six forfeits.)

5TH RACE.—A Match—One mile—between the bk. a. h. *Jackdaw* and g. a. h. *Repulse*, was won by the latter by half a length.

Time,—2m. 3s.

## THIRD DAY, Saturday, January 1, 1848.

1ST RACE.—The Omnibus Stakes, for maiden horses. R. C. and a distance. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 10lbs. extra; the winners of the Derby and the Colonial Stakes to carry 3lbs. extra. Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta, subsequently to the 10th of October, 1847, allowed 3lbs. subsequently to the 10th of November, 7lbs.

10 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of August, 1847. 20 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of October, when the race will close. 50 G. M. from the Fund and an entrance of 20 G. M. for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race. If there are 20 nominations the second horse to save his stake; if 30 nominations the second horse to receive 100 G. M. from the stakes and the third horse to save his stake.

Mr Petre's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Farewell</i> ,	9st.	3lbs.	Joy	1
„	c.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>Bungarabee</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.	Evans	2
Mr Green's	b.	eng.	g.	<i>Ignis Fatuus</i> ,	8st.	11lbs.	G. Barker	3
Mr Fulton's	c.	n.s.w.	g.	<i>Problem</i> ,	8st.	9lbs.	C. Barker	dis.

(Twenty-seven Nominations.)

There was a lottery over-night on this race, at which it was declared to win with *Bungarabee* and this placed him first favourite. He fetched G. M. 29, while *Farewell* stood at 7. *Ignis* was deemed worth 5 and *Problem* commanded G. M. 1,—just fifteen rupees more than he was worth. It was considered and called 'a pot' for the fresh Waler: the result is an illustration of the glorious uncertainty of the Turf, which verily beats that of the law. There was considerable difficulty in managing the start and there was one false one. When they got away the second time *Problem*, who had fortunately been drawn for the outside place, made a rush, sprung bucking into the air four or five times as he did the other day, and putting himself across the course came to a dead stand-still. Charles Barker was upon him, but could not get him beyond the weighing compound and he was there taken off the course. In the mean time *Farewell* was gone away with a lead of some eight or ten lengths, the Englisher second. At the quarter and a distance out the *Waler* took second place and closed a little, and so they ran till the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from home when the big ones were pretty well together, the *Arab* maintaining a clear lead and running gallantly although the pace had been good all the way. The two gradually closed with him and appeared to come into the straight running pretty much in a line. It was here booked as a certainty that both horses would come away from him, but the distance from home decreased and he held his own. At the distance post *Farewell* was running so honestly, and Joy sitting so still that—"its the Arab's race!" was heard from a dozen voices. And so it proved—neither Waler nor Englisher, could get to his head and when they did manage to get half way there, a dozen strides from home, the little horse came out and left them a length and more, passing the post amidst the loudest cheers. This race does not encourage us to look for great sport. *Bungarabee* can hardly be as good as rumour has stated him to be, and as for the Epsom Derby horse, it was quite clear he was not fit to go. As far as appearance went both horses ran a waiting race—yet they could not come home the half mile in 1m. 1s.!

Time,—29—29—28—29—30—1.1=3m. 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. R. C. Distance 14s. Whole time 3m. 40s.

2d RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for all horses. Two miles. 8st. 10lbs. each. English horses to carry 1st. extra. Horses that have been beaten in the 2 miles Sweepstakes for all horses on 1st day, or in the Auckland Stakes, second day, allowed 5lbs.; horses that have been beaten in both those races allowed 9lbs.; maidens of the season allowed 7lbs.; maidens on the day of the race allowed 12lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	..	walker over.
„	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	..	..

(Six Subscriptions.)

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for maiden horses. English excepted.  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile Heats. 9st. each; Arabs allowed 7lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Guarantee</i> ,	9st. 7lbs. Joy	2 <sup>o</sup>	1	1
Mr Green's	c. n.s.w. g.	<i>Nimrod</i> ,	8st. 0lb. G. Barker	1	2	2
Mr Fulton's	c. n.s.w. g.	<i>Problem</i> ,	9st. 0lbs.	..	dr.	

(Three Subscriptions.)

1st Heat.—The Arab led round to the 2 miles' post where the Waler caught him and racing home got the heat by a head and neck, pulling up with symptoms of lameness.

Time,—30—28—28=1m. 26s.

2d Heat—*Nimrod* came out a little lame. At the start *Guarantee* again made the running and won by half a length.

Time,—28—28—28=1m. 24s.

3d Heat.—Ran as before to the distance post, when Barker finding his horse beaten, pulled up.

Time,—29—29—29=1m. 27s.

#### FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, January 4, 1848.

1ST RACE.—Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M., H. F., for maiden Arabs. R. C. heats. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta, subsequently to the 10th of October, 1847, allowed 3lbs., subsequently to the 10th of November, 7lbs. Horses that have beaten in the Calcutta Derby Stakes allowed 5lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

Mr Fitzpatrick's	g. a. h.	<i>Honeysuckle</i> ,	8st. 6lbs. Baker	1	1
Mr Charles'	g. a. h.	<i>Ishmael</i> ,	9st. 3lbs. Joy	2	dr.
Mr Green's	g. a. h.	<i>Knight of India</i> ,	8st. 8lbs. G. Barker	dr.	

(17 Entrances.)

1st Heat.—No race any part of the way. *Honeysuckle* lead from the post, improved his position to ten lengths at least, was never touched, and at the distance post *Ishmael*, who had led the *Knight* by three or four lengths and beaten him at the Gilbert Mile, pulled up.

Time,—30—30—27—29—29—1-0=3m. 25s.

2D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for all horses.  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile. 9st. 7lbs. each. Arabs allowed 1st. To close the day before the First Meeting and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	8st. 7lbs. Hall	1
Mr Green's	b. eng. g.	<i>Ignis Fatuus</i> ,	9st. 7lbs. G. Barker	2
Mr Walker's	b. a. h.	<i>Cadwallader</i> ,	8st. 7lbs. C. Barker	3
Mr Charles'	b. eng. m.	<i>Morgiana</i> ,	9st. 7lbs. Joy	4
Mr Williams'	b. n.s.w. m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st. 7lbs. Smirke	5
Mr Pyc's	b. n.s.w. g.	<i>Brown Juniper</i> ,	9st. 7lbs. Evans	6

A nearer race was expected than was made of this promising field. *Brown Juniper* had the advantage of the post, no small matter with such a line in  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile. No horse on the course can approach the *Child* in the rapidity with which he



5lbs. No horses entitled to start unless imported by a dealer who has subscribed at least 50 G. M. to the plate, and all horses that have started at any Meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta, subsequently to the 1st of October, 1847, allowed 5lbs.

All bets on this race to be P. P. unless otherwise specified.

Abdool Ryman,	..	..	..	..	..	G. M.	100
Shaik Ibrahim,	..	..	..	..	..	..	100
Mahomed Ben Usher,	..	..	..	..	..	..	50

G. M. 250

Mr Charles'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Ishmael,</i>	9st.	3lbs.	Joy	1
"	b.	a.	h.	<i>Guarantee,</i>	8st.	4lbs.	Baker	2
Mr Boynton's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Toby,</i>	8st.	3lbs.	G. Barker	3
Mr Bag's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Golaub Sing,</i>	8st.	1½lbs.	Evans	4
Mr Charles'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Chamois,</i>	9st.	0lb.	..	dr.
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>Don Juan,</i>	7st.	13lbs.	..	dr.

(25 Nominations.)

*Ishmael* notwithstanding his weight was the favourite. *Guarantee* went away with the lead followed by *Golaub Sing*, but at no pace; *Toby* was third some four or five lengths behind them, and *Ishmael* as much in their rear. At the Gilbert Mile *Toby* had closed pretty well up, though *Guarantee* still preserved his lead. *Ishmael* came up gradually and was second at the ¾ home, where *Golaub* was quite out of the race, dropping every stride. In straight running *Ishmael* took first place (it had been declared to win with him) and the race was over. *Toby* pulled up after a struggle, *Barker* finding he could do nothing.

Time,—30—28—30—30—29—1, 3½=3m. 30¼s.

3RD RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all Arabs. Craven weights and distance. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the 1st of October, and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>The Child of the Islands,</i>	9st.	5lbs.	Hall	1
Mr Petre's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Farewell,</i>	9st.	0lb.	Joy	2
Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet,</i>	9st.	5lbs.	Smirke	3

(Five Subscriptions.)

As may be supposed, a hollow thing for the *Child*—yet *Farewell* ran right well, going out the quarter with his great opponent in 26s, and the ½ mile in 55s. At the goal the *Child* drew away and won in hand, the little horse struggling honestly to the finish. *Minuet* was apparently started for his morning's exercise.

Time,—26—29—28—59=2m. 22s.

4TH RACE.—The Newmarket, Stakes of 15 G. M. with 30 G. M. added from the Fund, for all horses that have started during the Meeting. The Gilbert mile. Winners once during the Meeting to carry 7lbs. extra; twice, 10lbs extra; thrice and oftener, 1st. extra. To close and name by 2 P. M., the day before the race.

years.	st.	lbs.
3 .. .. .	7	0
4 .. .. .	8	2
5 .. .. .	8	10
6 and aged..	9	0

Mr Green names	c. eng. m.	<i>Cossack Maid</i> ,	7st. 13lbs.	G. Barker	1
Mr Charles'	b. eng. m.	<i>Morgiana</i> ,	9st. 4lbs.	Joy	2
Mr Walker's	b. a. h.	<i>Cadwallader</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	C. Barker	3
Mr Green names	c. n.s.w. g.	<i>Nimrod</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Evans	4

Notwithstanding the extraordinarily favourable terms on which the *Maid* came in, there were those who gave the race to *Morgiana* with some confidence, while others thought the *Cad* would be there or thereabouts. *Morgiana* perhaps might not unreasonably be expected to win, as she had to go against "two lame'uns and a bolter." *Nimrod* did not show so much wrong as in his race with *Guarantee*, but there is a screw loose somewhere and the *Maid* had a slip the other day that gave her a strain in the pastern. *Morgiana* got a fine start, notwithstanding she was sending her heels playfully into the air all the way from the stable to the post, and after she got there too. *Cadwallader* was away next, but *Cossack Maid* ran up at the goal and at the half mile was second horse. *Cadwallader* continued pretty well with them till the swing of the Sudder corner, when he described a segment that put him at once clean out of the race. The two mares came up to the Stand stride for stride and three lengths from home there was a cry for *Morgiana*, but Barker just lifted his horse and slipped in by a head and neck upon the post.

Time,—28—27—56=1m. 51s.

#### SIXTH DAY, Saturday, January 8.

1ST RACE.—The Bengal Club Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 ft. for maiden horses. Two miles heats. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 9lbs. extra; the winner of the Omnibus stakes 5lbs. extra. Maidens on the day of the race allowed 5lbs. Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distance from Calcutta, subsequently to the 10th of October, 1847, allowed 3lbs.; subsequently to the 10th of November, 7lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

Mr Fitzpatrick's	g. a. h.	<i>Honeysuckle</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	Baker	1 1
Mr Green's	b. eng. g.	<i>Ignis Fatuus</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	G. Barker	2 2
Mr Boynton's	g. a. h.	<i>Toby</i> ,	9st. 8lbs.	..	dr.

1st Heat.—*Honeysuckle* was the favourite, the English horse not being deemed fit to go for two mile heats. He took the lead but the pace out was slow. Barker was lying behind five or six lengths all the way to the half mile when he began to close. At the 2 miles post he was with the Arab and at the distance appeared to have the best of it, but *Honey* ran sweetly to the last, shook his horse off a dozen lengths from home and defeated him by about two.

Time,—30—31—29—28—29—28—28=3m. 23s. R. C. Two Miles 3m. 55s.

2d Heat.—Ran precisely as the last to the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from home when *Ignis* went up but almost immediately after dropped again, having gone wrong in the fetlock joint. At the distance he was pulled up but he went past the post and returned to the weighing compound as lame as he could walk. At the time the accident happened he was running very strong and had not been extended any part of the race.

Time,—32—30—28—30—27—1=3m. 27s.—R. C. Two Miles, 3m. 56s.

2D RACE.—Free Handicap Purse of 50 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 5 ft. for all horses, T. I. Horses' names to be given in to the Secretary by 2 P. M. on the 5th day of the Meeting, and weights to be published by 9 o'clock A. M. the day before the race.

Mr Charles'	b. eng. m.	<i>Morgiana</i> ,	8st. 12lbs.	Joy	walked over.
Mr Green's	b. eng. h.	<i>Ignis Fatuus</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	..	ft.



Mr Williams'	b. nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st. 3lbs. ..	ft.
„	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	9st. 1lb. ..	ft.
„	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	8st. 8lbs. ..	ft.
Mr Fulton's	g. a. h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	8st. 4lbs. ..	ft.
Mr Petre's	b. a. h.	<i>Farewell</i> ,	8st. 2lbs. ..	ft.

We cypher from the above that there is very little disposition, where there ought to be a good deal, to mend the sport of the Meeting, which has unluckily turned out so bad. The handicap was all but unanimously pronounced unexceptionable, and we might fairly have expected a start of at least four horses, even allowing *Ingnis out* for the Bengal Club Cup. We don't envy the Stewards who have to please some of these owners.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 25 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for all horses. The Gilbert mile heats. Calcutta weight for age. The winner to be sold with his engagements for Rs 2,000 with the option of being sold for Rs. 1,800, Rs. 1,600, or Rs. 1,200. If to be sold for Rs. 1,800 to be allowed 5lbs., if for Rs. 1,600 to be allowed 10lbs., and if for Rupees 1,200 to be allowed 20lbs. To close and name and prices to be declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Guarantee</i> ,	Rs. 1,600	7st. 8lbs.	Sherburne	1	1
Mr Brown's	g. a. h.	<i>Never-Give-In</i> ,	„ 1,200	17st. 3lbs.	Smirke	2	2
Mr Green's	c. nsw. g.	<i>Nimrod</i> ,	„ 1,200	7st. 10lbs.	Evans	3	dr.

1st Heat.—*Guarantee* or *Nimrod*, we cannot say which, got the lead, but the grey almost immediately took it and made the running, closely waited upon for half a mile by the other two. *Nimrod* was beaten at the two miles post and the two others ran a pretty race home—each at his best, *Guarantee* winning at last by a clear length.

Time,—1m. 55s.

2d Heat.—After a false start the grey got away with the lead, *Guarantee* second. They ran in this order to near the turn home where *Guarantee* closed, and in the straight run collared the grey :—they were neck and neck to the post and the buy won by a nose.

Time,—1m. 55½s.

#### SEVENTH DAY, Tuesday, January 11.

1ST RACE.—The Calcutta Turf Club Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. St. Leger Course, for all horses, to be handicapped by the Stewards the day before the race. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

Mr Charles'	b. eng. m.	<i>Morgiana</i> ,	8st. 13lbs.	Joy	1
„	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	Hall	2
Mr Fulton's	g. a. h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	Sherburne	3
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Smirke	4
Mr Brown's	g. a. h.	<i>Never-Give-In</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	Dooky	5
Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Chamois</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	Baker	6
Mr Pye's	b. nsw. g.	<i>Brown Jumper</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	Evans	7
Mr Green names	c. eng. m.	<i>Cossack Maid</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	G. Barker	8
Mr Williams'	c. nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Green names	g. a. h.	<i>Great Western</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Charles'	g. a. h.	<i>Ishmael</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	..	dr.
„	g. a. h.	<i>Don Juan</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	..	dr.
„	b. a. h.	<i>Guarantee</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	..	dr.

It was declared to win with *Minuet* and he was the favorite in two lotteries. There were plenty of offers to take 5 to 1 about the *Boy* but no givers. Mr Charles' Stable against Mr Williams' was applied for but without success. *Cossack Maid* was out of consideration, she being declared lame and only starting for future allowance. The start was satisfactory and *Brown Jumper* immediately ran to the front with the mare and *Child* at his tail. They speedily put him at theirs, and he quietly dropped out of the race. The *Child* made his severest running, we take it for granted with the expectation of being able to cut down *Morgi* and leave *Minuet* to win as he liked. But the mare was quite up to the pace and fairly outlasted her enemy: tailing began as they were approaching the Gilbert Mile and after passing it—only *Morgiana*, *Minuet* and *Boy* remained with a chance. The Mare carried on with a lead of nearly a length and the *Boy* was two or three behind *Minuet*, which he closed up as he approached the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile and went stride for stride, covered by him, to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Here the grey dropped but it was not clear that *Sherburne* was not taking a pull, as his horse was still running strong; but at the Sudder he was told out, and the other two came into straight running—alone to dispute first place. At the 2 miles Hall, if fast was furious—we mean he was calling on his horse for his very best—no doubt convinced that he would struggle gallantly home: and so he did, but Joy's steadiness and his eye over his left shoulder intimated that he was only waiting for the last stride or two: they came and he put the mare in front by a very clear length doing the R. C. in 3m. 21s. We have no doubt *Minuet* was a better horse in this race than the *Child*, whose R. C. for the Champagne Stakes, with the same weight up as he was now carrying was 3m. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. That race was no doubt won without difficulty, but in this one it is doubtful whether he could have mended his place more than to have come in an indifferent third—if that.

Time,—R. C. 3m. 21s. Whole distance 3m. 29s.

#### EIGHTH DAY, Thursday, January 13.

1st RACK.—A forced Handicap for Winning horses only; for which all winners of 100 G. M. during the Meeting must enter, optional to other winners. Entrance 10 G. M. and 5 per cent. on all winnings in excess of 100 G. M. Two miles.

Mr Fitzpatrick's	g. a. h.	<i>Honeysuckle</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	Baker	1
Mr Charles'	b. eng. m.	<i>Morgiana</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Joy	2
Mr Williams'	b. nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Hall	3
"	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Smirke	4
Mr Petre's	b. a. h.	<i>Farewell</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	G. Barker	5
Mr Green names	c. eng. m.	<i>Cossack Maid</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	Watling	6
Mr Green's	b. ch. h.	<i>Richmond</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	..	dr.
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Charles'	g. a. h.	<i>Ishmael</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	..	dr.
"	b. a. h.	<i>Guarantee</i> ,	7st. 0lb.	..	dr.

The announcement made on behalf of the Madras Stable was, that the best horse was to win and this was construed to mean *Greenmantle*, and she was sold at a very high figure, *Morgiana* being the only other horse in the slightest favour. *Honeysuckle* went at 4 G. M. in the same lottery in which the favorite fetched 55! There was one false start and then away. *Honeysuckle* had his head in front as they came by the Stand, but Hall got first round the corner and made the running. *Cossack Maid* here showed she was not going for the race, and *Farewell* could not give promise of being among the first at the finish. As the lot came up to the Gilbert Mile they opened out a little; the favorite leading and mending the pace. At the goal *Honeysuckle* had got second place, but with the mare in close attendance and the *Child* as close to them as he could gallop. As usual a push was made by

the rearmost horses to come fairly into straight running and the four showed with not a clear length between the first and last horse, *Greenmantle* still holding her own. At the 2 miles *Hall* was at the whip and at the distance the mare was beaten. The *Child* failed even before and *Morgiana* and the little Arab ran a fine race home. *Morgiana* appeared to have the best of it opposite the Steward's Stand, but Baker shook his whip and his good little horse sprung at the hint and won by half a head on the post. There was some difference of opinion as to time, it varying from 3m. 48s. to 3m. 50s. We believe the following to be correct.

Time,—R. C., 3m. 21½s.—two miles, 3m. 48s.

2D RACE.—Free Handicap Purse of 25 G. M. for horses that have started and not won 100 G. M. during this Meeting; entrance 20 G. M. 5 forfeit. 1½ miles heat.

Mr Green names	c. eng. m.	<i>Cossack Maid</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	Barker	1 1
Mr Fulton's	g. a. h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	Sherburne	2 3
Mr Brown's	g. a. h.	<i>Never-Give-In</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.*	Smirke	3 2

\* Declared 1½lbs.

1st Heat.—*Never-Give-In* led the other grey four or five lengths, *Cossack* lying double that distance from the *Boy*, for the first half mile: she then began to close and at the goal took second place, the *Boy* having previously taken the lead. Barker made a race home of it, but the mare won easy.

Time,—2m. 56s.

2d Heat.—*Never-Give-In* went away with a great lead, *Cossack* waiting as before and the *Boy* between them. At the goal the latter was defeated, and the other went on with the running and held his place to a dozen lengths from the post when Barker went in as he liked.

Time,—2m. 56s.

There was a Sky Race ½ mile heats, post entrance and a start of some five or six. Old *Clem of the Cleugh* won the first heat, but lost the second, and when we left the Course it was not at all improbable there might be two or three more *goes*. He was however duly reported winner of the third heat.

## SECOND MEETING, 1847-48.

FIRST DAY, Saturday, February 5.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. Gilbert mile.

English Horses..	..	..	..	..	10st. 7lbs.
Cape and N. S. Wales Horses..	..	..	..	..	9 7
Country-bred Horses and Arabs..	..	..	..	..	8 7
Maidens allowed..	..	..	..	..	0 7

To close the day before the First Meeting and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Charles names	b. a. h.	<i>Farewell</i> ,	8st. 0lb.*	Joy	0 1
Mr Green's	g. a. h.	<i>Great Western</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	G. Barker	0 2
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>The Child of the Islands</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.†	Hall	3
Mr Cunyngham's	b. cp. h.	<i>Here-I-go</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Barnes	4

\* Declared 5½lbs.

† Ditto 1lb.

*Here-I-go* got away with the lead and pulled back after 200 yards. *Farewell* took up the running, the *Child* second, *Great Western* on his quarters and *Here-I-go* as close to him. *Farewell*, who declared 5½lbs., and really carried 6½ over his weight was never headed; but to the very post, on which it was pronounced a dead

heat between him and *Great Western*, it was impossible to say which of the first three had the best of it. It was a fine finish, every horse in the race running right honestly: two lengths from home *Farewell* came clean in front, but the grey struggled to his nose in time, the *Child* between them beaten by half-a-length.

Time,—27-28—58=1m. 53s.

The dead heat was run off after the Merchants' Plate. *Great Western* went away with a strong lead. *Farewell* caught him at the turn home and won easily.

Time,—1m. 56s.

2D RACE.—The Merchants' Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. St. Leger Course. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 1st. extra. Arabs allowed 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name the day before the First Meeting.

Mr Williams'	b. nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Hall	1
Mr Charles'	b. eng. m.	<i>Morgiana</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	Joy	2
Mr Green's	c. nsw. h.	<i>Bungarabee</i> ,	7st. 11lbs.	G. Barker	3
Mr Pye's	b. nsw. g.	<i>Brown Jumper</i> ,	9st. 2lbs.	Evans	0
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>The Child of the Islands</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	Smirke	0
Mr Green names	c. eng. m.	<i>Cossack Maid</i> ,	9st. 1lb.	..	0
Mr Walker's	b. a. h.	<i>Cadwallader</i> ,	..	..	dr.
Mr Green's	b. cp. h.	<i>Bachelor</i> ,	..	..	dr.
Mr Green names	b. eng. g.	<i>Ignis Fatuus</i> ,	..	..	dr.
Mr Charles'	c. nsw. h.	<i>Selim</i> ,	..	..	dr.
Mr Fulton's	b. a. h.	<i>Chancellor</i> ,	..	..	dr.

The N. S. W. mare was the great favourite and *Bungarabee* stood next. These two went off at score with *Brown Jumper* lying about four lengths behind. The pace was first-rate and the *Jumper* could not hold it beyond the Gilbert Mile, when he was dead beat. The other two carried on without diminution to the half mile, from whence home the pace was slower and they consequently dropped to the English mare who had been apparently quite out of the race from the start, owing to her stopping to kick by which she certainly lost half a distance. At the Sudder she caught *Bungarabee* and beat him at the two miles' post and then made an attempt to challenge *Greenmantle*, but it would not do. Hall came in some eight or ten lengths in advance. The *Child* and *Cossack Maid* started only to be beaten for the sake of allowance in subsequent races. The sooner this allowance system is abolished the better.

Time,—Was not got accurately from the post, but the following was from the Stand.

27, 56—1, 24—1, 53—2, 23=3m. 24s. R. C.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses Craven Distance. The winner to be sold with his engagements for Rs. 2,000, with option of selling at Rs. 1,600, Rs. 1,200, or Rs. 1,000. Weights as follows:

Price.	English.		Cape & N. S. W.		C. B.		Arabs.	
	10st.	7lbs.	10st.	2lbs.	9st.	12lbs.	9st.	7lbs.
Rs. 2,000	10st.	7lbs.	10st.	2lbs.	9st.	12lbs.	9st.	7lbs.
„ 1,600	10	0	9	9	9	5	9	0
„ 1,200	9	9	9	4	9	0	8	9
„ 1,000	9	1	8	10	8	6	8	1

Three subscribers or no race.

To close and name, and prices to be declared by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Cunyngham's	b.	nsw.	g.	<i>Black Hawk</i> ,	..
Mr Petre's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Zurbano</i> ,	..

(Not filled.)

SECOND DAY, Tuesday, February 8.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 300 G. M. given by His Highness the Nawab Nazim, with 100 G. M. for the second horse, for Maiden horses. Two miles.—Weights as follows :

3 years.....	6st. 12lbs.
4 years.....	8 0
5 years.....	8 8
6 and aged.....	8 12

The winner of the Derby, Colonial, or Omnibus Stakes to carry 5lbs. extra, of any two of those races 7lbs. extra. The second and third horses to save their Stakes; and the third to receive 50 G. M. out of the entrances and forfeits. English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra. English horses that have not started before the day of naming allowed 7lbs. 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of May; 10 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of September, when the race will close; 20 G. M. Entrance for all horses not scratched before 2 P. M. the day before the first Meeting.

Horses not entitled to any allowance excepting as specified above.

Mr Fitzpatrick's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Honeysuckle</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	Baker	1
Mr Green's	b.	cp.	h.	<i>Bachelor</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	G. Barker	2
„	g.	a.	h.	<i>Knight of India</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.*	Evans	3
Mr Fulton's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Chancellor</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	Sherburne	4
Mr Charles'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Ishmael</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.†	Joy	5

(43 Forfeits.)

\* 1½lbs. over. † 1½lbs. over

It was not considered that any thing that was to start could make a race for half a mile with *Honeysuckle*, and so it proved. He led from the post and never slackened his pace till the last quarter, though leading by half a distance. *Chancellor* came second past the Stand, followed by the *Knight of India*, then *Bachelor*, and *Ishmael*, who had been reported sick overnight, behind. *Chancellor* also being on the Doctor's list failed in the first half mile: the *Knight* then took second place and kept it to the goal, when the Cape horse ran by him. *Honey* however was safe though an Eclipse had been behind him, and cantered home, pulling up on the post five and-twenty lengths ahead. *Ishmael* was pulled up early in the race.

Time,—mile, 1-56—2 miles, 3-56.

2D RACE.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 15 ft. and only 5 if declared the day before the Meeting—for all horses. R. C. Horses' names to be given in to the Secretary on the 15th January, and weights to be declared on the 22nd.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	Hall	1
Mr Charles names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Elepo</i> ,	8st. 2lbs.	Joy	2
Mr Green's	b.	cp.	h.	<i>Battledore</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	G. Barker	3
Mr Cunyngham's	b.	cp.	h.	<i>Here-I-go</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	Barnes	4
Mr Fulton's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	7st. 10lbs.	Sherburne	5
Mr Pyc's	b.	nsw.	g.	<i>Brown Jumper</i> ,	7st. 10lbs.	Evans	6

Mr Cunyngham's	b. nsw. g.	<i>Black Hawk,</i>	7st. 10lbs. ..	forfeit.
Mr Williams'	b. a. c.	<i>Child of the Islands,</i>	8st. 12lbs. ..	"
Mr Charles'	b. eng. m.	<i>Morgiana,</i>	9st. 3lbs. ..	"
Mr Green's	b. cp. h.	<i>Bachelor,</i>	8st. 4lbs. ..	"
"	g. a. h.	<i>Great Western,</i>	8st. 2lbs. ..	"
Mr Green names	c. eng. m.	<i>Cossack Maid,</i>	8st. 10lbs. ..	"

A false start by Joy being a little too anxious to get away with *Elepoo*. At the second word *Here-I-go* was across the Course on the near side and every horse got away without him—but he got under weigh when they were about twenty-five lengths ahead. The *Boy* led by half a length to the quarter out where *Minuet* went in front, the two greys lying close behind him and *Brown Jumper* fourth, followed close by *Battledore*. No change of note to the Gilbert Mile and past it, when *Brown Jumper* began to fail and *Battledore* to close a little with the leading horses. *Elepoo* was second and the *Boy* at hand. Coming round the Sudder *Battledore* passed *Brown Jumper* and defeated the *Boy* in the straight running—but got no better place. *Minuet* came home at his best beating *Elepoo* by three or four lengths—*Battledore* half a length behind the Chinaman.

Time,—32-29—29—29—27—55½=3m. 23¼s.

**3D RACE.**—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. H. F. for all horses. Two miles. 8st. 7lbs. each. A winner once prior to the 1st October, 1847, to carry 5lbs., twice 7lbs., three times or oftener 10lbs., extra. Horses that have never started before the 1st October, 1847, allowed 7lbs. English horses 2st. extra. To close the day before the first Meeting and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Charles names	g. a. h.	<i>Honeysuckle,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	Baker	1
Mr Williams'	b. nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle,</i>	9st. 3lbs.	Hall	2
Mr Charles names	b. a. h.	<i>Farewell,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	Joy	3
Mr Green	..	..	..	Forfeit.	
Mr Fulton	..	..	..	Forfeit.	

No race any yard of the way, *Honeysuckle* was allowed to go away with the lead, Hall pulling double to hold the mare and *Farewell* lying with her. But when wanted they could neither of them recover an inch of their ground and approaching the goal it was clear the race was over as the little horse drew away from them, *Farewell* dropping as far behind the mare as she behind the winner who did little more than canter home from the Leger Post, Hall saving his horse when he saw that it was useless to struggle.

Time,—30—58—1-27—1-56—2-24=3m. 25¼s. R. C.

**4TH RACE.**—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. H. F. for all horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previous to the 1st Octobers, 1847. Three quarters of a mile.

English Horses.....	10st. 7lbs.
Cape and N. S. Wales ditto.....	9 7
Country-bred ditto .....	9 0
Arabs .....	8 7

To close the day before the 1st Meeting, and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Charles names	g. a. h.	<i>Zurbano,</i>	..	walker over.
Mr Pye's	..	..	..	Forfeit.
Mr Fulton's	..	..	..	"
Mr Williams'	..	..	..	"

The Governor-General and the Countess Dalhousie honoured the Stand this morning with their presence.

## THIRD DAY, Thursday, February 10.

1ST RACE.—The Trades' Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for all horses. Heats two miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs extra; Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close and name the day before the first Meeting. Three horses to start or the Plate will be withheld.

Mr Williams'	b.	nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Hall	1	1
Mr Cunyngham's	bk.	nsw. g.	<i>Black Hawk</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	Barnes	2	dr.
Mr Fulton's	b.	nsw. m.	<i>Bellona</i> ,	8st. 1lb.	Sherburne	3	dr.
Mr Williams'	b.	a. h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	..	..		dr.
Mr Charles'	c.	nsw. h.	<i>Selin</i> ,	..	..		dr.

*Bellona* was put in to comply with the terms of the race and so it did with the letter, but certainly not the spirit, for she was pulled up after passing the Stand at a slow canter and was back at her stable about the time the horses came in. *Black Hawk* led to the Gilbert mile where the mare caught him and held with him to the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile: she then went three or four lengths ahead and came home in hand.

Time.—R. C., 3m. 29s.—2 miles, 3m. 58s.

2D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. ft., for all horses. Two miles. 9st. each. English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close the day before the Meeting and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Green	..	..	..	..	Forfeit.
Mr Williams	..	..	..	..	„

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M., H. F., for all horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previous to the 1st October, 1847. Byculla weight for age. R. C. To close and name the day before the first Meeting.

Mr Green names	c.	eng. m.	<i>Cossack Maid</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	G. Barker	1
Mr Pye's	b.	nsw. g.	<i>Brown Jumper</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Evans	2
Mr Charles'	b.	a. h.	<i>Chamois</i> ,	9st. 0lb.		drawn.
Mr Williams'	b.	nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	..		forfeit.
Mr Fulton's	b.	a. h.	<i>Chancellor</i> ,	..		„

*Brown Jumper* let to the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from home when the *Maid* collared and past him and came home as she liked, which was a clear length in advance.

Time,—mile, 2m. 0s.—R. C., 3m. 33s.

## FOURTH DAY, Saturday, February 12.

1ST RACE.—The Civilians' Purse added to a Sweepstakes of 40 G. M., H. F. and only 5 ft. if declared the day before the first Meeting—for all horses. Two miles and a quarter. Calcutta weight for age. Maidens allowed 4lbs. Plate horses that have been beaten twice during the meetings, matches not included, allowed 4lbs., three times 7lbs., four times and oftener 10lbs.

English horses to carry 14lbs. extra. The horses placed first, second and third for the Nawab Nazim's Plate to carry respectively 7lbs., 5lbs., and 3lbs. extra. The Winner of the Merchants' or Trades' Plate to carry 5lbs. extra, of both of these races 9lbs. extra. The allowances for beaten Plate horses not to be made to a Winner of the Merchants' or Trades' Plate.

To close and name the 1st of October.

If there are 20 nominations the second horse to receive 80 G. M. out of the Stakes, if 25 nominations the second horse to receive 100 G. M. and the third horse to save his stake.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	Hall	1
„	b.	a.	h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	Evans	2
„	b.	nsw.	m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st.	9lbs.	Smirke	3
Mr Charles'	b.	eng.	m.	<i>Morgiana</i> ,	9st.	4lbs.	Joy	4
Mr Green names	c.	eng.	m.	<i>Cossack Maid</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	G. Barker	5

(27 Forfeits.)

Of the three Madras horses it was declared the best was to win. *Minuet* was a long way the favourite; *Morgiana* stood second in the lotteries and *Cossack Maid* fetched prices that showed there were some afraid of her. *Greenmantle* was held dirt cheap. The start was in every respect satisfactory and the Waler mare came racing by the Stand with a lead of six lengths, doing her half mile in 53s. *Minuet* was second, *Cossack Maid* third, then the *Child*, and *Morgiana* brought up the rear. So they ran the mile in 1m. 52s. At the Gilbert mile the English mare took third place, the first two horses as before, but *Greenmantle's* lead reduced by half: soon after passing the Gilbert Mile *Cossack Maid* broke down and only the suspicion that this was likely to occur prevented her being first favourite. Approaching the Goal *Minuet* ran well up to *Greenmantle* and at the half mile took the lead from her and was never touched, nor in the slightest difficulty afterwards. *Morgiana* tailed rounding the Sudder Corner and was passed by the *Child*, who took the same liberty with the other mare between the 2 miles' and distance posts. Joy made an effort to reach *Greenmantle* coming up the straight run home but abandoned it this side of the Leger and the Madras horses thus ran home first, second and third! The pace *Greenmantle* went out at, mile the weight she carried and the way she finished astonished every body,—and well it might. The *Child* was lamed but did not show it till he had got to his stable.

Time,—53—1, 52—2, 22—2, 51—3, 21½=2¼ miles, 4m. 19s.

2D RACE.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 5 forfeit, for all horses. Three quarters of a mile, Horses' names to be given in to the Secretary by 2 p. m. on the 3d day of the Meeting and weights to be published by 9 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Green's	b.	ch.	h.	<i>Battledore</i> ,	8st.	12lbs.	G. Barker	1
Mr Petre's	b.	h.	h.	<i>Farewell</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	Joy	2
„	g.	a.	h.	<i>Zurbano</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	..	ft.
Mr Green's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Great Western</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	..	ft.

The Arab led by sufferance to the Stand when the Cape passed him hard held.

Time,—1m. 22s.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. P. P., one mile. Calcutta weight for age.

Mr Green's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Knight of India</i> ,	..	walked over.
Mr Fulton's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Chancellor</i> ,	..	forfeit.
Mr East's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Pekin</i> ,	..	„
Mr Charles	g.	a.	h.	<i>Ishmael</i> ,	..	„
Mr Bag's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Golaub Sing</i> ,	..	„
„	b.	a.	h.	<i>Fars</i> ,	..	„

#### FIFTH DAY, Tuesday, February 15.

1ST RACE.—Baboo Radhamadhub Banerjea's Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 forfeit, for all horses. Two miles. Horses' names to be given in to the Secretary on the 15th of January, and weights to be declared by 9 a. m. the day before the race.



Mr Fitzpatrick's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Honeysuckle</i>	8st. 11lbs.	Baker	1
Mr Williams'	b.	n.	h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	8st. 13lbs.	Hall	2
Mr Fulton's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	A feather*	Sherburne	3
Mr Charles names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Elepoo</i> ,	7st. 13lbs.†	Joy	4

\* Carried 6st. 13lbs.

† Declared 4lbs.

*Minuet* was the favourite at nearly two to one against any other two, and *Minuet* and the *Boy* were backed heavily against *Elepoo* and *Honeysuckle*. There was a false start,—soon rectified, and they got away without one having the shade of an advantage. *Honey* came racing by the Stand with *Elepoo* on his quarter, *Minuet* half a length from him and the *Boy* last, but close up. No change to the Gilbert mile except that *Honey* took a more decided lead. *Elepoo* began to fail running to the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile and gradually dropt out of the race. The other three went past the Goal in close company and so on to the half mile, after passing which *Minuet* drew a shade or two on *Honeysuckle*, as did the *Boy*. Still the little horse kept his head in front and in the race home for the last quarter of a mile there never was half a length between the three. Sherburne had been hard at work all the way from the 2 mile post and so had Baker, their arms and legs going very much like dislocated windmills. Hall made a desperate attempt approaching the post but there was nothing left in his horse and he shook his whip in vain. *Honey* was as good or better at the finish than either of the others, and went in something less than half a length ahead. There was some difference of opinion as to the time: we heard it named as good as 3m. 18s. The R. C. from the Stand was 3m. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., and a watch started with the horses made the whole distance 3m. 50s.: we have no doubt as to this being correct as it gives 28 $\frac{1}{2}$  for the first quarter, whereas the lower figure would make it done in 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Time,—29—58—1-26—1-55—2-23—3-21 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—R. C. two miles 3m. 50s.

2D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. P. P. One mile and a half; Calcutta weight for age.

Mr Green's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Knight of India</i> ,	8st. 13lbs.	G. Barker	1
Mr Charles'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Ishmael</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Joy	2
Mr Fulton's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Chancellor</i> ,	..		forfeit
Mr East's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Pekin</i> ,	..		..
Mr Bag's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Golaub Sing</i> ,	..		..
„	b.	a.	h.	<i>Fars</i> ,	..		..

This was the second of three private Sweepstakes; about which there has been more than one mistake. The original terms stand P. P. but it is said that this was subsequently changed to H. F.; then Mr Bag's horses are said to have been in two of the races only and for a different stake; and finally there is some misunderstanding as to the days of running. This morning *Ishmael* started under protest. The *Knight* went away with the lead and was a length or two in advance to the Goal where *Ishmael* closed and they came together round the Sudder, past the two miles and up to the Leger, where Joy bade for the lead and took it by a head; but he was at work and Barker patient till opposite the Stand where he went in by half a length,—his horse in hand.

Time,—30—59—1-27—1-57—2m, 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

SIXTH DAY, Thursday, February 17.

1ST RACE.—Match, 100 G. M., P. P. Weight for age. Two miles.

Mr Fulton's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	Sherburne	1
Mr Charles'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Guarantee</i> *	8st. 4lbs.	Baker	2

\* Declared 1lb.

*Guarantee* led by a length for the first half mile when the *Boy* closed and they went together to the two miles post. Here the *Boy* took a lead and won easily by a couple of lengths.

Time,—mile, 2m. 2s. R. C., 3m. 28½s. Two miles, 3m. 57¼s.

2ND RACE.—Forced Handicap Stakes of 10 G. M. each; two miles, for Winning horses only, for which all Winners during the first and second Meeting must enter; Hack Stakes, Selling Stakes, and Matches excepted.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Hall	1
Mr Green's	c.	cp.	h.	<i>Battledore</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	G. Barker	2
Mr Charles'	b.	eng.	m.	<i>Morgiana</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	Joy	3
Mr Fitzpatrick's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Honeysuckle</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Baker	4
Mr Green's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Knight of India</i> ,	a feather	Sherburne	5
Mr Williams'	b.	nsw.	m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st. 11lbs.	Smirke	6
Mr Petre's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Zurbano</i> ,	a feather	Native Boy	7

SCRATCHED.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.
Mr Charles'	g.	a.	m.	<i>Ishmael</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.
Mr Green names	c.	eng.	m.	<i>Cossack Maid</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.
"	b.	cp.	h.	<i>Richmond</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.
Mr Petre's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Farewell</i> ,	8st. 0lb.
Mr Charles'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Guarantee</i> ,	a feather

*Minuet* was the favourite and was taken with *Honeysuckle* against the two mares. *Battledore* sold for less than half the price of the lowest of this lot and the feathers were at about 15 to 1. There was a false start but none of the horses got far away and the second attempt was perfectly successful. *Greenmantle* came first past the Stand with *Zurbano* at her head, inside, and the Arab then went in front and led away by many lengths dropping towards the Calcutta Corner, after rounding which he was beaten. *Greenmantle* showed well in front at the Gilbert mile, and *Minuet* and *Honeysuckle* were together and second, and the *Knight* third. *Battledore's* chance was greatly damaged at the Gilbert mile. *Zurbano's* boy was driving Sherburne on to the post and being called to, he pulled away at a sharp angle and Barker would have gone over him, but that he had just time to pull his horse out of his course and run round him by which he lost two or three lengths. Before the ¾ mile the Waler mare was beaten and the two Arabs carried on in the van, *Morgiana* lying a good third and *Battledore* well up. Rounding the Sudder Corner Baker was hugging Hall much closer than he had any right to do, but at the two miles his horse was beaten and dropped out of the race. Joy came up, with his mare apparently running strong, but after rating it with *Minuet* dropped at the Leger post, and Hall was coming along giving a wide inside berth, apparently thinking he had defeated every thing. *Battledore* had been drawing ahead and caught *Minuet* twenty lengths from home: for an instant he had his nose in front but *Minuet* behaved nobly in the unexpected struggle and on the last call sprung most beautifully to the lifted whip and defeated the Cape by a head.

Time,—The mile 1-54—1½ mile 2-24—1¾ mile 2-53.—R. C. 3-24½. Two miles 3m. 52s.

Hall complained to the Stewards of Baker's riding and the matter was enquired into. Baker admitted that his horse was hugging *Minuet* all round the corner but declared that he could not help it. From the evidence taken the Stewards thought it necessary to warn Baker seriously.

3RD RACE.—Free Handicap Stakes of 10 G. M. each, for beaten horses of both Meetings. Heats one mile and a half. Horses not standing the handicap to pay 5 G. M.

Mr Charles names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Elepoo</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	Joy	1	1
Mr Green's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Great Western</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	G. Barker	2	2
Mr Fulton's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	Sherburne	3	dr.

1st Heat.—A false start. *Elepoo* went away the second time followed by the *Great Western*. At the Goal all were together and they made one of the finest races of the meeting, the old Chinaman winning by a head and neck on the post, and we should have said the other two running a dead heat, but the Judge gave *Great Western* second place.

Time,—29—57—1-24—1-53½—2m. 51s. the mile and a half.

2d Heat.—*Elepoo's* race from the post: he led, was never touched and at the Goal *Great Western* was beaten off or would not go, and *Elepoo* cantered home.

Time,—29—57½—1-25—1-54—2-56.

4TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. P. P. Two miles; Calcutta weight for age.

Mr Green's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Knight of India</i> ,	8st.	13lbs.	..	Walked over.
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(For forfeits vide 2d Race 5th day.)

This ended our Second Meeting and these two handicaps made the prettiest races of the season.

#### EXTRA DAY, Saturday, February 19.


A Subscription Purse of 55 G. M. for all horses. 2 miles. To be run on Saturday, the 19th February. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Horses' names to be given in to the Stewards at 7 A. M., and the Handicap to be declared at 9 A. M., on Friday. Entrance 20 G. M., 5 forfeit for all horses not standing the Handicap. Forfeits to be declared by 2 P. M. the day before the Race. Horses entered to be the *bonâ fide* property of subscribers.

Mr Charles'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Elepoo</i> ,	8st.	10lbs.	Baker	1
Mr Fulton's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	7st.	12lbs.	Sherburne	2
Mr Williams'	b.	nsw.	m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st.	8lbs.	Hall	3
Mr Green's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Great Western</i> ,	7st.	12lbs.*	G. Barker	4
Mr Fitzpatrick's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Honeysuckle</i> ,	9st.	11b.	..	ft.
Mr Petre's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Farewell</i> ,	7st.	12lbs.	..	dr.

\* Declared ½lb.

*Boy Jones* was the favourite and was repeatedly taken with *Great Western* against the other two. The start was good. The mare led past the Stand at a rattling pace with the other three in a line at her heels. After leaving the rails *Boy Jones* showed second, *Great Western* close behind him and *Elepoo* three or four lengths in the rear. At the ½ mile out from the Stand, that is ¾ mile in the race, the *Boy* gave the mare the go-by and at the Gilbert mile she fell behind *Great Western*; *Elepoo* was no more gallant than the others and left her out of the race almost immediately after. The two lighter weights ran on amerrily together, but at the half mile home the old horse was closing with them, and with them he came round the Sudder Corner; in the straight running he had defeated them both and came home undistressed, beating the *Boy* by four or five lengths. *Greenmantle* came in a bad third but it was only by the *Great Western* pulling up short of home.

Time,—28—57—1-26—1-55—2-25—3-23—R. C. \*The two miles, 3m. 51½s.

 In the report of the Match between *Repulse* and *Jackdaw* on the second day, First Meeting, the weight was omitted. It was 8st. 7lbs. each.

## MEERUT RACES.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, January 4, 1848.

1ST RACE.—The Meerut St. Leger, &c., of 50 G. M. each, for all Maiden Arabs 8st. 7lbs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. To close and name 15th Oct. 10 G. M. forfeit on 15th Nov. 15 G. M. forfeit 15th Dec. and half forfeit the day before the race, seven subscribers.

Mr Francis'	b. a. h.	<i>Pioneer</i> ,	.. William	1
Mr Fox's	b. a. h.	<i>Longwaist</i> ,	.. West	2

*Pioneer* made the running at a good pace, and kept it up to the finish, winning easily by a length and a half.

Time,— $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. 3m. 2s.  $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. 3m. 34s.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all C. B., Cape and N. S. Wales Horses. Weight for age. N. N. T. Club Standard. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. To close and name 15th October. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

Mr Pakenham's b. ch. h. *Hector*, walked over.

The *Sweet Lass of Rondebosh* was weighed for this Race, but being entered as a 4 years old, an objection was made to her age, and her owner drew her.

3D RACE.—A Sweep of 5 G. M. each with 10 G. M. added, for all Officers' Chargers within the Division. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$ m.—11st. 7lbs. each. G. R. To close and name 1st January.

Mr Williams'	c. c. h.	<i>Don Antonio</i> ,	.. Mr Kemp	1
Mr Hoghton's	c. nsw. h.	<i>Pathfinder</i>	.. Mr Nelthorpe	dist.

*Pathfinder* went away from the post—leading some 4 or 5 lengths to the turn when *Don Antonio* came up—and opposite the Stand made an attempt to reach his horse—but was beaten cleverly by half a length in 1-40. Unfortunately however *Pathfinder* continued going after passing the post, ran off the Course across country and was not brought to the scales for some time, when his rider was short of weight—and consequently he was declared distanced.

4TH RACE.—Give and Take, a Purse of 10 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, 14 hands to carry 9st. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Mares and Gelding 3lbs.

Mr Smith's	g. a. g.	<i>Fusilier</i> ,	.. West	1
Mr James'	g. a. g.	<i>Revenge</i> ,	.. Daly	2
Capt. Little's	g. a. g.	<i>Josey</i> ,	.. William	3

*Josey* jumped off from the post and made the running to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, when *Fusilier* came up, passed him and carried on the running, hard held. *Revenge* ran up opposite the Stand and passed *Josey*, but could not reach *Fusilier* who won by a length in a canter.

Time,—2m.  $2\frac{1}{2}$ s.

5TH RACE.—Match 100 G. M., 25 G. M. forfeit, 9st. 7lbs.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr Francis'	b. a. h.	<i>Pioneer</i> ,	received forfeit from.
Mr Kemp's	b. a. h.	<i>Aboukir</i> .	

## SECOND DAY, Thursday, January 6.

1ST RACE.—The Adelaide Cup, value Rs. 1,000, for all Horses. 2 Miles. Entrance 15 G. M., 10 G. M. forfeit. Arabs, 9st.; Cape and N. S. Wales, 9st., and Maidens on the day of running allowed 3lbs. extra. Three Horses *bonâ fide* the property of different owners to start, or should the Regiment not be at Meerut on the day of running the Cup to be withheld.

Mr Francis'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Holdfast</i> ,	9st.	3½lbs.*	Sam Higgins	1
Mr Pakenham's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Temptation</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.	..	0
Mr Fox's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Zephyr</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.	..	0
Mr Francis'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Pioneer</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	..	0

\* Declared 3½lbs. over.

*Holdfast* and *Temptation* went away from the post followed by *Pioneer* and *Zephyr*; at the ¼ mile post *Holdfast* went to the front and made his own running—coming in a canter about half a distance in front of the next horse *Pioneer*.

Time,—1m. 7s.

2ND RACE.—1st Heat.—Match 100 G. M., H. F., 1 Mile, 8st. 7lbs.

Mr Kemp's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Aboukir</i> ,	..	..	1
Mr Houghton's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Barabbas</i> ,	..	..	2

*Barabbas* made running for the half mile when *Aboukir* went up to him—and came in an easy winner by about three parts of a length.

Time,—2m. 34s.

3RD RACE.—A Purse of 15 G. M., for all Galloways—8st. 7lbs. each, 1½ Mile heats. Maidens allowed 5lb. Entrance 5 G. M. To closed and name 1st November.

Mr Smith's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Fusilier</i> ,	..	Ghazie	1	1
Mr James'	g.	a.	g.	<i>Revenge</i> ,	..	Daly	2	2
Capt. Little's	g.	a.	g.	<i>Joscy</i> ,	..	William	3	3

2d Heat.—The Galloway Purse created great interest. *Fusilier* the favorite, who won the 1st Heat by about half a length—very steadily ridden. The 2nd Heat was well contested from the straight run in—both *Revenge* and *Fusilier's* Jocks hard at work all the way, the latter winning a hard run by a neck.

Time,—2m. 32s.

4TH RACE.—A Purse of Rs. 100 for all Hacks, 11st., G. R. ¼ Mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M. The winner to be sold for 600 Rupees.

Mr Kemp's	b.	cb.	m.	<i>Step and Fetch it</i> ,	..	Mr Kemp	1	2	3
Mr John's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Sir Gasper Dick</i> ,	..	Mr Francis	2	3	2
Mr Williams'	b.	c.	h.	<i>Don Antonio</i> ,	..	Mr William	3	1	1

The Hacks also afforded much sport. The first heat being won by a length and a half. The 2nd by about a length. The 3d by a head only.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. ½s.—2nd heat, 1m. 1s.—3d heat, 1m. 2s.

## THIRD DAY, Saturday, January 8.

1ST RACE.—The Civilians' Cup, given by the Civilians, N. W. P., for all horses. Weight for age. 3 miles. To close and name 1st September. 5 G. M. for each nomination, and 15 G. M. for each horse declared to start at 2 P. M. the

day before the Race. Horses to take their age from 1st May. Maidens allowed 7lbs. ; Mares and Geldings 3lbs.

Mr Francis' b. a. h. <i>Panic</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	..	1
Mr Fox's g. a. h. <i>Foig-o-Ballah</i> ,	9st. 2lbs.	..	2

*Panic* went away with the lead some 4 or 5 lengths, which he maintained round the Course, going in 3m. 9s. : he then increased the pace, was never caught, and came in a winner by many lengths, hard held, in 6m. 24s. *Foig-o-Ballah* appeared very much distressed after the race.

2D RACE.—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse of —, with 20 G. M. added from the Fund, for all horses, English excepted. Heats 1 mile. G. R. Arabs and C. B. 11st ; Cape and N. S. Wales, 11st. 7lbs. Entrance 10 G. M. To close the day before the Meeting.

Mr Walter's c. a. h. <i>Lall Sing</i> ,	..	..	3	1	1
Mr Pakenham's b. c. h. <i>Hector</i> ,	..	..	1	2	3
The Major names b. a. h. <i>Revoke</i> ,	..	..	2	drawn	
Mr Francis' c. a. h. <i>Barabbas</i> ,	..	..	4	3	2

1st Heat.—This Race created great interest, all of the horses having friends, but *Barabbas*, who was not even thought of. All got well off, *Hector* and *Revoke* rating it from the post, the former winning by half a length ; *Lall Sing* and *Barabbas* not going for the heat. After this heat *Revoke* was drawn.

Time,—2m.

2d Heat.—*Lall Sing* and *Hector* scored away from the post. *Barabbas* waiting. The two first horses ran together up the hill. *Lall Sing* coming in first by about a length.

Time,—2m. 1s.

3rd Heat.—On the word off *Barabbas* and *Lall Sing* went away at a great pace, the former leading by a length or so. *Hector* lost so many lengths at the start that his chance was lost for the heat as the pace was so good. At the 2 mile post, *Lall Sing* ran up to *Barabbas*, and they came up the hill together, the latter inside and looking very well for the heat, but at the distance *Lall Sing* went a length in front, was never reached, and won by half a length after a very fine Race.

Time,—2m. 0½s.

3RD RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each, 5 G. M. forfeit, for all Arabs. Newmarket Craven weight and distance. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close and name on 1st November.

Mr Fox's b. a. h. <i>Zephyr</i> ,	..	..	walker over.
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4TH RACE.—A Handicap of 10 G. M. each, 5 G. M. forfeit, with 15 G. M. added from the Fund, for all horses. ¼ mile. To name by noon the day before the Race, and weights to be declared at the Ordinary.

Mr Francis' g. a. h. <i>Holdfast</i> ,	9st. 4lbs.	..	1
Mr Fox's g. a. h. <i>Zephyr</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	..	2

A beautiful start for this race—both well together, and going out the first ¼ mile in 25s. they ran together home. *Holdfast* winning very easily, hard held, by a length in 1m. 26s. The timing to-day was particularly good for the two last races, considering the state of the Course at Meerut. *Dominie Skelp* was Handicapped at 8st. 9lbs. but declined.

5TH RACE.—Match 20 G. M., half forfeit. 1½ mile 8st. 7lbs.

Mr Kemp's b. a. h. <i>Aboukir</i> ,	..	..	
Mr Hoghton's c. a. h. <i>St. Francis</i> ,	..	..	paid forfeit.

## FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, January 11.

1ST RACE.—A Post Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P., for all Arabs, 9st. each. R. C. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close on 1st November, and name at the Post.

Mr Francis' 1 Nom.	<i>Pioneer</i> ,	..	William	1
The Major 1 do.	<i>Revoke</i> ,	..	West	2
Mr Fox 1 do.	<i>Dominie Skelp</i> ,	..	Native	3

*Dominie Skelp* made the running at a good pace, *Pioneer* lying a length behind *Revoke*. At the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile post, *Revoke* and *Pioneer* passed *Dominie* and rated it together all the way home, *Pioneer* winning easily by a length.

Time,—R. C.—3m. 5s.— $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 3m.

2ND RACE.—The Meerut Great Welter of 25 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all horses. G. R. R. C. Arabs and C. B. 11st., Cape and N. S. Wales 11st. 7lbs.; English 12st. 7lbs. Maidens on the day of naming allowed 5lbs., or on the day of running 10lbs. To close and name 1st November.

Mr Walter's	g. a. h.	<i>Lall Sing</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Owner	1
Mr Francis'	g. a. h.	<i>Holdfast</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Owner	2

For the Great Welter only two started. *Holdfast* made the running hard held, *Lall Sing* lying about a length behind. The two horses were together at the 2 mile post, at the top of the hill, *Holdfast* was a little in front, but shortly *Lall Sing* closed up to him—to all appearances *Holdfast* had the race easy, but on being called on opposite to the Stand, he did not answer, and *Lall Sing* won by a neck. The time for this and the first race is wonderfully good, and proves the *Sing* to be a first-rate Welter horse.

Time,—R. C., 3m. 12s.—1st mile, 2m.— $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 3m. 6s.

3RD RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all horses.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, to be handicapped by the Stewards, or any person they may appoint. Entrance 10 G. M.; 5 G. M. forfeit if they do not accept. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary at noon the day before the race, and weights to be declared at the Ordinary.

Mr Fox's	b. a. h.	<i>Chance</i> ,	7st. 4lbs.	Johnny	1
Mr Francis'	b. a. h.	<i>Panic</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	William	2
The Major's	b. a. h.	<i>Revoke</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	..	drawn.

For the handicap *Revoke* was drawn. *Panic* went off with the lead, which he kept to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from home, when *Chance* ran up to him; up the hill they were both together, at the distance *Chance* went a length in front, was never caught, and won easily.

Time,—3m. 30s.

4TH RACE.—Five G. M. for Ponies, 13 hands and under. Entrance 2 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Catch weights.

Mr Williams'	p.	<i>Sheebah</i> ,	..	..	1	1
Capt. St. George's	c. p.	<i>Polar Priggins</i> ,	..	..	2	2
Mr Power's	g. p.	<i>Flatcatcher</i> ,	..	..	3	3

*Sheebah* won both heats easily.

5TH RACE.—Match of 25 G. M. 2 miles, 8st. 7lbs. P. P.

Mr Goodridge's	g. a. h.	<i>Fusilier</i> ,	..	West	1
Mr Pakenham's	g. a. h.	<i>Temptation</i> ,	..	William	2

Both horses started very slow: on getting up the hill, *Temptation* made the running, waited on by *Fusilier*, they ran in this order to  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile post. *Fusilier* hard

held—opposite the stand William made an attempt to reach *Fusilier* but was unable, and was beaten easily by a length and a half.

Time,—4m. 14s.

6TH RACE.—Match of 20 G. M.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, 9st. 10lbs. each.

Mr Power's	g. c. h.	<i>Come it if You Can,</i>	..	Owner	1
Mr Maddock's	bl. a. b.	<i>Black Baron,</i>	..	Shiny	2

Won very easily.

FIFTH DAY, Thursday, January 13.

1ST RACE.—The N. N. I. Turf Club Purse of 50 G. M., for all horses. Weight for age. G. R.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. To close and name on 1st October.

Mr Walter's	g. a. h.	<i>Sham Sing,</i>	11st. 0lb.	Owner	1
Mr Francis'	b. a. h.	<i>Pioneer,</i>	11st. 0lb.	Owner	2
Mr Fox's	g. a. h.	<i>Foig-o-Ballah,</i>	11st. 0lb.	Capt. Fairlie	3

Both the *Singhs* were left in for this Race—and the General was backed at 3 to 2 on him with few takers. The running was made at a slow pace by *Foig-o-Ballah*. *Pioneer* and *Sham Sing* holding behind. They all ran to the mile post in this order (in 1m. 6s.) when the pace was made better. *Pioneer* passing *Foig-o-Ballah* and *Sham Sing* waiting on him. At the 2 mile post *Sham Sing* went up to *Pioneer*—ran up the hill with him—beat him at the distance and came in an easy winner by a length and a half.

Time,—3m. 8s.

2D RACE.—The Consolation Stakes of 10 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. G. R.—11st. The winner to be sold for 1,000 Rs.

Mr Francis'	..	<i>Sir Gasper Dick,</i>	10st. 0lb.	Mr Francis	1 1
Mr Kemp's	b. a. h.	<i>Aboukir,</i>	11st. 0lb.	Mr Stewart	2 2
Mr Hoghton's	c. nsw. h.	<i>Pathfinder,</i>	0st. 0lb.	Mr Nelthorpe	4 3
Mr William's	c. c. h.	<i>Don Antonio,</i>	10st. 0lb.	Owner	3 dr.

1st Heat.—*Aboukir* was considered so safe to win this race, that *Sir Gasper* and *Pathfinder* were allowed to enter at the Ordinary. For the first heat all got well off, the running being made by *Sir Gasper*, *Aboukir* waiting on him. At the distance *Aboukir* went a length in front, but just before reaching the Stand *Sir Gasper* went up to him, ran with him a few lengths and won on the post cleverly by a head. *Pathfinder* as usual had not enough—and ran again round the Course. *Don Antonio* running so very bad that his owner drew him.—The horse was evidently not himself.

2d Heat.—*Sir Gasper* jumped off with the lead. *Aboukir* again waiting, and at the half mile *Sir Gasper* was some 5 or 6 lengths in front. At the hill *Aboukir* ran up to him. And both horses rated it together to the Stand—where *Sir Gasper* left him and won apparently easily by half a length.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 36s.—2nd heat, 1m. 33s.

3D RACE.—The Meerht Little Welter of 10 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each for all Arabs, 10st. 7lbs. G. R.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close and name 1st January.

Mr Francis'	g. a. h.	<i>Holdfast,</i>	..	..	walked over.
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4TH RACE.—Match 100 G. M., H. F. 2 miles, 8st. 7lbs. each.

Mr Hoghton's	c. a. h.	<i>Barabbas.</i>			
The Major names	b. a. h.	<i>Revoke,</i>	..		forfeit.





SIXTH DAY, *Saturday, January 15.*

## 1ST RACE.—Match 25 G. M. 1 Mile.

The Major's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Renegade</i> ,	7st.	4lbs.	John George	1
Mr Goodridge's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Dominie Skelp</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.	Ghazie	2

*Renegade* took the lead, was never headed, and won easily by a length.  
Time,—2m. 4s.

2D RACE.—The Merchants' Cup, value Rs. 1,000, for all horses. Heats 1 mile. Entrance 5 G. M., and 10 G. M. for each horse declared to start at 1 P. M. the day before the race. To close and name 15th October. Arabs 8st. 9lbs.; C. B., 8st. 12lbs.; Cape and N. S. W. 9st. 5lbs.; English. 10st. 7lbs.; Maidens allowed 5lbs.; mares and geldings, 3lbs. To close and name 15th October.

Mr Francis'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Pioneer</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.	..	1
Mr King's	g.	nsw.	g.	<i>Lara</i> ,	9st.	2lbs.	..	2

1st Heat.—*Pioneer* got a good start, and made the running—going out the first half mile in 5m. 7s. *Lara* about 2 lengths behind. On the horses reaching the hill nothing could be seen from the cloud of dust, but *Pioneer* came in an easy winner by two or three lengths in a canter.

2nd Heat.—*Lara* was drawn, and *Pioneer* walked over.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 4s.—2nd heat, 0m. 0s.

3D RACE.—The Winners' Handicap for which all Winners must enter (optional to chargers and selling stakes) 10 G. M. each. H. F. losing horses allowed to enter any pay 3 G. M. if they do not accept. R. C. and a distance.

Mr Goodridge's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Fusilier</i> ,	8st.	8lbs.	..	1
Mr Francis'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Holdfast</i> ,	8st.	10lbs.	..	2
The Major's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Revoke</i> ,	8st.	12lbs.	..	3

This was the prettiest race of the Meetings, all keeping together to the top of the hill, and no one could guess whose race it was to be. *Revoke* and *Holdfast* came to the front just before the distance post, and ran together to the stand—when *Holdfast* looked like winning—but *Fusilier* shot to the front and beat him cleverly by a neck.

Time,—3m. 27s.

4TH RACE.—The Losers' Handicap of 5 G. M. each, 3 forfeit, with 10 G. M. from the Fund, for all losing horses of the Meeting. Heats 1 mile.

Mr Fox's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Foig-o-Ballah</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	..	1
Mr Francis'	c.	a.	h.	<i>Barabbas</i> ,	8st.	10lbs.	..	2

1st Heat.—*Barabbas* made the running for the first half mile when *Foig-o-Ballah* ran up to him—the two keeping together to the Stand. *Foig-o-Ballah* winning easily by a couple lengths.

2d Heat.—This heat was only a repetition of the first.

Time,—2m. 4s.

SECOND ANNUAL NORTHERN DIVISION MEETING, HELD AT VI-ZIANAGRUM.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, December 21, 1847.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes for maiden Arab horses,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 9st. Rupees 300 from the Fund, with Rs. 150 each subscription, H. F. Horses that never started allowed 5lbs., three subscribers or no race. To close on the 1st of November and name the day before the race.

Mr Forester's	g. a. c.	<i>Infidel</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	Tippoo	1
Mr Smollett's	b. a. h.	<i>Heathen</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	George	2
Mr Fane's	b. a. h.	<i>Ether</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	Ramasawmy	3

*Infidel* lay well behind to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, when he passed the other horses, winning easily.

Time,—2m. 37s.

2D RACE.—Great Welter for all Arabs,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 12st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 30 G. M. from the Fund with 10 G. M. each subscription, H. F. If declared on or before the 1st December. To close on the 1st November, 1847, and name the day before the race.

Mr Fane's	b. a. h.	<i>Avon</i> ,	12st. 0lb.	Owner	1
Mr Smollett's	b. a. h.	<i>Brunnagem Napoleon</i> ,	12st. 0lb.	Owner	2

*Napoleon*, the favorite in consideration of his last year's doings, but he could barely keep up to the hill (from the mile to the  $\frac{3}{4}$ ) where his chance of the race evaporated tee-totally.

Time,—3m. 21s. Very good for the weight indeed.

3RD RACE.—A Purse of Rs. 150 for all galloways, 14 hands and under, with Rs. 50 entrance, P. P. R. C. 9st. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close and name on the 1st December.

Mr Fane's	b. a. g.	<i>Little Wonder</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Ramasawmy	1
Mr Forester's	b. a. g.	<i>Red Deer</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	Tippoo	2
Mr Smollett paid forfeit.					

*Wonder*, a determined bolter, being cleverly kept on the Course, won handsomely.

Time,—3m. 7s.

SECOND DAY, Friday, December 24.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes for all Arabs, Rs. 300 from the Fund with Rs. 150 each subscription,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 8st.; winners once 6lbs., twice or oftener 10lbs., three subscribers or no race. To close on the 1st December, and name the day before the race.

Mr Forester's	g. a. c.	<i>Infidel</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	Tippoo	1
Mr Fane's	g. a. h.	<i>Tophorn</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	Ramasawmy	2
Mr Smollett's	g. a. h.	<i>Glencoe</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	George	distanced.

*Tophorn* a half mile, knowing *Glencoe's* weakness went away from the post leaving his brother *Infidel* in waiting. *Glencoe* foolishly went with him, although he knew what he was at. *Tophorn* did his work handsomely to the  $\frac{3}{4}$ , where he gave way, and *Infidel* at the nick of time took his place alongside of *Glencoe*, keep-

ing him still going, which had the expected effect of bringing the claret from his nose. *Infidel* cantered in.

Time,—3m. 19s.

2ND RACE.—Little Welter for all horses, Rs. 200 from the Fund. Rs. 100 entrance. H. F. one mile, 7lbs. Winners of Great Welter 10lbs. extra. To close and name on the 1st of December.

Mr Smollett's	b. a. h.	<i>Brummagem Napoleon</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	George	1
Mr Forester's	g. a. h.	<i>Glendarnel</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	..	2
Mr Fane's	g. a. h.	<i>Commissary</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	..	3

A well fought battle, George winning by a neck—both whips worn out, *Commissary* running within 10 lengths though fearfully out of condition from an accident.

Time,—3m. 7s.

3RD RACE.—Hack Race for all horses, Rs. 50 from the fund, Rs. 100 entrance.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Winner to be sold for Rs. 200, 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders.

Mr G.'s	ch. a. h.	<i>Long Legs</i> ,	..	Owner	1	1	claimed.
Mr R.'s	b. a. h.	<i>Poor Yorick</i> ,	..	Mr M.	2	2	
The Major's	b. a. h.	<i>White Nose</i> ,	..	Mr H.	3	drawn.	
Mr F.'s	wh. b. h.	<i>Wide Awake</i> ,	..	Mr S.		distanced.	

Time,—1st heat, 1m.—2d heat, 1m.

THIRD DAY, Monday, December 27.

1ST RACE—Vizianagram Stakes for all horses, Rs. 400 from the fund, Rs. 150 entrance. P. P.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile. Calcutta weight for age. To close on the 1st December and name the day before the race.

Mr Forester's	g. a. c.	<i>Infidel</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	Tippoo	1
Mr Fane's	b. a. h.	<i>Avon</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	Ramasawmy	2
Mr Smollett's	b. a. h.	<i>Brummagem Napoleon</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	George	3

*Infidel* holding and *Avon* making play, Trap going with him cut each other's throats, and *Infidel* passed them as in the maiden about the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, winning easily.

Time,—3m. 36s.

2ND RACE.—Handicap for all horses, Rs. 200 from the fund, Rs. 75 each acceptance, one G. M. forfeit, one mile.

Mr Forester's	g. a. h.	<i>Glendarnel</i> ,	9st. 12lbs	Tippoo	1
Mr Smollett's	b. a. h.	<i>Heathen</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	..	2
Mr Fane's	b. a. h.	<i>Ether</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	..	3
..	b. a. h.	<i>Little Wonder</i> ,	9st. 4lbs.	..	4

The weight upon *Little Wonder* a 13m. 3s. Galloway, shows the opinion entertained of him by the Handicappers: but his jock was too busily employed keeping him strait to let him out to win. Won easy by *Glendarnel* by 3 or 4 lengths.

Time,—2m. 5s.

3RD RACE.—Ladies' Purse for all horses,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats, Rs. 250 from the fund, with Rs. 50 entrance, P. P. weight for inches, fourteen hands to carry 8st. 4lbs. To close and name on the 1st December.

Mr Fane's	b. a. h.	<i>Avon</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	Ramasawmy	1	1
Mr Smollett's	g. a. h.	<i>Glencoe</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	..	2	dr.
Mr Forester's	g. a. h.	<i>Tophorn</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	..	3	2

*Glencoe* by way of obeying his Master's orders, went into the other extreme and lay too far out picking up in the last quarter which prevented his struggling with *Avon*. Top short of wind and work. *Avon* cantered in the 2d heat 20 lengths a-head.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 30s.—2d heat, 1m. 31s.

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FOURTH DAY, Wednesday, December 29.

1ST RACE.—Forced Winning Handicap, Rs. 200 from the fund, Rs. 30 entrance, for winners of one race, and Rs. 20 for every other race. Mile heats.

Mr Forester's g.	a. h.	<i>Glendarnel</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Tippoo	1	1
Mr Fane's b.	a. gy.	<i>Little Wonder</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	Ramasawmy	2	2
Mr Smollett's b.	a. h.	<i>Brummagem Napoleon</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	George	3	3
Mr Fane's b.	a. h.	<i>Avon</i> ,	9st. 2lbs.	Mr S.	4	4

The Galloway would have won, but for his propensity to put in practice the centrifugal theory; as it was he came in crab fashion—a good second both heats.

*Glendarnel* improving every day, so as to leave the Handicappers far behind.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 5s.—2d heat, 2m. 3s.

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2D RACE.—Rs. 200 from the fund, for all beaten horses of the meeting, Rs. 30 entrance. 1½ mile.

Mr Smollett's b.	a. h.	<i>Heathen</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	George	1
Mr Forester's b.	a. h.	<i>Red Deer</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	..	2
Do.	g. a. h.	<i>Tophorn</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	..	3
Mr Fane's	g. a. h.	<i>Commissary</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	..	4

*Heathen* managed to win this race—thanks to the Jockeyship displayed by *Red Deer's* rider; a very good hand at a pair, but a little out of his element here. *Tophorn* more at home at a half mile race, and *Commissary* too poorly for short or long. 1½ mile. Time not obtained.

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3D RACE.—Consolation Purse for all horses. Rs. 200 from the fund, ¾ mile, Rs. 50 entrance. Horses to be sold for Rs. 600, to carry 9st. 2lbs, if for Rs. 500, 8st. 11lbs. if for 400, 8st. 6lbs. English, to carry 2lbs. Cape and Australian, 1st. extra throughout the meeting.

Mr Smollett's b.	a. h.	<i>Heathen</i> ,	8st. 11lbs.	George	1	claimed.
Mr M.	c. a. h.	<i>Long Legs</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	Tippoo	2	
Mr Fane's	b. a. h.	<i>Little Wonder</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	Ramasawmy	3	

\* A good struggle between *Heathen* and *Long Legs*, but the untrained was beat at the post, *Little Wonder* doing crab business again, notwithstanding the blister put in his mouth and over his mouth.

N. B.—The Course measures 1½ mile less 160 yds.

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## JAULNAH RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Monday, January 3, 1848.*

1ST RACE.—A Plate, of 150 Rs. from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. Half forfeit, for all maiden Arabs, 9st. 5lbs.; the winner to be sold for Rs. 1,200. To close the 15th of Nov. Distance 1½ miles.

The Daumviri's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Lorenzo,</i>	..	Owner	1
Mr Newhill's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Three Legs,</i>	..	Mr R.	2
Mr Stewart's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Major,</i>	..	Mr D.	3

The grey and bay off at score, the chesnut waiting well in the rear, and pushing in from the distance an easy winner.

Time,—3m. 13s.

2D RACE.—The Little Welter, of 100 Rs. from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. Half forfeit, for all horses, 10st. 5lbs. R. C. Gentlemen Riders—Heats.

Mr Stewart's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Maguet,</i>	..	Owner	walked over 1
The Daumviri's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Our Boy,</i>	..	Mr R.	drawn 2

Both off together, running very evenly to the distance; the grey shooting in a winner by a length and a half.

Time,—2m. 45s.

3D RACE.—A Pony Plate, 50 Rs. from the fund, 1 G. M. entrance, for all ponies, 13 hands and under, catch weights, ¼ mile heats.

Mr Beng's	wh.	p.	<i>Snowdrop,</i>	..	..	0	2	1
Mr Lewis's	du.	p.	<i>Tape,</i>	..	..	0	1	2
Mr Stewart's	g.	p.	<i>Bugaboo,</i>	..	..	0	0	0
Mr Collin's	c.	p.	<i>Jerry Sneak,</i>	..	..	Distanced.		

A very good race; the first a dead heat. The Plate was divided between *Tape* and *Snowdrop*.

Time,—not taken.

4TH RACE.—Cheroot Stakes, 50 Rs. from the fund, with an entrance of 10 Rs. for all horses. Terms to be stated by the Stewards before starting, ¼ mile heats.

Mr Jacob's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Mahommed Rezzah,</i>	Owner	1	1
Mr Newhill's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Three Legs,</i>	Mr B.	2	2
The Daumviri's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Fearnought,</i>	Mr C.	3	3
Do.	Do.	b.	a.	h.	<i>The Mulligan,</i>	..	0 0
Mr Ellis'	d.	a.	h.	<i>Dick Turpin,</i>	..	0	0
Mr Blue's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Caster Bob,</i>	..	0	0
Mr Newhill's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Regular,</i>	..	0	0
Mr Jim's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Hannel,</i>	..	0	0
Lord George's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Eringo Brayh,</i>	..	0	0

Both heats won easily.

Time,—1st heat, 5½s.—2d heat, 1m.

SECOND DAY, *Wednesday, January 5.*

1ST RACE.—A Great Welter, of 150 Rs. from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. H. F., for all horses, R. C., 11st. Gentlemen riders. Winners of Maiden and Little Welter to carry 4lbs. extra.

Mr Newhill's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Three Legs,</i>	..	Owner	1
The Duumviri name Mr M.'s	c.	a.	h.	<i>Humbug,</i>	..	Mr C.	2
Mr Stewart's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Magic,</i>	..	Owner	3

A good race between the grey and chesnut, the former winning by two lengths; the bay as usual sulking when coming into the straight run in.

Time,—2m. 45s.

2D RACE.—A Whim Plate, of 100 Rs. from the fund, with an entrance of 2 G. M. Weight for age and inches. Byculla Standard, for all horses, 1½ mile heats. Winner of maiden to carry 4lbs. extra. Winner to be sold for 800 Rs. To close the day before the meeting.

Mr Stewart's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Magnet,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	Mr H.	1	1
The Duumviri's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Lorenzo,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	Owner	2	2

The first heat a good race, won by about two lengths. The second the grey off at score, winning easily. The time for the Course being *excellent*.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 35s.—2d heat, 2m. 32s.

3D RACE.—Hack Stakes, of 75 Rs. from the fund, with an entrance of 2 G. M. for all horses, Gentlemen riders, ½ mile heats. The winner if claimed in the usual manner, to be sold for Rs. 300.

Mr Newhill's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Three Legs,</i>	..	Owner	1	1
Mr Jacob's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Mahommed Rezzah,</i>	..	Owner	2	2
Mr Stewart's	wb.	a.	h.	<i>Lord David,</i>	..	Mr P.	0	3
Mr Falconer's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Gooserrumfidgetty,</i>	..	..	0	0
Lord George's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Pomatowsky,</i>	..	..	0	0

The first heat a very close race between the two first horses. The second, for which the little white horse had been saved, also a very good race—the three horses together the whole distance, and *Three Legs* winning by ½ a length.

Time,—1st heat, 58s.—2d heat, 59s.

THIRD DAY, *Friday, January 7.*

1ST RACE.—A Forced Handicap, for all winners, optional to losers and winners of hack and cheroot stakes. Entrance 3 G. M. if a winner once, and 1 G. M. for every additional race: to be handicapped by the Stewards, 1½ miles.

Mr Stewart's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Magnet,</i>	• 9st. 5lbs.	Mr D.	1
Mr Newhill's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Three Legs,</i>	8st. 8lbs.	Mr H.	2
The Duumviri's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Our Boy,</i>	8st. 6lbs.	Feiz Ahmed	3
Do. do.	c.	a.	h.	<i>Lorenzo,</i>	8st. 13lbs.	Owner	4

This was the best race of the meeting. *Our Boy* making play. With the distance, *Our Boy*, *Three Legs* and *Magnet* were altogether, *Three Legs* having a slight lead, when *Magnet's* Jock touched his horse with the whip, and pushed him in a winner on the post by about half a length.

Time,—3m. 15s.

2<sup>d</sup> RACE.—Losing Handicap, for all losers, Rs. 75 from the fund, with an entrance of 2 G. M., the beaten horses of the meeting, 1½ mile heats.

The Duumviri name Mr M.'s c. a. h. *Humbag*, 9st. 3lbs. Mr P. 1 1  
 Mr Stewart's b. a. h. *Magic*, 8st. 10lbs. Mr D. 2 2

The Bay led off, and got a head about 10 or 12 lengths in both heats, but sulked as usual, and stopped for the chesnut to run in before him, he quietly *cantering* up in the rear.

3<sup>d</sup> RACE.—A Hurdle Race, for all horses 120 Rs. from the fund, with an entrance of 2 G. M. 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen riders, over 5 stiff hurdles, 3½ feet high.

Mr Stewart's w. a. h. *Lord David*, .. Owner 1 \*  
 Mr Dumb's bk. cape g. *Buffalo Elephant*, .. Mr P. dist.  
 The Duumviri's b. a. h. *Tom Thumb*, .. Mr C. do.  
 Mr Newhill's b. a. h. *Bay Bobby*, .. Owner do.

The *Buffalo* led steadily to the third hurdle, where he fell, giving his rider an idea of his weight by what Pat would call 'rolling over the whole of him.' Up again just in time to precede *Lord David* over the remaining hurdles, but it turned out that all but *David* had gone the wrong side of a flag, and the race was accordingly given to his lordship.

FOURTH DAY, Monday, January 10.

HURDLE RACE.—A Hurdle Race of a purse of 50 Rs. given by Mr Stewart, with an entrance of 20 Rs. each. Gentlemen riders. Catch weights, over the hurdle course.

The Duumviri name Mr Stewart's w. a. h. *Lord David*, .. Owner 1  
 Mr Dumb's bk. c. g. *Buffalo Elephant*, .. Owner 2  
 Mr Newhill's b. a. h. *Bay Bobby*, .. Owner 3

The same three horses came to the post, and got over the hurdles in succession as they came in. This time *Lord David* did not owe the race to going the right side of the flags, but to his superior style of jumping while ably ridden by the owner. The hurdles, instead of being 3 ft. 6, as stated in the prospectus were above 4ft. in both races, the first being 4ft. 4 high.

BENARES RACES.

FIRST DAY.

1<sup>ST</sup> RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. half forfeit for all maiden Arab, 9st. each 1½lbs. To close and name day before the race.

Mr Smith's b. a. h. *Melton Boy*, .. Edwardes 1  
 Mr Squirrel names g. a. h. *Marmion*, .. Kempland 2

The owner of the grey was very confident, the other party reciprocating the feeling. *Melton Boy* declared 1lb.

*Melton Boy* jumped from the post and led out the first ¼ mile, when the grey took up the running at a very slow pace which he maintained to the straight running, where *Melton Boy* went up, ran a few strides with him and won easy. A cross claimed, but disallowed.

**2ND RACE.**—A Give and Take Purse of 11 G. M. for all galloways, 14 hands 9 inches, 1 mile heats, entrance 5 G. M., half forfeit. Maidens allowed 5lbs., to close and name the day before the race.

Mr Milton names c. a. g. *North Star*, 8st. 9lbs. Kadir Bux 1 1

Mr Squirrel names c. a. g. *Irishman*, 8st. 9lbs. Kempland 2 2

**1st Heat.**—*Irishman* carrying 11½lbs. overweight, *Irishman* led from the post, and in this order ran to the turn of the lands in, where *North Star* left him, running home an easy winner.

**2nd Heat.**—*North Star* reversed the order, was never headed and won easy.

**3RD RACE.**—Purse of 15 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M.—3 G. M. forfeit, for all Arab maidens allowed 7lbs. R. C. and a distance. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr Smith's b. a. ● *Melton Boy*, 8st. 10lbs. Edwardes 1

Mr Milton names b. a. h. *Gambler*, .. Kadir Bux 2

Mr Stewart's b. a. h. *Shamrock*, .. Sitwell 3

This was the race of the day and but for the eccentric riding of the *Nigger* might have been a severe race. *Gambler* scored from the post, waited on by *Melton Boy* and *Shamrock*: at the turn out *Gambler's* Jockey pulled back, leaving *Melton Boy* leading, and *Shamrock* running very much out of his ground. This order was held for twenty or thirty strides when *Gambler's* Jock again changed his tactics and went to the front, making severe running to within the distance, where *Melton Boy* challenged—ran a few strides, and won on the post by a length. The *Boy* declared 3lbs.

#### SECOND DAY.

**1ST RACE.**—15 G. M. from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. H. F., for all Cape, N. S. W. and C. B. horses, 11st. each; maidens allowed 7lbs. R. C. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr Jumbo's bk. c. b. m. *Black Bess*, maiden .. Chamberlain 1

Mr Hilton's c. c. h. *Fusilier*, .. Owner 2

*Fusilier* made the running to the hill where *Black Bess* collared, beat him, and ran home winning easy.

**2ND RACE.**—15 G. M. from the Fund, for all Arabs, 1½ mile 9st., maidens allowed 5lbs. Entrance 5 G. M. H. F. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr Smith's b. a. h. *Melton Boy*, maiden, 8st. 9lbs. Edwardes 1

Mr Squirrel's g. a. h. *Marmion*, maiden, 8st. 10lbs. Kadir Bux 2

*Marmion* made play at a severe pace, waited on by *Melton Boy* five or six lengths: this order was kept to the top of the hill where *Melton* closed slightly, and drew at the distance as far as his quarter, when a sharp rally landed the *Boy* by half a length—a very good race.

**3RD RACE.**—Chargers' Stakes of 10 G. M. for all *bonâ fide* chargers, belonging to Officers of the Benares Division; 11st. each. 3 G. M. entrance. R. C. and a distance.

Mr Squirrel's c. a. h. *Saladin*, .. Henderson 1

Mr Stewart's b. a. h. *Shamrock*, .. Oliver 2

*Shamrock* made strong meeting to the Hill, where *Saladin* closed and ran home winning by half a length, steadily ridden by Mr Henderson.



THIRD DAY.

1ST RACE.—15 G. M. from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. for all maiden Arabs 9st. each. R. C. Heats : Winner 1st race 1st day to carry 5lbs. extra. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr Smith's            b. a. h. *Melton Boy*, 9st. 5lbs. Edwardes    1  
 Mr Squirrel names g. a. h. *Marmion*, 9st. 0lb. Kadir Bux    2

This race was advertised 2d race, but *Melton* having to run twice, claimed his choice, and the grey took heart of grace, and again tackled the *Boy*, or rather did his possible to slay him for old *Saladin* in the Ladies' Purse.

1st Heat.—*Marmion* made the running at a very bad pace to the top of the Hill, where both came away, and ran a close race, the *Boy* winning under the influence of the whip in the two last strides by a head.

2nd Heat.—Though running the *Boy* to a head, *Marmion's* owners changed their tactics, and made strong running ; *Melton Boy* waiting some four lengths. At the Hill the *Boy's* rider having closed, and finding his horse full of running, pulled slightly back, but eventually won with ease.

2ND RACE.

Mr Squirrel's        c. a. h. *Saladin*,        .. Henderson .. 1 1  
 Mr Smith's            b. a. h. *Melton Boy*,    .. Edwardes .. 2 dr.

*Melton Boy* being brought to sharp time, came out sobbing from his last heat. *Saladin* made running from the post with *Melton Boy* waiting a length astern. At the straight running, *Melton Boy* reached his quarter, but finding nothing left in him ( and the old horse going like oil ) his rider pulled up, and the owner drew him for next heat.

3RD RACE.—The Griff's Purse of 15 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. for all horses, weight for inches, 14 hands 10st.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats.

Mr Powell's        c. a. h. *Cossack*, 10st. 7lbs. Edwardes 1 0 1  
 Mr Kempland's c. a. h. *Irishman*,        .. Owner        2 0 2  
 Mr Ogilvie's        c. a. h. *Unknown*,        .. Owner        3 3 3

This was a right good race, and showed more sport than any at the Meeting and also was another instance of the "glorious uncertainty" of the Turf—*Irishman*, a trained horse, being booked to win by a party, to a certainty.

1st Heat.—*Cossack* jumped from the post, was never headed and won by five or six lengths, drawing *Irishman* (who did not intend running for the heat) with him.

2nd Heat.—*Unknown* scored from the post waited on by *Cossack* and *Irishman*. At the distance Mr Kempland called on his horse and a desperate rally ended in the Judge giving it a dead heat, though a sporting lady opposite the Post, and *Cossack's* rider, declared he won by a head.

3rd Heat.—*Unknown* again made play, the others waiting, and again *Irishman's* Jockey called on his horse in the distance. *Cossack's* rider determined not to leave it in doubt after a short struggle won by several lengths.

FOURTH DAY.

1ST RACE.—Losers' Handicap of 10 G. M.—4 G. M. entrance for all losing horses. R. C. Those not accepting to pay 2 G. M. Ponies excepted.

Mr Melton names b. a. h. *Gambler*, 8st. 12lbs. Kadir Bux    1  
 Mr Squirrel names g. a. h. *Marmion*, 9st. 0lb. Edwardes    2

*Marmion* made very slow running to the Hill, when they came away, but *Marmion's* rider finding his horse beaten pulled up.

This race should have been 2d, but *Marmion's* owner running for the Winner's handicap claimed the choice.

2ND RACE.—Winners' Handicap of 10 G. M. 3 G. M. entrance ; 2 G. M. Ft. for horses not standing 1½ miles, for which all Winners must enter. Poney purse excepted—optional to losers.

Mr Smith's	..	<i>Melton Boy</i> ,	9st. 11lbs.	Edwardes	1
Mr Squirrel's	..	<i>Saladin</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Henderson	2
Mr Melton names	..	<i>North Star</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Kadir Bux	3
Mr Squirrel names	..	<i>Marmion</i> ,	9st. 2lbs.	Kadir Bux	4

This was another "glorious uncertainty," the old plater, *Saladin*, weighted at 8st. 12lbs. and in very good form, was thought safe to win, and so certain were his party that Mr Henderson was put up though 5lbs. over weight.

*Melton Boy* jumped off (determined to see if the old horse's 5lbs. did him good) at a severe pace to the turn out—he there pulled back, and *Saladin* carried on the running the *Boy* on his quarter, and *North Star* and *Marmion* three lengths astern. The pace continued severe to the turn home and when inside the distance the *Boy* challenged, and after a short struggle won by a couple of lengths, *North Star* well up.

### COLOMBO RACES.

FIRST DAY, Monday, January 10, 1848.

1ST RACE.—General Subscription Plate. Heats 1½ miles. To start at 4 o'clock.

Capt. Airey's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Aliwal</i> ,	6ys. 10st. 5lbs.	Capt. Airey	1	1
Visct. Torrington's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Panic</i> ,	4ys. 9st. 7lbs.	Wilkinson, Esq.	2	2
Capt. Maclean's	bl.	a.	h.	<i>Annandale</i> ,	aged 10st. 5lbs.	Capt. Galway	3	3
Mr Kirk's	t.b.e.	b.	g.	<i>Bedlamite</i> ,	.. .. .	..	..	dr.

2D RACE.—Ladies' Purse. Heats 1 mile.

Capt. Airey's	ch.	a.	h.	<i>Erin-go-bragh</i> ,	aged 9st. 12lbs.	Owner	1	1
Mr Brown names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Zohrab</i> ,	aged 9st. 12lbs.	Owner	2	dr.
Mr Kirk's	t.b.e.	b.	g.	<i>Bedlamite</i> ,	.. .. .	..	..	dr.

3D RACE.—The Scurry Race. Heat three quarters of a mile.

Capt. Price's	..	<i>Wce Pet</i> ,	.. .. .	Master Thompson	1
Mr Vane's	..	<i>Eclipse</i> ,	.. .. .	Brown	2
Mr Scovell's	..	<i>Sullan</i> ,	.. .. .	Scovell	3
Mr Braybrooke's	..	<i>Billy</i> ,	.. .. .	Braybrooke	0
Mr Brown's	..	<i>Paddy</i> ,	.. .. .	Barnett	0

SECOND DAY, Wednesday, January 12.

1ST RACE.—The Governor's Cup, value £50. £2 each added. Distance 2 miles.

Capt. Airey's	ch!	a.	h.	<i>Erin-go-Bragh</i> ,	aged 10st. 5lbs.		
Capt. G.	..	..	..	.. .. .	.. .. .		1
Major Genl. Smelt's	g.	a.	h.	<i>I-will-if-I-can</i> ,	aged 10st. 5lbs.		
Major Francklyn	..	..	..	.. .. .	.. .. .		2
Viscount Torrington's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Panic</i> ,	4yrs. 9st. 7lbs.		
Wilkinson, Esq.,	..	..	..	.. .. .	.. .. .		0
Mr Templer names	ch. sb.	m.		<i>Mischief</i> ,	6yrs. 10st. 5lbs.		
W. Robinson, Esq,	..	..	..	.. .. .	.. .. .		0

2D RACE.—Boys' Race for a Whip, value £2, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. Heats half mile.

Mr Thompson's	g. h.	<i>Padre</i> ,	..	Mr Thompson	2	1	1
Mr Braybrookes's	b. m.	<i>Lady Love</i> ,	..	Mr C. Braybrooke	1	2	0

3D RACE.—Match, one mile. 10st. 5lbs.

Capt. Maclean's	bl. a. h.	<i>Annandale</i> ,	..	Capt. Gallway	1
Capt. Airey's	c. a. h.	<i>Aliwal</i> ,	..	Major Francklyn	2

4TH RACE.—Scurry for £10. All horses. 9st.

Capt. Price's	..	<i>W'ee Pet</i> ,	..	Robinson	2	1	1
Mr White's	..	<i>Ackbar</i> ,	..	MacDougal, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr Fraser's	..	<i>Ruby</i> ,	..	Fraser, Esq.	0	0	0
Mr Logard's	..	<i>Johnny Boy</i> ,	..	Barnett, Esq.	0	0	0
Mr Scovell's	..	<i>Tambo</i> ,	..	Scovell, Esq.	0	0	0

£25 The Prospectus announced five days' racing; we have been unable to find record of more than two. We hope that next year the Colombo people will continue to manage a more respectable report. We may request them to give us the distance, weight and *timing* if nothing more.—A. E.

## BOMBAY RACES.

FIRST DAY, Thursday, February 3, 1848.

1ST RACE.—The Derby. Rs. 400 from the Fund, 5 G. M. subscription, with an entrance of 10 G. M. For all Maiden Arabs. Weight for age. 1½ miles. (11 subscribers.)

Mr Gee's	g. a. c.	<i>Whalebone</i> ,	7st. 9lbs.	Cartwright	1
Major Blood's	g. a. h.	<i>Baron</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	McGiveron	2
Mr South's	c. a. c.	<i>Absentee</i> ,	8st. 2lbs.	Abdullah	3

The Derby closed on the 1st Sept. with but ten nominations, but these comprised a lot of unusually large and fine horses, many of them known to possess great foot. For some time rumours travelled down to Bombay of the terrific speed of *Whalebone*, *Coobeirshaw*, and *Young Egypt*. The two latter were unlucky in their training however. *Young Egypt* never came out, *Coobeirshaw* ran badly at Kurrachee, and *Whalebone*, the winner of the Kurrachee Maiden, alone came to Bombay. At starting yesterday, he was the favorite even against the field. The other horses had their friends, and a fine race was expected. An unfortunate accident occurred to *Absentee* and his rider just before starting. On coming out from the stable the horse became frightened by the crowd and noise around him—dashed across the paddy fields in the direction of the Belvidere road, and there fell over with his rider. Both were severely shaken, and injured for the time. *Abdullah* however declared himself able to ride, and *Absentee*, though without a chance of winning, was allowed to start. The race is soon told. The three horses ran together for half a mile, when *Whalebone* left his companions, gradually increasing his lead, and winning, with his rider in vain endeavouring to hold him back, by about ten lengths.

Time,—59s. ; 58s. ; 58s.—2m 55s.

2ND RACE.—Rs. 400 from the Fund, 15 G. M. entrance, 5 G. M. forfeit. For all Arabs. Weight for age. 2 miles. (6 subscribers.)

Major Blood's g. a. h. <i>Mintmaster</i> ,	8st. 12lbs.	McGiveron	1
Mr South's g. a. h. <i>Virmuth</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Cartwright	2

Abdullah being very sick from his fall, Cartwright got up on *Virmuth*. Soon after starting, *Mintmaster* took a lead of about a length. At the back of the Course *Virmuth* went up to him and soon dropped again into his former place. At the bottom of the Course they were again together, and came round the turn in home stride for stride. *Mintmaster* was flogged half way up the distance, and won by about half a length. Had Cartwright thrown a little energy into the finish, the result might have been otherwise.

Time,—1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 56s.; 2nd  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 1m. 2s.; 3rd  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 59s.; 4th  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 1m.=3m. 57s.

3RD RACE.—Give and Take.

Mr Holmes' b. a. h. <i>Kitmutgar</i> ,	..	Walked over.
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4TH RACE.—Match for Rs. 1,000.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr Spurious' g. a. h. <i>Resolution</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Cartwright	1
Mr South's w. a. h. <i>Feramoz</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	McGiveron	2

*Feramoz* had been fretting for some time at the post before *Resolution* came up and at last became so excited that he could not be got to start. At the word off, *Resolution* ran away some twenty lengths before *Feramoz* was on his legs. The little horse however when once away ran very gallantly, closing very rapidly with his spider-like antagonist; but the distance was too short with so bad a start, and *Resolution* won by about two lengths.

Time,—31s.; 58s.; 59s.=2m. 28s.

#### SECOND DAY, Saturday, February 5.

1ST RACE.—The Dealers' Plate.—A gift of 200 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each, H. F., and only 5 G. M. forfeit if declared by the 1st Jan. 1848.—2 miles. Weight for age. For all Arabs imported during the last season. The 2nd horse to receive Rs. 500—and the 3rd to save his stake. (47 subscribers, 23 forfeits on the 1st Jan., 15 forfeits on the day before the race.)

The Confederates' c. a. h. <i>Red Jacket</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	Cartwright	1
Mr South's b. a. h. <i>Gun Cotton</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	Abdullah	2
Abdool Wahab's b. a. c. <i>Grand Master</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	Jemsoo	3
Major Blood's w. a. h. <i>Pearl</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	McGiveron	4
Abdool Wahab's g. a. c. <i>Glendower</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	Siddeeboy	5
Mr Ham's c. a. c. <i>Coningsby</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	Serfooden	6
Mr Elliot's g. a. h. <i>Lord John</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	Subano	7
Mr Scott's b. a. c. <i>Young Samnite</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	Howell	8
Sooltan Gubanee's b. a. c. <i>Suglavi</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	Bomina	0

*Red Jacket* was the favorite, and was freely backed against the Field. On going down to the starting-post *Coningsby*, whom two ghorawallas could scarcely hold, nearly tore off a shoe. The accident was smartly repaired, and the lot got into line. As they were coming up to the post, *Coningsby* went off without the word, but was pulled up in about 50 yards. On the word "off" being given, *Gun Cotton*, *Young Samnite*, and *Coningsby*, were the first on their legs, the rest getting away but indifferently. On nearing the corner, *Gun Cotton* was inside and leading. *Red Jacket* however soon caught him, and both horses came round together. As they passed

the Stand, the favorite was a length in front, *Gun Cotton* holding the second place, and a long string following. The interest in the race here ceased. *Red Jacket* increased his lead to seven or eight lengths, and was running within himself, and although a desperate push at the Dhobies' Tank, brought the field a little closer to *Gun Cotton*, yet the two leading horses never were caught, *Red Jacket* winning with ease, *Gun Cotton* an indifferent second, *Grand Master* a length behind him, and the rest all straggling up the distance.

Time,—1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 58s.; 2nd, 1m. 3s.; 3rd, 58s.; 4th, 1m. 2s.—4m. 1s.

2D RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, H. F. for all Arabs that never won. 2 miles. 8st. 7lbs. To close on the 1st October, and name the day before the race (5 subscribers.)

Mr Gee's b. a. c. *Whalebone*, 8st. 11lb. *Cartwright*, Walked over.

3RD RACE.—The Drawing Room Stakes, Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. For all Arabs. 1 mile. 8st. 7lbs.

Mr Gee's	g. a. c.	<i>Whalebone</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	<i>Cartwright</i>	1
Major Blood's	g. a. h.	<i>Mintmaster</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	<i>McGiveron</i>	2
Mr Spurious'	w. a. h.	<i>Resolution</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	..	dr.

*Resolution* being drawn, *Whalebone* and *Mintmaster* alone contested the race. They went off at a rattling pace, running the first half mile in 54 seconds. *Whalebone* then came away, and won by about three lengths with a strong pull on him, *Mintmaster* struggling in the most gallant manner to catch his formidable opponent.

Time,—1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 54s.; 2nd, 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—1m. 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

4TH RACE.—The Whim.

Mr Holmes' bth. a. h. *Kitmutgar*, .. .. Walked over.

### THIRD DAY, Tuesday, February 8.

1ST RACE.—A Match for Rs. 1,000. Two miles. 8st. 7lbs. each.

Hadjee Abdool Wahab's	g. a. h.	<i>Thunder</i> ,	..	<i>Abdulla</i>	1
Aga Mahd. Bawker's	w. a. h.	<i>Pigeon</i> ,	..	<i>Cartwright</i>	2

The *Pigeon* could not fly a yard. *Thunder* lay on his quarter for the first half mile, and then left him,—winning by four lengths with ease.

Time,—1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 58s.; 2nd, 1m. 1s.; 3rd, 1m.; 4th, 1m. 5s.—4m. 4s.

2D RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each. H. F. for all Arabs. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles and a distance.

Mr Gee's	g. a. c.	<i>Whalebone</i> ,	7st. 11lbs.	<i>Cartwright</i>	1
Mr South names	c. a. h.	<i>Red Jacket</i> ,	8st. 11lbs.	<i>Abdulla</i>	2

Time,—Distance, 16s.; 1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 55s.; 2nd, 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; 3rd, 1m. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—3m. 11s.

The Kurrachee rivals met on terms which, judging from their running in *Scinde*, ought to have brought them on an equality. *Red Jacket* went off with the lead at a rattling pace, and ran along the back of the Course at least three lengths in advance. At the Dhobies' Tank the great horse closed up and headed *Red Jacket*, winning with ease by about a couple of lengths. *Red Jacket* ran with great courage to the last, but he was forced to succumb to powers that may some day give trouble even to the renowned *Child*, or his almost equally celebrated stable-companion *Minnet*.

3RD RACE.—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse. Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each for all Arabs. One mile heats. 8st. 7lbs. each.

Major Blood's	g. a. h.	<i>Mintmaster</i> ,	..	McGiveron	1 1
Mr South's	c. a. c.	<i>Absentee</i> ,	..	Abdulla	2 dr.

A false start, but *Absentee* could not be pulled up. After in vain trying to stop him for three quarters of a mile, Abdulla at length gave in, and allowed his horse to go round the Course. This put an end to the chesnut's chance, if he ever had any. On starting again *Mintmaster* took the lead and kept it, winning in-hand. *Absentee* was drawn after the first heat.

Time,—1st heat, 55s. ; 2nd heat, 1m. 1s.

4TH RACE —A Galloway Plate. Rs. 150 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Weight for age—Maidens on the day of starting allowed 5lbs.

Mr Peter's	bth. a. h.	<i>Kitnutgar</i> ,	..	8st. 5lbs.	1
Mr Henry's	g. a. h.	<i>Anarchy</i> ,	..	8st. 12lbs.	2
Mr Henderson's	g. a. h.	<i>Diamond</i> ,	..	8st. 0lb.	3
Mr Peter's	g. a. h.	<i>Sir Harry</i> ,	..	9st. 0lb.	4

*Kitnutgar* took the lead at starting and had it all his own way to the winning-post.

Time,—1m. 26s.

#### FOURTH DAY, Thursday, February 10.

1ST RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, with a forfeit of 5 G. M. if declared on the 1st February 1848. For all Arabs not above 14 hands, and imported into Bombay during the present season. Weight for age. 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles heats. To close and name on the 1st December 1817. (25 subscribers, 13 of whom pay the small forfeit.)

Aga Mahomed Bawker's	g. a. c.	<i>Ruby</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	Cartwright	1 1
Abdoolah bin Hassan's	c. a. h.	<i>Turquoise</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	Abdoolah	2 4
Tasseem bin Kudder's	g. a. c.	<i>Durweesh</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	..	3 2
Hadjee Abdool Wahab's	g. a. h.	<i>Echo</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	McGiveron	4 3
Nowrojee Nusserwanjee's	g. a. c.	<i>Teejah</i> ,	7st. 5lbs.	Nagoo	5 5
Sooltan Gubanee's	g. a. c.	<i>Jazgan</i> ,	7st. 5lbs.	..	6 6
Sooltan Gubanee names	b. a. h.	<i>Mushoor</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	Fukerah	7 dr.

For this race seven very neat little horses came to the post, and, considering the short time they have been landed and in training, their performance was surprisingly good. The appearance of *Ruby*, *Durweesh*, and *Turquoise* was much admired.

*Ruby* won both heats with tolerable ease. The Chesnut ran well up in the 1st heat, and in the 2nd *Durweesh* showed such determination that it was thought by many that with a good Jockey upon his back, the result might have been somewhat doubtful.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 59  $\frac{1}{2}$ s. ; 2d heat, time not taken.

2D RACE.—The Malet Stakes. Rs. 400 from the Fund. 10 G. M. entrance. 2 G. M. forfeit. 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles Handicap. Gentlemen riders.

Major Blood's	g. a. h.	<i>Mintmaster</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	Mr Manwaring	1
Mr South's	w. a. h.	<i>Virmuth</i> ,	9st. 11lbs.	Mr Henry	2
The Confederates'	c. a. h.	<i>Red Jacket</i> ,	9st. 6lbs.	Mr deRobert	3
Mr Henry's	g. a. h.	<i>Anarchy</i> ,	8st. 12lbs.	..	0
Mr Henderson's	g. a. h.	<i>Diamond</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	..	Forfeit
Mr Peter's	w. a. h.	<i>Winning Hazard</i>	8st. 5lbs.	..	Forfeit

*The Malet Stakes.*—This race created very great interest. The horses were known to be quite first rate; the handicap was believed to be very good; and the first appearance of the Gentlemen Jockies added much to the anxiety which was universally felt, especially in the Grand Stand which was thronged with all the beauty and fashion of the place. In the preparatory canter *Mintmaster* showed to very great advantage, both from his excellent condition, and the excessive neatness of his clever-looking rider, whose appearance and Jockeyship would have done credit to any course in England. *Red Jacket*, owing to his violent disposition, was mounted at the post, and led up to the start. His condition did great credit to his stable, and the steady way in which he was handled throughout showed that a real artist was upon his back. *Virmuth* also looked and cantered well, and the known ability of his Jockey induced many to back him. In short, all three had abundance of friends. With a punctuality seldom attained by Gentlemen Riders, the lot went well away together at the appointed time. The start was beautiful. *Red Jacket*, closely followed by *Mintmaster*, taking the lead at a very steady pace, *Virmuth* lying some 7 or 8 lengths behind. On nearing the Tank, *Mint* was alongside of the Chesnut, and *Virmuth's* lee way was somewhat lessened. On rounding the last corner, *Red Jacket's* chance was out, and *Virmuth* was running so strong and well, that many supposed it would be his race; however, at the distance post, it was evident that he would not be able to reach his game opponent, who was landed a clever winner by a good length, and, as we have said above, admirably ridden throughout. After the Malet, *Whalebone* walked over for the Sweepstakes, and the *Craven*,—no one daring to enter the lists against him.

Time,—2m. 57s.

3RD RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each. *H F.* For all Arabs. 8st. 10lbs. 1½ miles.—Subscribers.

Mr Gee's g. a. c. *Whalebone*, .. .. walked over

4TH RACE.—The *Craven*. For all Arabs, Rs 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. 1½ miles heats.

Mr Gee's g. a. c. *Whalebone*, .. .. walked over.

Mr Peter's w. a. h. *Winning Hazard*, .. .. drawn

5TH RACE.—Match Rs. 1,000 1½ miles. 8st. 7lbs.

Mr South names g. a. h. *Thunder*, 8st. 7lbs. Abdoolah 1

Mr Spurious names blk. a. h. *Kitmutgar*, 8st. 7lbs. Cartwright 2

There was a vast deal of speculation upon this event; both the owners considering that they had fallen into a *good thing*. The horses had met at the Kirkee Races, when the Black was the conqueror. They raced together to the last turn, when *Thunder* showed that he had the race in hand. He won very cleverly by half a length.

Time,—2m. 59s.

FIFTH DAY, *Saturday, February 12.*

1ST RACE.—Handicap Plate of Rs. 300 from the Fund with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each. 1½ mile and a distance.

Major Blood's .. *Pearl*, 9st. 0lb. McGiveron 1

Mahomed Bawker's .. *Ruby*, 8st. 9lbs. Cartwright 2

Mr Peter's names .. *Kitmutgar*, 9st. 12lbs. Mr deRobert 3

„ .. *Thunder*, 9st. 12lbs. Abdoolah 4

Abdool Wahab's .. *Echo*, 8st. 4lbs. Jamsoo 5

Mr Peter's .. *Teejah*, 8st. 4lbs. Native 6

Mr South's .. *Feramos*, 9st. 12lbs. .. dr.

Before starting *Ruby*, from this running on Thursday, was decidedly the favorite; *Thunder* was also thought highly of; while the owner of *Pearl* was very

confident and backed his horse heavily at 4 to 1. The lot got off very well indeed, *Ruby* at once going to the front, and forcing very strong running, closely waited upon by *Pearl*, *Kitmutgar*, and *Echo*. *Thunder* some lengths behind, and *Teejah* out of the race in the first 50 yards. At the back of the course *Echo* dropped, and *Ruby* somewhat increased his lead, giving rise to the supposition that it would be his race; however, at the last turn, the three were well together, and a beautiful race ensued. All hard at work upon the distance.—*Pearl* winning with difficulty by half a length.

Time,—3m. 15s.; 1½ milc, 2m. 58½s.

2ND RACE.—Match Rs. 500. 1 mile. 8st. 7lbs.

Mr Henderson's	..	<i>Diamond</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	McGiveron..	1
Mr Peter's	..	<i>Sir Harry</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	..	2

This match was won cleverly by *Diamond* and created but little interest.

Time,—1m 59½s.

SIXTH DAY, Tuesday, February 15.

1ST RACE —Match of 25 G. M. 2 miles. Owners to ride.

Mr W. Henry's	bk. h.	<i>Corsair</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	..	1
Mr Barnett's	g. c.	<i>Cockatoo</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	..	2

Won with ease.

Next came the *Cup*, second only in interest to the *Dealers' Plate*, and for which with a laudable desire to do honor to the Donor, and produce sport for the public, seven horses came to the post.

2ND RACE.—The Governor's Cup—Haudicap Heats. Round the Course—Gentlemen riders.

Major Blood's	g. h.	<i>Mintmaster</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	Mr Mainwaring	4 1 1
Mr Peter's	bk. h.	<i>Kitmutgar</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Owner	6 4 2
Mr South's	w. h.	<i>Virmuth</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	Mr Henry	2 3 3
The Confederates'	c. h.	<i>Red Jacket</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Mr DeRobeck	1 2 4
Mr Scott's	b. c.	<i>Young Samnite</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	Mr Collier	7 6 6
Mr Gee's	g. c.	<i>Whalebone</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Capt. Thornhill	3 dr.
Mr W. Henry's	g. h.	<i>Anarchy</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	Owner	5 dr.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 1s.—2d do., 3m.—3d do., 3m. 4s.

1st Race.—The betting was various, but the known speed and supposed superiority of *Whalebone* made him the favorite, with either *Mintmaster* or *Virmuth*, at even against the Field. *Young Samnite*, who ought to have run well for his very light weight, receiving three stone from *Whalebone*, was backed for a small sum by his own party, whilst *Red Jacket*, from the prestige attending his winning the *Dealers'*, also found friends. At a ¼ before 5 o'clock, the horses all appeared on the course to take their preliminary canters. *Whalebone* of course attracted universal attention, and although the heavy weight deterred some experienced judges from backing him, still his form and condition were so perfect, that those whose favorite he was, fancied him all that they could desire. *Mintmaster* and *Virmuth* both appeared in the highest possible training, particularly the former, who looked, if anything, fresher than on the first day of the meeting. And, though least not last, many thought that *Kitmutgar* was going to repeat on the Bombay Course his *Kirkee* performance for a similar prize. As soon as the lot were in tolerable



readiness, they were marshalled to the Post, *Virmuth* having the inside; and here happened one of those vexatious accidents which in a moment render the past labours of trainers and jockeys perfectly useless. As *Young Samnite* was being led up to the start, he wheeled round and kicked *Whalebone*, who was the next horse to him, two severe blows on his stifle; many thought that the bone was fractured, but fortunately such was not the case; the effect on the horse was immediately apparent, as he was not able to take advantage of the excellent start that he got, and he ran a crippled horse throughout the race. The start was bad—*Young Samnite*, *Virmuth*, *Kitmutgar*, *Red Jacket* and *Whalebone* getting an enormous lead, whilst *Mintmaster* and *Anarchy* were at least ten lengths behind. After rounding the first corner, the light weights forced the running and *Whalebone* was pulled back to about two lengths; *Samnite*, with all in his favor, lasted for about half a mile, and was for the rest of the race nowhere. *Red Jacket* then went away with a very strong lead, followed by *Whalebone*; they ran in this order until half way up the distance, when *Whalebone's* jockey, finding his horse in pain from the kick and heavy weight, cased him, and *Virmuth* immediately took second place, but had no chance of catching the chesnut, who was landed an easy winner by a couple of lengths. *Mintmaster* and *Anarchy*, from their bad start, did not run for this heat.

Time,—1st Half mile and 35 yards, 1m. 1s.; 2nd Half mile, 0m. 58s; 3rd do., 1m. 1s. = 3m.

*2nd Heat.*—*Whalebone* and *Anarchy* were both drawn after the first heat, and therefore the field was diminished to 5. Within half an hour from the termination of the last, they again appeared before the race stand. *Mintmaster* much the favorite, not only from his having been saved, but also from his well earned reputation in many a contested race. *Red Jacket* and *Virmuth's* admirers still clung to the hope that some chance might give them the race, whilst considerable astonishment was created by *Young Samnite's* again appearing at the Post, where he very nearly served *Virmuth's* jockey the same trick he played to *Whalebone*. The start was again very bad, but *Mintmaster* this time was one of the fortunate ones. The horses kept well together, *Red Jacket* and *Virmuth* leading; the former about a length in advance; *Kitmutgar* overpaced, but running stoutly, with *Samnite* a good deal in the rear. *Red Jacket* and *Virmuth* came gallantly up the distance, when *Mintmaster* challenged them, and in a most masterly manner won with ease by a length. *Red Jacket* 2d, *Virmuth* 3rd.

Time,—3m.

*3rd Heat.*—It was now any odds on *Mintmaster*, who looked every inch a winner. *Virmuth* showed slight symptoms of distress, as well as *Red Jacket*, whilst *Kitmutgar* looked as if he was ready to run for ever. They started beautifully for this heat, *Mintmaster* and *Virmuth* jumping off with a good lead, with *Red Jacket* and *Kitmutgar* laid close up. They ran without any material alteration until the distance, when, to the astonishment of all, *Kitmutgar* drew on the front, and cries were heard that it would be his heat. This wonderful little horse carried 11 pounds overweight, but for which many think he would have changed the fortunes of the day. His real stoutness and courage were, however, of no use against *Mintmaster* equally remarkable for the same qualities added to which his superior size enabled him to overstride his small antagonist, and he won hard held. The riding of *Mint's* jockey was much admired, and he added to the laurels he gained in the Malet Stakes. *Red Jacket* was made as much of as any riders was capable of doing, and the way he ran and was handled, shewed that even head and speed cannot avail against a seasoned horse like the winner. *Virmuth* ran, as he always does, with real gameness, but only alas to add to the long list of bad fortune that attended his owner during the meeting. We have already remarked upon *Kitmutgar* and can only finish by wishing so good a horse better luck in his future contests. He is one of the most wonderful horses of his size or colour we have ever seen.

The distance round the course is 35 yards over the 1½ Miles, and considering the weights carried, and at 11cats, the performance may be considered quite first-rate.

Time,—3m. 4s.

3RD RACE.—Handicap Plate of Rupees 200 from the Fund—5 G. M. entrance G. M. forfeit R. C.

Mahomed Bawker's	g. a. c.	<i>Ruby</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	..	1
Jassim bin Kudder's	g. a. c.	<i>Derweesh</i> ,	8st. 2lbs.	..	2
Major Blood's	w. a. h.	<i>Pearl</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	..	3
Mr Spurious'	w. a. h.	<i>Resolution</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	..	0
Mr Henderson's	g. a. h.	<i>Diamond</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	..	0
Abdoolah bin Hussam's	g. a. h.	<i>Thunder</i> ,	9st. 6lbs.	..	0
NowrojeeNusserwanjee'sg.	a. c.	<i>Duke of Wellington</i> ,	7st. 5lbs.	..	0

Time,—2, 5, 8.

Owing to the prolonged racing for the Cup, the Handicap Plate did not come off until nearly dark, and although it was one of the best and most closely run races of the meeting, it is not possible to give any accurate account of the order the horses ran in round the course. *Pearl* and *Derweesh* were the favorites against the field at starting. *Derweesh* at the distance was still leading, and many an anxious heart thought that it would be his race. Cartwright, however, on *Ruby*, who had been making a waiting race of it, now came out and won on the post by a neck. *Derweesh* 2nd, *Pearl* 3rd. The pace, for such fresh animals as the winner and second horse, was tremendous.

Time round the Course, 2m. 58s.

#### GORUCKPORE SKY RACES.

1ST RACE.—Booger Stakes of 5 G. M. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{4}$  Mile heats. *Bond fide* untrained Horses. Catch Weights. G. R.

Capt. Grant's	g. c. g.	<i>Wild Horse</i> ,	Owner	..	..	1	1
Mr Boozer's	b. c. m.	<i>Bunnoo</i> ,	Mugheer Ali,	8th Cav.	2	3	
Mr Patrick's	br. c. b. g.	<i>Polluse</i> ,	Owner	..	..	3	2
Mr J. Brook's	ct. a. h.	<i>Racy</i> ,	Owner	..	..	4	4

1st Heat won by a length in 28 seconds. *Bunnoo* ran a capital second.

2nd Heat.—*Polluse* looked like a winner at one time, but the *Wild Horse* made a rush and won by two lengths—29 seconds

2ND RACE.—A Purse for all Ponies. 3 G. M. Entrance 1 G. M. Catch weights.

Capt. Grant's	dun pony	<i>Jack</i> ,	Latafut Khan	..	1	1
Mr Marten's	ct. pony	<i>Marshall</i> ,	Owner, 1st heat	..	2	2
Mr Seedyman's	b. pony	..	Owner	..	3	3

This was a well disputed race from the post for both heats—won with difficulty by old *Jack*—well ridden by a Sowar of the Irregular. *Marshall*, in the 2d heat, was ridden also by an Irregular. Mr Seedyman lost his stirrups and with them his chance of winning.

3RD RACE.—Consolation Purse of 5 G. M., for all Horses. Catch weights. G. R.  $\frac{1}{4}$  Mile.

Mr Patrick's	br. c. b. g.	<i>Polluse</i> ,	..	Owner	..	1
Mr Boozer's	b. c. m.	<i>Eye Opener</i> ,	..	Magheer Ali.	2	
Capt. Grant's	b. c. m.	<i>Molly</i> ,	..	Owner	..	3

*Eye Opener* took the lead at a rattling pace—first  $\frac{1}{4}$  in 26s. *Molly* running second—at the distance *Polluse* made a rush passed both the mares, proved himself a

LUCKNOW RACES.

good one by winning by more than a length. *Mully* was well ridden by her owner and made a desperate attempt at the last few lengths to win, but it would not do.  
Time, 58s.

4TH RACE.—3 G. M. for all *good size* Buggy Horses.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.  
Catch weights.

Mr Billow's	ct. c. b. m.	<i>Bee's Wing,</i>	Mr Irwin	Owner
Capt. Grant's	dan c. b. h.	<i>Tom Pipes,</i>	Owner	Owner

1st Heat so easily won by the mare that *Pipes* was drawn for the second heat.

5TH RACE.—Match for 5 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Mile.

Mr Boozer's	ct. h.	<i>Nuttah Khan,</i>	Owner
Mr Elder's	b. m.	<i>Ajuba,</i>	Owner

*Ajuba* had it easily, but her rider did not put on his 'wide awake' that morning. Mr Boozer stole the race in a masterly manner.

LUCKNOW RACES.

FIRST DAY, Saturday, January 8, 1848.

1ST RACE.—Lucknow Derby for Maiden Arab, 20 G. M. from the fund, 5s. 7lbs. each. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. Winner before the day of the race to carry 7lbs. extra. To close on the 1st November, and name the day before the race.

Mr Hope's	b. a. h.	<i>Plenipo,</i>	Panchoo	1	2
Syud Almud's	g. a. h.	<i>Scratch,</i>	..	2	2
Capt. Smith names	b. a. h.	<i>Volligeur,</i>	..	3	3
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Morpheus,</i>	..	4	4
Mr Wilson's	g. a. h.	<i>Van Tromp,</i> late <i>Mango.</i>	..	5	5

1st Heat.—*Morpheus* led from the post, waited on by *Scratch* and *Plenipo* went up and passed him at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile; these two ran together to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in which *Plenipo* went in front, winning by two lengths.

2d Heat.—*Plenipo* and *Scratch* rated together almost the whole way, winning by a length. *Scratch* proved himself a good horse running at an old with more than his weight for age against *Plenipo*, an aged horse, who carried 12lbs. less than weight for age.

Time,—1st heat, 3m 6s.; 2d heat, 3m. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2ND RACE.—The Craven Cup on its terms.

*Waldemar* fell in starting and *Tara* cantered round.

3RD RACE.—Purse of 50 G. M. for all Horses, English excepted, given by Nawab Allie Nuckie Khan. One two mile heat, 3s. 7lbs. each. Maidens allowed geldings or mares not entitled to the usual 5lbs. allowance, 10 G. M. T. F. close on the 1st November, and name the day before the race. To be run on the day of the Lucknow races.

Mr Williams'	g. a. h.	<i>Tara,</i>	Mr Smith
Mr Hope's	b. a. h.	<i>Problem</i>	..

Capt. Smith names	g. a. h.	<i>Waldemar</i> ,	..	3
Nawab Allie Nuckie Khan's	g. a. h.	<i>Seahorse</i> ,	..	4
Mr Wilson's	b. a. h.	<i>Glenmore</i> ,	..	5

*Tara* won the race easily and shewed himself a better horse than he was last year. *Problem* had been ill of fever, and ought not to have started.

Time,—4m. 8s.

4TH RACE.—A Purse of 80 Rupees for all hacks. Half mile heats. G. R. 1st. 7lbs. Entrance 20 Rupees. The winner to be sold if claimed for 300 Rupees.

Mr Clay's	b. a. h.	<i>Lightfoot</i> ,	..	Owner	1	1
Mr Andrew's	b. a. h.	<i>The Traitor</i> ,	..	John	2	2
Syud Ahmud's	g. a. h.	<i>Harmonic</i> ,	..	Hule	3	3

*Lightfoot* won easily in 1m. 1s. each heat.

#### SECOND DAY, Tuesday, January 11

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all maidens. Calcutta weight for age. Heats 1½ mile. Winners once before the race, to carry 7lbs. extra, (twice or oftener 10lbs. extra. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. To close on 1st November and name the day before the race.

Capt. Smith names	g. a. h.	<i>Seahorse</i> ,	..	Panchoo	1	1
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Morpheus</i> ,	..	..	2	3
Syud Ahmud's	g. a. h.	<i>Nujeeb</i> ,	..	..	3	2

*Seahorse* won both heats with great ease and had he been in better condition would have proved an ugly customer in some of the other races, but horses from Bombay never recover the march so as to shew well their first year.

Time,—1st heat, 5m. 12s.; 2d heat, 3m. 16s.

2D RACE.—The Ministers' Purse on its terms; viz. a Purse of 50 G. M. for all horses Calcutta weight for age. 1½ mile heats. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. Winners of one season 7lbs. and of two seasons 10lbs. extra. To close 1st November and name the day before the race.—N. B. Maidens of the present season not to carry the additional weight being intended for such horses as are considered Placers for this and former years.

Mr Williams'	g. a. h.	<i>Tara</i> ,	..	..	1	2	2
Mr Hope's	g. a. h.	<i>Scratch</i> ,	..	Panchoo	2	1	1
Capt. Smith names Brown	a. h.	<i>Voltigeur</i>	..	..	3	3	3
Mr Barker's	c. a. h.	<i>Mordecai</i> ,	..	..	4	4	4

*Scratch* was purchased by Mr Hope on purpose for this race, on account of the honest manner in which he had run the maidens, and to fill the place of *Plenipo*, who had gone wrong much to his owner's loss as he was decidedly the best horse at the meeting. *Tara* ran his race as honestly as usual and won the first heat by some two lengths or more. For the 2d heat Panchoo waited until the last turn home, rushed at and caught *Tara* and *Voltigeur* who were struggling together and won by about a length. The 3d heat, the same plan was adopted by *Scratch's* rider, and with like success, the race being won more easily.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 38s.; 2d heat, 3m. 36s.; 3d heat, 3m. 41s.

3D RACE.—The Lucknow Great Welter of 10 G. M. from the fund, added to sweepstakes of 5 G. M., for all horses. G. R. 1½ mile. Arab and C. Bs. 11st.

Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 7lbs. English 12st. 7lbs. Horses that have not won Purse, Plate, Match or Sweepstakes on or before the day of closing allowed 5lbs., or the day of running 10lbs. To close 1st December and name the day before the race.

Capt. Smith names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Waldemar</i> ,	..	Hale	1
Mr Hope's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Cyclops</i> ,	..	..	2
Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Morpheus</i> ,	..	..	dr.
Mr Hackley's	g.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>Alliwal</i> ,	..	..	dr.

*Waldemar* was well ridden by Mr Hale who allowed *Cyclops* to run himself out and then took the lead and kept it.

Time,—3m. 16s.

THIRD DAY, Thursday, January 13, 1848.

1ST RACE.—Syud Ahmud's Purse of 25 G. M. for all Maiden Arabs purchased from him from the 1st January 1847, 8st. 7lbs. 1½ mile heats. Entrance 10 Gold Mohurs, H. F. To close on the 1st December, and name the day before the race.

Nawab Allie Nuckie Khan's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Baby</i> ,	..	Bashan	1
Mr Hope's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Guess</i> ,	..	..	2

*Guess* was put in to prevent a walk over.

Time,—3m. 22s.

2D RACE.—The King's Purse on its terms if given; viz. a Purse of 100 G. M. for all horses, Calcutta weight for age, 2 mile heats, entrance 10 G. M. P. P. Maidens allowed 7lbs., horses that have never won allowed 12lbs. To close on the 1st November, and name the day before the race.

Mr Williams'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Tara</i> ,	..	Mr Smith	1	1
Capt Smith names	b.	a.	h.	<i>Volligieur</i> ,	..	..	2	2
Syud Ahmud's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Cyclops</i> ,	..	..	3	3
Mr Wilson's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Sir Hugh</i> ,	..	..	0	0
Mr Hope's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Scratch</i> ,	..	..	dr.	

*Scratch* having gone wrong *Tara* walked off with the King's Purse, although ably opposed by *Volligieur* who proved himself a stout running and honest colt and as a 5 years old will next season shew some of the maidens the length of his tail.

Time,—1st heat, 4m. 13s.; 2d heat, 4m. 17s.

3D RACE.—Charger Stakes 8 G. M. Entrance 3 G. M. H. F. for all horses the *bonâ fide* property of the Officers at Lucknow and in the Cawnpore Division, and that have been regularly ridden for the preceding six months. G. R. 11st. 7lbs. 1 mile.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Morpheus</i> ,	..	walked over.
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4TH RACE.—A Purse of 48 Rupees for all Ponies. ½ mile heats. Catch weight.

Mr Farshall's,	..	<i>Backgammon</i> ,	..	Owner	1	1
Mr Clay's	..	<i>Culprit</i> ,	..	Owner	2	2

Was won easily by *Backgammon*.

## FOURTH DAY, Saturday, January 15, 1848.

1ST RACE.—Winners' Handicap, for which all winners (hacks, chargers, and ponies excepted) must enter, optional to losers. 10 G. M. from the fund. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. 1½ mile.

Mr Hope's	b. a. h.	<i>Plenipo</i> ,	.. §	Panchoo	1
Capt. Smith names	g. a. h.	<i>Waldemar</i> ,	.. ..	..	2
Mr Williams'	g. a. h.	<i>Tara</i> ,	..	..	3

The Winners' Handicap was won by *Plenipo* on three legs, he having been patched up for it. *Waldemar* within half a length of him and the rest well up, except *Problem* who bolted.

Time,—3m. 4s.

2D RACE.—Losers' Handicap, 10 Gold Mohurs from the fund. Entrance 5 G. M. H. F. 1½ mile heats.

Mr Baker's	c. a. h.	<i>Mordecai</i> ,	..	walked over.
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3D RACE.—Consolation Purse of 10 G. M. from the fund. Entrance 5 G. M. P. P. 1 mile heats.

Horses valued at Rupees 1,200, to carry 9st. 12lbs.

Ditto	ditto	1,000,	ditto	9	5
Ditto	ditto	800,	ditto	9	0
Ditto	ditto	600,	ditto	8	7
Ditto	ditto	400,	ditto	8	0

Mr Williams'	g. a. h.	<i>Tara</i> ,	..	9st. 12lbs.	1
Syud Ahmad's	g. a. h.	<i>Cyclops</i> ,	..	9st. 0lbs.	2

1st Heat.—Was won by *Tara*, when the Syud's man having chosen to place the saddle amongst other saddlery instead of the scales, he was very properly distanced.

Time,—unknown.

4TH RACE.—Cheroot Stakes, 3 G. M. from the fund, 1 G. M. Entrance, for all horses. One mile. Catch weights. The winner to bring his cheroot lighted to the weighing stand. The winner to be sold for 350 Rupees if claimed.

Mr Clay's	b. a. h.	<i>Lightfoot</i> ,	..	Lindsay	1
Mr Andrews'	b. a. h.	<i>The Traitor</i> ,	..	Owner	2

Mr Clay's *Lightfoot* won easily.

## NOWGONG SKY RACES.

FIRST DAY, February 10, 1848.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 80 Rs, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 Rs., for all horses, weight 10st. 7lbs.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats.

Mr Robert's	g. a. h.	<i>Blue Blazes</i> ,	..	Owner	1	1
Mr Houchen's	g. a. h.	<i>Puckpan</i> ,	..	Mr Haig	2	3
Mr Maclean's	b. a. h.	<i>Sutledge</i> ,	..	Owner	3	2

1st Heat.—The Grey went away from the post at a rattling pace, and kept well together to the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from home, where *Blue Blazes* came in front, and an easy winner, hard held. The bay laying behind 4 or 5 lengths all the way.

2nd Heat.—The Greys off again, rating it well to the old corner,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from home, when *Blue Blazes* took the lead and kept it. A very pretty struggle between *Sutledge* and *Puckpan*, the former coming in about half a length before the latter. The owner of *Blue Blazes* rode 12st. 6lbs. and the time of 2nd heat was made by several watches, 1m. 35s. Not such bad timing *that with* the weight for an untrained horse

2D RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of 80 Rs, for all Galloways, weight for inches, entrance 8 Rs  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats, 14 hands to carry 10st. 7lbs

Mr Maclean's	e. a. gal.	<i>Th's Knight</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	Owner	1	1
Mr Houchen's	g. a. p.	<i>Mahomed Dost</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Mr M.	2	bt.
Mr Haig's	b. Cabul	<i>Dick</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	Owner	3	3
Mr Caulfield's	b. pony	<i>Yezze</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Owner	4	2

1st Heat.—The Chesnut got a good start, *Mahomed Dost* running well up with him to the distance post, when the Chesnut went ahead, and won easily. The other two quickly tailed off from the start.

2nd Heat.—The Chesnut and *Mahomed Dost* off again together at a tremendous space, at the corner *M. D.* bolted and thereby lost his chance.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 50 Rs. for all Hacks, entrance 5 Rs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats, 11st. Winner to be sold for 400 Rs. if claimed  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour after the Race.

Mr Maclean's	b. a. h.	<i>Grampus</i> ,	Owner	1
Mr Rough and Tough's	j. b's. cb.	<i>Poor Orchin</i> ,	Orchins	2 dr.
Mr P.'s	g. a. h.	<i>Bones</i> ,	Radeliffe	3 dr.

1st Heat.—All off well together, *Grampus* taking the lead 5 or 6 lengths at the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile post. *Poor Orchin* closed a little at the distance post about 3 lengths behind, when Orchin made a desperate rush and landed *Poor Orchin* at the post not half a length behind the winner.

4TH RACE.—For all Ponies, the property of Natives, to be ridden by owners; 16 Rupees.

A capital Race for this Purse, no end of them came to the post and made a first-rate struggle all the way. Arms and legs flying up and down like the sails of a wind-mill.

SECOND DAY, February 10.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 80 Rs. for all horses, weight for inches. Entrance 10 Rs.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats.

Mr Robert's	g. a. h.	<i>Blue Blazes</i> ,	..	Owner	1	1
Mr Maclean's	b. a. h.	<i>Sutledge</i> ,	..	Mr M.	2	2
Mr Houchen's	g. a. h.	<i>Puckpan</i> ,	..	Mr Haig	3	3

Both heats *Blue Blazes* had it all his own way and won easily.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 50 Rupees, for all Ponies, 13 hands and under. Entrance 5 Rs. 2 mile heats, 9st.

Mr Caulfield's	b. pony	<i>Yezze</i> ,	..	Owner	1	2	1
Mr Houchen's	g. p.	<i>Mahomed Dost</i> ,	..	Mr Radcliffe	2	1	2

The best race of the meeting, the Ponies being well matched, *Yezze* winning the last heat by a neck, both being severely punished.

3D RACE.—Winners' Handicap, for which all winners must enter, 40 Rs., entrance 8, Ponies excepted.

Mr Robert's	g. a. h.	<i>Blue Blazes</i> ,	Owner	1
Mr Rough and Tough J. B.'s	c. b. ..	<i>Poor Orchin</i> ,	Mr Haig	2
Mr Maclean's	c. a. h.	<i>The Knight</i> ,	Mr M.	3
Mr Houchen's	g. a. h.	<i>Puckpan</i> ,	Mr Caulfield	4

A capital race between *Blue Blazes* and *Poor Orchin*. The grey coming in about 2 lengths ahead doing his best.

4TH RACE.—For all Natives' Ponies, 16 Rupees, great fun again for this purse, the same pony winning the two Purses.

### LOODIANAH SKY RACES.

FIRST DAY, Thursday, February 17, 1848.

1ST RACE.—Loodianah Purse of 100 Rs. added to a Sweepstakes of 1 G. M., for all Horses; Arabs and C. B. 10st., Cape, N. S. W., and English 1st. 1 Mile. G. R.

Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Corsair</i> ,	..	..	1
Mr Bailey's	g. a. h.	<i>Bastard</i> ,	..	..	2
Mr Thompson's	g. a. h.	<i>Hawk</i> ,	..	..	3

A capital start, *Corsair* off with the lead, which he kept throughout, *Bastard* came up to him at the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, but was beaten at the first rather easily.

Time,—2m. 7s.

2ND RACE.—Galloway Purse of 5 G. M. Entrance 1 G. M. for all Galloways, 9st. 1 Mile. G. R.

Mr Thomson's	g. a. g.	<i>Comet</i> ,	..	..	1
Mr Evans'	g. a. h.	<i>Taffy</i> ,	..	..	2
Mr James'	b. a. h.	<i>Herod</i> ,	..	..	3

All off at score, running out the first half in 1 minute, not bad work for little ones, carrying nearly 10st. each. *Comet* winning easily.

Time,— $\frac{1}{2}$  Mile—1m.; Mile—2m. 15s.

3D RACE.—Hack Stakes of 60 Rs. Entrance 10 Rs.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Mile heats, 10st. 7lbs. Winner to be sold for 40 Rs.

Mr Slender's	g. c. b. h.	<i>Goblin</i> ,	..	1	1
Mr B.'s	g. a. h.	<i>Moonshine</i> ,	..	2	2
Mr Squirrel's	b. h.	<i>Ginger</i> ,	..	3	3
The Doctor's	d. c. h.	<i>Nutcut</i> ,	..	4	blt.
Mr Jervis'	d. c. b. h.	<i>Caboolie</i> ,	..	5	dr.
Mr Gordon's	b. c. b. h.	<i>Cruicky</i> ,	..		fell.

1st Heat.—All off together, at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, *Goblin* and *Cruicky* came to the front, the latter leading to within about 50 yards from home, when he fell, and *Goblin*



came in an easy winner. The rider of *Cruicky* had a severe fall, and broke his collar bone, but is, happily, doing as well as can be expected.

Time,—1m.

2nd Heat.—The ghostly animal had it all his own way and cantered in an easy winner.

Time,—1m. 2s.

SECOND DAY, Saturday, February 19, 1848.

1ST RACE.—Sky Welter of 100 Rs. for all Horses. Arabs and C. B. 11st.; Cape. N. S. W and English 12st. 1 Mile. Entrance 1 G. M. G. R.

Mr Bailey's	g. a. h.	<i>Bastard</i> ,	..	..	1
Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Corsair</i> ,	..	..	2
Mr Burney's	b. a. h.	<i>Castor</i> ,	..	..	3

*Corsair* the favorite at the Ordinary at any odds, as he had beaten his Horses so easily on the first day, but old proverbs must be verified sometimes and the "glorious uncertainty." etc. etc., was fully carried out on this occasion, the "crack" being beaten by a couple of lengths.

Time,—2m. 7s.

2D RACE.—Buggy Stakes of 5 G. M. for all *bonâ fide* Buggy Horses, 10st. 7lbs.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Mile heats. Entrance 12 Rs

Mr Gordon's	<i>Breakneck</i> ,	late	<i>Cruicky</i> ,	..	..	1	1
The Carman's	c. c. b. m.		<i>Duchess</i> ,	..	..	2	2
The Confederates'	g. a. h.		<i>Stumbler</i> ,	..	..	3	3

*Breakneck* won both heats with all ease.

Time,—1m. 1s.

3D RACE.—Pony Purse of 60 Rs. 10 entrance.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. Catch weights.

Mr Henry's	roan pony	<i>Nameless</i> ,	..	..	1	1
Mr Haden's	b. p.	<i>Doctor</i> ,	..	..	2	2
Mr Slender's	b. p.	<i>Jumper</i> ,	..	..	3	3

1st Heat.—A capital race, all together, *Nameless* winning by half a length.

2nd Heat.—The *Doctor* got a bad start, and would not catch *Nameless* once, who won rather easily.

Time,—32s.

THIRD DAY, Monday, February 21, 1848.

1ST RACE.—Winners' Handicap of 5 G. M. Entrance 10 Rs. 1 mile.

Mr Bailey's	g. a. h.	<i>Bastard</i> ,	..	..	1
Mr Slender's	w. c. b. h.	<i>Goblin</i> ,	..	..	2
Mr Gordon's	b. c. b. h.	<i>Breakneck</i> ,	..	..	3
Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Corsair</i> ,	..	..	4

*Goblin* and *Bastard* rated it all the way, the Arab winning by a length or two.

Time,—2m. 8s.

2ND RACE.—Losers' Handicap of 5 G. M. Entrance 10 Rs. mile.

Mr Thompson's	g. a. h.	<i>Hawk</i> ,	..	..	1
Mr Evans'	g. a. g.	<i>Tuffy</i> ,	..	..	2
Mr Burney's	c. a. h.	<i>Castor</i> ,	..	..	3
Mr Squirrell's	b. a. h.	<i>Ginger</i> ,	..	..	4
The Carman's	c. c. b. m.	<i>Duchess</i>	..	..	5

Pretty well together to the quarter mile post, when *Hawk* and *Taffy* came to the front, and rated it in neck and neck, *Hawk* winning on the post by a head.  
Time,—2m. 6s.

3RD RACE.—“Baccy” Stakes of 60 Rs. Entrance 10 Rs. 1 mile. The winner to bring his Cheroot lighted to the weighing stand. Catch weights.

Mr Slender's	g. a. h.	<i>Moonshine</i> ,	..	..	1
Mr Thompson's	b. a. h.	<i>Comus</i> ,	..	..	2
Mr Binny's	g. a. h.	<i>Blueskin</i> ,	..	..	3
Mr Squirroll's	g. a. h.	<i>Sham Singh</i> ,	..	..	4
The Patron's	c. a. h.	<i>Fireworker</i> ,	..	..	5

*Fireworker* bolted with a tremendous start, but the bellows wanted mending at the half mile. Good race home between *Moonshine* and *Comus*—the former winning by a length.

4TH RACE.—Match—9st.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats.

Mr Henry's	roan pony	<i>Nameless</i> ,	..	..	2 1 1
Mr Haden's	b. pony	<i>Doctor</i> ,	..	..	1 2 2

*Doctor's* owner not being satisfied with his defeat in the pony race, a match was made up between the two ponies, which created great excitement in the sporting circles. In fact, a celebrated member of the Turf, and great patron of sport here, offered to give choice, and back either pony.

1st Heat.—Neck and neck at the way, *Doctor* winning by a head.

2nd Heat.—No odds to be had—the known bottom of *Nameless* rendering such an experiment dangerous. This heat ditto to the first. *Nameless* winning by about the same distance as the *Doctor* in No. 1.

3rd Heat.—*Doctor* got a bad start, and could not recover himself. *Nameless* winning rather easily.

5TH RACE.—Match.  $\frac{1}{4}$  Mile, 11st.

Mr Gardner's	b. a. g.	<i>Herod</i> ,	..	..	1
The Doctor's	g. a. g.	<i>Chusan</i> ,	..	..	2

Time,—1m. 8s.

#### FOURTH DAY, Wednesday, February 23.

1st RACE.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 1 G. M. with the surplus money from the Fund. 1 Mile heats.

Mr Bailey's	g. a. h.	<i>Bastard</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	..	1 1
Mr Gordon's	b. c b. h.	<i>Brea'neck</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	..	2 4
Mr Thompson's	g. a. h.	<i>Hawk</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	..	3 3
Mr Evans'	g. a. g.	<i>Taffy</i> ,	9st. 2lbs.	..	4 5
Mr Slender's	g. a. h.	<i>Moonshine</i> ,	9st. 4lbs.	..	5 2
Mr Charles'	br. a. h.	<i>Corsair</i> ,	10st. 5lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Burney's	c. a. h.	<i>Castor</i> ,	8st. 12lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Patron's	c. a. h.	<i>Fireworker</i> ,	9st. 0lbs.	..	dr.

1st Heat.—For a wonder the Handicap gave general satisfaction, nearly all the horses bought in at the Lottery, *Bastard*, if anything, having the call. They started admirably, *Moonshine* waiting for the 2nd heat. The other four rattled up the straight run, *Bastard* winning a very close race on the post. *Hawk* and *Taffy* well up.

Time,—59s.

2nd Heat.—Same as last, except that *Moonshine* took *Breakneck's* place at the finish, running honestly and home.

Time,—59s.

Thus ended our Sky Races, and if no very great sums have been transferred on the occasion, we certainly have taken the change out in fun for our money.

## LAHORE SPRING MEETING.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, March 7, 1848.*

'Aurora smiles upon the morn, and lo !  
Wheels whirl from Anarkullee to Lahore.'

'Remember March ! the ideo of March remember !' was the incessant cry of our Sporting community. The time has arrived, and this morning at sunrise we met to witness the coming off of three events. The first was the Lahore Stakes of 100 Rs. each, with 20 G. M. added—for Maiden Arabs. 9st. 7lbs. 1½ mile. Horses that have never won allowed 7lbs. Close and name 1st March.

Mr Davidge's	g. a. h.	<i>Tancred,</i>	9st. 7lbs.	Mr Warde	1
Mr Ferrer's	b. a. h.	<i>Mazeppa,</i>	9st. 0lb.	Mr Waddington	2
Mr Rawlins'	g. a. h.	<i>Bugaboo,</i>	9st. 0lb.	Mr Bayley	3

'*Tancred* went away with the lead, was never caught, and won by some lengths. *Mazeppa* declared 2lbs., and the horse with the odd name never had the ghost of a chance any part of the race.

Time,—3m. 4s.

2D RACE.—Galloways, 5 G. M. each, with 15 G. M. added. 1 mile heats. 9st. Horses that have never won allowed 5lbs.

Capt. Roberts'	b. a. g.	<i>Ganymede,</i>	..	Capt. Hicks	1 1
Mr Rapid's	g. a. g.	<i>Conrad,</i>	..	Mr Bayley	3 2
Mr James'	c. a. g.	<i>Toss,</i>	..	Mr Gardner	2 3

9st. each were the proper weights, but owing to some mistake at the scales, Capt. Hicks carried 4½ lbs. too much without declaring. This his opponents objected to after the first heat, but the Stewards negatived their objection, in consequence of one of their number having pointed out the wrong weight to Capt. Hicks. Of course *Ganymede* had to carry the same weight in the 2nd heat, notwithstanding which he won without much difficulty. The first he had all his own way, as *Conrad* was held back.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 7s.—2nd heat, 2m.

The Hacks, ½ mile heats, 10st. 7lbs. each, were won by an ill-favoured Waler called *Cucumber* beating three others in the coolest manner for the 1st heat, and after a good race with one *Baby Blake* in the second. The morning's sport was altogether uninteresting.

SECOND DAY, *Thursday, March 9.*

1ST RACE—Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. added, for all Horses—English excepted. 1¼ Mile race. Arab and C. B. 9st., Cape and N. S. W. 9st 5lbs. Winner of 1st race 1st day, 5lbs. extra.

Mr Davidge's	g. a. h.	<i>Tancred,</i>	9st. 5lbs.	Mr Warde	1
Mr Rawlins'	b. n.s.w. h.	<i>Jacky</i>	9st. 5lbs.	Mr Waddington	2

A very fair race all round to the distance when *Jacky* failed—and *Tancred* went in a few lengths in advance.

Time,—3m. 37s.

2ND RACE.—Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse of 10 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, for all Horses—English excepted—10st. 7lbs. each. G. R. R. C.

Mr Rapid's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Gauntlet</i> ,	..	Mr Oakes	1
Mr Rawlins'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Bugabo</i> ,	..	Mr Cathcart	2
Mr James'	b.	n.s.w.	g.	<i>Cucumber</i> ,	..	Mr Warde	3
Mr Pratt's	c.	n.s.w.	g.	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	..	Mr Waddington	4
Mr Hotham's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Reindeer</i> ,	..	Owner	dist

This was an amusing spectacle—as *Kangaroo* was so frightened at the crowd round, that he would not start until the others were 50 lengths away, *Reindeer* broke a blood vessel on the road round and was pulled up. Old *Gauntlet* who appeared in perfect form won as he pleased. There was some slight difference in regard to the timing, but as some watches made it 2m. 36s. and others 2m. 38s., it is fair to suppose that it was 'betwixt and between.'

Time,—2m. 37s.

3RD RACE.—Give and Take 4 G. M. each, with 10 G. M. added. Weight for age and inches—14 hands and aged 9st. 7lbs.  $\frac{1}{4}$  Mile heats. Winner of Galloways 5lbs. extra.

Capt. Roberts'	b.	a.	g.	<i>Ganymede</i> ,	..	Capt. Hicks	1	1
Mr Rapid's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Conrad</i> ,	..	Mr Bayley	2	2

The Cupbearer carried 9st. 10lbs., his opponent 9st. 11b.!! notwithstanding which difference of weight the former won easily the first heat and without much difficulty the second, in time that was not considered shady at the weight up.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 30s—2nd heat, 1m. 28s.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, March 11.

1ST RACE.—Welter Stakes of 10 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. added, for all Horses. 2 miles. G. R.

Mr Rapid's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Gauntlet</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	Mr Oakes	1
Mr Davidge's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Tancred</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Mr Robertson	2
Mr Rawlins'	b.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>Jacky</i> ,	10st. 12lbs.	Mr Cathcart	3

*Tancred* beaten at last!! 'but weight can get a race horse beaten by a donkey' they say. He was however backed by his friends, confidently, against the field—3 to 1 was taken about the Waler—the same about the Calcutta horse. The latter reflected the highest credit on his trainer. He was the acme of condition. The three made a superb race of it for the 1st mile and three quarters—each doing his best, and running as even as horses in Roman chariot. The Waler failed at that point, and weight with the outside track in addition killed *Tancred*, who was carrying a 7lbs. penalty for winning the two first days, and who by the same token was evidently short of work. Mr Oakes at the distance post left his horses and went in with ease in 'any thing, but to be sneezed at' time, which the old horse could have well improved had it been necessary. The steadiness of the three Jocks was much and deservedly admired. 'We rayther imagine' here, but that the time will astonish the weak minds of not a few who peruse this report.

Time,—4m. 9s.

2ND RACE.—Consolation Stakes of 3 G. M. each, with 10 added, for all Horses. R. C. (which is 1 mile, 1 quarter and 49 yards.)

Mr Pratt's	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	..	10st. 11lbs.	Mr Hotham	1
Mr Rawlins'	<i>Bugabo</i> ,	..	10st. 5lbs.	Mr Cathcart	2
Mr James'	<i>Cucumber</i> ,	..	8st. 5lbs.	Mr Robertson	3

The Arab was the favourite, but *Kangaroo* having recovered from his late fright, went away with his countryman, who by the bye had not gone far before he failed. Mr Cathcart made a desperate attempt with the *Whatebone* and *Brumma-*

gems to win, but it was no use, as *Kangaroo* won without Mr Hotham lifting his hands.

Time,—2m. 39s.

**3RD RACE.**—The Charger Stakes were walked over for by the bay Arab horse *Cardinal*. This race is always a farce, and ought to be abolished from the face of the racing world. The terms of them are invariably very equivocal, and the consequence is that when there are as many as a couple of entrances or so, the race that ensues savours exceedingly of mediocrity.

The morning wound up with a spirited affair between Mr Rawlins' gray Arab horse *Reindeer*, and Mr James' bay Arab horse *Cardinal*,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, 10st. 7lbs. each, which was won after a severe contest by the latter. Mr Waddington piloted the winner, and Mr Cathcart officiated on the loser, who just failed in putting his neck in first on the post. The correct time I cannot give as some watches made it—1m. 30s and others 1m. 32s.

*Tancred*, *Gauntlet*, *Ganymede*, *Kangaroo* and *Retriever* meet next day for a  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile Sweepstakes at light weights, which event is causing great excitement and interest as they are known flyers for that distance.

FOURTH DAY, Wednesday, March 15.

**1ST RACE.**—Purse for all untrained horses— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr James'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cardinal</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	Mr Warde	1
Mr —'s	b.	a.	h.	<i>Sherry Cobbler</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	Mr Cathcart	2
Mr Duffy's	b.	cape	h.	<i>Greyhound</i> ,	11st. 0lbs.	Mr Duffin	3

*Cardinal* won by a length after a pretty fair race with the other Arab. The Cape *Greyhound* did his duty by running after the others. Time not good for such horses.

Time,—1m.

**2ND RACE.**—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each— $\frac{3}{4}$  Mile. Arabs, 9st.; Colonial, 9st. 7lbs. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs. Close and name day before the Meeting.

Mr Pratt's	c.	n.s.w.	gel.	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	*	Mr Waddington	1
Mr Davidge's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Tancred</i> ,	†	Mr Warde	2
Mr Rapid's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Gauntlet</i> ,		Mr Magnay	3
Capt. Roberts'	b.	a.	gall.	<i>Ganymede</i> ,		Capt. Hicks	4
Mr Rawlins'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Retriever</i> ,		Mr Bayley	5

\* Carried 9st. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. † Declared 2lbs.

This caused great excitement—so much so that nobody thought of starting a watch with the horses—so that one of the fastest things we have had is entirely lost to the Calendar. The Waler from being untrained had no friends but an occasional 5 to 1. *Retriever* also was not noticed in the betting—but the other three caused a good deal of business. The Waler drew the post, *Tancred* second place, and at the word 'off' the winner jumped away with the lead which he increased after the first turn to something considerable. At the quarter home he was ahead by several lengths, and was caught, for want of condition, by *Tancred*, in the straight running. However a beautiful race ensued, the big one getting it by a neck. The timing must have been first race as we all know *Ganymede* and others to be clippers. The Cupbearer had the bad luck to draw outside which was everything against him. The greedy fielders were in luck and chuckled accordingly.

The Pony Stakes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats, were won by *Whitestocking* beating with ease *Trick*, *Snob* and *Sam Slick*.

## FIFTH DAY, Friday, March 17.

1st RACE.—Winners' Handicap—1½ mile.

Mr Rawlins' b. n. s. w. h.	<i>Jacky</i> ,	9st. 6lbs.	Mr Waddington	1
Mr Davidge's g. a. h.	<i>Tancred</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	Mr Warde	2
Mr Rapid's b. a. h.	<i>Gauntlet</i> ,	9st. 12lbs.	Mr Bayley	3

*Ganymede* and *Kangaroo* would not stand the Handicap—so the rest came to the post, each with confident friends. The Waler and *Gauntlet* were backed against each other—3 to 2 was taken about the latter, and *Tancred* was taken even against either of his opponents. The starter got them fairly under weigh, and away they sailed at an awful pace, and in less than half a mile *Gauntlet* dropped astern which gave the Waler the inside. The three remained in this position until the last turn in, where *Jacky*, went half a length in advance of *Tancred*, and *Gauntlet* ran gallantly to within a length of the others. From the distance it was clearly *Jacky's* race, and he went in by a length, and *Gauntlet* managed to reach the second horse's quarter. The time was undoubtedly first rate, but I think that the big horse was rather too much favoured by his Handicappers. Thus ended our Spring Meeting, and taking it altogether it has passed away a very agreeable fortnight. *Dame Fortune* did her best to divide her favours fairly, and she was I think *all but* successful. The ordinaries were badly attended, so that our lotteries and betting have not done much mischief.

Time,—½ mile 58s.—1½ mile 2m. 31s.—whole distance 3m. 33s.

The timing throughout the meeting was very good, and although there were no opportunities for any display of consummate jockeyship, yet I've no doubt that our successful artists were much pleased with their own performances, which very proper feeling tends to incite the amateur disciples of the cap and jacket to future deeds of glory and renown.

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**TABULAR ABSTRACTS**

**OF THE**

**PRESIDENCY MEETINGS.**





TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA FIRST MEETING. I.

CALCUTTA RACES. FIRST MEETING 1847-48.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
50 G M Sweepstakes for all horses . . . .	br. eng. m. <i>Morgiana</i> Sst.	7lbs	R. C *	3m 49s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Minuet</i> , Sst. 7lbs.—one forfeit.
Derby . . . . .	g. a. h. <i>Ishmael</i> . Sst.	12lbs.	R. C.	4m. 0s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Gholab Sing</i> , Sst. 12lbs. ; g. a. h. <i>Knight of India</i> , Sst. 8lbs. ; g. a. h. <i>Remembrancer</i> , Sst. 7lbs. ; b. a. h. <i>Chancellor</i> , Sst. 3lbs. ; g. a. h. <i>Zurbano</i> , Sst. 8lbs.—35 noms.
25 G M Sweepstakes for all horses . . . .	b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> ... Sst.	10lbs	1 Mile.	1m 51s.	Beating g. b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st. 3lbs. ; b. n.s.w. g. <i>Brown Juniper</i> , 9st. 5lbs. ; b. a. h. <i>Cadwalader</i> , 8st 10lbs. c eng m. <i>Cossack Maid</i> , (late <i>Flyaway</i> ) 8st. 11lbs.—6 subscriptions.
The Colonial Stakes b. cp. h. <i>Richmond</i> . . . 9st.	b. cp. h. <i>Richmond</i> . . .	0lbs +	R. C.	3m 41s.	Beating c. n.s.w. g. <i>Problem</i> , 8st. 11lbs. ; c. n.s.w. c. <i>Bungarabbee</i> , 7st. 13lbs.—19 nominations.
Allipore Champagne Stakes . . . . .	b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> ... 9st.	3lbs	R. C.	3m. 22½s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Minuet</i> , 9st 3lbs. ; b. a. h. <i>Cadwalader</i> , 9st. 3lbs.—24 forfeits.
The Auckland Stakes b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> ... 3st.	b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> ... 3st.	8lbs	2½ Miles.	—	Walked over. <i>Minuet</i> 8st. 8lbs. dr. One forfeit.

\* 1½ Miles and 15 Yards.

+ *Richmond*? not having been brought up to be raced, ran as an aged horse, in pursuance of Rule passed by the Cal. Turf Club, March 31, 1847

ii. TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA FIRST MEETING.

CALCUTTA RACES, FIRST MEETING 1847-48.

[Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time	Remarks.
50 G M Sweepstake for Maiden Arabians	g a. h. <i>Ishmael</i> . . . .	8st. 4lbs	1 Mile.	—	Walked over, six forfeits.
Ombus Stakes for Maiden Horses .	b. a. h. <i>Farewell</i> . . . .	9st. 3lbs	R C	3m. 40s.	Beating c. n. s. w. g. <i>Problem</i> , 8st 9lbs ; b eng g. <i>Ignus Fatuus</i> , 8-t 11lbs. c n s w h. <i>Bungarab-licæ</i> , 8st. 4lbs—27 nominations.
50 G M Sweepstake for all Horses . . .	b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> ..	8st. 10lbs	2 Miles	—	Walked over, six subscriptions.
30 G M Sweepstake for Maiden Horses	b. a. h. <i>Guarantee</i> . . . .	8st. 7lbs	¾ Mile Heats	1m. 26. 1m. 24 1m 27s	Won the two last heats beating c n s w g <i>Problem</i> , 9-t 0lb ; c n s w. g. <i>Amrod</i> , 9 st. 0lb 3 subscriptions
40 G M Purse for Maiden Arabians . . . .	g a h <i>Honeysuckle</i> 8st.	6lb.	R. C. Heat	3m 25s.	Beating g a h <i>Ishmael</i> , 9-t. 3lbs ; g a h <i>Knight of India</i> , 8-t 8lbs in first heat, <i>Ishmael</i> and <i>Knight of India</i> were then drawn 14 forfeits
30 G M Sweepstake for all Horses . . . .	b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> ..	8st. 7lbs	¾ Mile	1m 21s.	Beating b eng g <i>Ignus Fatuus</i> , 9st 7lbs . b a h <i>Cadwalader</i> , 1st 7lbs , b eng m <i>Morgiana</i> , 9st 7lbs . b. n s w m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9-t. 7lb , b n s w g <i>Brown Jumper</i> , 9st. 7lbs.—6 nominations.

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA FIRST MEETING. iii.

CALCUTTA RACES, FIRST MEETING 1847-48.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
50 G M Sweepstakes for all Horses .....	b a h. <i>Minuet</i> .....	9st. 3lbs.	3 Miles.	—	Walked over. one forfeit.
50 G M Purse added to Sweepstakes 50 G M	b. n. s. w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> .....	8st. 6lbs	2 Miles.	—	Beating b a h. <i>Cadwallader</i> , 8st. 9lbs. who bolted, in 3m 28s. 5 forfeits.
Dealers' Plate .....	g. a. h. <i>Ishmael</i> .....	9st. 3lbs	R C.	3m. 30½s.	Beating b a. h. <i>Guarantee</i> , 8st 4lbs ; g a. h. <i>Goat Sing</i> , 8st 12lbs. ; g. a. h. <i>Toby</i> , 8st 3lbs — 25 nominations.
25 G M Sweepstakes for all Arabs .....	b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> .....	9st. 5lbs.	1¼ Miles.	2m. 22s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Forewell</i> , 9st. 0lb. ; b. a. h. <i>Minuet</i> , 9st 3lbs.—5 subscriptions.
Newmarket Stakes ..	c. eng. m. <i>Cossack Maid</i> ..	7st. 13lbs.	1 Mile.	1m. 51s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Cadwallader</i> , 9st 0lb. ; b. eng. m. <i>Morgiana</i> , 9st. 4lbs ; c. n.s.w. g. <i>Nimrod</i> , 9st 0lb.—4 nominations.
The Bengal Club Cup	g. a. h. <i>Honeysuckle</i> ..	8st. 6lbs.	2 Mile Heats.	3m. 56s.	Beating b. eng. g. <i>Ignis Fatuus</i> , 8st 5lbs — 19 forfeits. <i>Ignis</i> broke down in the second heat.

IV. TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA FIRST MEETING.

CALCUTTA RACES, FIRST MEETING 1847-48.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
30 G M Free Handicap Purse .....	b. eng. m. <i>Morgiana</i> 8st.	12lbs.	T. I *	—	Walked over. b. eng. h <i>Ignis Fatuus</i> 8st 10lbs ; b n. s. w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> 9st 3lbs. b a h <i>Child of the Islands</i> 9s. 1lb ; b a. h <i>Minuet</i> 8st 8lbs. ; g. a. h <i>Boy Jones</i> 8st 4lbs. ; and b. a. h <i>Farewell</i> 8st. 2lbs. paid forfeit.
Selling Stakes .....	b. a. h. <i>Guarantee</i> .. 7st.	8lbs.	Mile Heats.	1m. 55s. 1m. 55½s.	Beating g a h. <i>Nerer-Gire-In</i> , 7st 13lbs ; c n s w g <i>Nimrod</i> , 7st 10lbs — 3 entrances.
The Calcutta Turf Club Purse .....	b. eng. m. <i>Morgiana</i> 8st.	13lbs.	†St Leger Course.	3m. 29½s.	Beating b a h <i>Minuet</i> , 8st 10lbs. ; b a h <i>Chamois</i> , 8st. 6lbs ; c eng m <i>Cossack Maid</i> , 8st 5lbs ; g a. h <i>Boy Jones</i> , 8st. 0lb ; b n s w g <i>Brown Jumper</i> , 8st. 0lb. ; g a h. <i>Nerer-Gire-In</i> , 7st. 12lbs ; b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 9st. 3lbs. — 14 entrances.
Winners' Handicap ..	g. a. h. <i>Honeysuckle</i> 8st.	0lb.	2 Miles.	3m. 48s.	Beating b. eng. m. <i>Morgiana</i> , 9st. 0lb. ; b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st. 0lb. ; b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 9st. 0lb. ; b. a. h <i>Farewell</i> , 8st 0lb ; c eng m. <i>Cossack Maid</i> , 8st. 4lbs — 10 nominations. The b. cp. h <i>Richmond</i> 8st. ; b. a. h. <i>Minuet</i> 8st 7lbs ; g. a. h. <i>Ishmael</i> 8st. and b. a. h. <i>Guarantee</i> paid forfeit.
Losers' Handicap ..	c. eng. m. <i>Cossack Maid</i> 8st.	4lbs. 1½	Mile Heats.	2m. 56s. 2m. 56s.	Beating g a h. <i>Nerer-Gire-In</i> , 7st. 12lbs. (declared 1½lbs.) ; g. a. h <i>Boy Jones</i> , 8st 8lbs — 3 nominations.

\* 1½ Miles

+ 1¼ Mile and 125 yards.

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA RACES

CALCUTTA RACES, SECOND MEETING 1947-48

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time	Remarks.
25 G. M. Sweepstakes, .....	b a h Farewell, ..	3st. 0lb	1 Mile	1m. 53c 1m 56s	Beating b a h <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 8st 7lbs ; b cp h <i>Here-I-Go</i> , 9st. 7lbs, and running a dead heat with g. a. h <i>Great Western</i> , 8st 7lbs, who was beaten in the decisive heat—4 entrances.
The Merchants' Plate.	b n s w. m <i>Green-mantle</i> , .....	9st. 0lb	St. L. Course	3m 24s	Beating b. eng. m. <i>Morgiana</i> , 10st 0lbs.; c n s w h <i>Bangarabbee</i> , 9st. 11lbs.; b. n s w. g. <i>Brown Jumper</i> , 9st. 2lbs.; b. a. h <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 8st 10lbs; c eng m. <i>Cossack Maud</i> , 9st. 11lbs —11 entrances
25 G. M. Sweepstakes, .....	—	—	Crav Distance	—	Only two subscriptions and therefore no race.
Nawab Nasim's Purse, g a. h. <i>Honeysuckle</i>	3st. 8lbs	8lbs	2 Miles.	3m 56s.	Beating b cp h <i>Bachelor</i> , 8st 8lbs; g. a. h. <i>Night of India</i> , 8st 8lbs; b a h <i>Chancellor</i> . 8st 8lbs; g. a. h. <i>Ishmael</i> , 9st. 3lbs —43 forfeits
Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G M	b. a. h. <i>Mmanuel</i> , .	3st. 6lbs	R C	3m. 23½s.	Beating g a h <i>Elephoo</i> , 8st. 2lbs; b. cp. h. <i>Battler-dore</i> , 8st. 4lbs; b. cp. h. <i>Here-I Go</i> , 8st. 4lbs; g a h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , 7st 10lbs; b. n.s.w.g <i>Brown Jumper</i> , 7st. 10lbs.—6 forfeits,
30 G. M. Sweepstakes, .....	f. a. h. <i>Honeysuckle</i>	8st. 7lbs	2 Miles.	3m. 56s.	Beating b. n s w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st. 11lbs. b. n s w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st. 11lbs. <i>For swell</i> , 8st. 7lbs — 5 forfeits

**TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA 2D MEETING.**

**CALCUTTA RACES, SECOND MEETING 1874**

<i>Race.</i>	<i>Winners.</i>	<i>Weight.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>	<i>Time.</i>	<i>Remarks.</i>
20 G. M. Sweepstakes for all horses.	g. a. h. <i>Zurlano</i> , . . .	—	$\frac{3}{4}$ Mile.	—	Walked over.—3 forfeits.
The Trades' Plate.	b. n. s. w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> . . . . .	9st. 0lbs.	2 Mile heats.	3m. 58s.	Beating bk. n. s. w. g. <i>Black Hawk</i> , 8st. 0lb.; and b. n. s. w. m.; <i>Bellona</i> , 8st. 11lbs.; both drawn after first heat.—5 entrances.
Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all Horses.	—	—	—	—	2 forfeits.
Sweepstakes 30 G. M. c.	eng. m. <i>Cossack Maid</i> , . . . . .	7st. 12lbs.	R. C.	3m. 33s.	Beating b. n. s. w. g. <i>Brown Jumper</i> , 9st. 0lb.—3 forfeits.
The Civilians' Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of 40 G. M.	b. a. h. <i>Minuet</i> , . . . . .	8st. 7lbs.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	4m. 19s.	Beating b. eng. m. <i>Morgiana</i> , 9st. 4lbs; c. eng. m. <i>Cossack Maid</i> , 8st 5lbs.; b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 8st. 7lbs.; b. n. s. w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st 9lbs.—27 forfeits.
Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G. M.	b. cp. h. <i>Battledore</i> , 8st.	12lbs.	$\frac{3}{4}$ Mile.	1m. 22s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Farewell</i> , 8st. 5lbs The g. a. h. <i>Zurlano</i> , and g a h. <i>Great Western</i> , 8st 5lbs each paid forfeit.
Sweepstakes (private) of 50 G. M.	g. a. h. <i>Knight of India</i> , . . . . .	—	1 Mile.	—	Walked over.—5 forfeits

CALCUTTA RACES, SECOND MEETING 1847-48.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
Baboo Radhamadhub's Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., . . . . .	g. a. h. <i>Honeysuckle</i>	8st. 11lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 50s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Minuel</i> , 8st 13lbs ; g. a. h. <i>Elepoo</i> , 7st. 13lbs ; g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , a feather. The following horses paid forfeit, b. cp. h. <i>Here-I-Go</i> , 7st. 13lbs. ; b. w. s. w. m. <i>Greenmanille</i> , 9st. 10lbs. ; <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 8st. 11lbs. ; b. n. s. w. g. <i>Brown Jumper</i> , a feather ; b. eng m. <i>Morgiana</i> , 9st. 3lbs ; b. a. h. <i>Chancellor</i> , a feather.
Sweepstakes (private) of 50 G. M. P. P., . . . . .	g. a. h. <i>Knight of India</i> , . . . . .	8st. 13lbs	1½ Miles.	2m. 59½s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Ishmael</i> , 9st 3lbs.—5 forfeits.
Winners' - Handicap, . . . . .	b. a. h. <i>Minuel</i> , . . . . .	9st. 3lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 52s.	Beating b. n s w m <i>Greenmanille</i> , 9st 4lbs. ; b. eng. m. <i>Morgiana</i> , 9st. 5lbs ; g. a. h. <i>Honeysuckle</i> , 9st. 3lbs ; c. cp. h. <i>Hattidore</i> , 8st. 8lbs. ; g. a. h. <i>Knight of India</i> , a feather ; g a h. <i>Zur-bano</i> , a feather.—13 entrances.
Losers' Handicap, . . . . .	g. a. h. <i>Elepoo</i> , . . . . .	8st. 7lbs.	1½ Mile heats.	2m. 51s. 2m. 56s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Great Western</i> , 8st 5lbs ; g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , 8st. 5lbs. Winning the two first heats. The <i>Boy Jones</i> was drawn in the second heat—no forfeits.

iii. TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA 2D MEETING.

CALCUTTA RACES, SECOND MEETING 1847-48.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
Sweepstakes (private) of 50 G. M. P.	g. a. h. Knight of India, . . .	3st. 13lbs	2 Miles.	—	Walked over — 5 forfeits.
A Match of 100 G. M., . . . . .	g. a. h. Boy Jones.	9st. 5lbs	2 Miles.	3m. 57½s.	Beating b. a. h. Guarantee, 8st. 4lbs.
Subscription Purse of 55 G. M. for all horses, . . . . .	g. a. h. Elepoo, . . . .	4st. 10lbs	2 Miles.	3m. 51½s	Beating g. a. h. Boy Jones, 7st 12lbs; b. n.s.w. m. Greenmantle, 9st. 8lbs; g. a. h. Great Western, 7st. 12lbs.; The g. a. h. Honeysuckle, 9st. 11b. paid forfeit and b. a. h. Farewell, 7st. 12lbs. was drawn.



BOMBAY RACES, SEASON 1848.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
The Derby.....	g. a. c. <i>Whalebone</i> ,	7st. 9lbs.	1½ Miles.	2m. 56s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Baron</i> , 8st. 5lbs.; and c. a. c. <i>Ab-sentee</i> , 8st. 2lbs.—10 nominations.
Sweepstakes. . . .	g. a. h. <i>Mintmaster</i> ,	8st. 12lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 57s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Virmuth</i> , 9st. 0lb.—6 subscribers.
Give and Take. . .	b. a. h. <i>Khitmutgar</i> ,	—	—	—	Walked over.
Match.....	g. a. h. <i>Resolution</i> ,..	8st. 7lbs.	1½ Miles.	2m. 58s.	Beating w. a. h. <i>Feramorz</i> , 8st. 7lbs.
Dealers' Plate.....	c. a. h. <i>Red Jacket</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	2 Miles.	4m. 1s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Gun Cotton</i> , 8st. 5lbs.; b. a. c. <i>Grand Master</i> , 7st. 12lbs.; w. a. h. <i>Pearl</i> , 9st. 0lb.; g. a. c. <i>Glendover</i> , 7st. 12lbs.; c. a. c. <i>Coningsby</i> , 7st. 12lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Lord John</i> , 8st. 5lbs.; b. a. c. <i>Young Sammite</i> , 7st. 12lbs., & b. a. c. <i>Suglavi</i> , 7st. 12lbs.
Sweepstakes. . . .	b. a. h. <i>Whalebone</i> ,..	8st. 11lbs	2 Miles.	—	Walked over.
The Drawing Room Stakes.....	g. a. c. <i>Whalebone</i> , .	8st. 7lbs.	1 Mile.	1m. 51½s.	Beating w. a. h. <i>Resolution</i> , 8st. 7lbs., and g. a. h. <i>Mintmaster</i> , 8st. 7lbs.
The Whim.....	b. a. h. <i>Khitmutgar</i> ,	—	—	—	Walked over.
A Match.....	g. a. h. <i>Thunder</i> , ..	8st. 7lbs.	2 Miles.	4m. 4s.	Beating w. a. h. <i>Pigeon</i> , 8st. 7lbs.
Sweepstakes . . . .	g. a. c. <i>Whalebone</i> , .	7st. 11lbs.	1½ Miles.	3m. 11s.	Beating c. a. h. <i>Red Jacket</i> , 8st. 11lbs.

## BOMBAY RACES, SEASON 1848.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse...	g. a. h. <i>Mintmaster</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	1 Mile. heats.	— 55s. 1m. 1s.	Beating c. a. c. <i>Absentee</i> .
A Galloway Plate..	b. a. h. <i>Khitmutgar</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	$\frac{3}{4}$ Mile.	1m. 26s	Beating g. a. h. <i>Anarchy</i> , 8st. 12lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Diamond</i> , 8st. 0lb., and g. a. h. <i>Sir Harry</i> , 9st. 0lb.
A Sweepstakes..	g. a. c. <i>Ruby</i> ,...	7st. 12lbs.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile. heats	2m. 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.	Beating c. a. h. <i>Turquoise</i> , 8st. 5lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Derweesh</i> , 7st. 12lbs.; g. a. c. <i>Echo</i> , 8st. 5lbs.; g. a. c. <i>Jazgan</i> , 7st. 5lbs.; g. a. c. <i>Teejak</i> , 7st. 5lbs., and b. a. h. <i>Muskoor</i> , 8st. 5lbs.—25 subscribers.
A Sweepstakes..	g. a. c. <i>Whalebone</i> ,	7st. 2lbs.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ Miles.	—	Walked over—5 subscribers.
The Malet Stakes..	g. a. h. <i>Mintmaster</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	2m. 57s.	Beating w. a. h. <i>Virmuth</i> , 9st. 11lbs., and c. a. h. <i>Red Jacket</i> , 9st. 6lbs.
The Craven.....	g. a. c. <i>Whalebone</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile heats	—	Walked over.
A Match.....	g. a. h. <i>Thunder</i> ,...	8st. 7lbs.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	2m. 58s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Khitmutgar</i> , 8st. 7lbs.
A Plate and Sweeps	w. a. h. <i>Pearl</i> ,...	9st. 0lb.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	3m. 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Ruby</i> , 8st. 9lbs.; b. a. h. <i>Khitmutgar</i> , 9st. 12lbs.; w. a. h. <i>Feramorz</i> , 9st. 12lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Thunder</i> , 9st. 12lbs.; g. a. c. <i>Teejak</i> , 8st. 4lbs., and g. a. c. <i>Echo</i> , 8st. 4lbs.
The Winners' Handicap.....	g. a. h. <i>Mintmaster</i> ,	—	—	—	Walked over.

BOMBAY RACES, SEASON 1848.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
A Match.....	g. a. h. <i>Diamond</i> , ..	8st. 7lbs.	1 Mile.	—	Beating g. a. h. <i>Sir Harry</i> , 8st. 7lbs.
A Match.....	b. a. h. <i>Corsair</i> , .....	10st. 0lbs.	2 Miles.	4m. 33s.	Beating g. c. <i>Cockatoo</i> , 9st. 0lb.
The Governor's Cup	g. a. h. <i>Mintmaster</i> ,	9st. 7lbs	R. C. heats	—	Beating g. c. <i>Whalebone</i> , 11st. 0lb ; w. h. <i>Virmuth</i> , 10st 0lb.; b. h. <i>Khitmutgar</i> , 9st 7lbs.; c. h. <i>Red Jacket</i> , 10st. 7lbs.; b. c. <i>Young Samnite</i> , 8st. 0lbs.; g. h. <i>Anarchy</i> , 8st. 5lbs.
Handicap Plate..	... g. a. h. <i>Ruby</i> ,... ..	8st. 5lbs.	R. C.	—	Beating w. a. h. <i>Resolution</i> , 8st 7lbs.; w. a. h. <i>Pearl</i> , 9st. 0lbs.; g. a. c. <i>Derweeah</i> , 8st. 2lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Diamond</i> , 8st 0lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Thunder</i> , 9st 6lbs., and g. a. c. <i>Duke of W.</i> , 7st 5lbs.



# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES.

- | A.                                      | F.  | L.                            |
|---|---|-------------------------------|
| Aboukir, 23, 47, 48                     | Farewell, 30, 37                          | Lad of Stellenbosch, 1        |
| Alchymist, 26                           | Fleur-de-lis, 25                          | Lady Grey, 18                 |
| Aliwal, 60                              | Flibbertigibbet, 25                       | Lall Sing, 48, 49             |
| Annandale, 61                           | Foigh-a-Ballah, 51                        | Lavender, 12                  |
| Avon, 52, 53                            | Fusilier, 22, 46, 47, 49,<br>51           | Lightfoot, 70, 72             |
|   |   | Little Wonder, 52             |
| B.                                      | G.  | Long Legs, 53                 |
| Baby, 71                                | Gambler, 59                               | Lord David, 57                |
| Backgammon, 71                          | Ganymede, 11, 77, 78                      | Lorenzo, 53                   |
| Barabbas, 50                            | Gauger, 4                                 |                               |
| Bastard, 75, 76                         | Gauntlet, 11, 78                          | M.                            |
| Battledore, 42                          | Ginger, 4                                 | Magnet, 55, 56                |
| Bee's Wing, 69                          | Girth, 4                                  | Magpie, 8, 9                  |
| Belle Sauvage, 6                        | Glendarnel, 53, 54                        | Mahomed Rezza, 55             |
| Black Bess, 58                          | Go-a-head, 25                             | Mathematician, 14, 16         |
| Black Hawk, 17                          | Goblin, 74,                               | Mavourneen, 16                |
| Black Jack, 26                          | Grampus, 73                               | Melton Boy, 57, 58, 59,<br>60 |
| Blue Blazes, 73, 74                     | Greenmantle, 32, 38, 41                   | Mintmaster, 62, 64, 66        |
| Boots, 8                                | Guarantee, 31, 35                         | Minuet, 32, 39, 42, 44        |
| Boy Jones, 43                           |   | Modesty, 1                    |
| Brummagem Napoleon, 53                  | H.  | Montagu, 1                    |
|   | Hawk, 75                                  | Moonshine, 76                 |
| C.                                      | Heather, 54                               | Mordecai, 72                  |
| Cardinal, 79                            | Hector, 46                                | Morgiana, 27, 34, 35          |
| Chance, 3, 49                           | Here-I-go, 17, 18, 19                     | Morpheus, 71                  |
| Child of the Islands, 28,<br>29, 31, 33 | Herod, 76                                 | My old Friend, 9              |
| Chullan Peyary, 26                      | Holdfast, 47, 48, 50                      |                               |
| Clem of the Cleugh, 37                  | Honeysuckle, 31, 34, 36,<br>39, 40, 43    | N.                            |
| Come-it-if-you-can, 50                  | Humbug, 57                                | Nameless, 75, 76              |
| Comet, 74                               |   | Nancibell, 24                 |
| Corsair, 66, 74                         | I.  | Nimrod, 19, 20                |
| Cossack, 59, 74                         | Infidel, 52, 53                           | Nonsuch, 10                   |
| Cossack Maid, 34, 37, 41                | Ishmael, 27, 29, 33                       | North Star, 58                |
| Cruel Oyster, 7                         |   | Nuttah Khan, 69               |
| Cruicky, 75                             | J.  |                               |
| Cucumber, 77                            | Jack, 68                                  | O.                            |
| Cupid, 24                               | Jacky, 80                                 | Our Old Friend, 10, 11        |
| Cyclops, 7, 8                           | Jerry, 20                                 |                               |
|   | Jumping Jane, 3                           | P.                            |
| D.                                      |   | Padre, 61                     |
| Daddy Long-legs, 6                      | K.  | Pan, 10, 11                   |
| Devil-to-pay, 17                        | Kangaroo, 12, 78, 79                      | Panic, 48                     |
| Diamond, 66                             | Kangaroo late Nebuchad-<br>nezzar, 14, 16 | Pearl, 65                     |
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Midnapore Sky Races, . . . . .	<i>Hurkaru.</i>
Lahore Races, . . . . .	<i>Mofussilite.</i>
Mhow Races, . . . . .	<i>Delhi Gazette.</i>
Mozufferpore Races, . . . . .	<i>Our own Correspondent.</i>
Delhi Races, . . . . .	<i>Delhi Gazette.</i>
Titalya Races, . . . . .	<i>Our own Correspondent.</i>
Calcutta Races—First Meeting 1847-48, . . . . .	<i>Calcutta Star.</i>
Second Meeting 1847-48, . . . . .	<i>Ditto.</i>
Meerut Races, . . . . .	<i>Mofussilite.</i>
Second Annual Northern Division Meeting, Vizianagram,	<i>Madras Spectator.</i>
Jaulnah Races, . . . . .	<i>Bombay Times.</i>
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Colombo Races, . . . . .	<i>Colombo Observer.</i>
Bombay Races, . . . . .	<i>Our own Correspondent.</i>
Goruckpore Races, . . . . .	<i>Mofussilite.</i>
Lucknow Races, . . . . .	<i>Our own Correspondent.</i>
Nowgong Sky Races, . . . . .	<i>Mofussilite.</i>
Loodianah Sky Races, . . . . .	<i>Ditto.</i>
Lahore Spring Races, . . . . .	<i>Ditto.</i>





THE  
INDIA SPORTING REVIEW,

R E C O R D

OF THE  
TURF, THE CHASE, THE GUN,  
THE ROD, AND  
SPEAR.



THE

INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

N<sup>o</sup>. XIV.

JUNE, 1848.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

CALCUTTA: .

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE STAR PRESS.

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1848.



## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROVER writes—"A Sportsman in your last *Review* expresses his doubts of the female chikarah having horns. I have seen many and they all had horns, but shorter and thinner than those of the male." Our Correspondent's few lines, a "first attempt," hardly demand insertion, but we shall be exceedingly happy to hear from him again.

F. G.—In our next.

ROWEL.—Ditto, but we cannot promise as to the illustration.

A MOUNTAINEER.—The Game of the Himalayas (continued) ditto.

” ” BIRDS, received.

WILDFIRE.—We shall hear again with pleasure.

F. S.—We are exceedingly obliged by the note on the Kurrachee and Baroda Courses, though the information regarding them being thrown together we have been unable to use the matter as letter press to the drawings. Our correspondent says "The Kurrachee one was done by Captain McMurdo, Assist. Qr. Mr. Genl. in Scinde, on a large scale: it has been reduced to its present scale by Capt. McGrigor, of the 21st N. I. The Baroda one was surveyed, &c., &c., by people under Capt. John Ramsay, Assist. Qr. Mr. Genl. N. Division of the Army. The Kurrachee Course was measured three times by Capt. McMurdo with a hundred foot chain, 2 feet from the inner ring. Capt. McGrigor, Lt. Taylor of the 2d Lt. Cavalry, and self measured the Baroda Course with a hundred foot chain, 2 feet from the inner ring. Capt. Ramsay's people say my chain is 5 inches too long; if so, the Baroda Course is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile and 21 yards, instead of what we made it  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile and 12 yards, but we thought it best to keep to our measurement as my chain had gone off with my kit to Rajkote last year and for many, many years the Course has been considered 21 yards over the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile; till I get my chain properly measured, the length must be considered 12 yards over. The Baroda Course is a perfect level and when not dug up, as it was this year, is a beautiful hard Course, and very favorable for time I think: it is a sandy soil, but what with the grass on it &c., it binds well. The Inner Course was dug up by the Secretary after the *last* fall of rain, more rain was expected, but it fell not: then to make it worse, some of the

people trained on it; (the Inner Course,) the consequence was, that the horses were nearly up to their fetlocks in sand and dust round the Course. The Kurrachee Course when swept or scraped, which I hear it is just before the races, is good for time."

CENSURE.—It would perhaps do no good to expose the conduct in question; we believe there are few men, none deserving the character of sportsmen, who would be guilty of the conduct reprobated. Something, however, very like it has occurred in two or three other quarters. A man who will receive a Work of this kind and when the bill is sent—in a form that enables him readily to see what it is—write across it "Refused," is not a whit better, and far less excusable, than the majority of those who figure at the Police Office for having obtained goods on false pretences. We must protest, too, against subscribers leaving the country in arrear to us without even a line, entailing upon us the expense of paying for the copies being returned.

SANDY.—Our best regards, as a flapper.

BULBUL.—Is a little *dull-dull* in his song about the old grey boar. Let him throw his passion and experience into prose, and "please the pigs" he shall appear.

A SECRETARY.—We are afraid from the specimen that the batch would hardly suit our pages.

SOHO.—We do not make out our correspondent's signature. We think we may be able to oblige him as to No. III.

WILLOW.—It is not very agreeable, indeed a decided eye-sore to an Editor to see a long list of *Errata* and our correspondent must excuse us inserting all he has sent: we have carefully gone through them and only find three or four that it seems at all necessary to notice. In page 68 lines 43 and 44 for, *drawn* forward,—read *driven* forward; page 78 line 4 for, and scored amidst,—read and scored 5, amidst, &c.; page 78 line 27 for, and Watson served *Smyth*,—read and Watson served *Barwell* (this was the author's own mistake); page 81 line 25 for, Bean who succeeded *Sim*,—read Bean who succeeded *him*; page 82 line 45 for, Rawlins after scoring another by,—read Rawlings after scoring another *twoer* by (again the author's mistake). We trust these amendments will satisfy our correspondent: they appear to us the only ones really material.

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## ERRATA IN No. XIII.

### PROSPECTUS OF TITALYA RACES.

1ST DAY, 2D RACE.—*For* “Arabs 0st. Cape, C. B. and N. S. W., 11st. 7lbs.” *read* “Arabs 10st., Cape, C. B., and N. S. W., 10st. 7lbs.”

3D DAY, 4TH RACE.—*For* “3½ miles Heat,” *read* “¾ mile heat.”

RULE THE 5TH.—*For* “subscriptions to arrive at Dinapore,” *read* “Dinapore.”

### PROSPECTUS OF SONEPORE RACES.

1ST DAY, 4TH RACE.—*For* “1st 7lbs,” *read* “8st. 7lbs.”

5TH DAY, 2D RACE.—*After* “8st. 7lbs. each,” *read* “two miles.”

#### RULE 28.

*For* “to be played,” *read* “to be play or pay.”



THE  
INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

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JUNE, 1848.

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GAME OF THE HIMALAYAS.

THE MUSK DEER.

*Local*—Kastoor, Kastoora, Indra, Sindra,—*Male* Bena, *Female* Seune.

This little persecuted animal would probably have been left undisturbed, to live a life of peace and quietness in its native forests, but for the celebrated perfume with which nature has provided it. Its skin being to them worthless, from its small size, the flesh alone would hold out no inducement to the villagers to hunt for it, while larger game was more easily procurable; and its comparative insignificance would alike have protected it from the pursuit of the European sportsman. As the musk, however, renders it to the Puharies the most valuable of all, there is no animal so much and universally sought after in every place it is known to inhabit. Musk is known in perhaps nearly every part of the civilized world, yet little, I believe, is known of the nature and habits of the animal that produces it; and though but a small member of the family, in a description of Himalayan deer, it deserves particular notice. From the first high ridge above the plains, to the limits of forest on the snowy ranges, and for perhaps the whole length of the chain of the Himalayas, the Musk

Deer may be found on almost every hill of an elevation above 8,000 feet, which is clothed with forest. On the lower ranges it is comparatively a rare animal, being confined to near the summits of the highest hills. As we proceed towards the colder forests near the snow, its numbers increase; but it is nowhere particularly numerous, and its retired and solitary habits, makes it appear still more rare than it is in reality. It is exclusively a forest animal, and though occasionally seen wandering on rocky or open ground some distance from bush or forest, it never takes up a regular abode in such places, or on bare or grassy hills. Not particular in its choice of any individual kind of forest, it inhabits all indiscriminately, from the oaks of the lower hills, to the stunted bushes near the limits of vegetation. If we may judge from its numbers the preference seems to be given to the birch forests, where the underwood consists chiefly of white rhododendron and juniper, but of whatever kind the trees, in the higher regions every forest contains some few; and even where there are no large trees, many are found amongst the smaller bushes. It is of a retired and very solitary disposition; even where most numerous, two are seldom seen in company, and then their respective movements appear entirely independent of each other. In the season of copulation a male and female may at times be found together, but they generally even then keep some distance apart during the day. At other seasons though two or three may be found in a small extent of ground, or in one patch of forest, they are evidently singly and solitary, and when disturbed go off in different directions. It is a matter of doubt whether they pair or not. In the lower hills it is probable they do; or rather, being few in number, and scattered over a great extent of ground, but one male and female may inhabit the same quarter of the forest, and meeting no others of their species, they are unavoidably paired. But in the higher regions, where perhaps scores are inhabitants of the same hill or forest, and daily crossing each others haunts, most probably the males, as with gregarious animals, cohabit with any female they meet with. In many respects they are not unlike hares in habits and economy. Each individual selects some particular spot for its favourite retreat, about which it remains still and at rest during the day, leaving it in the evening in search of food or to wander about, and returning soon after daylight. Occasionally they will rest for the day in any quarter they may be when it comes on, but in general they return to near the same spot almost every day, making forms in different quarters of their retreat a little distance from each other, and visiting them in turn. Sometimes they will lie under the same tree or bush every day for weeks together. They make forms in the same manner as hares,

levelling with their feet a spot large enough for the purpose if the ground is too sloping. They are not particular as to the spot being exposed to sight, if it is but sheltered from the sun ; in the dark shady forests often making their forms in a place quite free from bush or underwood, or on a large stone or rock, or the trunk of a fallen tree and exposed to observation from a considerable distance. Where the trees are more thinly scattered they generally select a thick cluster of bushes, so as to be quite concealed ; and amongst the juniper often jump up close under a person's feet. I have at times found them in small caves, or under a jutting piece of rock with no tree or bush near. They seldom or ever lie in the sun even in the coldest weather, and their forms are always made where there is something to shelter them from its rays. Towards evening they begin to move, and during the night appear to wander about a great deal, from top to bottom of the hill, or from one side to another. In the day whatever be the state of the weather, they are seldom seen rambling out or moving at all. Their night rambles are apparently more for recreation than in search of food, as they often visit regularly some steep ledge of rock or precipice, where there is little or no vegetation whatever. The Puharies believe they come to such places to play and dance with each other, and often set their snares along the edge of such a ledge or precipice, in preference to the forest. They invariably retire towards their retreat soon after daybreak ; if late, sometimes stopping and resting for the day on the way, but in general returning to their usual haunt, which they never forsake entirely till a change of season renders it necessary for their comfort. Their migrations are however very partial. In the heat of summer the males, which are located on the lower part of the hill, ascend nearer the summit, and the greatest number are there found amongst the low bushes above the limits of large forest trees.\* The females generally remain to deposit their young. In winter these bushes are often entirely buried in snow, and the Musk Deer in them descend lower down into the forest. Some will then resort to some steep, rocky ground where the snow soon partially melts, if there be a few bushes scattered over it. Others resort to a side facing the sun, but many remain in the forest where the ground is entirely covered with snow to a great depth, and appear to experience no inconvenience whatever in it. Being light, they do not sink at all where the snow has settled down and become firm on the surface ; and from the manner they bound, they move with the same facility where it is newly fallen, or frozen into fine minute particles like dust. Where one side of the hill is thick forest, and the other a grassy slope, facing the sun, and without trees or bushes ; when the snow

is deep in the forest side, and has disappeared on the grassy ; they generally keep in the forest during the day, and visit the open side at night. In the lower ranges where the hills do not rise above the limits of forest, but are wooded to the summit, Musk Deer are stationary summer and winter, and probably abide near the same spot for the whole period of their existence.

The Musk Deer is the most unsuspecting of man of all animals of the deer kind in the hills ; and in places where not often disturbed are so tame, it appears almost to amount to infatuation. When laid on its form, it will sometimes allow itself to be approached very closely, without even attempting to rise from its recumbent posture ; and this on the bare ground, where there may be no underwood to conceal it from observation, or to prevent its perceiving the approach of a moving object. I have often thought them to be asleep, as I have stood before one for several minutes within twenty or thirty yards, and though it appeared to be gazing intently at me, it remained so still and motionless, that it would certainly lead one to imagine that to be the case. But even when come upon while feeding or when they have got up, if the intruder remains motionless, they will often stand gazing at him for a considerable time. Much of the time I have spent in the Himalayas has been in hunting the Musk Deer, and I have had many opportunities of remarking this feature of their character. On one occasion, returning home from shooting, I gave my rifle to my attendant, and took from him a double gun to look for an Argus Pheasant I had seen in the morning. Having a Musk Deer I had killed on his back, I told him to go direct home, as I did not expect to see any thing else. While looking for the pheasant I espied a Musk Deer laid quietly under a cedar tree, about sixty yards off, and apparently looking intently towards me. I had no balls for the double gun, but put down a rifle ball, which however was much too small, the double being 14 and the rifle 24. I fired, missed, re-loaded, and fired every ball I had, seven in all, yet the deer never moved, but got up on my walking a little nearer to try shot. On another time I had wounded one, and after searching for it till tired, I sat down, and sent the man back to the spot where we had first lost the track, to endeavour to find it again, giving him the rifle in case he came upon it unexpectedly. After sitting some time, and he not returning, I got up and began to look about again myself. The place was covered with low bushes under a few scattered pine trees ; out of one of these bushes up jumped a Musk Deer, made a few bounds, and then stood motionless. Drawing gently back till out of its sight, I ran as quickly as possible to the spot where I had sent the man to get my rifle. I must have been away at least ten minutes, but on my return I found the deer

standing in the exact position I left it, with its head turned in the same manner towards the spot where I had stood. I killed it, but it turned out not to be the wounded one as I had expected. When disturbed the Musk Deer, after making a few bounds, often stands and utters a sharp hiss; after a few more bounds it will again stand and hiss. These hisses are often several times repeated, but are never uttered while the animal is moving. It will sometimes stand hissing in the same spot for several minutes, the hisses seeming to increase in earnestness at each repetition, and the deer itself will sometimes keep leaping into the air, or stamping with its foot, as if in defiance. Sometimes they will utter one hiss before getting up, and immediately bound off without again halting. At other times they will start away without hissing at all, as soon as they see or hear a person moving near; and at others they will keep halting and standing but without hissing. Where there are few large trees, and they are concealed in the bushes, if the day is at all advanced, they lie very close, and seldom get up till approached very near, then bounding off at a quick pace; generally without stopping till they have got some distance away, or out of sight altogether. If early or late they generally show themselves while a person is at some distance, and will stand or make halts as when in the forest. When one is repeatedly disturbed, if it does not forsake the spot, it gets very shy and cunning; and either steals away silently and quietly as soon as aware of any one's approach, or remains still and concealed in some thick bush where it cannot be distinguished, and will not move till almost kicked out. I remember one which had chosen for its retreat a little hollow, at the foot of some steep rocks, which except in one place were inaccessible even to it. The hollow was full of small trees and brushwood, and on one side were some thick juniper bushes. I was hunting in the vicinity of this spot for a month, and as it was not more than twenty yards from the road, I paid it a visit on my return home nearly every third or fourth day; yet though I almost always found this Musk Deer, I did not succeed in killing it, and if alive it is probably there yet. It got so cunning that I could never get a good shot, as it would either steal away before I got near, or lie still in the juniper, and when started out, would bound off at such a pace that I could never hit it. When I was leaving the spot, several men having come from the village to carry my things we surrounded the hollow, but though I made a man beat every bush with a stick, for some time we could not find the Musk Deer; one of the men advised setting the bushes on fire which we did, and it then jumped up out of the juniper, and bounding through us all, got away unscathed as usual.

If not walking leisurely and slowly the Musk Deer always

goes in bounds, all fours, leaving and alighting on the ground together. When at full speed these bounds are sometimes astonishing for so small an animal. On a gentle slope I have seen them clear a space of more than sixty feet, at a single bound, for several successive bounds; and spring over bushes of considerable height at the same time. It is very sure-footed, and though a forest animal, in travelling over rocky and precipitous ground, has perhaps no equal. Where even the Burrell is obliged to move slowly and carefully, the Musk Deer bounds quickly and fearlessly; and though I have often driven them on to rocks where I thought it impossible they could cross, they have invariably found a way in some direction, and I never knew an instance of one missing its footing, or falling, unless wounded.

Some animals have a peculiar habit of dunging repeatedly in one spot, but none perhaps are so singular in this respect as the Musk Deer. The male is not so particular in this as the female; it will often return to one place to dung several times in succession, but the female does so for months and years, and the heaps of dung sometimes met with are really astonishing. I have seen at least a cart load in one heap, and smaller heaps of a bushel are very common. Whether one animal alone dungs in one spot, or whether, as dogs often urine after each other, they leave their droppings on each others, is a question I cannot satisfactorily decide, but I am inclined to believe the latter is not the case, and that each heap is the dung of but one animal. The droppings of the female are large and nearly round, and have no smell; those of the male are generally smaller, oblong in shape, and smell very strong of musk.

They eat but little compared to other ruminating animals; at least one would imagine so from the small quantity found in their stomach. This is always in such a pulpy state, that it is impossible to tell what food they prefer. I have often shot them while feeding, and found in the mouth or throat, various kinds of shrubs and grasses; and often the long white moss that hangs so luxuriantly from the trees in the higher forests. Roots also, seem to form a portion of their food, as they scratch holes in the ground like many of the hill pheasants. The Puharies believe the males kill and eat snakes, and feed on the leaf of the "kedar patta," a small and very fragrant smelling laurel, and that the musk is produced by this food. They may probably eat the leaf of the laurel amongst other shrubs; but from the few occasions I have ever seen the bushes stripped of any portion of their leaves, it does not appear to be a very favourite repast. Their killing snakes is doubtless quite fabulous. The season of copulation is in October and November, and they bring forth young in June or July. Almost every female brings forth yearly, and

they have often two at a time. These are always deposited in separate places some distance from each other, the dam herself keeping apart from both, and only visiting to give them suck. If a young one be caught, its bleating will sometimes bring the old one to the spot; but I never knew an instance of one being seen abroad with its dam, or of two young ones being seen together. Their solitary habits begin with their birth, for if one be caught and suckled from a sheep or goat, for sometime it will not associate with its foster dam, but as soon as satisfied with sucking, seeks some spot for concealment. They are rather difficult to rear, as many soon after they are caught go blind and die. It is very amusing to see them suck; all the while they keep leaping up and crossing their fore legs rapidly over each other. I have not myself kept them alive any length of time, but I have heard they have been kept several years even in Calcutta.

The Musk Deer is rather more than three feet long, and stands nearly two high at the shoulder; but they vary considerably in size, those found in thick shady woods being invariably larger than those on rocky and open ground. The head is small; the ears long and erect. The male has a tusk depending from each upper jaw, which, in a full grown animal, is about three inches long, and about the thickness of a goose quill, sharp and pointed, and curving slightly backwards. The general colour is a dark speckled brownish grey deepening to nearly black on the hind quarters, where it is edged down the inside of the thighs with reddish yellow. The throat, belly and legs are of a lighter grey. Legs, long and slender; toes, long and pointed; the hind heels are long, and rest on the ground as well as the toes. The fur is composed of thick spiral hairs, not unlike miniature porcupine quills; they are very brittle, breaking with a slight pull, and so thickly set, that a great deal may be pulled out without altering the outward appearance. It is white from the roots to nearly the tips, where it gradually becomes dark. The fur is much longer and thicker on the hind parts than the fore, and gives the animal the appearance of being much larger in the hind quarters than the shoulder. The tail is not seen unless the fur is parted; it is an inch long, and nearly as thick as one's thumb; in females and young animals it is covered with hair, but in adult males is quite naked, except a slight tuft at the end; and often covered, as well as the parts near it, with a yellowish waxy substance. The young have two rows of yellowish spots along each side, which as the animal grows get fainter and fainter, till they almost totally disappear. These spots may often be distinguished in old animals which are found in dark shady woods, but seldom in those which inhabit places where the trees are more scattered, or the ground covered with low bushes. The young soon arrive

at their full size ; one of twelve or fifteen months cannot be distinguished at a distance from an old one. I have heard there are several varieties of Musk Deer, but in this part of the hills, Kemaon, Gurwhal and Koonowor, there is but one. I have hunted them in many parts, and must have killed near five hundred, but have met with but one variety. There is certainly a great difference in the appearance of many, which would lead a person to imagine, if two were laid before him, they were of different varieties ; but after careful observation I am decidedly of opinion there is, here, but the one species. Those in forests where the ground is rocky and only partially covered with trees, which is generally the case on the southern and eastern slopes, are invariably smaller and much lighter coloured than those in the deep shady woods, where the sun only partially penetrates. Many in the former situations are of a brownish grey throughout ; while in the latter, some nearly approach to black except the head and under parts ; but they are alike in habits and the young of both are exactly similar. The female cannot be distinguished from the male unless near enough to see the tusks of the latter, as except in being deficient of these, in outward appearance she is exactly similar. After some years of observation during which I have done my utmost to fix on something by which I could distinguish the sex before firing, I have been reluctantly obliged to give it up as an impossibility. At one time I thought I had made the wished-for discovery. The males, when running off, generally bound higher and in more distinct leaps than the females, and when standing exposed appear shorter and thicker in proportion ; their legs are much lighter coloured, and the yellow between the thighs more of a red. But there are so many exceptions, and I so often killed females which I was almost certain were males, that I found this a very uncertain rule to go by, and soon abandoned it. The male has one peculiar characteristic, but unfortunately it is only shown when too late. If mortally hit, after making a few bounds, he often springs up into the air, and falls on his back. Though in every excursion I have killed on an average nearly two females to one male, I do not imagine there is any disproportion in their numbers, but that it is owing to the males keeping more concealed. In spring particularly, I have sometimes killed eight or ten females in succession. The Musk Deer would probably be very numerous but for the many enemies it has to contend with ; as the females, almost without a single exception, bring forth young every year. Besides man, the leopards, wild dogs, pole-cats, and even the eagles destroy a great number. The young particularly fall a prey to the pole-cats, and I imagine the reason of Musk Deer being so rare in the lower ranges, is from these animals being there so



numerous. I could not at first credit the fact that eagles killed the adult animals, but I have since been an eye witness to the ring-tailed species doing so. In the higher regions every winter many get buried under avalanches and masses of snow slipping from the rocks; and being unconcerned as to shifting their quarters after severe falls of snow, they are more subject to such accidents than perhaps any other animal.

The hiss before mentioned is almost the only note or call the adult animals have. The young bleat like lambs, and when wounded or in pain, until two years old, all have the same bleat. The females even of mature age, when caught after being wounded, or in snares, often bleat in the same manner, but the old males always suffer silently and stoically. On one occasion only have I heard them use any other note. I was one day in the month of November breakfasting in the forest on one of my musk hunting excursions, when I was surprised by hearing a singular call or succession of screams, something like that of the polecat, but different from any I had ever heard. On going to the spot I was surprised to find it proceeded from two Musk Deer, one of which was chasing the other. I killed the hinder one, which turned out a male; the other got away before I could reload; but whether male or female I could not determine.

The musk, which is much better known than the Deer itself, is only found in adult males; the females have none whatever, nor does their dung or any part of their body smell of it in the least. The dung of the males on the contrary smells nearly as strong as musk; but the urine has no smell, nor the contents of the stomach or any other part of the body. It is formed with the animal; as the pod of a young one taken out of the womb is plainly distinguishable, and indeed is there much larger in proportion than in grown up animals. For two years it remains a soft milky substance with a disagreeable smell. When it first becomes musk there is not more than the eighth of an ounce; it increases in quantity as the animal grows, and I have found in some individuals as much as two ounces. An ounce may be considered as the average from a full grown animal; but many of the Deer being killed while young, the pods in the market perhaps do not contain on an average more than half an ounce. The pod is situate between the skin and flesh, at the navel or orifice of the penis; the penis itself being attached to the pod, and must be cut from it before it can be separated; but it is merely to the skin, and has no connexion with the musk. The pod is composed of several layers of thin skin, in which the musk is confined, and has much the appearance of the craw or stomach of a partridge, or other small gallinaceous bird when full of food. There is an orifice out-

wards through the skin into which one may pass the little finger by a little pressure; but it has no connexion at all with the body. It is probable that musk is at times discharged through this orifice, as I have often found the pod not half full, and on one or two occasions nearly void. The musk itself is in grains, from the size of a small bullet to small shot; of irregular shape, but generally round or oblong with more or less in coarse powder. It is at first of a dark reddish brown colour but becomes nearly black when taken out of the pod and kept for any length of time. In autumn and winter it is nearly dry and the grains firm and hard, but in summer it becomes damp and soft, probably from the green food the animals then eat. Though not perhaps so strong, the musk of young animals has a much more pleasant smell than that of very old ones; but difference of food, climate, or situation, as far as my experience goes, does not at all effect the quality. The musk from China is I am told much superior to that produced in this country; but whether it is from a different animal, or differently prepared, or from Bengal musk being so much adulterated I know not. I have not yet seen the Musk Deer of Thibet, or any description of it, so cannot say in what respects it differs from the Himalayan species, if it be a different variety. Musk pods from our side are sometimes taken and sold in Thibet, so that it appears if musk is plentiful in that country, it is still in demand at a fair price. Not being acquainted with its chemical analysis, I am not competent to offer any opinion as to the manner musk is produced, for as the pod is sometimes nearly full, and at others almost void, it must, I should think, be discharged and reproduced. In what manner the dung receives the smell is another puzzling question. From the musk itself having no connexion with the entrails or body, one would imagine the dung received its smell from some substance the animal eat; as if it received it from the musk, the urine which has no smell, would probably have, as the penis is attached to the pod. But the contents of the stomach never have the faintest smell, and the only herb I have seen which smells of musk, where the Musk Deer is found, grows in the higher regions, far above the limits of bush or forest.

The musk pods which reach the markets through the hands of the native hunters, are generally enclosed in a portion of the skin of the animal, with the hair or fur left on it. When they have killed a Musk Deer, they cut round the pod, and skin the whole of the belly. The pod comes off attached to the skin, which is then laid with its fleshy side on a flat stone, previously heated in the fire, and thus dried without singeing the hair. The skin shrinks up from the heat into a small compass, and is then tied or stitched round the pod, and hung up in a dry place till

quite hard. This is the general way, but in some parts they are prepared differently. Some put the pod in hot oil, instead of laying it on a heated stone; but either method must, I should think, deteriorate the quality of the musk, as it gets completely baked or fried. It is best, both in appearance and smell, if the pod is at once cut from the skin and allowed to dry itself. The musk received from the Puharies is greatly adulterated and pods are often made altogether counterfeit; and as they are generally sold without being cut open, it is impossible to detect the imposture at the time. I have often seen pods offered for sale which were merely a piece of Musk Deer skin filled with some substance, and tied up to resemble a musk pod with a little musk rubbed over to make it smell. These are easy to detect at any time, as there is no navel on the skin, it being cut from any part of the body. But the musk is sometimes taken out of a real pod, and its place supplied by some other material; and these are difficult to detect even if cut open, as whatever is put in them is made to resemble musk in appearance, and a little genuine added makes it smell nearly as strong. Some pods have only a portion of the musk taken out and its place thus supplied; and others have all the musk left in, but something added to increase the weight. Even in the hills where it is produced, so little do the generality of the people know of musk, that I have often seen the Puharies sell to the pilgrims, or men from the lower hills, and even to their own neighbours, small portions of what they called musk; but what was merely some substance resembling it, with a small quantity of genuine scattered over to give it the smell. Of this, they would give about a quarter of a tola for a rupee. The most common things used to adulterate musk or fill counterfeit pods are the following: blood boiled or baked in the fire, then dried; beaten to powder, kneaded into a paste, and made into grains and coarse powder to resemble genuine musk. A piece of the liver or milt prepared in the same manner. Dried gall, and a particular part of the back of the apricot tree, pounded and kneaded as above. The dried paste from which common oil has been extracted, called "peena," is also used, and lumps of this are often without further preparation thrust into a pod through the orifice in the skin, to increase the weight. These substances are made so much to resemble musk in appearance, that even a person well acquainted with it may be deceived. Sometimes no care is taken to give the material employed to fill a counterfeit pod even the appearance of musk. A gentleman once showed me a pod he had bought from a Puharie at Mussoorie; on my telling him it was counterfeit, he cut it open and found it filled with hookah tobacco.

The Musk Deer is but little sought after by European sportsmen in their visits to the interior, as it is itself an insignificant animal, and there is generally plenty of larger game in the same neighbourhood. To those who wish to procure it amongst other animals few directions are necessary, as it may be found and killed with perhaps less difficulty than any other ; if in a vicinity where tolerably common. In the lower hills it nowhere occurs in such numbers as to induce a person to hunt for it alone, but it will occasionally be met with while rambling through the forests in pursuit of other game. In the higher regions where it is more numerous it affords very fair sport, but many shots cannot be expected in one day and more than one-half will be snap ones. If you have plenty of men, beating or driving portions of the forest is the readiest and surest way of finding them. It is but to take only small portions at a time ; spots where it is likely they resort to in the day, as clusters of bushes, dark shady corners and ravines or hollows, where the surrounding part is more thinly clothed with trees. No great noise should be made, and they will generally come out slowly or make frequent halts, and offer very fair shots. If a large extent of ground is beaten at a time, many men are required, and a great row is kept up. The deer get frightened and make their escape as quickly as possible, or hide themselves, and most of the shots got will be snap ones. If you prefer seeking them yourself nothing more is necessary than to walk slowly through the wood, looking well about and being always prepared. Morning and evening is by far the best time, as you will then find them out feeding and get good steady shots. In the day they will be at rest and you will not see nearly so many ; and of those found, the greater number will not be seen till they have got up and are running off. It requires a sharp eye to distinguish them at once when standing motionless or laid down, even where the forest is open and without underwood ; and though standing perhaps quite exposed attentively surveying you, many are not discovered till they bound off, or draw your attention towards them by hissing. Where there is much low underwood beneath the trees, the hissing or the sound of their retreating footsteps is often heard without any animal being seen ; or you get but a momentary glimpse of them. Such places are best driven, posting yourself on one side where you can have a clearer view, and sending a few men round to the opposite to beat through towards you. When one is bounding away without any apparent intention of stopping, a sharp hiss, something like its own, will often stop it for a moment, quite long enough to allow of a fatal aim. From the manner they bound they are difficult to hit when going at speed. They seldom require stalking, being generally within shot

when first seen. If they are at any distance, and have not seen you, you may get near them; but if they have, they will seldom wait for your approach and unless entirely out of range always fire without moving from the spot. They will often stand while you are standing, but bound off the instant you move. I have often lost a good shot by making one step to rest my rifle against a tree. Though small, the Musk Deer will often go off mortally wounded to some distance, but it generally bleeds freely and is easily traced. If you go to the spot where it stood when you fired you may tell instantly whether hit or not, as the ball always knocks off a great quantity of hair or fur, which is easily distinguished on the ground. If missed, they will often stand for a second or even a third shot; and when they go away may often be found again at no great distance.

In most of the hill states the Musk Deer is considered as royal property. In some the Rajahs keep men purposely to hunt it, and in Gurwhal a fine is imposed on the Puharies if they are known to sell a musk pod to a stranger, the Rajah receiving them in lieu of rent. In some parts it is hunted down with dogs, but snaring is by far the most common method practised for its capture. A few are occasionally shot by the village shikaries when in pursuit of other animals, but the matchlock is seldom taken out purposely to hunt Musk Deer; as a hill shikarie does not carry the match lighted, and being generally come upon face to face, almost every one would get away before he could strike a light and apply it to the match. In snaring, a fence about three feet high composed of bushes and branches of trees, is made in the forest, generally along some ridge, and often upwards of a mile in length. Openings for the deer to pass through are left every ten or fifteen yards, and in each a strong hempen snare is placed, tied to a long stick, the thick end of which is firmly fixed in the ground and the smaller, to which the snare is fastened, bent forwards to the opening; so that when the deer treads on some small sticks which hold it down, it springs back and tightens the snare round the animal's leg. Besides Musk Deer, numbers of the different forest pheasants, Moonalls, Corklass, and Argus are caught in these snares. They are visited every third or fourth day, and it is seldom the owners return without something or other. The pole-cats often find out the snares, and after once tasting of the feast, if not destroyed, soon become a terrible annoyance, tracing the fence almost daily from end to end, and seizing on every thing caught. They often get caught themselves, but immediately bite the snare in two and escape. Musk Deer are often lost to the snares in this manner, as when the pole-cats eat one, the pod is torn to pieces and the contents scattered on the ground. No animal swallows the musk, and when a Musk Deer

has been killed and eaten by a leopard or any other animal, if the ground be carefully examined much of the musk may be picked up. Insects and maggots also leave it untouched. I once found what I thought to be a newly killed Musk Deer, but on examination I found it was merely the skin and skeleton of one, which from its dry and withered state, must have been dead some months. The flesh had been completely eaten away by maggots, but the musk pod was entire.

MOUNTAINEER.

### RAMBLES IN THE PUNJAUB.

“Promises are like pie crust” is a true adage in my case, so by way of doing penance for a broken one I will give you a long chapter on the state of field sports in the Punjaub. Alas! that I should have to record it. I have traversed many a weary mile, “up hill, and down dale,” and disappointment has been my lot in the land heretofore anticipated by sportsmen as “flowing with milk and honey.” Let us cross the Sutlej, leaving dull dirty Loodianah behind us: at the end of the bridge of boats stands Philloor: rock pigeon abound among the wastes and sandhills along the river’s bank, but they are wild enough, (always having a regiment within shot) yet with a large gun and wire cartridge you may sweep their flocks. Wild geese, and ducks frequent the many channels of the river, and a few may always be found on a large sheet of jheel close under cantonments,—here if not so much disturbed by the natives, wild fowl would always be found in large flocks, but the water is entirely open without a leaf to screen the shooter, therefore a long tour is indispensable. Should time allow, proceed to Noor-mahal, a few miles off, where I am told there is pretty good shooting in numerous small jheels. A dik jungle containing a few nyghau and antelope, peafowl and greys, extends from the neighbourhood of Philloor to Phugwara (the next march towards Jullunder.) A Rajah is always encamped at this place for hawking, so that now scarcely a black partridge exists, but peafowl, greys, a few hares, abundance of rain quail, an occasional antelope, and some bustards may be picked up: there are always some nyghau, but the ground is not adapted for riding

to them, and after a hot chase of an hour I lost one in a heavy clump of *dák* trees, after I had fairly winded him. Teal, after the heavy rains about Christmas, frequent the wet hollows in very large flocks and may be completely potted from the bushes. A few miles of dusty, sandy road bring you to Jullunder, before reaching which I must notice the nullah, which is crossed about half way on the road by a fine pukka native bridge, the massive foundations of which having been partly thrown down into the deep clear pool below by heavy floods, afford a splendid retreat for the eels, than which I never tasted better in the world. Angle (or send a native deputy) with three or four short rods with lines baited with pieces of chelwas: a score of very large pufas, two or three large boallees, or a large basket of chelwas may be bagged of an evening during the hot months, winding up with a delicious swim in very clear water. Above and below bridge are many deep holes, all full of fish which bite most freely. Ducks will always be found in the weedy shallows, and a few jack snipe in the boggy, rushy rivulets which leave the stream, and intersect the low country for many miles. Jullunder at and about the cantonments, boasts some of the best quail shooting in India, especially during April; two guns have bagged sixty or seventy brace before breakfast,—taking it easily too! The gigantic growth of the crops (often several feet high) would seem to harbour these birds amazingly.

A fox or jackall may occasionally be beat out of a patch of sugar cane, and coursed on the open, but in general the country is too heavily cultivated to allow of coursing or hunting. Hawking paddy birds and herons may be followed in the rainy season on the low open grounds below cantonments, and gives very pretty diversion when no other sport can be followed. Throughout the Punjab, hawking is much followed by the rich natives, and the minutæ of the art appear to be well understood by all classes; the flight at the coolen is the most esteemed: large parties in pursuit of this bird encamp along the Beas during the cold months; to which I was invited but could not be spared. Racing is followed with much zest. Rats and sandstorms permitting, the course may become a good one in due time.

Now for the spots in the immediate vicinity of this cantonment, after describing which I will lie away to those dark blue hills shading the horizon. Dougree about eight miles off on the Tanda road, to gain which enter the high mud village, opposite the E. cantonment, called Dookkoe, thence enquire your way: at the above named place is a long rushy jheel full of ducks and teal, and snipe at one end of it; all about this neighbourhood are small collections of swamp where a bag may be made. Peafowl, and

quail very abundant in the topes and cultivation. At Alawulpore, further on the Tanda road, at the beginning of September is a good snipe jheel, formed by a collection of rain-water which soon dries up and is then ploughed,—therefore hit your time. I killed some birds in it when overflowing on the third or fourth of September last. On my way back from the hills at the end of the same month wheat had been sown in the now dry and parched bed, much to my surprise and vexation, and it was only after two or three hours' hunting for the lost jheel that I discovered this to be the case. Distant from Jullunder about fourteen miles is Kupoortkulla, to which spot I do not recommend the sportsman, but as it is on the high road to Lahore and may be marched through I will notice it. This place holds a most deceitful Seik Rajah, descended from Runjeet's chobdar—avoid his friendly advances. (I repent of them to this day to the tune of 100 rupees, a razenameh, a dozen wigs, a C. M. and a battered reputation in the A. G.'s office)—beware! Let not a few biggahs of grass stocked with village swine tempt you to poise the unerring spear or pot-serving rifle. Beware! I say. Consign all welcomes to *Juhunnum*, and with peaceful gait betake yourself to one of the numerous swamps behind the town, pitch your snug rowtee on the maidaun, and blaze away at the ducks, teal, and snipe you will find there, but enter not the walls of the *Barra Durree*, where a similar fate to mine will befall you; for administering the bastinado to some daring rogue tempted by your well appointed battery, you will incur the insatiable *displeasure of an insulted Native Chief!!!* The shooter I will suppose to have two or three days leave; let him proceed to Pahlaua, a small village distant a few miles on the road to Sultanpore; on his way he may knock over some snipe in small jheels situated within the "Piggery," no one will prevent him; passing through a village with a very costly newly built sewalla, and dry pucka tank, he will arrive at his destination, and perceive a fine round sheet of water two or three miles round, black with wild fowl; they are so much bullied that morning and evening will be found best to approach them, while feeding at the margin. There is no cover except tattoos grazing, these gave me a few profitable long shots. Enquire the road to Dullah, distant a very long march, but you may shoot the whole distance as a swampy country is crossed throughout the day; long, rushy nullahs, and winding jheels lying in profusion along the road, and in the distance the extensive gram fields edged with grass patches promise bustards. To my great surprise one evening in November last in approaching a nullah a whole team of ducks dived; on their coming to the surface my two double barrels saluted them bagging a bird to each, two



more shots settled the two survivors. On examination they proved to be all of the fine yellow-tip-billed kind, one old one, and five flappers, these last had hardly any wing quill-feathers, and this accounted for their manoeuvre, but strange it is that they should have been bred in the plains! Dullah will be found a perfect elysium to the wild fowl gunner, from the diminutive jacksnipe to the lofty coolen he may range. Gigantic grass, heavy reeds, hollow ground and grass stacks will all assist him, but he must wade; a tiny punt would here be delightful for navigating these marshes, the ducks giving you the most sporting double shots at every yard you go through the weeds. When satiated with this slaughter get out at the head of the jheels, and bag as many couple of snipe as suits you, go to your tent—hot grog, and early to bed, ordering your elephant to be ready at day-break, and two or three camels to beat, and carry your game. Dress by candle light, and into the howdah by day-break, stand for the extreme end of the sea of grass close before you, the days are short and the beat a long one, if a good ball shot you ought to return with half a dozen bucks and some genuine pigs: when you arrive at the outskirts near the gram fields opposite Sultanpoor take your shot gun in hand, and look out for little bustards for which you had better dismount and leave your animals behind you: these birds when feeding together are uncommonly wild, but when alone are easily bagged, they run very fast. A long ride by very sandy cross roads, asking the way from village to village, or carrying a pocket compass will take you back to Jullunder.

Now for a long trip in another direction—to Tanda *via* Dougree and Alawulpore already mentioned—no shooting on the road, which is so broken, dusty, and undefined, that I recommend a suwarry camel from experience as the best conveyance. The great jheel, or rather flat, is some distance from Tanda cantonment, but may be found from its being situated below an old red brick fort on a high green mound. October and November are good months here for the snipe. The low country between the Beas and Tanda, extending up to the hills, is known to the Punjabees under the name of *Chum*, it all consists of weedy flats, nullahs, reed beds, and grassy swamps, which hold pigs, hog deer, ducks and snipe. Tigers are said to occasionally occupy the heavier swamps during very hot seasons, but elephants cannot enter them, so boggy are the bottoms. Next go to Dessoor, a few miles further towards the hills, where you get the same sort of ground and game, a sporting guru from Kurtarpore is always poking about in this place. Dessoor to Hadjipore, leaving Mokerian away to the left, a nice ride before breakfast, as *sauce* to which, I recommend some very pretty

little jumps just at the foot of the hills consisting of prickly pear wattled up with thorns, quite English in stiffness. Scrambling up the low rocky hills, in a quarter of an hour you reach Hadjipoor cantonment, the quietest in India, and one of the prettiest too, the roaring of the Beas may be heard occasionally "on the wind stealing." Game there is round Hadjipore, but not to be easily bagged or seen either, so thick is the jungle consisting of large leafy bushes and trees clad with thorns. Hyenas and wolves are abundant, and enter the compounds at night perfectly unscared; the latter vermin are the curse of all the Punjaub, and commit fearful havoc among the "juvenile community;" the dâk runners merely arm themselves with golails and a bag of "ammunition," with which they pelt during their trip, the nose of any savage janwar who pursues them, with effect too as he immediately turns tail! A fine expanse of open country adapted to "feats of noble horsemanship," stretches away many miles between Hadjipoor and the Beas. Nylghau always to be found on application to any intelligent villagers, which class do not appear to entertain much regard for them—a bull doing as much damage to crops as a pukka brahminee would, without being half so respectable or deserving withal. Being about to enter the hills I had sent away my nag when to my disgust I ascertained this shikar. Now proceed to "Shere Sing's Rumneh," a bamboo jungle close to Dataypoor, (a little hamlet with two or three bunnias' shops.) Had you an army of beaters, and musicians as the royal Nimrod always used, you would bag a vast heap of game of all kinds, but without you can do nothing; jungle fowl crow at your very feet and peacocks scream above you but not a feather will you see. Janwars of all sizes rush almost against you, but you only *know* they are there by the shaking of the underwood! It is a perfect wilderness, and although lacs of bamboos are floated down to the different cantonments annually, they are but as a drop to the ocean as far as clearing goes: this jungle extends for many miles upwards. Descending to the ruined "Barra Durree" on the very brink of the Beas, a most magnificent view of the Snowy Range presents itself, and courts admiration, but this mass of old brickwork is so haunted by every kind of reptile that I would advise you not to inhabit it. While lying fast asleep in bed I was bitten by some venomous creature, my body swelled, and a fearful faintness came over me which was only removed by deep cautery of the part and the swallowing a *whole bottle of brandy mixed with opium*,—the only medicine within my reach! Crossing over at Tilwarra Puttun (close-by) in the ferry boat, or should you like novelty, on the local raft consisting of a charpoy lashed between two inflated entire cowskins, you will reach a jungle on

the opposite bank, full of black partridge—consisting of gigantic surput grass matted together by wild rose bushes; I and my servants entered on foot, but had not penetrated many feet before such a cry of *bapre bap* resounded, as caused us to make the best of our way back, when every one exhibited his torn clothes and bleeding limbs,—the birds all the time calling in defiance. An elephant here would fill your bag, and there are no doubt large game of all kinds as water is never deficient, or cover diminished at this spot; indeed the grass was such that a man could not see his neighbour only a few feet off! Further on is the mouth of the gorge or torrent, by which the siege Train reached Kangra—it was in the cold season, but I entered it in the month of April when the snows melt, and being misinformed pushed on regardless of the great fall of water which increased in body and velocity as I proceeded: I soon found a suitable dress necessary, and disencumbering myself of all but a pair of jungers, travelled like a frog: the mules and servants occasionally got severe falls, in one of which three of the latter, and a heavily loaded janwar were all swept away together, the live part after a ducking managed to scramble on the rocks, but the rowtie and its appurtenances gave us some fishing in a pool 300 yards down: after two entire days of this work from sun-rise to sunset, during which we had two swims across deep holes, we arrived at our destination so knocked up that I swore against ever going the same road again, and now warn others of walking into the trap. I have since heard that enormous rocks have fallen, and that the impediments which our gallant Artillerymen removed have been washed back into their places.

A far more pleasant route I will now take you, starting from Hadjipoor—but I am a far and fast traveller, therefore you may possibly grumble at my stages.—Should no sport present itself, I move on to save loss of time, merely allowing two hours under a tree for servants and mules to bait, and halt at dusk. Hindoo servants are quite unfit for these trips, and I never take them, as they generally detain you for hours at some dirty bunnia's shop away from all shikar. But return we, &c. Leaving Hadjipoor, *via* Serianah, (the nylghau ground) the guide will lead you across country, by foot-paths and cross roads over open plains, leaving which you will cross by ferry boats some two or three Beas's: on reaching the opposite bank of the last, or beat one he will soon reach *my* halting place, an immense mound covered with bush jungle called Kutagurh. Jungle and pea fowl and pigs exist in the heavy Kurunda cover, but you will not find it worth while to stay here. I was told of a first rate snipe jheel, a few miles off, which you could soon find as the customs officers here are very civil to

strangers. Next march to Pathaunkote, across some stiff hills and rugged paths till you enter the valley, at the ford on the little hill stream, the Chuckee; if a fisherman encamp here, but you will have to send for supplies to Pathaunkote, distant three miles—(a syce on a tat as mounted orderly you will always find a comfort in all situations.) Mount the great projecting nook overhanging the deeps, and look down into the crystal channel, you will there see mahseer from 20lbs to a chittack disporting in shoals: sling grams, attah, flies, anything you like, but they do not touch it. The water is like crystal, every pebble may be seen; therefore wait till night, or if heavy floods are running down after rain you will get sport,—spinning may be tried in the boiling holes and rapids going upwards where you will find fish equally numerous. Next is a disagreeable march through rice fields to Rajah-ke-Bagh, a large old grove of mango trees, the dead wood of which is alive with bishkopras and koraitis. I had been but a few minutes encamped before I shot one of the former in a tree near me—having been warned by a friend beforehand:—this is a most feverish, pestilential spot; have a day's shooting and be off.—The cold weather is the time to come here when the barra-singha may be killed in the woody hills, having an army of beaters of course. I came here in September: I was told by the Zumeendars that the mosquitoes and gadflies drive the deer away during the rains to the open heights almost inaccessible; however I went out but got nothing but a large sow, another was killed by a shikarrie, and some jungle fowl were seen.

A short ride to Noorpoor, on arriving at which you will wonder when the top of the stone steps will be found, and after a good trudge through a dirty town will reach a miserable little encamping ground below the fort. I am told there is a good deep hole, having fish, down below in the khud, a quarter of an hour's pull. The shawl-looms may be visited for want of better employment. Now a very laborious trip of full fourteen miles up and down break-neck paths in the hills, some scarcely admitting a loaded mule (I recommend coolies only, lightly laden.)—A Barra Durree in the village of Kotlee, and a tiny bungalow occupied by the officer who may be on monthly outpost duty. In the cold weather jungle fowl and pheasants may be killed, but the jungle renders shooting anything but a recreation. A beautiful little stream runs past the bungalow, full of fish: I was told not to expect anything but chelwas, but soon found that mahseer were its tenants also, for my carelessly chosen line was snapped by a rush in a moment. The rain fell heavily while I stayed here (two or three days), and interfered with my sport sadly. I had proceeded to the junction of two streams, (a few

hundred yards down) but found it so muddy that spinning was out of the question. I therefore retraced my steps, and having taken some small ones in the back stream, made a cast into a likely looking eddy among rocks: scarcely had the little ball of paste touched the waves ere it was grasped, and the fish rushed madly into the fall, attempting to ascend it; he only partially accomplished this, for my tight hand turned him, when down stream he dashed, swift as an arrow, and it did not take many seconds to empty my twenty yard reel. I had nothing left but to follow him at the risk of my nose, and after a half dozen capsize in the hollows of the great stones I found myself on *terra firma*, and my prey stopped at last by a shallow one which he had no inclination to strand himself: reeled up—feeling the hook he again took to moving up stream but not so fast this time, and having run a few yards down he went suddenly with his head under a stone, rubbing away; to stop this I sent in my ally, an old fisherman quite amphibious—by dint of groping the wary buffer turned him out, a few yards running, and again piscator “was summoned to serve an ejection:” again the game was played, again and again, until my friend’s strength was fairly exhausted, and he emerged from the rapid with his body dropping at every inch, looking quite a Neptune. I reeled up tight, keeping a hard hand upon the fish, but it was some minutes before I could induce him to stir, when a few yards were carried out and I had him again in the pull, tugging lustily and remaining almost stationary at mid water, where he was distinctly visible. He soon began to show signs of weakness, and having reeled up to the gut bottom I gave the word to my late water-god and with trembling hands he proceeded to hook the gills, but he was clumsy, and my line had been sawed or a flap of the tail would not have lost me a noble fellow. While at breakfast the following morning the old man came to the door looking very mysterious, and moreover carrying a most mystical bundle, consisting of some heavy substance enveloped in wet dootees. I fully expected to see a drowned child, but on the wrappers being thrown aside I cast my astonished eyes on a fine mahseer full 25lbs. weight, the boasted produce of a night’s poaching, which I did not encourage for he got not a pice by his exhibition. I found him to be a setter of weirs during the floods, and great must be the destruction of fish by his hands.

Kotlee is a curious place, consisting of a strongly fortified hill, covered with dense jungle; the buildings in a most ruinous state, full of loose powder, round shot, and rusty matchlocks, all scattered together in elegant confusion; snakes swarm everywhere, indeed this would appear to be the depôt of the breed, of all colours, and sizes, and death is fearfully

sudden after the bite. The sepoy's do not attempt to move off their charpoy's after sunset, and in the day time, clap their hands while walking, to drive them away: they tell me a servant of mine had a narrow escape: I had sent him alone towards Kotlee; he was unwell and halted to sleep at a bunnia's shop on the road, making the owner give him his charpoy: while lying on the ground the former was bitten, and soon died. Thence I went to Chumba, by a wild mountain path, nearly inaccessible in some places to the foot of man, two or three baskets on coolies being my only baggage. A slaving journey of three days, from day-break to sunset on foot, (during which the most savage scenery may be enjoyed but not an atom of shikar) brought me to my "haven of rest." Chumba is an independant principality extending to the borders of Budrawur, the fruit district of the Cashmere state. To the sportsman it presents few attractions except during February or March, when bears, pheasants, and chikore are plentiful. The Ravee is here the same dirty stream as in the plains, and no fishing in it. There is a very shaky pine bridge hanging in the air from the high rocky banks; stand in the centre, and look down at the fearfully black pool below, boiling in a whirlpool. A deep, warm, back stream alone is wanted to render it a crack fishing pool: the deadly coldness of the melted snow appears to be the cause of no mahseer being found in it. There is a snug Barra Durree in a walled garden where every comfort will be furnished by the wuzeer of the infant Rajah, to whom a letter should previously be addressed, some days before stating your visit. Myself and servants were well taken care of during the time I stayed, and a hill jampan was ordered to take me back. The little Raja promises to turn out a good shot, though but six years old he has learned to shoulder his English double barrel, and knock over pigeons and chikore: he had shikarries out for me but not a bear could even be suspected, so after giving him a supply of ammunition, I departed, and soon arrived at Kangra. It is quite a journey from the officers' quarters in the top of the fort to the "Sungam" or junction pool in the khud many hundred feet below, therefore I always send down my bed, tackle, and cooking pots to the shady little Bher tree on the top of a rude chirbootra of enormous stones from the bed of the river: here the Bángunga and Mángunga unite, and vie with each other in violence: there are deep holes all along the base of the hills above and below the junction; but they do not appear well stocked, and have probably disgorged their scaly tenants during flood time into the great receptacle in the neighbourhood. Noiselessly approach the chirbootra, and fling a few small balls of paste into the foaming eddy below—splash, splash and a shoal of monsters (some 40 or 50lbs.) fight for your gift.

The well-seasoned 18 foot "Bond" has been put together, the 150 yard reel line examined, and put through the rings, attaching the well chosen single-gut bottom; finally, the little ball of paste no bigger than a bean is well pressed to the delicate hook,—a cast, while your man manages that a few similar pellets as like as peas should fall with your bait, altogether in a space not bigger than the crown of your hat:—splash, splash, and the music of your reel going at railway rate welcomes the presence of a good one. As he blindly rushes on the shallows of the opposite shore, you obtain a view of him, and as he angrily flaps the water into foam on finding his mistake, you promise yourself a good hour's sport, in which you are not disappointed, and a 20 or 25 pounder rewards your aching arms. The biggest ever landed here was 28lbs., but some of nearly twice that size may be seen disporting themselves in the blue wave. The water has been thoroughly *bullied* for a year and a half or more—fancy a whole regiment with little else to do than catch fish, and a whole host of sepoys and camp-followers always within a walk. The natives were eventually forbidden, but the white men carried on the war—there must be quite a tackle shop down below, and the fish now appear to know every description. The most persevering tormentor was an elderly sportsman, who during the greater part of the year exercised the gentle art, at a great expense of hooks and bottoms; he seldom visited the spot without laying hold of a big un, after a case of tugging which sometime lasted a long time, the gut gave way, and the patient angler proceeded to put on new, and try his luck again! This will account for the shyness of the Mahseer hereabouts—the pricked fish must be quite countless. The first evening I could do nothing, and as the sun was setting, had only one small chance left—I was rewarded by a 12 pounder, very game, and which gave me nearly an hour to land him. The next day I allowed myself a holiday, and went up to the fort—the following morning I found them feed more freely, and took a ten, two nines, a six, and a four, losing a six or seven by the carelessness of a friend who was landing him for me. In the evening not a fin was perceptible, so I went off to Nagrota, distant by a very pretty road about 8 miles. All the way is rice cultivation, full of quail in September and October. At the lastly mentioned place is a mutchial or fish pool, originally sacred; but which is now open to the victorious Feringhee—its best protection is superstition; no hill man will eat fish out of the hole, but a few yards upwards or downwards make it fair game, and you may see weirs set within a stone's throw. When I first visited this spot, (in April 1847,) my eyes could scarcely credit that a small narrow deep would possibly hold so many inhabitants—there they

swam in myriads, the lesser fry in black masses by cartloads, the larger ones sulkily floating in the rear; there was one particularly patriarchal, nearly as large as a man, and probably in the dark corners there were more like him. They ravenously took all sorts of baits; the best were paste and goola berries, and the artificial fly (tied large) had its peculiar charms for them towards sun-set. A rotten supply of gut would not allow of my landing anything above 7lbs., of these I took a large quantity, and there is no knowing how many maunds I might have bagged had my tackle been new. In the night by the light of a cheraugh I tried for monsters, which however broke treble gut and even double sea-hooks: the bait was a ball of paste as large as a hen's egg. I was thoroughly satiated with such work after three days, and left it with banghy loads of my sport salted and dried for after-use. On my second visit, (in September last,) how altered was this water, a rock had fallen into it, thereby choking it up with sand, and leaving it scarcely up to the middle—the fish were far less numerous, and so sulky that on the approach of human foot, they darted under the rocks. I heard that a certain young officer had visited it with harpoons and nets, which to his idea gave better sport than angling, and had captured a vast load of them; while two others (in more sportsman-like manner) during the rains, had thinned their numbers with gay flies. Many miles from here is another place of this description called Indretta: the fish are small, and the water low and clear, but fine tackle and gram will do your work; further on again towards Mundee is another; this is a very superior stream, quiet, unfished, well stocked, and lots of water. Here strong tackle is requisite—a friend of mine held a fish most perseveringly *five days* and *five nights*, but having his head under an enormous rock he could not be mastered!

Return we to Kangra, whence we will depart for Jullunder by a totally different route from that we came. A short picturesque march, winding round the tops of the hills brings you to Raucake-Talow, a nice clear stream with plenty of deep, dark holes invites the fisherman. I had not time to try it, but hear from good information that large fish have been seen in it: no shooting but a few jungle and pea-fowl in dense kurunda bush. Next a long trudge to Jwalla Mookhi, putting up in the noble Barra Durree, built by Runjeet Sing. A deep bowlee of cold, clear water will be found an agreeable bath, *fesso viatore*. No shooting except quail, in the corn or rice according to season. Then comes a short trip, crossing the Beas at Chumba Ghat, and encamping at the bunneas' shops on its bank, under a wide spreading mulberry tree which may furnish your dessert. This river completely belies appearances—those roaring falls,



foaming rapids, and revolving eddies hold out attractions, but a nearer inspection will betray water of a milky hue and of deadly coldness. The boatmen tell of mahseer 3 maunds each, *Credat Judæus*, but I saw not one of a chittack for the many days I have often wandered on its banks. The Punjabee name for this fish is kukiar. Another kind of a bright, sea-green colour, belonging to the rohoo species I have seen taken with small nets, floating before the fisherman who rides the mus-suck, and paddles it along with a short oar;—name of this sort of fry, koonie: I found it pretty good eating; it is better known to sportsman as the *sucking fish*, feeds at bottom, and as its name implies, removes the paste by squeezing it with the lips. They are taken in the Kangra pool 4 or 5 seers each, and pull uncommonly hard, evidently trying to rub your hook out at bottom. No shooting here—nor indeed until you arrive at Am-ke-bagh:—although a very long fatiguing trip I always make one day of it. On reaching this place put up in a snug Barra Durree, built in a beautiful garden tastefully laid out. Here you may stay for two or three days, there being capital shooting to be obtained in the little Terai before you. If a good rifle shot, stick to the antelope and nylghau, or if you want small game, you will get occasionally a bustard, or leek, partridges, hares &c. The quail shooting is very first rate, especially in April. There is a great deal of heavy surput grass which forms a good beat, but the Hooshearpore gents have not improved sport. Marching down the nearly dry bed of a torrent, seeing little but stones and the sky all the way (I forgot the heavy honeycombs dangling on the cliffs) you reach Hooshearpore: on the road you will see heavy surput grass where I am told nylghau and antelope may be found, and quail I seek in the season. There are good snipe jheels in the neighbourhood, the famed Tanda one is within reach. A long dusty ride takes us into Jullundur.

Now start for Lahore,—a miserable set of marches altogether with little to be done: pass through Kupoorthullá, (already described,) between that and the nullah, on the great plain, flocks of rock pigeon may be found; crossing the nullah, and keeping to the low country along the Beas towards Tulwundee, you will find large flocks of coolen: they are in the short rice stubble, and will not let you approach them, but there are ricks formed by the villagers from behind one of which a long rifle shot may tell. The numerous hawking parties have so alarmed these birds that they never appear to feed at ease. Some fine yellow-billed ducks may be found in the numerous wet places hereabouts. Next encamp on the opposite shore of the Beas, at Bhairoo-wal in the Sikh territory. Nylghau are now nominally sacred, but as very high personages had killed them before a whole

army, I thought it no harm to imitate them,—accordingly when khubur was brought into camp of a splendid bull having been marked down only two or three miles off, I ordered my horse, and with five or six other equestrians, proceeded in hot pursuit. I soon tally-hoed him as he quitted a herd of cattle with which he kept company: he was a game fellow, and despising the shelter of heavy sugar-cane kates, led us over enclosures across an open full of holes and covered with low bramble: seven or eight miles of hard running winded our nags, and the pursued was forced to stop and turn at bay, when many a bullet was fired ere life was extinct: cutting off his hoofs and horns hastily as the villagers appeared to twig us, and knowing the consequences of identification, we were all off like a shot, fully convinced in our own minds that a full grown, young bull nylghau is worth a whole desk-full of wigs any day. Moving onwards to Lahore through the holy city of Umritsur, nylghau may be found at every stage, but the dāk jungles being full of old wood prevent riding; there is also small game to be got. The country, I hear from one who has travelled that route, between the Beas and Lahore, going by a cross road, saves many miles, and excellent shooting may be had. Kunchun-ke-Pool, the last stage in, has an extensive kurree jungle with a few hares and antelope, but I cannot recommend this spot. At last the city of abominations is reached, which you will duly wish at the bottom of the Red Sea, as I do. When the force first arrived here great was the slaughter of hares and partridges, which Runjeet and his successors had retained for their own especial use. I have heard boasts of one hundred of the former and more than that of the latter falling to one gun in a fortnight, but such *sport* could not last, and bags are daily growing less: almost the only good spot left is a jungle down the river some miles, to which Tej Singh's suwars will civilly direct you on application to him, but you will especially annoy the big-wigs, who wish to usurp the sole right of shooting in it; however you need not tell all the world *where* you are bound to, and make the most of your time when there. For bustards take the road to Ferozepore, follow it for some miles, (the further the better) then turning into the low, scattered jungle, look for gram kates, or low grass patches where in January and February, they congregate in flocks of ten to twenty, but are wild. Crossing the river at the Barra Durree where Dulleep's pinnacle is moored, proceed along the Peshawur road *via* Jehangir's tomb, (the minarets are good landmarks, being quite distinct at ten miles off) after passing it, leave the high road, and enquire for Durgye-pind, a small mud village, under which you pass ere you reach large grass plains at Hurry-Singh-ke-Bowlee, and af-

terwards much heavier ones at Bhamncewallah, where hares, partridges, and quail may be got: you will sometimes see antelope in the grass, rock pigeon on the barren patches, and a few coolen in the rice stubble: regaining the road, and following it you arrive at a pukka bridge over a deep clear nullah full of fish, and good duck shooting will be got by going a few miles up the stream: walking down it (if you have time) you would be rewarded by a new beat, and probably very superior fishing at its junction with the Ravee. This is the most disgusting river in India, muddy, full of quicksands, one day a mere puddle over which tattoos can walk knee deep, another, a fresh water sea carrying all before it, and sweeping the low banks for miles inland: there is a deep cut from it which passes close under the fort and Annakullee, only holding water during floods: I am told there is excellent puddle-poking in it during the rains, when all the coarser sorts of fish appear to frequent it; the best spot a deep at an old gateway behind Annakullee. I have no doubt with a month's leave, good sport with rod and gun could be obtained in the district, going first to the great duck preserve on the confines of the Lahore territory, near the Beas, and well known to the natives—boats, and every requisite procurable, and birds countless; thence Pathaunkát (above described) may be visited, keeping along under the lower hills towards Jumboo; small game and pigs are, of course, abundant; when you arrive at Bimbur, (the mouth of the pass to the above place) all sorts of large game, even tigers: hercabouts you would pass some days. One march further below Jumboo a hill stream throws itself into the Chenaub,—here the mahseer blacken the water; use spinning tackle and chelwas: here a crack fishing friend of mine caught a goodly lot and had his tackle smashed many times. Permission will be required before entering Goolab Sing's territory, in which the best part of your route is situated, but this you will soon obtain from the resident at Lahore. Another trip may be taken towards Scinde, but you require elephants for this one. A party are now out from Ferozepore; they write of black partridge, plentiful as quail, have killed many hog deer and antelope, have passed the tracks of tigers, but not seen any in person. Coursing near Lahore is no go, and is mostly followed with the white, rough Persian dog, the country being uneven, and covered with heavy jungle: ticklish work it is too for the neck. I had a day of it on an impetuous horse who charged clean through the enormous kurreel bushes, thickly set in clumps, but brought me in at the death. We also had a fast thing with a half grown ravine deer, which we captured alive, the dogs being too much done to touch it. During the heat of the chase one young Nimrod was safely deposited on

the top of the said kurreel bushes, his steed taking leg bail, so he had to get home riding double, and the sagacious gram-eater was in not many minutes after him. Hunting, alas! is not the sport here that it is in other favoured stations:—the nice pack of H. M. 53rd are quite thrown away, I do not think they have killed once during the many runs they have had, and are about to proceed to the hills for the hot weather, with my best wishes for better luck next year. The Race Course is a snug little affair, but as the bit of green lies close the palace windows, the big-wigs protest against what they consider an infringement of “royal rights.” *Scene—Ground within race course. Syces chuckering horses, Jockeys trotting about, tents in the back ground. Enter a very Big-Wig,—gruffly loquitur—Where’s the clerk of the course? All—He is not here! B. W.—Well, when he comes tell him to strike those tents and take away those horses! All—Why Sir? B. W.—How would you like your private estates ridden over by every one? This is the Maharajah’s lawn, recollect we are only here on sufferance!—Vollies of musquetry casting forth burning paper, the heavy tramp of 3 or 4,000 men, and their accompaniment of mounteds appear to the authorities quite harmless, while the feet of a few racers for a very few days in the year commit serious damage!*

The quail appear to be coming in, and many a pot-bellied Seikh may be seen at day break setting his net in the rank barley. Now I have told you all.

‘ I wish I were where I have been  
“ Hunting the hart in forest green.”

I sigh for green Goruckpore, and its sylvan shades. From the Dhoon I have just heard one sportsman, out alone, bagged three tigers, one of which gave noble sport, pulling down a pad. Another party had got five tigers, one bear, and one hyena: one of the former shewed them a twist, capsizing a howdah with a padre in it; just as he was about to be devoured a shikarree pluckily shot the beast dead, so the reverend will live to preach another day! Some good fish had been taken, one 45lbs. by spinning, and they had never been known to take the fly so greedily before; my friend tells me the cause lies in the *flies* themselves, and that he had only just found out that the far-famed yellow ones sent out by Bond and others are complete hum-bugs: the proper one is of a rather gaudy body, dark legs, and wing of *bustard*, or *drake’s* grey mottled feather, on single gut tied with No. 6 or 7 limericks. Here ends my long yarn which I hope won’t turn to tinder!

WILDFIRE.

## THE BLACK BUCK RUN AND KILL.

In the beginning of the month of February 1847, I was at Reidhana, or some such name, a village between Bullole and Jhoonjoowarra, in Guzerat ; and while there, went out one evening to shoot black buck. I was accompanied by my servant Donald Kennedy, and had, in my shikar cart, a brace of greyhounds, which I used to slip at wounded deer. One of these was a red dog of the highest Persian breed, which had been given to me by Captain Evans of the Guzerat Irregular Horse, and was very fast and, as he proved, very staunch also ; the other was a white Arab bitch, but lately entered, and much inferior to the dog. I shall call them by their names to avoid confusion. The dog's name was Puggy, the bitch's Minna.

After searching for some time, we saw five very fine bucks feeding together without any does near them, and we determined to try to bag one or more of them. We stalked them for some time, but they were very shy, and it was a long time before we got a shot at them ; at last Donald fired, and broke the leg of one. They all set off upon the report of the shot, but pulled up at a little distance : we followed them under cover of the cart, but whenever we came within two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards of them, they quietly trotted off a few yards further, always preserving nearly the same distance from us. This work continued for about an hour and a half, and I got very disgusted at it ; I should have given them up long before, but as it was too late to go to a fresh beat and there were no other deer in sight, I was unwilling to throw away a chance. At last I said to Donald, that I should return to the horses, which were following us at four hundred yards or so distance, and that if he liked he might try for a while longer, and if he could not get closer he might slip the dogs, trusting that they might manage to pull down the broken legged one. I had scarcely got back to the horses, and mounted, when I saw Donald running and waving his hand, by which I knew that he had slipped the dogs : I snatched a spear from my ghorrawallah and went off as hard as I could to him. He told me that he had slipped the dogs, and that Puggy had taken gaze on one, which he had never left, and had at last turned him out of the herd and that Minna had followed the other four. On his showing me the direction Puggy and his buck had taken, I saw them running about half a mile from us and galloped off after them. The ground was almost a perfect plain, the undulations being barely sufficient to hide the buck and dog, each time they dipped into the hollows ; under foot

it was as hard as iron, and here and there much broken by cattle feeding during the rains, and when the ground was soft I had to ride racing pace to keep them in sight, and luckily I was on a good and rather fast hunter. I caught sight of them at the top of each rise and lost them again in each dip; the dog seemed to keep his place well, and I, (believing always that it was the broken legged buck), was astonished that he should stand so long before the dog. After going in this way, for very nearly three miles, I lost sight of them behind a rising ground a little higher than the others, and on topping it in my turn I saw the buck in the field below lying struggling, with Puggy fixed in his neck and worrying him; I rode down the hill and when about ten yards from them, thinking that I could take the buck alive, I jumped off and ran up; Puggy seeing me come up, thought I suppose, that his work was done, and left go of the buck, which sprung up and staggered about thirty yards, evidently very weak but still going faster than I could run leading my horse. I cheered Puggy at him again, and he, with the greatest ease, ran up, pulled him down, and recommenced the worrying; I tried to get up on foot to the buck five or six times, but always with the same result; the dog on my approach let go his hold, the buck rose, and though weaker and weaker every time, still managed to keep ahead of me on foot, until I had to call in Puggy again to my assistance. I got so angry at last that I mounted my horse again, (by the way, if I had dared to let the horse go I might have caught the buck alive, but it was leading my horse that prevented my going the pace,) and riding up to where Puggy was holding and worrying the poor animal, I drove the spear through his heart and all was over. I got off and turned the buck over to have a look at his shot wound, still supposing that his leg was broken, when to my astonishment, after searching him most carefully I could find no wound upon him, except the one just made by my spear. Donald came up directly after and looked over him, but could see no wound save the spear thrust, and we had to come to the conclusion that Puggy had performed the feat of running down an unwounded black buck, and had the further merit of doing it single handed, for Minna did not join us until a long time after the buck was dead. He was the largest buck, and had the biggest head of horns that I have killed since I have been in India.

About a fortnight after, at Chundsomar, about eight cos from Puttun, we were returning to our tent from an evening's shikar, when we saw a herd of black bucks and does a little off the road; we fired at them and wounded a young buck, the whole herd set off and we soon lost sight of them behind the prickly ~~net~~ hedges, of which there are many there. We saw the young

buck separate before they went out of our sight; so as it was getting dusk we determined to take the dogs and follow the direction he had taken, leaving the cart to go on to the tent: after walking half a mile, we saw a deer at some distance which we supposed to be the young buck, and mounting, I cantered towards it, followed by the two dogs, Puggy and Minna. As soon as they saw it, away they went; I kept sight of them for three quarters of a mile or so, but lost them then among the hedges. I jumped into a road and, meeting a man, asked him if he had seen them? he said that a deer and two dogs had passed him and that he had seen the dogs kill the deer. I made him show me the place, which was about 200 yards off, and there I found the two dogs standing over, not a wounded buck, but an unwounded full-grown doe.

A. F.

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### THE BLACK BUCK AGAIN!

*I!* have ridden an antelope fairly, and *I!* also have ridden a spotted deer fairly. Here's a contributor to the new *Sporting!* methinks I hear the Forest Ranger exclaim,—aye, and many others who have been licked in a similar attempt, and I can fancy some more readers as well as contributors,—yourself, too, ABEL EAST, and long may you live to conduct the *Peela Kitab*—saying, “Eh, what's this! Let's hear all about it. This is rather a bumptious chap!” Kind readers judge not *me*, for I can assure you, I care not one straw for your judgment. In fact I am in hopes of being heartily abused.—I like it.

Taking my usual ride one morning, Spanker, a large powerful dog, English, Arab and Polyar mixture, showing in equal quantities in his different component parts, the length of limb, strength of body and fierceness of disposition, started at his three quarter half-bred pace of a hand-gallop in pursuit of a full-grown, black buck antelope: nothing would ever induce Mr Spanker to go faster at first. I followed at a round canter, not exactly dreaming of the termination, as it actually happened. The buck took away at a steady pace, Spanker holding hard 80 or 100 yards in the rear; I myself as much more, taking advantage of the turns. After going a mile the buck turned or rather described a wide circle of which Spanker took instant advantage. So did I, and in

apparently attempting to cut the buck off made him let out a little extra. Another mile or thereabouts, I found myself alongside of, or rather parallel to, the buck some two hundred yards to his right, Spanker close in his rear, and joy of joys! his tongue, (the buck's) well out. Spanker fresher than the buck, though both shewing three miles at least. My mare, though I had held and taken every advantage in the turning, was none of the freshest either. So I went at the buck with a strong pull and the spurs in with a little hallowing, which encouraged the dog and the mare too, and had an equally contrary effect on the buck. I closed in behind him and found I could go with him without spur. The buck found that too and made a short turn round a hillock—hurrah! Another short turn, another and a fourth, the dog on one side and I on the other hallooing like mad, the buck evidently very sick of this and losing heart,—so I gave one extra Chifney with another halloo, which had the effect of sending the buck into the sea and Spanker after him, and while I was deliberating whether to ride him in the surf or wait till he came back into water where I could wade and he could not for want of legs, a couple of fishermen ran up and turned him over, tied him round and round legs, feet, horns, body, head and all in a regular maze of rope. Could I believe it? There was I; there was the poor mare shaking her tail; there was the dog, the gallant Spanker, none the better, and there was the bungalow; but when I came to see *where* the bungalow was, I found it was some five miles off. Now I had started within a mile of it and had run  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile at least backwards at the start, which with the long round and the doubling at the end, makes a clear 7 miles. I examined the buck carefully as soon as I got home—he was in fine condition, quite alive, there was no fat on him, nor any reason why he should not go, and the only peculiarity was perhaps that his toes were in want of paring; this might have impeded his running, so might the ground which was heavy here and there and occasionally towards the latter part of the run sandy; but I caught the antelope after a fair run and without any assistance, except from the dog and the fisherman, and so done was he when he took to the sea, that I flatter myself I could have tied him up with my handkerchief without the aid of the fisherman, and Mr Spanker would have made a small hole in his throat too I fancy. And he did not seem to be at all inclined to leave go of the antelope's quarter, so I presume he would have pulled him down even without my handkerchief. You will observe that throughout the run the pace was slow. If Spanker had made running at the start like an English greyhound, he could not have gone half the distance, and if I and the mare had *gone* at the start, she would not have been to the front when called upon after four or five miles; and if she had not been to the front



when the antelope passed me with his tongue out depend on't I should not have had the pleasure of eating him. I would therefore recommend the next man that tries to catch a buck to go from the post as he would for a four mile heat, 1st mile in perhaps 2-30. The antelope will not, take my word, run straight away from him, nor will he even attempt it, but satisfy himself with keeping 200 or 300 yards ahead, and perhaps take a few 10 barred gates (imaginary of course) every now and then as he goes along just to shew his *contempt*; perhaps he may change his mind in seven or eight miles, perhaps not. I leave my readers to find out which in practice; none of your theory.

The spotted buck was done on the same principle. Some half dozen of us, *Bunder gangites*, had been in the saddle a whole day and only killed one boar after a little dirty sport of a quarter of a mile. I was getting fearfully disgusted at the heat of the sun; nothing else could *choop* a sportsman, but I and many others must admit that. We had come just to the end of a long grass beat. Some pig had broke back indefinitely,—no more sport for that day thinks I, and was just going to say so, when up got the antlers. I was not sure for a moment, but sang out who's coming with me to try this beggar. O—e, responded to the call, and J—n immediately after. So off we started  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in the rear—O leading on his docked tailed chesnut half-miler, I myself bringing up the rear on my three-miler. The run was uninteresting enough for two miles: the buck gallantly held his way: I got up to the chesnut still holding to him as the buck had lots in him and no refuge in sight. I let the dock-tail lead till we came to a channel of water which the buck charged—lit in the middle—swam a stride or two and hopped over the rest some six or eight strides: the chesnut was getting uncomfortably close, so I let out, caught the other and had a committee, when it was decided that the buck must die—not a shadow of a bush in sight, the ground good open. I fancied the buck was shaking, so I tried the Chifney without more hesitation, neared him sufficiently to push him, got within some thirty yards, when out went the tongue, the buck stumbled, recovered himself and turned—hurrah again! At him I went lance in rest as he was trying to cross in front, missed my spear somehow or other, but fairly knocked him over with the horse; he got up again, but could not go; he was knocked over again, and there was the end of him. O and the dock-tail F must admit did the best of the work, by cutting out the running; as he told me afterwards, he did it on purpose as he knew I should be in the proper place when he shut up. I doubt much if he could have done it single handed or any one else. We guessed the distance at about five miles and the pace severe, particularly as the day was at its hot-

test: the other men who were with us and well mounted, said they did not ride because they never would have thought it. We derived no advantage whatever from the ground, it was throughout the very lightest. So much for both buck questions.

Two days before the same party, seven of us in all, were extended over a grass plain. I viewed a pig half a mile ahead; the whole seven of us went off at score—this was as fine a start for a spear as ever was seen in India. We neared him to within thirty yards, when we found ourselves up to the ankles—knees I should say. I pulled up into a trot, couldn't help it, but being light and possibly the best mounted I was through first, but the pig (a young boar) had gained in this fell swamp about 200 yards in 300. As soon as I was on *terra firma* again, I was up and the spear through him like shot—that's an answer to another question in I think No. 12 of "yours." If I have the fortune to see myself in print *this time*, I may be induced to rout up my old journal, till when believe me as one that intends, please the pigs, soon to take his

FURLOUGH.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

*Merry Month of May.*

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### STILL THE BLACK BUCK!

I am sorry to say that since SANDY and I went out last year, there has been nothing done in the sporting way here, except a little ball practice at the antelope. About three weeks ago I shot two black bucks a right and left shot, the first fell dead, but the second got up and went away, I followed on foot and got another shot at him and broke the right hind leg, I then got on a horse and galloped after him, but he fairly out-ran me and I could not make up to him: he went down a steep and rough hill as if untouched, and then pulled up and stood looking at me; as long as I stood still he did the same, but the moment I moved off he went again at a good round gallop: I lost sight of him at a turn of the hill and some two hours afterwards I went to where I thought he might be lain down, and by good luck I came on him and sent bullet No. 3 into his body; the first ball had passed through an inch or so below the spine just in front of the kidneys and he

came down a regular somerset, his head touching the ground first; the second shot broke a hind leg, yet he did not fall, and after that he galloped clean away from me. My nag was not a fast one; but I could hardly imagine that an autelope so severely wounded could by any means get away from a cow; for my part I think that wounded as he was, he would have astonished the Padree gentlemen, had any of them been along with

KANDAREE.

GWALIOR, March 14, 1848.

N. B.—There is no *sand* here, all hard soil and rocks.

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## CAPE HORSES AND CAPE STUDS.

The revival of the Calcutta Turf Club was most fortunate and opportune; for indications were visible that without a clear code of local racing laws, without a court of due authority, and one possessing the confidence of racing men, this branch of public amusement was resting on a very doubtful base. But there is one part of their duty which the Calcutta Turf Club have apparently not yet taken in hand. I allude to a *conclusive* settlement of weights, between the Arabs, country bred and colonial horses. It appears to me indispensable for all parties concerned, that this question should be set at rest for at least some years to come,—and when the meetings of 1847-48 are over, their result, added to the experience of the last few years, will afford a safe average of performances for future guidance. Unless this is done, no racing man will know which kind of animal he can patronize with success or safety, for if one of his own sort should any where cast up a flyer, the whole lot is forthwith liable to penalties of five, ten, or fourteen lbs. at the option of the next batch of Stewards!

A certain sum of public money assigned for a term of years to races for all horses, at fixed weights for age, would soon settle the matter one way or another, and would be the means either of encouraging the colonial breeders or speculators to try the Calcutta market regularly, or of giving it a wide berth. At present very few Cape breeders, I can answer for it, will hazard the

experiment ; not because there is a deficiency of horses adapted for oriental racing, but because consignees are shy of a market which is liable to such arbitrary fluctuations, and those all hitherto tending more to their prejudice than their profit. The contingencies attending this peculiar trade are wholly distinct from those common to other mercantile transactions, and they are not under the controul of the Cape colonists. Their modification rests chiefly on the Turf Club and racing men in India. If the stakes open to colonial horses were to be kept open till August 1st, and the weights fixed for a certain period, there is every reason to believe that they would resort to the Indian market as regularly as the Arabs, to the certain reduction of prices, and the manifest advantage of the whole community.

Till some arrangement of this kind can be effected, the Cape breeders and those who possess tried horses of character there, will prefer keeping their best for the Mauritius market, which is both steady and liberal. Take for instance the prices given *at the Cape* for the horses now running at the Mauritius ; viz. £180 for Sting, when an untried maiden, £190 for Sir Peregrine, £150 for Cash,—and within the last month £230 for the Lad of Stellenbosch, £150 offered for Sir Henry, £150 given for Swallow, £95 for Montagu, most of these being quite second raters, and already left with nothing more to win at the Cape. The prices just named are given in this colony, and are independent of the freight to Mauritius, insurance, custom house duties, wharfage, livery, commission, and the various other items which have to be paid, however unsatisfactory and incomprehensible they may appear. Of course it is preferable for the Cape breeder to meet a purchaser at his own door, and to get his £200 down, than to obtain nominally 3,000 or 3,500 Rs. in India, with the risk of the voyage, the market, unfavorable exchange, long credit, bad bills, and other little accidents of the same disagreeable nature. Thus it follows that though many good Cape horses for all purposes have been *taken* to India by their owners, very few have been *sent*. Most of the large breeders dispose of their 2 year old colts by public auction, and a large proportion of them are bought by the Mofussil Boers for stud purposes. The prices run from £25 to £75 for well-bred colts of any size. Take a low average,—say £35,—it pays a breeder better to get that sum for a 2 year old colt, than to keep him for a year longer and obtain £70, as there is much risk and expense attending the keep and education of young stock at that troublesome age. Accordingly the number of horses trained and brought to the post at the Cape is excessively small, compared with the number bred annually. Glengall was bought at a sale for, I think, £50 and Sir Harry for £60 ; but the breeders who

do train, usually keep two or three of their best young ones for the Produce and Breeders' Stakes, on the Green Point Course; or else demand three figures. Out of many cheap horses one clipper may occasionally appear, but a man may draw fifty blanks before he gets one prize, so that this kind of diversion comes expensive in the long run. That the Australian colonists can breed thorough-bred horses for the Turf, and sell their best profitably in Calcutta for Rs. 1,200 or even Rs. 1,600 when 4 years old, I do not believe. I am pretty certain the Cape breeders cannot do it, and I am quite certain they will not try. Though the average price of Cape colts of any racing form need not exceed from Rs. 1,500 to 2,000, surely the pick of them ought to realize as much as the best Arab maidens untried, and for them Rs. 3,000 is not an unusual demand. In other respects, as far as regards the comparative racing qualifications of Capes and Walers, nothing decisive can yet be said or prophesied. Sir Benjamin beat all the best Walers of his day, with weights as heavy, and in time as good as Selim exhibited during the last season; whilst the performances of Battledore,\* Voltaire, Banker, &c. place them above the other Walers of their respective seasons. It is generally admitted, I believe, that the Capes have better tempers and constitutions more suited to India than the Walers, and the following list of English stallions and mares now flourishing in South Africa (of which the produce for the most part have not yet come out,) will prove that the Cape breeders have spared no expense to obtain the most distinguished and fashionable blood of the present day.

\* We may note the death of this horse. He died at Messrs Cook and Co.'s Stables on the 18th May after an illness of three days, which first exhibited itself as influenza—a severe cough and copious discharge of green matter from the nostrils—and resulted in inflammation of the lungs. He was under the care of Mr Western, now of the Firm of Cook and Co.—the first Veterinary Surgeon in India, but the inflammation was so active that nothing could save him. We saw the *post mortem* examination.—A. E.

## THOROUGHBRED ENGLISH HORSES IN THE WESTERN DISTRICTS OF THE CAPE.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.	Stud Book Reference.	Importer.	Arrival.	Present Owner.
Bath .....	Defence	by Buzzard	Vol. V. P. 58.	H. Dumbleton, Esq.	1846.	Blake, Esq.
Bozago .....	Buzzard	Spinning Jenny	Vol. IV. P. 444.	W. Proctor, Esq.	1841.	Rose, Esq.
Catalonian .....	Skiff	by Sancho	" IV. " 411.	—	—	—
Conrad .....	Augustus	Constantia	" V. " 75.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1844.	Mr Steyn.
Discount .....	Banker	Lark	" IV. " 556.	Jacob Van Renen, Esq.	1838.	Mr Breda.
David Gellatley.	Waverley	by Comus	" IV. " 103.	Capt. Pearson	1839.	—
Espartero .....	Emilius	by Phantom	" V. " 251.	Hamilton Ross, Esq.	1845.	Hamilton Hodgson, Esq.
Fervid .....	Firman	by Rubens	" IV. " 406.	J. H. Crawford, Esq.	1842.	Vos, Esq.
Fireman .....	Phoenix	Abigail	" V. " 2.	Capt. Stanford	1845.	W. Proctor, Esq.
Flytrap .....	Bay Middleton.	Flycatcher	" V. " 116.	Walker, Esq.	1846.	Mr Meiring.
Freeholder .....	Luzborough	Escape	" V. " 101.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1846.	H. Dumbleton, Esq.
Glancus .....	Glancus	Cantatrice	" V. " 48.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1844.	Jacob Van Renen, Esq.
Gannon Box .....	St. Nicholas	Olive Leaf	" IV. " 334	Mr Stone	1842.	Le Grangè, Esq.
Gustavus .....	Gustavus	Jessy	" III " 183.	Mr Stone	—	P. Van der Byl, Esq.
Holloway .....	Emilius	Apollonia	" V. " 16	Mr Stone	1847.	—
Huon .....	Plenipotentiary	Mary Anne	" IV. " 274.	P. Van der Byl, Esq.	1843.	P. Van der Byl, Esq.
Humphrey .....	Filho da Puta	by Smolensko	" IV. " 435.	—	—	J. Kotzé, Esq.
Larry McHale..	Slane	Rosary	" V. " 276.	Capt. Stanford	1846.	Vos, Esq.
Metropolis .....	Longwaist	Doll Tearsheet	" IV. " 125.	W. Proctor, Esq.	1841.	—
Metternich..	Plenipo	by Whisker	" V. " 337.	Mr Brown	1842.	—
Northumberland	Percy	Eoina	" IV. " 149	Capt. Kenrick	1844.	Messrs Reitz, Breda & Co.
Ottoman .....	Plenipo	Whizgig	" IV. " 507	P. L. Cloete, Esq.	1844.	—
O'Connell .....	Young Emilius.	by Orville	" IV. " 341.	Capt. Stanford	1839.	P. Van der Byl, Esq.
Laurel .....	Laurel	Phantasima	" IV. " 360.	Capt. Pearson	1837.	M. Melck, Esq.
Rococo .....	Cetus	by Blacklock	" IV. " 44.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1844.	Mr de Jough.
Scipio .....	Filho da Puta	Miss Syntax	" III. " 260.	— Martin, Esq.	1843.	P. L. Cloete, Esq.
St. George .....	St. Martin	Royal-	" V. " 276	Capt. Stanford.	1846.	—
Sateboard .....	Plenipo	Sontag	" IV. " 438.	W. Proctor, Esq.	1842.	M. Melck, Esq.
Squirrel .....	Cain	Sprite	" IV. " 445	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1839.	—
Stansy .....	Predictor	Fenella	" IV. " 162.	Mr Stone	1842.	Moodie, Esq.

Name.	Stud Book Reference.	Importer.	Arrival.	Present Owner.	Produce in the Colony.
Tally-Ho .....	Emilius ..	Mistrule ..	Vol. IV, " 290.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1846. T. B. Bayley, Esq.
Tugnet .....	Etis ..	Baleine ..	" V, " 21.	Mr Stone	1847. ———
Turpin .....	Herman ..	Platoff. Black Bess	" V, " 32.	Mr Stone	1847. ———
Wahab .....	Sultan ..	Margelgaa ..	" IV, " 268.	Capt. Buchanan	1844. Mr Odendal.
Wildrake .....	Jerry ..	Ravelry ..	" V, " 272.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1844. J. Kotzé, Esq.
Winchelsea .....	Camel ..	Montma ..	" V, " 219.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1846. J. Kotzé, Esq.
Yellow Hammer .....	Velocipede ..	by Emilius ..	" V, " 96.	Capt. Kenrick	1844. P. Meyburg, Esq.

THOROUGH-BRED ENGLISH IMPORTED MARES IN THE WESTERN DISTRICTS OF THE CAPE.

Name.	Stud Book Reference.	Importer.	Arrival.	Present Owner.	Produce in the Colony.
Aurine .....	Vol. V. P. 315.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1844.	Mr Smalberg	None.
Aveline .....	" IV, " 4.	Hamilton Ross & Co.	1844.	P. Van der Byl, Esq.	In 1846.
Bay Middleton mare .....	" V, " 27.	W. Proctor, Esq.	1842.	Mr Vos	In 1845.
Cruiskeen .....	" ———	Hamilton Ross & Co.	1844.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	Colt 1847, (dead.)
Fragrance .....	" V, " 301.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1844.	Mr Van Zyl	None.
La Malheureuse .....	" V, " 194.	Capt. Buchanan	1843.	Capt. Buchanan	Colt 1845. Colt 1846.
* Georgian .....	" IV, " 180, 174.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1839.	P. L. Cloete, Esq.	Colt 1840. Colt 1841. Colt 1842.
† Post Hestie ..	" V, " 256.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1845.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	Filly 1844. Filly 1845.
Repeal .....	" V, " 257.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1844.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	Colt 1845. Filly 1846.
‡ Revolution mare	" V, " 273.	T. B. Bayley, Esq.	1845.	H. Hodgson, Esq.	Colt 1846. Filly 1847.
Almack mare ..	" V, " 27.	P. Van der Byl, Esq.	1844.	P. Van der Byl, Esq.	Colt 1845.
Taffrail .....	" V, " 372.	P. Van der Byl, Esq.	1845.	A. Breda, Esq.	Colt 1845.

\* The produce of this mare in 1840 was by Sir Hercules, the mare having been put to him in England. The Colt by Sir Hercules won the Cape Produce Stakes and some other races, and was sold, when 3 years old, for £300 to a Dutch Farmer up the country.

† This mare's produce in 1845 is a colt by Jereed, the mare having been covered in England.

‡ The Revolution mare had a Filly Foal in 1845, by Sir Hercules, but it died young.

The reasons why so few imported mares are to be found in the colony are, principally, the want of competent and trustworthy servants to look after them, the uncertainty of their having produce, and the extra expences attending paddocks, loose boxes, and garden cultivation for their food. No English blood mare will stand the summer heats of Africa, or subsist on the natural grasses of the country; consequently they must be well supplied for a great part of the year with lucerne, clover, carrots, &c., &c., and it is not every farm in the colony where such crops can be raised, at the time when they are most wanted. Of the mares in the foregoing list, Post Haste was the most distinguished on the Turf, having won seven races at all distances. La Malheureuse was named apparently in consequence of her numerous racing failures, though her dam Matilda was a winner of the St. Leger and her sire Voltaire. It will be observed how few of the mares lately enumerated, though many years in the colony, have produce now living. These disappointments give the balance sheet a severe pull the wrong way, and the surviving young ones are not reared for a song.

Ottoman may be placed at the top of the list of stallions for blood and bone combined. He is a magnificent horse,—the largest and most powerful thorough-bred ever brought to the colony, and of undeniable pedigree. His sire Plenipo was perhaps the best horse England has ever seen, for in his era the Turf was illuminated by a galaxy of clippers unparalleled for numbers and brilliancy, and, like a flaming meteor, he eclipsed them all. It is said that when a 3 year old ready to start for the Derby, he looked more like a drag horse than a racer. There is a story, told I think in an old *Sporting Magazine*, of Jim Robinson who being asked about some race in which he rode the flying Glencoe against Plenipo, replied,—“I came off according to orders, as hard as I could split, and after going a mile, on turning my head round, *I found the great fat bullock cantering along side of me!*” Ottoman to see him in the lunge, just looks like the same sort of lumbering animal, but as he was once high in the Derby betting, it may be supposed that the pace was in him. He broke down before the race. Ottoman will suit his present owner (Mr Vander Byl,) very well, and ought to be a very useful horse in the colony, but I much doubt his getting racers. The next horse to him, as regards blood, muscular development, bone, and the best shape for a sire of hunters as well as racers, is pronounced by public opinion to be Tally-Ho, and in symmetrical proportion and action he is certainly superior to Ottoman. This horse won no less than six Cups and Prizes for the best stallion for hunters, at the different Agricultural meetings in that very fastidious horse-breeding county, Yorkshire. I cannot



describe him better than by saying he is just the kind of horse a hard riding man of 16 stone would give any money for, to lie along side a fast pack in a deep country. Tally-Ho only started once, and won his race. Bath is a very neat horse and ought to get racing stock, but if they inherit his temper they will be a queer lot to handle. Rococo distinguished himself as a Newmarket two year old, running second in a large field for the Prendergast, and being much thought of for subsequent events. But he broke his pastern in a trial, and was used for a covering stallion in some obscure part of Suffolk. Out of the very few thorough-bred mares put to him he got some very decent runners, and bids fair to do the same at the Cape. For his first two seasons in the colony, he was in Mr Bayley's stud; and is now in Mr P. L. Cloete's, where are some capital mares from that noble horse Battledore and old Patagonian. As winners in England, Wahab and Winchelsea take the shine out of all their compatriots. The latter looks like a galloper, but he is narrow and deficient in bone. The Camel cross, in point of shape, is the worst possible for this colony, where the drooping quarter, and tail set on low, or in other words the goose rump, is almost the characteristic of the Cape horse. Humphrey has sent forth some tolerable runners, but is no favourite of mine. His stock are too often like himself,—bad tempered and shy about the head, the last a singular inheritance. Wildrake in the same stud is a fine topped, level horse, and likely to get showy and sulcable stock, if not racers. Though a poor performer himself, he comes of a galloping family, and his produce may look back to the glories of their ancestors. Gustavus is certainly the most successful sire of racers, of all the horses now living in South Africa;—that is, of two and three years olds, for after three they seldom do any thing. Much of their superiority at an early age, I therefore attribute to the good feeding and care bestowed on them from the time they are weaned, and to superior training and riding afterwards. Mr Van der Byl's two year olds have hitherto come out some 10 or 14lbs. superior in form and condition, to those of any other breeder, and consequently they are very hard to beat. But they will find some formidable competitors in future years, as most of the other breeders are now awake to the necessity of liberally feeding and forcing their young stock destined for the turf. Gustavus himself is not by any means a handsome horse, being flat-sided and deficient in quarter. He was brought to the colony on speculation, and no one would look at him. Mr Van der Byl bought him at last, much against his own judgment, and made a better hit that time than he has always done. He gave upwards of £300 in England for Middleham, and never got a foal from him, the horse dying

soon after he reached the Cape. He was unlucky also with Protector, who only lasted two seasons, and the only specimen of whose stock yet out, is Modesty, a very good performer indeed at her early age.

Mr Jacob Van Renen has a fine, slashing horse in Glaucus, but to my mind not good enough in racing points for his very superior mares. He has a small but select stud, and feeds his young favourites well, but he does not often bring them to the post in anything like their form. No one has (unfortunately for himself) proved more clearly the folly of breeding from a colonial-bred horse, however good on the turf, and clever in shape. He used Farmer John as a stallion for some years, and never got a runner from him worth his forage. One indeed, Young Farmer, did win a race, but not upon his merits. No sooner did Mr Van Renen procure Seth (by Voltaire, dam Eve by Lottery,) than his good old mares began to throw winners again. The black colt Voltaire, who came out in such force at Sonepore last year, Brush (the best Cape horse, I am told, ever known at Mauritius,) Swallow, Tempest (the crack of the Eastern districts), and others of good quality, all afford proofs what Seth's stock in general might have done, had they been placed in good hands, and how much his loss is to be regretted. Seth was a very game looking, wiry animal, amazingly good in forehand, but straighter behind than any horse I ever saw. Unfortunately scarcely a mare or filly by him is to be found in Mr Van Renen's stud, for they with twenty-five or thirty more were all swept off by some contagious disorder in 1845.

Battledore was another grievous loss to the colony. He came out to the Cape when 18 years old, and was bought by Mr. P. L. Cloete at the spirited price of £500. His first batch of two year old colts and fillies was such as are seldom seen in the same stable. The chesnut horse which ran in Calcutta under the name of Battledore was one of that lot, and to all appearance when a two year old, was about the worst in it. Chanticleer, a great winner at Mauritius, was another; and so was Sir Lawrence, the most powerful colt amongst them, and one that ought to have come out a winner any where. He was a light brown or bay, and was taken to India by the lamented Major Carter, since when nothing has been heard of him. In the same string as those I have just mentioned, were those two splendid fillies Comet and Meteora. The former was *tried* to be about the best thing ever bred at the Cape, but her temper was ruined in training, and she would never go straight on the race course. Meteora was the winner of many races. There were others of the same year, all clever in shape but not all exemplary gallopers. Battledore himself only lived two years

at the Cape. He was, to my mind, nearly perfect in shape, and was not a little thought of in England, where for many years he was quite a fashionable stallion. Latterly, from some cause or other, he fell out of favour, was neglected, and sold for £120 or £100. He was a most undeniable roarer, and perhaps his stock were found to inherit that musical faculty. Almost all of them bred at the Cape, had certainly odd tempers; not exactly vicious, for they were quiet to handle, but flighty, eccentric, and fanciful.\*

These traits of character were the more remarkable, for Battledore himself was singularly good-tempered both in and out of the stable. I may here remark that at least half of the stallions brought to the Cape are roarers, yet such a thing as a Cape bred horse roaring is unknown. At all events I never met with one so afflicted. But we are casting forward a little too rapidly, so wheeling back from the young stock and returning to the *sires*, whose merits are under discussion, I have little further to add, than that of the remaining horses on the roll, Wahab, Espartero, Discount, O'Connell, Squirrel and Turpin are the best. There are some still left, of whom it will be charity to say nothing about; and charity to be sure never covered a much greater multitude of sins than on this occasion. Fortunately the animals in question are mostly in remote Mofussil districts, where they cannot do much harm.

I have often thought that the Cape breeders are wrong in not patronizing more extensively the Arab cross, but they demand *size*, and think that it is only attainable from English blood. The mistake is great. The mares of the colony are mostly small, narrow, and angular in frame; and their produce by 16 hands English horses, however good, will be for the most part leggy, loose made, ricketty, ill-conditioned wretches, fit for no sort of work. Put to short-legged compact, round barreled, and high caste Arabs, the same mares would probably throw clever and handsome stock, hardy in constitution, and in every way suited to the climate and pasturage of the colony. The Madras Arab Dreadnought was just the horse required at the Cape. Though unappreciated by his late owner, and consequently sold far away, his stock are deservedly in repute for every sort of work. There was a cry out one time about his stock being small, which, if true, was attributable, in a great measure, to their starvation when young. They were not small when properly fed in the days of their youth, witness Glengall, Grey Momus

\* Our Battledore was a *weaver*: he would stand in his box with his legs like a pair of compasses half opened, swaying himself to and fro for hours together, as though he had been of the feline species and had a grating before him.—A. E.

(sent to Mauritius), and not a few others that have appeared from time to time about Cape Town, after being used in the stud from two years old to five or six. The Dreadnought mares are very neat, roomy and blood like, and as far as my experience goes, keep their condition when the well-bred ones of English extraction are panting for green meadows and umbrageous retreats.

There was a beautiful little Arab brought from Bombay some ten or twelve years ago, by Colonel Henderson. He was known in Africa by the name of Exquisite, and though quite a pony, his stock are by no means deficient in size, whilst they possess very marked character—and much more substance than their sire. I saw a four years old colt by him out of an imported Arab mare belonging to the same owner, and he stood 15 hands at the least, with great bone and altogether a very clever colt. He was sold for £100 to a Boer, for a covering stallion; and this is the way many horses that would do credit to the colony disappear. A course Arab, merely because he has proved a winner, is the last kind of animal we require. Hurry Scurry and another pseudo-Arab called Syud have given a heavy blow and great discouragement to the Arab cross amongst the Cape breeders. Those two horses were clearly either Persians or Arabs of very low caste, and their stock have turned out small, cross-made and worthless. There are two Madras Arabs now for sale in Cape Town, and have been for the last two years.

As regards the supply of Cape thorough-bred horses to India for racing purposes, there is no question that it must depend mainly on the pleasure of the Indians who come to the Cape, or upon commissions sent from India. No person at the Cape will risk the sale of a batch of picked and therefore valuable colts in India, because local influences of many kind are against them; more particularly the uncertainty of the racing weights. A few indifferent animals may occasionally be sent, because much cannot be lost by them; but the Cape breeders protest against these being received as samples of their best stock. Two year old colts, unbroke, may be bought cheap in the colony, but a superior three years old maiden is a trump and not readily parted with, for he will always bring his price amongst the Colonial breeders, or in the Mauritius market, *after* he has won, or at all events had a shy for his £300 in the Produce, and closed his career on the Cape Turf.

There is one peculiarity connected with Cape horses, which the trainers in India would do well to remember. It is their impatience of long training. Being remarkably clear-winded horses, they require very little fast work, and scarcely any sweats. They are easily tuned up to concert pitch, and

easily kept there, so that the incessant hammering which the Arabs usually suffer is quite unnecessary with them, and not only unnecessary, but ruinous to their action and of course destructive to their speed. Lusty, craving animals are sometimes to be found even amongst the Capes, but generally speaking, nineteen out of twenty would be the better for one gallop, where in Calcutta they are apt to get three. If the racing men would only bear this in mind, and not take Arab training as the standard for all other horses, they would have less personal trouble, and fewer casualties in the stable,—they would give the Colonial horses a better chance of success, and would come to a more satisfactory conclusion regarding their actual merits.

PILGRIM.

CAPE TOWN, *December 1847.*

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### THE NEW HISTRIOMASTIX.

The New Histriomastix,—the new ‘Scourge for players’! Have you and I verily lived, my dear Mr East, to witness in this nineteenth century the revivification of old Prynne,—he that in the Puritan days contended with such holy virulence the evil doings and doctrines of the actors then and the authors that wrote for them?

The *new* Histriomastix? new with a vengeance! for this fellow here is not content with belabouring us of the sinful calling, us of dark doctrines, us of the plain tongue and merry heart, but he has fallen foul of all sport,—he hath arraigned both nature and her instincts and condemned them,—he hath by implication forbidden us the use of the horse save for a priest’s amble,—he hath denied to us the right of warring without sin against the wild beasts of creation,—he hath closed to us the privileges of our being, circumscribed the sphere of our manly action,—grudged us the heath for health, the moor for sport, the field for exercise,—cut off all active animal enjoyment in this beautiful world which can be enjoyed only beneath the blessed sky! With him our rods are unrighteous, our hogspears unholy, our guns godless! so that tacking the Turf and the Tent Club on to the Stage, he hath within the meshes of this three-plied net of his, caught so goodly a draft of condemnable human fish as may leave none to be saved but the fishers, who stand dryshod ashore, and hale us, scaly victims, complacently to everlasting perdition.

Prynne, said I? I have done the old Puritan injustice, for I honour the zealous, earnest, intolerant bigot for the vitality and reality, the strength and fearlessness of his condemnations, carried out in the teeth of Court and City, against the most engrossing and popular intellectual amusement of his day: the old unchristian Christian judged and denounced judgment in the case of what he deemed one great crying enormity which should be purged from the land with fire,—with the fire at any rate of strong words, and, Heaven knows, there is sulphur in the very sound of *his*: but this fellow, my dear Mr East,—this fellow is no Prynne but a Princox, who in so far as his prototype's supposed mission is concerned, cries out on a thing only since it has (here) ceased to exist, as one that would now maliciously shy at the ghost of what he dared not touch while it existed—and who further, to give some substance to his shadow, packs into the category with it, all manly sports by flood and field! These he cries,—no,—not cries, he has not the energy for even that;—he whines out obloquy upon as the sources of ruin and disgrace, and bites on them like a sick adder, all wish for venom, but no power. These he lugs in at the fag end of a good argument ill-treated, as the extraneous subject-matter of his draggletail damnation. These he anathematizes without the only elements which make anathema respectable, energy and truthfulness, leaving his course and subject to heap a puling, half-faced, feeble condemnation upon men who had never wronged, thwarted, vexed, or injured him in act or opinion,—upon a mode of life he has never evidently tried,—and cannot manifestly understand—and upon pursuits he is incapable of appreciating or enjoying. Give me honest intolerance, Mr East,—give me round and sound open opposition to extant tangible evils,—give me Prynne, an you will, but no Princox. I will submit on any substantial argument to be very sufficiently abused, 'bethumped with words' as Falconbridge has it,\* and even sent predestinately to unpleasant places, but my condemner must be a whole-hog fanatic, respectable in his virulence, straightforward, plain dealing, energetic; otherwise I will conspire against destiny, in so far as he is concerned, to resist the verdict. I will have no tailoring-antagonist, like Grumio, 'to be beaten to death with a bottom of brown thread.'† No, no—brandy may not save me, as the saying is, but, by'r lady, it is not milk-and-water shall do the reverse.

And now how shall I apologise to you and brother sportsmen, for this most rude and abrupt exordium? The truth is this, that I was placidly ruminating upon the credit done me by

\* King John.

† Taming the Shrew.

an appeal made in the last number but one of *this Review*, and bethinking me of some rash effort for fame thereon, when your note with *the other Review* reached me, and the page about 'Commercial Morality' doubled by your kind hand showed where to look for the metal most attractive to, however detractive from my nature in this said production. Now, as the poet says—

—An honourable liberality,  
Timely disposed, without delay or question,  
Commands a gratitude—\*

which I had hoped to have gained of you, but this matter intervened; and, as you see, I burst incontinently into vehement remark upon my anonymous detractor and assailant,—*mine*, observe ye, for I will personally assume the assault as made on me for my brethren, and, on their behalf, within your pages answer it.

And first of all, as to commercial morality, what is or can it be, to them or me, as affected by us? True,—we have '*false entries*' on the stage, but quite apart from those on merchants' books; and '*abrupt exits*,' but our's are followed rather by applause than by any defamation. Our '*discoveries*' are, unlike mercantile ones, of usually a pleasing character, and our embarrassments invariably end with the fifth act. Our exchange is that of a seeming reality for which none have to pay a per centage higher than the price of their box ticket, and perhaps not even that; and if our bill (of the play) be not accepted, there is nought dishonoured in it but ourselves. Our property (stage property) has perhaps some analogy with that touching which our critic deals;—our ingots of brass gold, and purses of tin silver, may be a standing satire on the capital of houses other than our play house; and the immense promises of our paper may equal the solidity of those held forth at various times by saintly Secretaries to suffering Banks. But what is that to us? I know no Bank (fortunately) save that thyme-honoured one in the *Mid-summer Night's Dream*, and thereto will I hold and thereon draw, certain of such acceptances as Princox never dreamed of.

But why, Princox, why trouble us at all? I never meddled with you at the proudest of my times, when what is called worldliness might have exulted, and cast up its cap in defiance of the straight-laced; but I did never so, nor any of those that be by you numbered with the wicked. On the contrary we gave you elbow-room, fostered you, and helped you for the good that was in you, with what return you best know. And now that we are out o' fashion, forsooth, comes Sir Princox, sneaks into my

\* The Fancies, Chaste and Noble.

quiet study, and coming behind, hits me what he means for a swinging box o' the ear, intended to lay me low for ever ;—but see ! he over-reached as he struck, stumbles over yon desk with the folio Shakspeare on it, and down they come crash together, Shakspeare breaking the fellow's head in the fall !—and now, Princox, my boy, I have you.

No—don't be afraid—I won't hit you ; we players only 'murder in jest,'\* and never strike a man when he is down, whatever you folk do :—there pick yourself up, dust your dingy pantaloons, and take a chair. I see you're a little ashamed and tongue-tied, but that's no matter ; you have had your say, and shall now listen to mine, although, believe me, you never looked for a rejoinder to that attack of your's. You thought, as my great namesake says,—

' My star-crossed pen,  
Too busy with stage-blanks, and trifling rhyme,  
When such a cause called, and so apt a time  
To pay a general debt'† :—

but you were in error you see ; and I'll clear scores with you, and pay you off without any composition, except the present, let the Bank do as it likes.

And so, Sir, “ *the patrons of the Stage and the Jockey Club are beginning to experience some of the despair which has already overwhelmed the advocates of the Prize Ring, and Cockfighting (the Cockpit you should have said to tune the phrase well,) and of other 'manly' and much applauded amusements.*” And do you DARE to call yourself Englishman, to affect to speak or write this noble English language, and so insult our Master, SHAKS-PERE, who clothed his world of wisdom and philosophy in the noblest texture of wordage that mortal ever put together ! Has his great name gone forth with his works in the very apotheosis of poetry through all lands, that you, Princox, should (as he said himself of even such a botcher-parson‡ as you) make fritters of English for the purpose of his degradation ? The Stage and the Prize Ring,—Massinger and Mendoza,—Shakspeare and the Game Chicken,—Talfourd and Gully,—Lytton Bulwer and Lord George Bentinck ! Go to, Sir, go to—you're worse than a fool.

In despair, quo'tha ? Look yonder, Princox, look at the galaxy of Stage names, ' *Stage patrons,*' that must continue to make the *despair* of such as you that understand them not, and the glory of England so long as this language lasts, or truth

\* Hamlet.

† Massinger's Epistle to the Earl of Pembroke.

‡ Parson Hugh—Merry Wives of Windsor.



lives on earth, or men have hearts and imaginations to feel the force of poetry. SHAKSPERE, Jonson, Ford, Rowley, Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shirley, Dekker, Chapman, Rowe—bah! I want breath to repeat the quarter of them! get up, Sir,—go to the bookcase yonder and read the names of the Elizabethan school of English dramatists, and while you are about it fetch me my great namesake's play of 'the Roman Actor':—no,—not this, Princox: this is 'The Guardian,' the play that Charles the 1st had played on Sunday, 12th January, 1633, just after your prototype's *Histriomastix* appeared:—you could not see, you say? Why, you foolish fellow, you have tears in your eyes! nay, I did not mean to make you cry,—however 'these are gracious drops,'\* and show you're ashamed of yourself. Ah! you have the book at last—do you like Massinger? I see you quote the title of his 'New Way to pay Old Debts' in your 'Commercial Morality';—never read him, do you say? I thought not, or you would have seen Massinger's way of payment was not that of false accounts under a sanctimonious book-keeper, but this:—

'He hath summoned all his creditors by the drum,  
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers  
Upon the pay day; and has found out such a NEW WAY  
TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely  
He shall be chronicled for it'—

— a contingency little likely to occur to your sanctimonious friend, who stage-managed the play of 'All in the Wrong,' and left the house before the afterpiece of 'the Devil to Pay':—this is the correct dramatic illustration of the matter, which pray substitute for your own whenever 'Commercial Morality' reaches a second edition.

And now, Princox, for your punishment, you shall read out Massinger's apology for his profession:—you'll find it Scene III. of the first Act, where Paris, the Roman actor, is arraigned with his fellows before the Senate: begin at—

—'If I free not myself'—

but none of your conventicle declamation here! away with the nasal twang and talk like a man!—yes, I know, I know,—our schools of oratory are different,—even as the Greek word for *actor*† is anglicised 'hypocrite' to mark the distinction betwixt us,—and so bowl away—'with good emphasis and discretion'‡

*Par.* If I free not myself,  
And, in myself, the rest of my profession,

\* Julius Cæsar.

† 'υποκριτης

‡ Hamlet.

From these false imputations, and prove  
That they make that a libel which the poet  
Writ for a comedy, so acted too ;  
It is but justice that we undergo  
The heaviest censure.

*Aret.* Are you on the stage,  
You talk so boldly ?

*Par.* The whole world being one,  
This place is not exempted ; and I am  
So confident in the justice of your cause,  
That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name  
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,  
To hear our plea, and then determine of us.  
If, to express a man sold to his lusts,  
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes  
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end  
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at ;  
Deterring careless youth, by his example,  
From such licentious courses ; laying open  
The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts  
Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof,  
Why are not all your golden principles,  
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us  
To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,  
Condemn'd unto the fire ?

*Sura.* There's spirit in this.

*Par.* Or if desire of honour was the base  
On which the building of the Roman empire  
Was raised up to this height ; if, to inflame  
The noble youth with an ambitious heat  
T' endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,  
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath  
By glorious undertakings, may deserve  
Reward or favour from the commonwealth ;  
Actors may put in for as large a share  
As all the sects of the philosophers.  
They with cold precepts\* (perhaps seldom read)  
Deliver, what an honourable thing  
The active virtue is : but does that fire  
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,  
To be both good and great, equal to that  
Which is presented on our theatres ?  
Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,  
Shew great Alcides honour'd in the sweat

\* *They with cold precepts, &c.*] This is judiciously expanded from Horace  
*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*

Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus,  
 Forbidding Rome to be redeem'd with gold  
 From the insulting Gauls: or Scipio,  
 After his victories, imposing tribute  
 On conquer'd Carthage: if done to the life,  
 As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,  
 And did partake with them in their rewards,  
 All that have any spark of Roman in them,  
 The slothful arts laid by, contend to be  
 Like those they see presented.

*Rust.* He has put  
 The consuls to their whisper.\*

*Par.* But, 'tis urged,  
 That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.  
 When do we bring a vice upon the stage,  
 That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach,  
 By the success of wicked undertakings,  
 Others to tread in their forbidden steps?  
 We show no arts of Lydian panderism,  
 Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,  
 But mulcted so in the conclusion, that  
 Even those spectators that were so inclined,  
 Go home changed men. And, for traducing such  
 That are above us, publishing to the world  
 Their secret crimes, we are as innocent  
 As such as are born dumb. When we present  
 An heir that does conspire against the life  
 Of his dear parent, numbering every hour  
 He lives, as tedious to him; if there be  
 Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him  
 He is of the same mould,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.  
 Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,  
 That doth maintain the riotous expense  
 Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers  
 • The lawful pledges of a former bed  
 To starve the while for hunger: if a matron,  
 However great in fortune birth, or titles,  
 Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin,  
 Cry out, 'Tis writ for me,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.  
 Or, when a covetous man's express'd, whose wealth

\* *Rust He has put &c.*] Massinger never scruples to repeat himself. We have just had this expression in *The Parliament of Love*:

“—————she has put  
 The judges to their whisper.”

The learned reader will discover several classical allusions in the ensuing speech, and, indeed, in every part of this drama: these I have not always pointed out; though I would observe, in justice to Massinger, that they are commonly made with skill and effect, and without that affectation of literature elsewhere so noticeable.

Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships  
 A falcon in one day cannot fly over ;  
 Yet be so sordid in his mind, so griping,  
 As not to afford himself the necessaries  
 To maintain life ; if a patrician,  
 (Though honour'd with a consulship,) find himself  
 Touch'd to the quick in this,—WE CANNOT HELP IT :  
 Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,  
 And will give up his sentence, as he favours  
 The person, not the cause ; saving the guilty,  
 If of his faction, and as oft condemning  
 The innocent, out of particular spleen ;  
 If any in this reverend assembly,  
 Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image  
 Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom  
 That puts you in remembrance of things past  
 Or things intended,—'TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.  
 I have said, my lord ; and now, as you find cause,  
 Or censure us, or free us with applause.

*Lat.* Well pleaded, on my life !

Well pleaded, is it not ? So well that I, the shadow Mas-  
 singer, the tallow rushlight to this sun, may hold my peace and  
 imitate your silence, baffled Princox.

But come, you who despite your horror of the Stage quote  
 the titles of Massinger's plays to illustrate mercantile delinquen-  
 cies, would you like to see my great namesake's own illustra-  
 tion of them ? Nay, that shall be your second punishment ; so  
 turn to 'The City Madam' :—you'll see there in the third Scene  
 of the fifth Act, how Luke Frugal, head of his brother's count-  
 ing house, and heir of his wealth by Sir John's supposed renun-  
 ciation of the world, enjoys the good that has come to him, and  
 gives us a direct clue to the means by which he atchieved it :  
 he sits at a rich banquet alone, and says—

— How sweetly

These dainties, when unpaid for, please my palate !  
 Some wine, Jove's nectar ! Brightness to the star  
 That governed at my birth ! shoot down their influence  
 And with a perpetuity of being  
 Continue this felicity, not gained  
 By vows to saints above, and much less purchased  
 By thriving industry ; nor fallen upon me  
 As a reward to piety and religion,  
 Or service in my country : I owe all  
 This to dissimulation, and the shape  
 I wore of goodness.'—

Luke owed his appointment in fact to sanctimonious hum-  
 bug, and doubtless, to use your words, Princox, he 'signed re-

ports which led to misconceptions, and *his* signature, the signature of one so able and so conscientious, deceived many.' Yet supposing Luke had, after doing so, slunk out of the concern leaving everybody in the dark, you, Princox, would declare that he had undeceived the world by so doing,—that his surrender of so many good things was earnest of his sincerity,—and that his re-establishment in business at the head of a set of serious book-keepers and righteous shipping clerks, should be the ultimate reward of the merchant, godly though mendacious: for, Princox, traders of your kidney carry their books into their religion, quite as much as their religion into their books, and keeping a *debit* and *credit* account with Heaven, write off every peccadillo by a *per contra* of prayer; thus they can of course always so balance these transactions, as to be never in the wrong at the end of the year, religious and commercial, preserving a placid perpetuity of optimism.

Hence, Princox, you and your like fall necessarily into the morality of Master Slender, who says,—

'I'll ne'er be drunk while I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick; if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves!'

and this is the gist and moral of *your* commercial morality, Princox, throughout:—it is not the thing, but who does it, and how;—go to, Sir, I know ye, and none better, for in my boyhood and the nonage of my wit, I saw behind your scenes, which are but painted canvas; and you of the elect, but men and women, like the rest of us; your only difference is that you are duller, and given to damn folk.

Such, I have said above,—would have been the fiat of poetic justice in Luke Frugal's case, had you held the pen, Princox, instead of the profane and godless '*Stage patron*,' Massinger; the end of the five Acts would have seen him doubtless reinstated in business with a fair wife, (for that's a clause in the conditions of worldly felicity you gentlemen are great sticklers for),—and the curtain would have dropped, after a neat perversion of the instance of the Unjust Steward, by way of *tag* as we players say, inculcating some such moral as—

Tho' to our share some mortal errors fall,  
Sin holily—then sin ye not at all.

Alas! Massinger is not of this way of thinking! his scenes from the drama of life bear harsh and hardly on *all* evil doing. He that has rebuked the pride and luxury of the City Madam and her daughters by making them undergo a fearful

reverse of fortune, and putting Luke, their drudge formerly, at the very pinnacle of his hopes, will not leave *him* unpunished so soon as the innate falseness of his nature has developed itself. See, *Princox*,—the discovery scene in the fifth act, where Luke is exposed and confounded!—read the just reproaches which Sir John, the honest merchant, heaps upon him! Begin the speech—But, hallo! what's the matter? See, as Polonius says, 'an he have not changed colour, and hath tears in his eyes!' He is crying again, and cannot see to read. Shut the book;—'tis the watercart way of them,—always the first to damn others, and the first to ask pity for themselves.

*Princox* has had enough Massinger, I think; he will leave in future even the titles of his plays alone, and eschew dramatic illustration utterly: there! he is gone—I have myself opened the doors, and let the creature depart in peace; a creature on the whole to be pitied, a weak creature, sad-souled and of small understanding;—one of the great names he has insulted having answered him, why vex him with further rebuke to which each of the founders of the English drama could add his quota overwhelmingly? I wish him neither harm, nor shame, nor ill, nor evil, only when in a cowardly way he talks loud, thinking there is none to answer, I give him better than he brought, and have done.

The fact is, my dear Mr East, that there is a sort of men, incapable of the softer, gayer, more delicate and subtle impressions of our nature. These are the gnomes and phlegmatic spirits among mankind who miss the mirthful path of life altogether,—to whom, as to Hamlet's mind when diseased, the sky is but 'a pestilent congregation of vapours'—the beauties of nature nothing,—this fair world a howling wilderness: art is to them a mere graving of images, sport a snare of Satan, and both, or either, to be followed only by the graceless. A fellow that is unsocial, or splenetic by nature,—weak of body, or cowardly by constitution,—innately stupid, or innately coarse, falls very easily into the mistake of making his own incapacity a virtue, and damning others for things he dare not do, nor think of. But above all things, innate coarseness of mind is the greatest disadvantage of these unhappy people, and that for which they most deserve our pity and forbearance. It is that gnomish earthy taste, akin to grossness, seeing sin in what to us seems innocent, as impiety in the aspiration of the poet, and sexuality in the nude coldness of the statuary's marble. 'The Fancies, chaste and noble,' to use the quaint title of one of Ford's plays (a plagiary by the way, on *Princox*, who takes Massinger's), are things strange to such beings, who are afraid of Fancy, because chastity and nobility in her are denied them. Their weakness carried out, takes them

to the highest topgallant of absurdity,—to old George Colman, (the youthful author of ‘Broad Grins’) striking ‘angel’ out of the plays brought him as Lord Chamberlain’s licenser, ‘because it is profane,’ or to the young ladies of Boston modestly tying trowsers on the naked legs of their piano-fortes. This is, you see, not purity but prurience, a constitutional defect of the imagination, for which let us who have escaped it, my dear Mr East, not blame Princox and his crew, who, dear souls, take to tea and tracts, *ex necessitate rei*, as a sort of moral snow-ball. Poor Lear, in his madness, calls for

‘ An ounce of civet  
To sweeten mine imagination,’

—and our friends in their exceeding sobriety, are obliged to adopt a similar expedient.

But there is still something beyond this which renders them incapable of the poetry of life. Say that the hunter’s prayer has never burst involuntarily from their lips, the ‘Hail, Heaven!’ of old Belarius,\* as they have gone forth in the virgin freshness of the blessed morning to enjoy life in the open lap of nature,—say that sylvan sport, with rod or gun, has never led them to study the mysteries of creation in the habits and history of the wild things their skill and ingenuity is taxed to surprise or entrap,—it is not in *this* poetry only that they are most deficient:—Alas! Sir, they are dead to the poetry of social life;—there is no sport in them; they cannot laugh! In one of the most beautiful and fanciful poems† in the English language, *Raybright*, the type of man in his earthly pilgrimage, is attended by a witty companion whom the poets term *Folly*, and who giving wholesome and unpalatable lessons on the nonsense of false sentiment, refuses yet to be driven away.

‘ Carbonado me, bastinado me, strappado me, hang me, I’ll not stir; poor Folly, honest Folly, jocundary Folly forsake your lordship! *no true gentleman hates me!*’

A truer word was never spoken,—call we thee what we may, thou witty Folly, a name applied to thee most honestly by the plainspoken old dramatists, who thus designate the wit, and something more than wit, the material merriment, that belongs to the mirth of a gentleman, and which snobs feel not. Princox after he has damned all the world but himself and friends, is cheerful, but he never laughs; it is not in him: he smiles, but

\* Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. 3.

† The Sun’s Darling, a moral Masque; by Ford and Dekker. In justice to them, I should mention that they make *Folly* a graceless companion to *Raybright*, which, when unchecked, he is. The *desipere in loco* of Horace is the rule.

not internally, his heart does not smile; nor is he man enough to master a *guffaw* even over the downfall of manly sports.

And now, my dear Mr East, I think I see you look to the end of this paper or *for* it rather: this is a pity, for I was just about entering upon my subject for the purpose of banging Princox and his people throughout the whole range of the English drama, from *Ferrex-and-Porrex*, and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*\* down to Talfourd's *Ion*, and Mrs Gore's silly prize comedy. It will be a disappointment to him that I do it not, for like Maworm,† he 'likes to be persecuted,' and in the language of his favourite, Massinger,—

' He looks for that, as duly as his victuals,  
And will be extreme sick when he is not beaten;  
He will be as wanton, when he has a bone broken  
As a cat in a bowl on the water.'‡

But the luxury of a licking and its subsequent notoriety are for this once denied him, and I, with this little simple skirmish on the argument of my great namesake, must leave my answer unwritten. This matters the less as Princox (ha! ha! ha!, as the stage laugh says)—left his attack on the Stage in Calcutta and its patrons, also unwritten, *until pretty nearly four years after the stage had ceased to be patronised, or the drama as an intellectual amusement almost to exist.*

I am at no loss, however, to trace the fearful state of demoralisation of which he complains as lately extant here among the legal and mercantile classes,§ as the result of this lamentable hiatus in the constitution of this, as a civilized community: for it must be remembered that it is only within the last three years, that is, since the theatre went out of vogue, that the commercial world has gone to pieces. Had in the interim Mr Vining but been here to play *Shylock* for us but once per annum, 'the Merchant of Venice' would have saved the merchants of Calcutta, and done Princox much good into the bargain.

' I know, Antonio,  
Is sad to think upon his merchandize'—

\* These it will be recollected are the first regular tragedy and comedy known in the English language.

† The Hypocrite, Act I. .

‡ A Very Woman.

§ The Civil Servants of Government are not '*plunderers*' Princox says, as if it were wonderful they were not, and lets them off easy in spite of their share in the cakes and ale; but it would not be safe to abuse them now; he waits till after 1854.



a lamentable fact as the case stands: would that, before it so stood, the sad ones could have heard Antonio's answer!

' Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,  
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate  
Upon the fortune of this present year :  
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.'

Antonio was not at all the sort of person to risk on a single shipment, or to touch rice or silk only (*my ventures*, he says) : then again he did not invest his all in Union Bank shares (*one place*) ; nor look for a return on his advances on the mere elementary fortune of the current indigo season : therefore, mark, therefore he is not sad, but goes out pig-sticking with a light heart. Why the timely repetition of those four lines might have saved forty fortunes, and kept the sanctimonious friend in the Secretaryship to this hour!

Then again, sour-visaged Princox, hear Gratiano, an essence emanating from the same immortal brain, that bath just gravely and wisely laid down the condemnation of unwise speculation, and the source of commercial prosperity, and what saith he?

' Let me play the fool :  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.'

Ha, ha ! here spoke mirth on the back of reason ! Princox checks a sigh, and clearing his muddy brow, asks the sanctimonious to join him in the true Shaksperian beverage, sherris sack, which they drink without a grace, and their hearts glow, and get charitable towards men ; they even think Lancelot *is* wrong when he says to Jewish Jessica a few scenes after.

' I promise you I fear you : I was always plain with you and so now I speak my agitation of the matter. Therefore, be of good cheer ; for truly I think thou art damned.'

Meanwhile what a lecture has not Shylock, the cautious merchant, been delivering on the risks of mercantile ventures !

' Ships are but boards, sailors are but men : there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves : I mean, pirates ; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks : the man is notwithstanding sufficient ; I think I may take his bond.'

Do you suppose the Directors of the Laudable Society would have sat out the hearing of that speech and not gone home confirmed in their system for a cautious grant of policies ? or that a single merchant who was present would have got up in the morning to '*do doubtful paper*,' or consent '*to ride the dead horse* ?'

The patrons of the stage may well be in despair, as Princox says, when they see what ruin the want of one here has engendered !

The self-evidence of this fact, joined to the public sympathy which this fellow's cowardly and uncalled-for attack on the art dramatic must produce, will it is very probable, lead to the remedy of the evil ; and if perchance the stage should flourish again, while the taste for music becomes decadent in Calcutta (which heaven forbid !) Princox would wait until four years after the cessation of sonatas, to break the vials of his wrath over the sinfulness of playing and singing. Any thing which may limit the sphere of human pleasures, and make life miserable to all, because *he* cannot enjoy it, is the delight of Princox ; nay, he will even suppose the existence of a thing which once made people happy, to have the pleasure of bedaubing it with *ex post facto* abuse.

\* \* \* \* \*

The great world of dramatic literature exists in that of poetry, in a limbo beyond the reach of Puritan detraction. It is evidence sufficient of coarseness and ignorance, when a man spits at the impurity of the saw dust and orange peel of a threatre, and thinks he is thereby injuring and undermining the drama. Let us object to improprieties or impurities, which take place in other large places of public assemblage ;—who supposes that our so doing would do injury to the cause for which they were erected ? The cases are parallel. Dramatic poetry and dramatic writings generally of a sterling character, will hold their own with all other poetry and all other writings, that inculcate truth, and preach an instructive profitable moral,—co-œvally, according to the time appointed for their duration. The exquisite invention, the profound wisdom, the infinite pathos, the admirable experiences, that lie treasured in those tomes will live as long as most things man has made. As crystals of a perfect shape, whose nature will not consent to let them even in ruin be other than their own perfect likeness, these master-pieces though cut piecemeal, as with the old Græek tragedians, will re-unite after days and years, and re-appear, to retain on earth the remembrance that such works were.

There is no help for it, Princox : stages are perishable, but plays immortal.

MASSINGER HISTOFF, GENT.

## A SCRAWL ON SHIKAR SUBJECTS.

I am quartered in one of the most stupid little cantonments in India, my dear Mr Editor, and have determined to try if giving you a description of some shikar adventures will not kill time a little faster than a most vicious attempt I have made to floor the great enemy by means of the Bagh o-Buhar and Wellington's Despatches, and if this epistle will be of any use to you pray make all you can of it. My first bear was killed during the march of my regiment from Madras to one of our best up-country stations, and his death would not have been worth mentioning had it not been for a crow I had over "Brass Spurs" of ours. As we were looking in his tent before starting, he asked me to give him some bullets. I handed them over and among the lot was one which had been in my pocket for some days—and which in an idle fit (I have a capital set of grinders) I had notched all over with my teeth. B. would not have it at any price, it was "too rough," "would not fly straight," so I loaded with the rejected ball. By good luck, I knocked over the only bear killed that morning by one ball in the shoulders which passed quite through and lodged in the skin on the other side; it was cut out and lo! there was my cast off ounce of lead with the marks of my tusles in it; it had not touched a bone and was as perfect as when I fired it and did not Master Brass Spurs get roasted about his judgment in selecting bullets. Bruin No. 2 did not give me much fun except in souring the temper of her husband a little. She was following him down a rock when I upset her with a brace of balls in her back; she rolled over her lord, who in the most bearish manner turned round and pitched into her with tooth and nail—he however found out that she was not to blame and made off before I could get another gun to punish him for his ungallant conduct.

On another occasion, *James* slightly wounded a bear in the hind leg, and tracked him by the blood to a deep den into which I had seen a couple of others go a few minutes before. We did all we could by firing into the den, &c. &c. to make them come out, but without effect, till one Cullian Sing, a shikaree of mine, who had been getting excited and had been accusing the females of Bruin's family of most horrible crimes for some time, volunteered to turn out our friends; he took a spear of mine in one hand and a bundle of lighted straw in the other and went in. A moment after we heard man and bear roaring in a terrific manner and out bolted Bruin within a yard of us. We rolled him over with a couple of bullets each, but he managed to get away before we

could stop him. After him came Mr Cullian Sing with a bit of the spear shaft in his hand ; he said that he had seen all three bears in the den and had touched up the nearest one with the spear, the beast bit the bamboo in two and charged him sharp, when he put the blazing straw in his face upon which he bolted out of the den. We tracked the brute by the blood for a very long distance, and his last effort was to climb a tree some eighteen or twenty feet high, and from that on to a small ledge of rock. I got up the tree and found him dead within a foot of me. On examining him, we found that Mr Cullian Sing's report was true, for his face had evidently been touched up by the fire. Some days after this I got the only fighting bear I have ever seen ; he was going into a den some fifty yards off when I put a ball into him, upon which he came down the hill at me like a trump, charged me home, and was close to me (four or five yards), and on his hind legs, when I sent him to his fathers with a shot in the head. People often talk of the danger of bear-shooting. Bruin gets hold of a man certainly, and if he does, makes him remember it ; but after all I think that a man is in more peril when going on foot over stones or cotton ground, than he is in nine cases out of ten, with bears. I am fond of both pig-skin and trigger, and although not quite such a connoisseur in purls as one of your correspondents, whose initials I recognised the other day, and who on getting up one day after his nag had rolled over him on ground a little *harder than burnt brick*—thanked God, that the Nagpore cotton soil was not so hard as the Hyderabad (Decan) stones, yet I have had falls enough to make me sure that a man often puts his life in greater jeopardy when going after a poor little fox than he would do in a month's bear-shooting. I have said so much about Bruin that I have not room for some remarks on distemper in dogs, which I intended to have sent you ; they however must wait till I see what you do with this my maiden attempt at print.

ROCKET.

S., December 20, 1847.

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## SPORTING RAMBLES.

On the 8th of January, I set out with two friends on a rambling excursion in search of sport in the direction of the Nipaul hills; and as the country was new to me, I made a few memoranda which I now offer to the *Review*, though I fear to many of your readers, the earlier part of my narrative will not prove very entertaining, though I can assure them that to me the trip was a very interesting and enjoyable one. We met at Segowlee and having sent off the elephants, we rode about six miles across country, and the first observation I made was that the English dog-rose flourishes most luxuriantly in most of the jheels and swamps in this part of the country, and I have since had my first day's snipe shooting amongst them! The ground we first commenced beating with the elephants was high grass and swamp likely for swine and the edges most promising for black partridge, but we soon discovered that if sport were to be had here, it must be at a later season of the year, the late inundation, which had so completely deluged Tirhoot and Champarun in October and November last, had not yet subsided in the low grounds, and go where we would we had too much of it; places where in former seasons a good bag of black partridge was to a decent shot a matter of certainty, were now actually too wet to hold a snipe, and even with elephants we could only attempt to beat the outsides, and after several hours' tedious work we only bagged a few bittern, some painted snipe and about three brace of black partridge; by-the-by, I should like to know something more about the painted snipe; in Cuvier's Animal Kingdom under the head of the snipes (*Scolopax*, Cuv.) I find the *Rhyncheans* (*Rhynchæa*, Cuv.) "are African and Indian birds, the mandibles of which are nearly equal, a little arched at the end with the nasal grooves extending to the tip of the upper one which has no third furrow. Their toes are not palmated. To the port of the snipes they conjoin more vivid colours, and are particularly remarkable for the ocellated spots which adorn the quill feathers of their wings and tail. They are found of different medleys of colour which Gmelin brought together as so many varieties of one species (*Sc. capensis*) and which Temminck also believes to be the same at different ages." This not being a very long description I have copied it, having a stuffed specimen of the bird now before me, and being satisfied this is the one alluded to. But there are many questions to ask: do they migrate in season with the common snipe? I have seen them in every part of India, but they seem to pack

in very small numbers by themselves and apparently always at the most filthy part of the jheel, *i. e.*, where the mud is thickest and most slimy, and usually where there is more shelter; they are never nearly so wild as the common snipe and fly like owls: an old sportsman seldom will shoot them; I don't think I ever tasted one and really do not know whether they are good to eat; somehow in spite of their gay plumage, they are a dirty looking bird, and I certainly should not fancy their trail. Are they ever found in Europe?

At about 4 P. M. we mounted our nags and got into the road to Betteeah, to which place we had sent the tents: we started at a brisk canter, and I had hardly ridden half a mile when with a fearful yell a voice close behind me said, "look out!" Now when a man's nerves are in a quiescent state, which they usually are when he is seated on a free going nag, with a cigar in his mouth, springing along such turf as we have in this part of the country, a look-out of that description is very alarming, nor was the reality calculated to calm the imagination. I beheld a man with an enormous hat in his hand to all appearance riding at me, and no time to get out of his way; whether my alarm was conveyed to the already startled pony I know not, but he dashed off at a tangent and putting both fore feet into a hole, turned as complete a somerset as man could desire to see, giving the man with the hat in his hand a header calculated to make him wish he had never taken it off. The fact of the matter was that the pony had a particular dislike to fancy hats and always tried to run away from them, and this his rider should have remembered for he had met with a previous fall from the same cause: on this occasion I am sorry to say he badly sprained his wrist, and, in spite of all remedies, was for a long time unable to handle a gun. We dismounted and walked with our crippled friend into Betteeah, at which place we arrived long after dark. On the following morning at an early hour we were visited by the Rajah and his two sons; the father appears an intelligent, gentlemanly old man: it was not easy to make much out of the sons, two young men dressed up for the occasion and evidently afraid or forbidden to open their lips: the visit was a short one and was quickly followed by a dhoolie of vegetables, in which the most remarkable thing was a fine cauliflower, a production I had never before seen from the garden of a native, so much for the march of intellect. The most singular thing in Betteeah is a colony of Native Roman Catholics; a colony of natives may seem an improper term, but they form a distinct and separate class, and have a regular imported Padré and a very respectable chapel: they support themselves by their own industry, I believe, and are employed as other natives—indeed, one of them came as a cooly to assist in

carrying my bed; they are particularly successful in breeding poultry, and Betteeah has consequently long been famous for its turkeys and capons. We went to call upon the Padré, who appeared a cheerful fat little fellow, bare-headed and bare-footed with the usual dress of his order. I believe he is a Neapolitan, and as we could not speak either Italian or Latin, our conversation was carried on in Hindostanee; I think he told me that his congregation in all amounted to one thousand and fifty; he could give but little account of the original mission which I have been informed was formed in Nipaul in the year 1707. The Padré seemed to think that his flock had originated in Nipaul; I have since been told that it has its origin from the people of the plains, and that a colony at Chooree, about ten miles distant, was the one from Nipaul, and that the Christians with four European Missionaries were expelled from Nipaul on account of their religion at the time that Perthee Narain, the Goorkah Chief, conquered that country somewhere about the year 1769. A history of these people would be most interesting. I tried all I could to obtain sight of any books or records of former days, but the Padré assured me nothing of the kind existed, all having been seized and burnt: the little man seemed proud to show us his chapel and prouder, too, to point out the improvements since his arrival, especially a new steeple which is now building: he expressed himself much indebted to some gentleman in the neighbourhood, but did not by any means seem either to wish or expect that his present visitors would add to his building fund. I am not aware of the resources from whence the expenditure is defrayed, but they must be considerable, and I could not help thinking of the time and trouble required before even a moderate sum can be collected for the erection of any Protestant edifice of the kind in our provinces: it appears to have been a stipulation of the British Government, that these poor Christians should receive the protection of the Rajah of the country and remain unmolested.

In the evening we returned the Rajah's visit, and the old gentleman met us at the gate and conducted us to his hall of audience, an open chamber on one side of a quadrangle and here we sat in state trying to keep up a lively conversation, until the introduction of a very tame and very stupid Rhinoceros which having seen, the Rajah took us to see his other lions in the shape of a tame sambur, a half starved tiger and some very sickly gold and silver fish in a very dirty tank. I must not forget to mention that the Rajah did not appear at all satisfied that the Christians were so very near him, and he seemed to think that the little Padré was a great deal too often on the top of the chapel, and much too busy with the steeple from whence it is said he can see further into the Rajah's Zenanah than is desirable—of

course we said fie ! fie ! Rajah Sahib, no scandal ! and so took our departure. On the following morning after breakfast we mounted our elephants and started for Chooree, taking almost a direct line across country ; we bagged a few brace of black partridges and quail and one hare, arriving at our tents about sunset ; here, as before stated, is another colony of Roman Catholic Christians to the number of about 300 : they have a new Padré, who, strange to say, cannot even speak Hindostanee ; how he gets on with his flock I cannot imagine. He sent us by way of a present some wretched looking sausages and a few sticks of celery, a mark of attention which we returned with a leg of gram-fed mutton and a hare : the chapel here is a puckah substantial building, but we did not go inside it.

From Chooree we marched on to Looreeah Bazar and, as the natives had discovered either from our servants or our sporting equipment that we were on a shooting excursion, a strong party turned out : they proved most excellent beaters and in no part of India have I seen villagers so keenly alive to sport ; they had two or three dogs with them, by no means common looking pariahs, but fine active, powerful dogs which might have been considered handsome had they not been disfigured by cropped ears. Our principal beating this day was in sugar canes into which of course we could not put the elephants ; but however stiff or extensive, our beaters and their dogs worked cheerfully through it, and a very fair bag of black partridges was the result. One of the dogs amused us particularly, for he ran after each bird that was shot, and I was for a long time in doubt what were his intentions in case he got it before the man ; I had however an opportunity of being satisfied upon this point : a bird fell to my gun in the open field and my black and tan friend was instantly after it, he caught it in his mouth and away with it across country affording a pleasant chase to all the men before he would drop it ; a very pleasant sort of retriever ! As the sun was setting we found ourselves some five miles from our ground, so up and away upon our horses, and a nice wild gallop we had of it reaching Looriah about dark, when to our disgust we found no tents up and consequently no dinner prepared. After about an hour's delay some part of the establishment arrived and we sat down to enjoy a large fire and witness the khitmutgar's ingenious operation of making charcoal wherewith to cook the dinner. In all my marchings I have never seen this before, and as no time is lost in the manufacture, and cooking is carried on as fast as the charcoal is made, I consider the plan an admirable one as it gives all the comfort of a fine bonfire on a cold night—dig a deep narrow trench in the ground and pile as much wood as you please over it, keep stirring the fire and with an iron



rake or spoon, rake from beneath the fire the charcoal, all hot, and be sure you have as we had a fine fat saddle of mutton, a couple of good ducks &c. to look at; sit by the big fire waiting with fierce appetites, and if you don't admire the manufacture of charcoal on a cold night in the jungles when the tent is being pitched, why I hope you may never be a member of any "chosen band in a mountain land" to which I belong.

Within half a mile to the north of Looreeah there is a very handsome column of red granite most highly polished and in great preservation; it is evidently very ancient and bears a very lengthy inscription, in some language of which the character is unknown: it is a solid mass standing I think about 45 feet high, surmounted by what appears to have been intended for a lion, but the under jaw has been knocked off by some idiotic monster of a European, so the natives relate; there is also a Persian inscription stating that it was visited I think by Arungzebe, and there are also the names of two Europeans roughly scratched, dated, I think 1705 or 1715, I forget which, and unfortunately I have lost my memoranda, but further notice will be taken of this curious and interesting obelisk when enquiries have been completed regarding its inscription, &c. now in progress: although highly polished and fresh looking in other respects it is quite black to the eastward showing the effects of the prevailing winds of this part of India; to the westward and north of the column are many artificial mounds of different though all of considerable size, looking for many miles distant like a natural range of small hills, what these really are, or what the origin, will I imagine ever remain as much a subject of doubt as the Pyramids of Egypt: I only hope some enquiry may take place concerning them as well as the column; our small party came to the conclusion that the latter was to commemorate some famous battle, and that the mounds were the tombs of celebrated chiefs killed on the occasion, if so, and the chiefs were any thing in proportion to chiefs in armies of the present day the slaughter must have been great: we saw no signs of masonry about them, they were covered with jungle, yet it would be no difficult matter to excavate any of them, and something might be ascertained from the experiment, the natives of the country could give us no information regarding either them or the obelisk.

Leaving Looreeah we had a trudge across country of some ten miles, the whole stale, flat, though perhaps not unprofitable rice stubble, and this brought us into the Ramnugger domain and to the hospitable mansion at Busseraree, the proprietor of which received us most kindly. We loitered here one day making some arrangements about supplies and proceeded on to the neighbourhood of Pursownee. After a rambling excursion, losing our road and

other little vexations, we caught sight of our elephants at about 3 o'clock and waited for our friend with the hat, who in the expectation of sport determined to quit his palanquin and try his hand which had since the accident been carefully slung until required for service; one of our party, indeed, the pilot throughout the excursion, was very sanguine on this occasion, and as we had not yet found out that he was always so, we set to work with a zeal and energy that did us great credit in full expectation of at least one tiger and 'no end of deer,' but with this beginning I may bring my readers to the end of many a day. Each had its commencement—

“ In chase of fancied happiness still woo'd  
And never won, dream after dream ensues,  
And still they dream that they shall still succeed  
And still are disappointed.”

On this occasion we returned with one woodcock, and had to talk of having wounded a spotted deer: every morning were we assured that we “must get a tiger to-day,” “lovely beat,” “beautiful ground,” &c. until the cry of wolf had no more effect upon us, and our sanguine friend was the only one seen standing in his howdah, and the only one ready to take a shot at the proper time. I must not, however, omit to state that we did sufficient in the partridge, quail, peafowl and jungle fowl line to keep the pot boiling, and that on the 18th we killed a very fine spotted buck. I am not by any means going to give a diary, and, even now I fear the want of stirring incident or my inability to make much out of nothing will have had a soporific effect upon my readers; however I must say that on the 19th we had such a day as I am not likely to forget, and to which I really wish I could do justice; we sat in howdahs and played at babes in the wood on elephants! We started as usual with the promise of “a lovely beat”—dear old C. thou art ever—

“ Ready, aye ready, for the field.”

never tired, never out of patience, ever persevering. I do believe thou wouldst fag—

“ From night till morn, from morn till dewy eve,”

and still hope for sport, and

“ Should those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,  
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ,”

thou wouldst stick a weed in thy cheek and say, “But it was a lovely beat, was it not?” Yes, it was a lovely beat; we wandered on and on in search of game until we were fairly lost “midst the forest wild”: we had wandered no one knew whither, and at length

we found ourselves, with nothing but an occasional peep at the ethereal blue above our heads and with not even the ghost of a path for our guidance, struggling through brakes and brambles swamps and quagmires, cutting away branches of high and mighty trees of great variety occasionally embraced by affectionate creepers, some with tendrils hanging like loose rigging, others whose gigantic cordage was clasping, tearing and crushing the branches and foliage of the trees like monster serpents struggling to escape from the unwholesome, dark atmosphere below, to kiss the breeze in its freshness and purity: there was an appearance as if all nature was here struggling with the same intent; the trees were so close together that all which had not attained the desired height had the appearance of a sickly ambition exerted beyond its natural strength, hundreds had been crushed and fallen and in hopeless despondency were lying prostrate whilst the green mass fattened like worms upon the dead; many whose youthful energies had been crippled in a first attempt, had thrown out strong and vigorous branches in a fresh direction, with every hope and prospect of success, but most had to support the creeper which like a tax, a dependent and too affectionate friend, or a troublesome law-suit was a heavy burthen with which to struggle through life; others like children of unhealthy parentage were stunted or crippled, and in sickly helplessness leaned for support upon their neighbours. But although this apparently interminable forest with its almost impervious shade may have led to these reflections its solitude was cheered by the presence of a great variety of birds of varied plumage and (to us) of unknown kinds, the occasional rush of a startled animal, the chuckle of a jungle cock, the chattering and seemingly abusive tones of tribes of monkeys or the gay flaunting of the proud peacock; and here "where many a garden flower grows wild," we saw many a flower and many a flowery shrub for which in our ignorance we could not find a name; parasitic plants of many kinds would also have engaged the attention of a botanist, and I wished, as I have often before done, that Indian Sportsmen would devote some portion of their leisure hours to this study as also to geology and natural history.

The oblique rays of the sun as they pierced the gloom of the forest warned us of the decline of day: several wistful glances had been already made at the tiffin basket, which was always carefully lashed on the pad of a small elephant, but we prudently decided it were better to reserve our stores in case of having to pass the night in the forest: the tracks of wild elephants were numerous, and it was evident that one monster had long been moving at no very great distance ahead of us; the prospect, therefore, of passing the night was far from cheering. We had stopped

the elephants to look at the foot prints of a tiger and to allow them to drink at a small but very treacherous looking little nullah, and were calculating upon the danger of a quicksand, when, like Robinson Crusoe, we beheld the stamp of a man's foot; this, as *we* had no fear of the savages, was to us a joyful sight, and we pushed on, carefully following the direction it appeared to have taken till our hearts were gladdened by the sight of the top of one of the mountains; our proper direction was now no longer a mystery, and forcing our way as we best could, we come upon a road with the unmistakeable track of carts and horses, and rejoicing in our freedom

“ As one who long in thickets and in brakes  
 Entangled, winds now this way and now that  
 His devious course, uncertain, seeking home ;  
 Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd  
 And sore discomfitted from slough to slough  
 Plunging and half despairing of escape ;  
 If chance at length he find a greensward smooth”—

*Cowper.*

Why my opinion is that he's a griff  
 If then and there he sit not down to tiff !

So down came the basket, to the tune of better late than never, and finishing off with a cheeroot, our game at Babes in the wood ended in smoke, and I only hope my readers will agree with my friend that it *was* “ a lovely beat.”

On a subsequent day our friend and guide promised us some woodcock shooting. I confess I was not over sanguine, although we had, as I have before mentioned, already killed one, I had considered this such a *rara avis*, as indeed it is in India, that I was satisfied; however old C. showed this day such an evident knowledge of his whereabouts and so confidently assured us of the number he had killed on a former occasion that my doubts began to vanish and we pushed on through the heavy jungle to the expected ground, and when I heard the words “ didn't I tell you I could take you straight to the spot,” I experienced those feelings of delight only known to the sportsman who has to boast of killing a bird that is considered a prize even in England: nor did we count our chickens long before they were hatched; the words of my friend had hardly escaped him when a fine woodcock rose from the swamp in front of my elephant, he flew like an owl, and I—missed him! No, I did not swear! I never swear, but I felt as if my life had gone with that bird, as if my existence depended upon my staying its flight and I longed to jump off the elephant and beat for it on foot, for “ I marked the road he took:” again I flushed him, but this time he flew as a woodcock can fly when once alarmed and I became as wild as he was; again I missed him, and

longing to throw my gun after him, I sat down in the howdah almost in the belief that I should never see a woodcock again. I wonder if my many brother sportsmen who read this will put down ROHILLA for a griff, or if they will sympathize with me: some will I have no doubt, for I remember returning one morning to the Pagoo bungalow near Simla with a woodcock, and a friend who saw it could hardly eat his breakfast, and nothing satisfied him till he had dragged me to the very bottom of the Khud from which, much fatigued, I had just ascended; he was not satisfied at going the round about way, but directly straight down at the risk of our necks, and so excited was he that I am certain he would not have hit a haystack if it had only flown with a long bill—

“ With aching heart and discontented looks ”

I loaded my gun and we moved on to *the* spot and oddly enough, it was but a spot, certainly not covering three acres of ground; there was a swampy, narrow, weedy little brook and beyond it this patch of grass, neither very thick nor very high; it was surrounded by tree jungle and overlooked by the hills from which ran the little stream in question, and here in a very short time we bagged five and a half brace of woodcocks! But were they woodcocks? will be the question of many an old Sportsman, were they not solitary snipe? They certainly were not all of the same size. But who ever saw so many solitary snipe in one spot? for we must have flushed a score at least; they certainly were more like woodcock than anything else, though I could have wished them a *leetle* larger; they were however of different sizes, and from the situation in which they were found immediately at the foot of the mountains I am satisfied they were the real woodcock. The distinction which Cuvier draws between the snipe and the woodcock is that the latter has less slender form, shorter legs, and the tibia feathered to the joint, colour resembling that of decayed leaves: unfortunately a specimen we preserved has been lost by the servants, but I have one exactly resembling them (though somewhat larger) now before me, sent by a friend from Nipaul and it exactly answers the description; the plumage is darker than that of the European woodcock, yet very like what at home we call the February flight.

And such is the case with all that I have seen in the Himalaya mountains. These birds are very seldom shot below the hills, but I remember two instances—one was shot about twenty or twenty-two years ago, by the present Col. Hewitt, at Kurra Manickpore, between Allahabad and Cawnpore, and preserved as a great curiosity; the other was shot among the little ‘*Teelaks*’ (as the little hillocks near Sylhet are called) by Lieut. Fytche of the 70th; these are all that I have ever heard of out of the hills,

therefore I may be pardoned for recording our success, perhaps some of your readers will tell us if they are found in the Dhoon in severe seasons.

I will not dwell upon the slaughter of a few deer or an occasional barasingha, we killed some and had sufficient proof that later in the season we should have seen many more.

One day we ascended the bed of a mountain torrent as much for the scenery as any thing else. I have not time, could I hope to make it interesting, to describe this wild excursion up the rude torrent's brawling course—it was not brawling now—though prostrate trees and masses of detached rock gave evidence of the fearful scene in this mountain gorge in the rains. I had taken my fishing rod and the capture of couple of trout, one of which measured eleven inches, has given me hopes of some fishing in this part of the world, and we afterwards visited a lovely spot called Trebene Ghat, where the great Gunduk debouches from the Nipaul hills. I have seldom seen a more beautiful place than this, but I must reserve my account of it for a future occasion, I satisfied myself that mahasur are here in abundance, and hooked one fine fellow, but my tackle was not of the right sort, which it shall be next time.

I had intended to offer somewhat of a statistical account of the resources of this place, the quantity and quality of its timber, the facility of transporting it by water to the Ganges, to have told of the quantity of gold which is washed from the sand of some of these mountain streams and collected by the natives, specimens of which I have seen made into handsome ornaments; also of the suspicion entertained that iron ore exists to a considerable extent, the probability of coal being found, also the certainty of immense quantity of the most beautiful and plastic jet black clay, which, when dry, has the appearance of the best kanel coal, but when wet is as soft and as pliable as the finest putty, but this article is already too long and I only hint at the advantage which Government might derive from the researches of any qualified Geologist.

I have now only one sporting anecdote to add and then I will close this disjointed account of my rambles. We had heard of a brace of Rhinoceros, but in ground quite impracticable at this season of the year, so left them undisturbed. I have since been informed that a party went in the following month from Gorruckpore to attack these beasts and upon arriving at the ground they fell in with a solitary Baboo, with a single elephant, who had just then and there killed a Rhinoceros with a single ball!!

The following is an account of a sporting excursion during a few days in February, which if you please you may attach to the foregoing.

On the 16th February I started to join another merry party, and after a pleasant drive of four and twenty miles arrived at the hospitable home of the good fellow whose invitation I had accepted, and in whose hands was the entire arrangement of the excursion I am about to describe: here I found an old friend, one of the best shots and as distinguished a sportsman as any in India. After a game at billiards and a right good tiffin we started three in a buggy, and laughed and jolted for about ten miles till we arrived at the domicile of another right worthy and liberal member of the same corps—the Royal Blues of Tirhoot. Albeit his name is *not* blue and his intimate friend call him Sandy, and with him we found another rosy, healthy, hearty, merry fellow, who looked as if he had never had a head-ache or a moment's vexation in his life. There must be something charming in this climate for no one ever meets a sickly looking indigo planter—there is a bloom about them, resulting either from their happy contented dispositions or the climate or both, not to be found in any other part of India; they live and understand living better than most men, their hospitality is as notorious as it is unbounded, they seem to have no knowledge of the powers of a tropical sun, they are ready to jump into the saddle or scuttle across country in a buggy, at any hour, any how or any where, nothing stops them, nothing seems to hurt them, every man seems to live as much for his neighbour as himself—his doors are never closed, his cupboard never empty, it matters not whether he himself is at home—walk in, you may make yourself so, if you stand on the least ceremony you are likely to give offence, *i. e.* if it be possible to offend any of them which I much doubt; they appear like one family and seem to agree better than the generality of brothers, altogether they are the most hearty and hospitable fraternity I ever met with, the only puzzle with me is how they would manage to live if separated and sent to other parts of the world, into other society, or into other professions, or if bound by any other regulations than those of good fellowship and good weather for the Indigo: I fear they would like the plant itself pine for a return to the genial climate of Tirhoot: may their shadows never be less (they are all good big ones) may the seasons be propitious and the markets equally so. This is no digression, it is only a slight preamble to the merry night of the 16th of February, when our spirits were as effervescing and our hopes as bright as Sandy's Pale Ale, and whilst we

The present hours in present mirth employ,  
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy,

the dâks are being laid, the elephants and guns are on their way to the first fixture where the tents are pitched, and all will be ready for our reception on the morning of the 17th. We partook of an early breakfast, and before I had

half smoked my cheroot, I was told to 'come along,' where or how had been no business of mine, I was to be a passenger, and before I had time to think of it I found myself in a buggy with two fat men sitting behind a half broken blood filly, that seemed well inclined to show us sport of some kind or other by *shooting* us out of the buggy, whether up a tree or into a ditch remained to be proved. I took a sly look at the countenances of my two friends; they appeared perfectly tranquil, quite happy at home, and used to the thing, and had he not been smoking I'm pretty sure Master Dick would either have sung a song or whistled a tune. I could here write a chapter on planter driving, "its nothing when you are used to it;" of one thing I am certain, no man but a Tirhoot planter would think of taking a buggy over such places,—and to call them roads! by Jove, Sir, they are the most *cruel* mass of ruts, holes, banks and ditches, and miniature ravines I ever saw: it's of no use trying to steer, no planter seems to attempt it; keep her head straight and go along! To me it appeared that safety depended on pace and being three in the buggy; we rattled along at a most unmerciful rate and well for us we did, for the rattle of a friend's gig behind told us what to expect, if we either pulled up or upset; after two or three stages, I got used to all this, and what with songs, yarns, bad riddles and many execrable puns, which appeared to be jolted out of us for the very fun of the thing, I found myself as merry and happy as I had ever been in my life: we exchanged jokes with our friends in the opposition buggy and found new food for fun at every stage, and although I was sadly cramped, I was almost sorry when we had to mount our saddle horses for the last few miles into camp; this was soon over, and we found our tents pitched and every thing in good order. Whatever might be said of Tirhoot roads and Planter driving, it does not drive away one's appetite and this was proved by the justice done to a good tiffin; after which, such was the impatience of some of the party to begin, we all mounted our howdahs and sallied out in search of any thing, and after two hours' labour we brought forth nothing, which was *all* that could be expected. On the 18th we had good intelligence of tigers and as all the villagers appeared to have turned out to witness the death of their enemy, we were proportionately sanguine; but one of our party had not yet made his appearance, and that one was the ever cheerful and ever happy old C. my sanguine friend of the 'lovely beat,' but he was not a man to miss his way or disappoint his friends and those who could "paint his person, character and views as they had known him," swore he would be true to time, and sure enough although he had cut across country and through the jungles for many weary miles, with a line of elephants, just as we were ar-



ranging our line he was viewed in distance, and was soon among us, and the reception he met with all *hands* showed how *heartily* welcome he was to us all : we were soon at work, but it proved a failure ; tigers there were no doubt for one was viewed and traces were fresh, but in spite of all this our first day was a blank.

On the 19th we remained on Tier nullah at Suquat, and found it a very difficult beat, our party being obliged to separate early in the day half on each side the nullah, and from its tortuous nature we were constantly out of sight of each other, the cover was very thick, quite unlike tiger ground in the upper provinces ; the trees were not high, in general, but bushy and thorny and matted with creepers also thorny ; and below in many places, that graceful and elegant looking but most thorny and tormenting plant, the rattan, was waving its bright plumes in the air and actually called forth the admiration of one of the party who had yet to learn that with all its beauty it is the greatest possible nuisance, for even elephants at times cannot get through it : we had frequently to cross little branches of the nullah and these were of the most treacherous nature, being always more or less quicksands, all these obstructions made the beating uncertain and irregular, but our guides were confident and we worked away most zealously. Old C., Master Dick (this being his first essay at the noble sport) and myself were on one side ; we had lost sight of the other party, when our attention was arrested by the appearance of a sapient vulture seated on the *lower* branch of a tree, and by the inquisitive manœuvres of a crow still lower in the tree, and giving tongue indicative of their being something not far off well deserving the attention of the curious. Old C. and I, instinctively approached each other and pointed to the spot ; he, always considerate and good natured, proposed waiting for the other party ; I, always impatient and impetuous, and not seeing any signs of them, overruled him and in we went, the ground as it appeared afterwards was here surrounded by the nullah on three sides forming a regular *cul de sac* ; we had hardly put in our elephants when to our great joy we saw the hats of our other party coming directly toward us ; they had been concealed by the jungle and a slight acclivity on the other side the nullah : we first noticed their approach when

‘ Echoing roars re-bellow through the shades,’

Up sprang four or five tigers, away flew the deadly messengers, away piping, and screaming, and crashing, and tearing, bolted half the pad elephants. ‘ There he goes, Dick, now for your maiden shot !’ I said : Dick had done it ; he caught sight of his first tiger as the beast made for water and “ headlong he falls” and now

‘ Lies stretched mid the slain.’

But Dick blazed away at the others, his gun appeared to me to point in all possible—proper and improper—directions; he fought like a man amidst a host of enemies and when he had emptied his battery, the doubt was whether he would not throw his guns after them: one or two tigers had got back, wounded or not nobody knew; another I had hit in the back as he was going up the opposite bank; he got a right and lefter in the face from the party in front and

‘ Sinks a breathless carcass on the plain.’

But there is more to do: a wounded but still powerful and desperate adversary has taken refuge immediately in our front in a strong and thickly matted bush, the nullah was just behind him, he was at the very apex of the *cul de sac*, he doubtless saw the enemy across the water, and we three were within two yards of him; he could not or would not charge, there he remained growling; we could not see him, our elephants were all steady, but the mahouts did not admire the chance or indeed certainty of a mauling; old C. thought he saw him and fired, and most probably hit him as there was an extra growl: all this time we were being goaded by a variety of figurative expletives from our opposite friends, *vox et præterea nihil*, who could not see our difficulties and could not overcome their own, (viz. cross the nullah); we were bullying our mahouts, the tiger growling under their very noses, we straining our eyes to get a sight of him, my mahout said, *khoda ke wasta ap awaz ke jee*. Yes, if you'll show me the tiger, and the man actually with his *guj* bag or *hank kus* (whichever you call it) pulled aside one branch of the bush,—I caught a glimpse of his eyes and fired; this put an end to the growling, still the elephants could not be forced into the bush, or rather the mahouts could not, and although it was evident the tiger was dead, it was not safe to take the fact for granted, and here I am sorry to have to record one of those serious accidents that will happen in the best regulated tiger excursions: the cooly of my elephant had slipped off without orders and went creeping through the jungle on his hands and knees to ascertain if the tiger were really dead; he had approached very near the bush a little to our right, when one of the party from the opposite side seeing something crawling (the man having nothing on but his dhotee,) let fly too good a shot, and the mischief was done.

I have said the man was crawling; he must have been with his rear towards the party who fired, as it afterwards appeared the shot entered the back part of the thigh through the groin, penetrated the intestines and glanced off and out at the opposite hip bone; at the time it was supposed the shot had merely gone through the flesh of the thigh, and the man was carefully sent off

to the nearest station where every care was taken of him ; the poor fellow, however, died next morning : it is hardly necessary to add that every thing that could be done in such a case has been done : the man's family has been pensioned.

After some delay and when honest Dick had been bullied about he and his elephant and mahout being afraid until the three were at blood heat, Dick's elephant went at the bush and kicked and hammered and smashed and turned about and wheeled about until the whole space was cleared, and the unfortunate dead tiger was almost torn to rags. Having padded our three tigers and sent off the wounded man, we went back and commenced *de novo* our tedious beat in the hopes of getting either the one or two tigers which had escaped us in the last scrimmage ; one was seen, fired at and hit by one of the party, but if mortally, he retired

“ To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.”

My mahout saw either him or another and pointed it out close to me, my man in the *kawas* also saw it, but for the life of me I could not, and he consequently escaped, as I hope, to fight another day ; although this was a little vexatious, yet the nature of the ground and all things considered, we returned to our camp well satisfied with our three tigers.

On the 20th we moved to Teerah, and had a long and tedious day's work over most impassable ground with nullahs and swamps intersecting it in all directions and the creepers so strong there was no cutting through them ; there was a little idle firing at any thing or nothing by some of the party, who appeared overstocked with spare ammunition, but nothing was done worth recording.

The 21st was a day of promise, early intelligence of more than one tiger, yet not that comfortable certainty of a late kill. I must say I like going straight to the beef ; however expectation was so rife, that I was not permitted to smoke my hookah, and I here beg to enter my protest against all this hurry-scurry, bustle and fuss, cramming down one's breakfast and rushing to the howdahs as though there were not a moment to spare. I admit that it may be a case of life and death, as far as the tigers are concerned, but I see no necessity for interfering with the comfort of the most enjoyable meal of the day, especially when it is purposely early ; I like to see men keen and sanguine, but when I see them hurried and impatient, I am apt to think them rather green at their work, and that they require a little time and experience to steady them ; it is impossible otherwise to conceive *why* at such a time there should be so much haste. There was very good and steady beating this morning, but for some hours without success, in the direction of Luchmepore. At last we were enlivened by two or three niggers

running up with the assurance that they had just seen a tiger, and away went one of the party to examine the ground and tracks said to be fresh on the banks of the Buckeeah nulla, and the line beat steadily on in that direction: my place was on the extreme left, and I was on the banks of the river some feet lower than the line, when I saw a long and lank tigress come waddling towards me, evidently intending to outflank the line; her ladyship was on the top of the bank and stood still staring me in the face, at about 15 yards, a piece of impertinence which I resented by firing a brace of barrels, this turned her and I followed up the salute, singing out tally ho! most lustily. I presently heard a brace of shots to the right, followed by whoo whoop! and when I got to the top of the bank there was Master Dick standing "proudly o'er the prostrate foe" and the tigress.

"The beauteous body left a load of clay."

Having booked this lady for an outside place on a spare pad, we proceeded to our places, and we were assured there was a tiger ahead; by this time there were I should say some hundreds of natives assembled, and the wonder was as in the case of vultures, where they come from, as no village was perceptible to us; the simplicity or confidence with which they accompanied the line of elephants was quite surprising; they were however a good deal in our way independent of their chances of being shot, or mauled by a tiger, and as some large animal with a rush and "hideous roar," dashed through the line to the rear unseen by any of the sportsmen, the villagers swore so confidently that it was a tiger, and one man so solemnly, that he saw it with his own eyes, that we were induced to beat back in search, and this manœuvre for which we had nothing to blame, but the credulity of some of the party, of which I confess I was one, lost us our tiger, and led to a catastrophe, that although it terminated in the ludicrous, might have come under the head of sad and melancholy accident, and I cannot think of it even now without feeling that the escape was most providential, but my readers shall judge for themselves. Our friend Sandy had been disappointed in the promised loan of a favorite elephant, known to be stanch, but was too keen a sportsman to quit the field on that account, and although well aware the young tusker he had selected in its place was timid and unsteady, he persevered "and spoke of danger with a smile." Sandy was therefore in his place, as we were beating back, when, with a rush and a roar (not a bit like a grunt) up started beneath the tusker's feet a huge boar, round went the elephant and half the beaters of the line—a perfect panic. It is well known that a frightened elephant like a runaway horse neither seems to know nor care where he goes: on this occa-

sion the brute rushed beneath the large bough of a tree ; smash went the howdah and Sandy with his guns was swept heels over head, and fell with a fearful crash on the broad of his back, his guns scattered in all directions, some with their barrels stuck in the mud, the elephant still screaming and running with the *kawas* of the shattered howdah hanging over his rump, with the black legs of the bearer sticking up in the air, and his feeble voice calling out *hum ko niholo*. This man's escape was even more miraculous than that of his master, for the latter with the fore part of the howdah, guns, &c., had crushed him down and gone over him. In the mean time, where was Sandy ? We left him on his back, but he was now " up a tree ! " presenting a picture which had " our artist " not disappointed us, would have immortalized the event and told the best part of this story better than I can hope to do. Be it remembered that when that pig first broke through the line his roar was so like that of a tiger as to deceive us, and Sandy had not seen him ; believing therefore now that he was again roused,

" Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,"

that he would be upon him, Sandy wisely thought " discretion the better part of valour," and bolted for the nearest tree. This happened to be a mere sapling, and my readers may now picture to themselves a tall stout man of about eighteen stone hugging in a fond embrace, a tree about the thickness of his wrist, and in *imaginary* safety at about a foot and a half from the ground, one steady sportsman coming to the rescue, the tusker with the shattered howdah, and the bearer's legs sticking up, going away at speed and a dozen pad elephants with him, Sandy's guns, &c. &c., as I have described them and the boar no where ! And now if they have laughed at this, (as I hope they have for Sandy's sake,) let them recall to mind the said accident from the same cause which has so lately befallen poor Aubert, and say whether it is not the height of folly venturing out tiger shooting on an unsteady elephant ; certain am I that a man is much safer and far less helpless on foot. I must not omit to say that in this case nothing but the howdah was injured, and every thing was picked up safe and sound ; the mahout certainly had the wind knocked out of his body, but the giving way of the howdah saved him.

Considerable time was expended in picking up the pieces, and Sandy took his seat in a friend's howdah which fortunately was a roomy one, and having drawn the remainder of the cover without a find, we squatted down to tiffin, whilst our scouts were in search of further information, and Sandy decided that a bottle of beer was an excellent specific for a spill from an elephant. We soon resumed

our labours and toiled for some hours through very heavy jungle; but although we came upon a fresh kill and evident traces of there being more than one tiger in our neighbourhood, we had to return to camp without another. I may, however, take this opportunity of mentioning, that we seldom concluded our day's work without a fair supply of vension, pork, pea fowl, jungle fowl, &c., these as well as being additions to our own comforts are essential items of encouragement to the mahouts, servants, &c.

On the 22nd we started as usual in a hurry, our guides or scouts had positive intelligence of a tiger being *somewhere* not far off, but these rascals never did their duty properly; they could never take you directly to the spot in the way these things are done up-the-country; they were either afraid to search in the jungle, or satisfied that their entire duty was to point out where a tiger was supposed to be; on this occasion we beat a long strip of jungle by the side of a nullah, certainly a very likely place. One of the party had gone on as usual to take up the point at the end of the cover, and was standing at some distance from it on the banks of the nullah, when in a bush on the opposite side, he distinctly heard a tiger devouring his prey as he

“ Stripped the skin and cracked the solid bone.”

Our friend had the good sense neither to move or call out, but he made sundry telegraphic signals, not to be misunderstood, and those who were on the right side of the nullah lost no time in getting to work: tigers are not amiable when disturbed at their breakfast, and this noble fellow

“ With flaming eyes and jaws besmeared with blood,”

evinced his indignation by dashing out with activity becoming his courage, but like certain parties at Ferozshah he found the fire too hot for him and dashed across the open in gallant style, if there can be any thing gallant in running away; in the mean time, W. who had so long (doubtless) been licking his chops in envious impatience had dashed his fine elephant through the nullah and cut in for his fair share of the chase, and we were completely cut out by another turn of the nullah, and were frantically dashing about for any thing like a place to cross; no tiger could get away in such ground, and we soon heard and knew that the battle was renewed, and when we did get out of our difficulties, although we almost flew to the spot we were only in time to see

“ The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain.”

It appears that when hard pressed he had turned and charged and met his death like a noble fellow as he was, and thus was

padding our fifth tiger. We had news of another tiger this day, but no further success.

23rd.—A long tiresome day to Bengha, no tiger but spotted deer, pigs, &c., &c.

24th.—This is a well known and favorite place, and we had been out a very short time, when a little ugly black rascal in complete *deshabille* came running up and pointing ahead of the line, swore he had seen a tiger quite as big as one of the elephants; it was no go, however, we beat for hours without success; at last some villagers pointed to a large high dal khêt in which they assured as there were bears, and the owner of the khêt coming up at the time very good-naturedly consented to our beating it, and two or three elephants were put through it, two of our party taking up the corners at the end: we had beaten almost up to our friends without any signs of the bears; they had evidently been deterred from breaking cover by finding themselves so much surrounded, but they had now no alternative and to my utter astonishment I suddenly saw an enormous head and shoulders with a broad white chest and extended arms approaching with the apparent intention of giving the elephant an affectionate embrace; unfortunately W. who had been at the outside corner, thinking I suppose that the cover was blank, at that moment passed across, and the bear stood up immediately between us, so that it would have been worse than folly for either of us to fire; this was very unlucky as we were not likely to get such a chance again; others had fired, and when I had time to look round I saw a large one and two half grown bears cutting across the midaun at a most creditable pace. ‘Tally ho’ was the word and away we all went, the brutes had the good sense to divide, A. who was on the fastest elephant succeeded in killing one of the smallest ones, the others were soon lost in the high grass jungle; and although they must have been awfully blown, all our efforts to find them were ineffectual; we finished this day with pigs and florikens.

25th.—A long winding nullah with high grass on either side and well sheltered with trees and underwood, but far away from the heavy jungle was a well-known beat to some of our party and supposed to be the place to which the lady bear and her cub had escaped after yesterday’s chase, and here we commenced our morning’s work with half the party on either side. A, who was on the same side as myself had gone a little ahead and I was with the line beating steadily on when some one called from the opposite side, “what is A. after?” and sure enough upon looking out I saw him going his best pace over the midaun, and in the distance “far far away,” was a huge bear, but he had a fearful start. I pushed along in hopes of being up for some of

the fun and we chased for above a mile, but it was no go, the bear appeared to be still gaining ground, and as he was approaching the heavy jungle, we pulled up and returned to our beat. After about an hour's unsuccessful search, and when by some twist of the nullah or other cause the party on our side were far in advance, our attention was engaged by a herd of antelope, very rare animals in this part of the world, and W. being ambitious of trying his rifle on the black buck pushed on and I, having given up all hope of the bears, as we had beaten the nullah which was here nearly bare fairly to the end, advanced a few yards, that I might witness the attempt: thus the three of us were at some distance apart when from a small branch of the nullah divided from where we were by a sort of island, up got a great she-bear, and after standing up to take a good look at us, away she went across the open. We all had a bad start and had to cross the nullah; but hark forward tally ho! in went not the spur, but the guj bagh, chullo mahout! jeldæ! yoicks! forward! never mind the rattle of the powder horns, bullets, ramrods, guns, the fearful shaking of every thing, hold fast and cut along, there goes the bear, by Jove that shot was very near her; she'll make that bend of the nullah yet and get away! *Ho-o-o-ora* there come our friends from the very place for which she was making,—tally ho! bang, bang, and now she must take the open, those wild shots have turned her and she has no hope for it, but the far distant jungle.

“Halloo, halloo, and hark again!  
When spurring from opposing sides.”

All now joined in the chase, six howdah elephants and at least half a dozen of the fastest beaters: go it my heroes! Such a hustling, such a jostling, and such a row,—who ever saw a better race! A. with his fast muckna leading the celebrated old Beegum, next but close up, all the others in a good place. “Hark forward, forward, holla ho!” every man standing in his howdah, the bear appears almost forgotten in the excitement not of the chase but of the race. Look as the action of that mahout, chullo you—“oh, don't hit the man, he's doing his best!” Look at that man on the pad walloping away at the rump of the Beegum; poor old lady, she's beginning to lag; away we go every man in a state of excitement as if he could lift him along. Well done Dick, that's a good elephant of yours, condition is beginning to tell, that's right, neck and neck with A. and both fast closing on the bear; this can't last, the pace is too good—look out for that drain; oh! that my elephant could jump!—over we are, Heaven knows how. Well done A. that was a good shot, he begins to lag.

“Hard now he feels his strength decay.”



Now they have him, A. and Dick between them have won the race, and gained the prize, there we are all up; there lies the bear with

“ Death-swimming eye balls and blood-clotted hair.”

Poor old lady she's not half dead, she has fallen from sheer exhaustion, look at her panting sides—I told you so, by Jove she's off. Tally ho! Bang, bang! oh, why did you shoot her? “ Oh I dare say as if the elephant hadn't enough of it, I am sure I have.” Reader I fear you will say “so have I,” therefore let us make for that shady tree and go to tiffin, and we will send the elephants and men to refresh themselves in the river, for we are now close to the place where the young bear was killed yesterday, and where this very old lady by some artful dodge escaped us.

It was some time ere the excitement of the race terminated even with tiffin to tranquilize the parties. Dick was justly proud of his elephant and W. was not willing to admit that the good old Beegum could be beaten, though the superiority of the Mukna was not disputed. C., Sandy and myself had made a race of it in the rear and were satisfied with having done our best. With our tiffin we discussed the merits of otta and rice and the means of bringing elephants into condition, and it was decided that those fed upon the former would stand most work; that it was by far the most nourishing food, and this being decided, we remounted our howdahs and crossed the river to yesterday's beat, where pigs, deer and floriken were tolerably plentiful. We were beating towards the tents after some of the floriken which had been marked down, when a man came to tell us his cow had been killed about an hour before by a tiger, and this fool of a chumar had actually driven off the tiger and skinned the cow before coming to tell us; the place was close at hand, so we lost no time in getting at it, a small island with patches of grass and bier bushes, and the nullah on all sides with very steep banks: we had beaten it yesterday and knew it well, so that our arrangement were easily and judiciously made; the proper points were taken up in case he should take to the water, and the line commenced beating up to the spot where he was said to be. C. was in advance on the edge of the bank to our left, and he here witnessed a sight worth going far to see; as the line advanced a deer had been put up, and as it passed a bush within twenty yards of C., the tiger sprang out and seized it, and dragged it into the bush; C. remained perfectly quiet, and as the line came up, pointed out the spot, saying “there he is,” and as the tiger

“ In sullen fury slowly quits his prize!”

he received a shot or two from A. and I. which made him bound

forward and turn a somerset ; he was up however in a moment, and as he made for the river he was sent headlong down the bank : with all this, he took the water like a spaniel and presented a fair mark for all hands ; he managed to reach the opposite bank, and as his whole body became exposed he was fearfully peppered ; he was too crippled to get up the bank and in his rage seized a log of wood and crunched it in his anguish. It was thought a pity to spoil his skin by any more firing, so we all turned round to look at the stricken deer, which was found alive, coolly butchered and made over to the pads and then returning to our tiger, lo ! and behold he had mizzled ; he had evidently sneaked into a little tributary gutter that ran into the river at the spot where he had fallen, but when Dick and I crossed, although we had no doubt by the conduct of the elephants where he was, we could not see him, and here we had a renewal of the scene in the bush. My mahout after *pretending* to do his best said, " humara hatee naen jaega," and as I knew the tiger was incapable of a charge, and could only maul the elephant which was not my own, and of which I had promised to take great care, I declined the contest, and would not bully either the elephant or the mahout. W. came up with the celebrated Begum, a notoriously stanch elephant, but the Begum was no fool, and had no inclination to put her foot in it ; she had no objection to go as close as you please, but all the torture the mahout could inflict, and the poor creature was cruelly beaten, would not induce her to put her foot upon a wounded tiger, and she was right ; but her master's pride was hurt, and he was angry, and Master Dick's pride was excited, and he thought he would try again, and sure enough his elephant which was quite as brave, but neither so experienced or so knowing as the old Begum, put down her head and went at it and verified the adage that

" Fools step in where angels fear to tread."

She was seized and bitten through the trunk, and it was the last bite that tiger ever made. This was a glorious finish to this day's sport, and the more so as it was unexpected, consequently all were in high spirits, and we sat down to our excellent dinner with every sense of enjoyment quickened by the success of the day. I will venture to say that no party ever set out for an excursion in the jungles better or more amply provided with the good things of this world. Our worthy friend W. whom I have said had the entire management of every thing, seemed to have forgotten nothing, and as a *chef de cuisine* his success was perfect ; the *tap*, that most essential requisite to good cheer was most excellent—" our spirits were gay and our hearts full of glee "

when the sound of music stole upon our senses, proclaiming that the camp-followers were also in the mood for fun, up went the chinks of the tent and the order was given "Minstrels to the front," but it would not do, they were a vulgar bad lot. Bah! "get out of my sight or I'll knock ye down"—we returned to the table and

"The song went round, the goblet flowed,  
And revel sped the laughing hours,"

till prudence suggested that those who would have cool heads and steady hands for the morrow had better retire, so good night!

26th.—From Bhenga to Chandnee Nuddee or Simra Bitan a stupid beat at starting, and though not without hope without promise: we had crossed the river and were amusing ourselves with some pigs when men were seen running after us, a few minutes sufficed to inform us that a fat young buffalo had just been killed by a tiger.

- "As when the lordly lion seeks his food  
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,  
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,  
Bends their strong necks and tears them to the ground."

As usual we took up one of our informants on a pad elephant and made for the promised land; we had some distance to go. There was the young buffalo sure enough, and men watching from the different trees assured us, his royal highness, the prince of brutes, was not far off. But the ground required some little reconnoitring and our skilful captain of the forces, (A. had been unanimously appointed to this office from the first,) manoeuvred so as to outflank the enemy and cut off his retreat from the forest which was close at hand, and it is no easy matter to do this sort of thing quietly, quickly, and with precision, when it is remembered that most of the party have no more idea of wheeling upon a centre or changing front to the right or left than a cow has of the manual platoon—but in this instance it was well done and Sandy and W. who were now on the right were bearing down upon the vicinity of the slaughtered buffalo, when up sprang a splendid tigress immediately before their elephants, over she rolled, up again. Bang, bang, tally ho! here she comes

'By wily turns and desperate bounds,'

making as was expected for the forest. S. and W. had done their work, it was now our turn. But she was right in front of the line, the consequence was, death! This was a lengthy, lean, but beautifully marked tigress; we had thought her dead and were standing round the carcass when an officious beater brought up his pad elephant to have an inglorious kick at her, she seized

the elephant by the foot and held on like a bull dog, the elephant screamed, the tigress roared and sent half the field to the right about, and from the confusion it was some little time before a steady shot could be put in as a settler. All was ready for another start, and the man who had brought the good news had been paid for the same, when another clamorous nigger was seen gesticulating, "hallo what's this? more news?" Reader it was the owner of the slaughtered buffalo coming to ask us to pay for it!! We had a long way to go to camp and no more sport this day.

27th.—We were led off a long way from our proper line of country with the intelligence of another kill, which to our disgust we found to be an old one; the country was high, dry, reeds and grass for miles, and the cause of our being brought on this wild-goose chase was soon made evident. The line of elephants had no sooner drawn the cover blank than the cunning niggers set fire to it, and the roaring of the flames, the rattle and cracking of the reeds, as they split with the heat, the smoke, &c. very much resembled that part of a battle where infantry are brought to tolerably close quarters. Any sportsman knows why the jungle is thus burnt, but for the information of others I may here mention that within a very few days after the ashes of the burnt grass are spread upon the earth, a rich green young grass springs from beneath, and the herds of cattle, and their name is legion, that are sent to these jungles from the arid plains of Hindostan now graze in comparative safety on luxuriant pasturage, where before they struggled for subsistence, and where man and beast were in hourly danger from the tigers.

An interesting chapter might be written upon these squatters in the jungles; their *bitans*, as their localities are termed, afford of themselves a curious picture surrounded by their high thorny fences as protection from the wild beasts; yearly do these men come with their hundreds of cattle belonging to almost as many different owners, at the end of the cold weather, and return with their flock doubled by the number of calves at the end of May or the beginning of the rains to distribute to the different towns and villages each its own share, or to detail the untimely death of some favorite by the ruthless tiger, or tell of their own hair-breadth escape or the loss of some of their relatives by this pest of the woods. From morning till night do these men range the forests with their flocks each with a blanket over his head, not only as a protection from the sun, but to cast in the face of an attacking tiger. At night the cows are brought back to their calves and the men return to their families, where all are closed in till the morning within the high balustrade of matted bamboos and thorns. But I must away after my party now far away from the

burning jungle; some hours have been spent in idle beating and this is the hour of tiffin, and now I will, as we have no better sport, give you a picture of this day's tiffin. Already we have decided that yon shady tree on the verge of the forest shall be the spot, we dismount from our elephants, one of the party is about to seat himself at the root of the tree when a startled jungle fowl quits the shelter we require—the cloth is spread on the ground, the stuffed cushion of each man's howda serves him for a seat and curious it is to witness the contortions as the variety of legs in their garments, gaiters, pantaloons, shoes or boots, buff or black, stretch themselves at all angles or double up nigger fashion to make room for the plates which are by this time out of the basket. Look at those two comfortable fellows supporting each other back to back, those broad brimmed hats would be in the way were the heads not bent forward in polite attention to plates between the legs; examine and decide upon the taste or character of each individual by his costume, what man in England ever could have invented anything half so *varmint* as the cut of some of those coats, jackets, or spencers with or without skirts whatever they may be, who in England ever saw sportsmen without either coats or waistcoats? It is these characteristics which would alone make a picture of an Indian Sporting party; these with the nigger servants standing over their masters, the gleam of light penetrating through the tops of the foliage, the guns, (for there are always one or two ready at hand,) leaning against the tree, take the running stream in the front, the men and elephants washing and drinking, put the dark forest at the back; but do not omit so to manage your picture as through the vista to disclose the cloud-capped summits of the snowy range of Nipaul, and you have our tiffin party.

We had been a good deal thrown out of our proper direction, and it was 3 P. M. when we arrived at the celebrated Nagda Nulla, a place that in England would have been called Nagda wood or Nagda bottom; the nullah appeared to twist in twenty different capricious meanderings through a dense tree jungle, and whenever you had to cross it, the chances were considerably in favour of your being stuck fast in a bog; the creepers were as obstinate and as thorny as usual, therefore, however cool and agreeable a retreat for a tiger, it was almost impossible to beat it properly, as a proof of which, although it is known to be a favorite haunt for tigers, it had been beaten in vain for the last three successive seasons. At the present time it was known to be the resort of a well known tiger,

“Terrible and bold

That sweeps the field, depopulates the fold,”

and a notorious man-eater, the terror of the surrounding country:

his fresh tracks had always been found, but hitherto he had been too cunning for his enemies, but this day he was destined to be out-manœuvred; he was speedily roused and on his first attempt to escape from the wood into the high grass that skirted it he found himself near a very troublesome customer; he tried to make good his intentions by a threat in the shape of a charge, but a shot turned him at right angles; the grass was so high that it was impossible either to be sure of the movements of the brute or the effect of the shot, so "hark back!" was the order and operations commenced *de novo*,—any thing but a pleasant move for those who had the inside of the wood. After beating some time two of the mahouts on pad elephants who had been quite satisfied with the first attempt, or perhaps with the sight of his foot-prints and his first roar, and who had skulked in the rear, were heard lustily calling out "bagh, bagh!" Hoick to him, Halloo hark! and away two of the party went to head him (N. B. this would not do for fox hunting!) whilst others beat up to the direction; one of the party having still outside *en route*, a leopard was sighted and after three balls disposed of. As the last shot was fired at the leopard,

"What sullen roar comes down the gale."

Moving on, one of the party heard a sonorous growl from the nullah close below him, and unfortunately fired at the *wherabouts*, as he could not see for the jungle, off went the tiger more frightened than hurt, and he bounded from the wood into the grass in sight of three howdahs. It was no use firing, he could not be hit with any certainty and we gave chase to bring him to the charge. A., as usual, first on the muckna, managed to bring him up, but the charge was not made home and the tiger not being distinctly seen A. wisely withheld his fire; he turned and again dived into the wood,

"Crashing the forest in his race;"

and thus we were again at fault; the party now divided into all possible directions, C. and I. keeping in the wood—at last I got tired of the wear and tear of briars and creepers, and seeing a peep of daylight through the gloom, I went outside, my persevering friend, continuing to beat on with a pad or two to help him. I found the grass had been burnt on this side the wood and the country open for some little distance. I had barely ascended the bank and turned my elephant by way of taking up a position, when I heard tally ho! from friend C. and again tally ho *maidan* but no shot. It is needless to say I kept a sharp look out, little need for it, out came a splendid tiger boldly taking to the open. I remained quiet to give him a good

offing, and had him broadside on at about 30 yards,—another second, and

“ Struggling in blood the savage lies,”

but as quickly was he up again, and

“ His roar is sunk in hollow groam,”

and down he came at me “like flash of flame,”—the elephant stood splendidly. I had time to take up another gun, it was a glorious sight to see the crouching run, the tail straight out an end, the hissing, grinning, half groan half roar, the ears back, the glaring eye balls, coming straight at you; not a blade of grass to intercept the attack, no bound, but as I have said, a furious crouching run with all the powers reserved for a leap at his enemy; nearer yet, nearer, till within four or five yards, and

“ Pierced through the dauntless heart then tumbles slain,  
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.”

Whoop whoop! Whoop whoop! I cried, and in a few seconds the tyrant of the woods was surrounded by all the party, and a noble beast he was. The shades of evening were fast closing o'er us and we had some four miles to go to camp: *en route* I asked C. why he had not fired at the time I heard his tally ho! he said that upon looking to the line of light he saw the tiger in bold relief on the very verge of the wood, but just beyond him with their backs turned, were the elephants of A., and W.—C. had to descend into the nulla to cross and go up the bank to force him out; before he could do this the tiger had turned and disappeared and I have told the result.

So ended this my last day's sport—on the following morning C. and I left the party, the others remained out a few days longer, and added two tigers and two bears to the list of slain, but I was not there to see, so here I bid good bye to the jungles and to my readers, who are, I dare say, by this time heartily tired of the prosy rambles of

ROHILLA.

## SPORTING GALLERY.—No. XIV.

G. A. BUSHBY, Esq.

Our last subject was a member of the Civil Service, and here is another—a Secretary to boot—Secretary to the Government of India in the Home Department. Wherefore note we this specially? Because when canting, crawling libellers and snivelling milksops are attacking the Turf and all Field Sports, and attributing to the countenance bestowed upon them some heavy share in the commercial disasters which have overtaken Calcutta, and when these creatures are pointing to Civilians as “most honorably distinguished during the recent calamities,—scarcely has the name of a single one of them been mentioned, in connection with any sinister transaction”—it is pleasant—very—to discomfit them by showing that Civilians are among the most liberal and hearty patrons of those pursuits, which are falsely alleged to have done so much mischief. Yes, a large number of our best actors, our best turfmen, our most zealous sportsmen have belonged to that Service, which a blundering bigot would graciously countenance but insults.

There are men who have all the fine personal characteristics of the real English sporting gentleman, without having been largely practical sportsmen; an open, joyous countenance, a generous disposition, and a cheerful mind. Mr Bushby is of them: one who, it is impossible to mistake, with all the means and appliances and opportunity, would be an enthusiastic follower of Field Sports and their munificent patron: situated as he is, and long has been, with an important appointment confining him much to the Town, he has had little opportunity of doing more than indicate his predilections. He had a couple of Arabs in training last year, Fars and Golab Sing: the latter ran two or three times, but disappointed his owner's expectations and was withdrawn. Fars went wrong a few weeks before the Meeting, or would have had an excellent chance for the Derby, and perhaps there is no man on the Turf who would have been so generally and cordially congratulated on winning that important race as Mr Bushby. Mr Tayler's picture—The Death of the Boar—shows him a member of the Tent Club. Mr Grant's likeness is striking, but, as we think we have observed before, these lithographic sketches lose something in character by being reduced. The original water-colour sketches which constitute our Gallery, and which are fully double the size, are admirable. This is simply justice to our Artist.

A. E.





*G. W. Woodbury*



## SPORTING MEMORANDA.

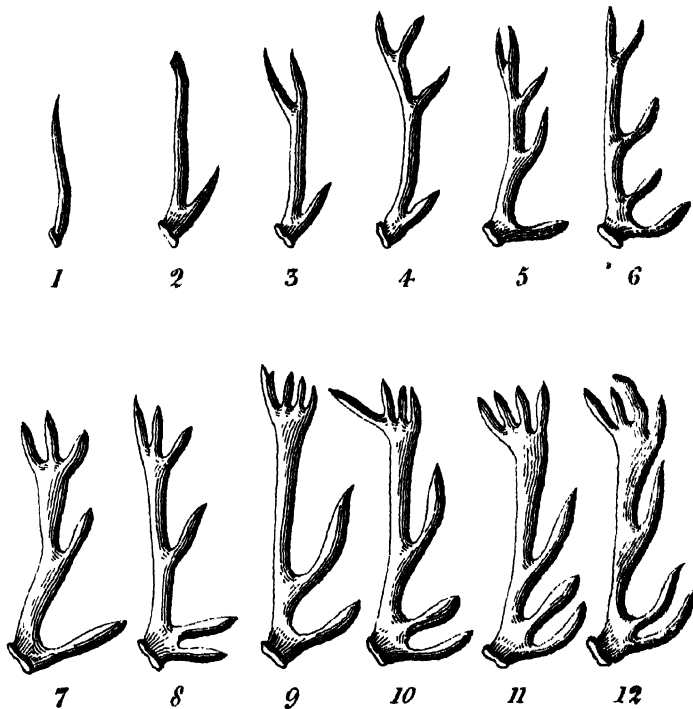
For some time past, my attention has been drawn to the difficulty experienced by aspirants on their first arrival in this country in finding game, and the proper months for the pursuit of it. With this impression, I am induced to offer some brief remarks for their guidance, together with other subjects I may touch upon.

First then, the month of August sees the advent of the snipe, (which opens the season with us,) which sport is followed with great success throughout September. The month of October sees the sportsmen at his favorite cover after black partridge and a sprinkling of quails. November is ushered in with the endless and numberless kinds of wild fowl. Our jheels at this season of the year are actually swarming with living objects; these with snipe, bittern, coolens, black partridges, quail, floriken, jungle fowl, and hares, with the large grouse, and in many parts deer and antelope, afford capital sport throughout December, January, and best part of February, at almost every station in Upper India; nor must it be forgotten, that during January and February, the sportsmen will find ample amusement by resorting to ground in the vicinity of jungle, with spear in hand after the noble boar. The month of March will either find the sportsman still following his sport after the feathered tribe, or else he will be hurrying off to the dense forest along the Terai, in which is combined the stately elephant, ferocious rhinoceros, pugnacious tiger, leopard, bear, and buffaloe, with the noble stag and various kind of deer, together with the floriken, chikore, black partridge, jungle and pea fowl, all keeping him steadily engaged till the end of April, when proceeding to the Himalyas, if he has sufficient courage to undergo the fatigue, he will find there ample amusement with his gun (and rod) in the pursuit of the various animals; viz. the jurrow, surrow, goorul, kakur, tahr, burrell, and other animals, with birds not to be surpassed in the world. But should he not be so fortunate, May must then follow, a dreary month, for the sportsmen cannot with any degree of safety to himself venture out under the scorching rays of a mid day sun. However, no sooner do the periodical rains set in, about the middle of June, then the well-known cry of whit, whit, calls the sportsman out again till the end of July, or beginning of August, after the various kinds of wild fowl then in season; viz. the black backed or rukta goose, grey duck or gadwall,

whistling and small ginah teal, the noble bustard, leak floriken, quail, and the small painted grouse; thus throughout the year has the sportsman opportunities of following every description of game without any kind of restraint, for as yet, thank God! no game laws have reached India.

Having ventured thus far, I shall proceed a little further. The general cry is, the climate of India is inimical to all field sports! Now the climate or the sun has very little or any thing to do with it; let the truth be told, the fault lies with the individual: for if a person in following the pursuit of the field, will have recourse to the brandy bottle or cheeroots, in fact, stimulants of any kind, his constitution must sink under it. Field-sports are well known to be conducive to health, and those that have followed them, without indulging in any of the above vices, have proved the healthiest. The experience of a quarter of a century, whether after the denizens of the forest, or in a snipe jheel, has taught me, that the pursuits of the field in India can be rendered, by proper management, as harmless as in our native isle. All stimulants of every kind must be studiously avoided whilst under the influence of the sun. Even the dreaded effects of a snipe-jheel can be deprived of its sting, (if it has any,) by proper precautions, which consists simply in putting on dry clothes with worsted stockings immediately you have done shooting, and not waiting till you reach home.

A lengthened controversy has been going on regarding the length of antelope horns. H. B. R. has given the drawings of two, shot by him, measuring 24 and 25½. Jumna, in his experience, says the longest he has ever met with measured 24½; now both these are extraordinary instances, for you may rove all over India and never meet with the like again: any thing above 21 or 22 is very long. My note book denotes the death of about 100, shot principally about Jeypoor, where from being never molested in those days, you had ample scope for selection, and not one can I find that ever exceeded 21 inches, the average being 18. Antelope are very plentiful below Cawnpoor, in the Banda district, especially by Muttreeno. I have generally found both the deer and antelope species in India to breed at all seasons of the year, bringing forth generally between February and June, perhaps July, seldom later, and the hinds and does are, I believe, gravid from five to eight months. The stags shed their horns in the rains, and their age I believe can be calculated as follows: No. 1 is of the first growth, or some at a year old, being simple; No. 2, 3, 4, of second growth; and so on to 12; which forms the seventh growth and maximum, thus renewing every year a finer pair of antlers, till they grow to an immense size.

*Antlers of the Stag or Saumber.*

A pair once in my possession of a male saumber which I shot in Bundlekund that measured, as far as I can now remember, about 10 inches in circumference at the base and 43 inches in length. They now adorn a museum at home. Regarding the question of the female chickara having horns, I can only say I shot a female at Ligmen, with horns, and as far as my observations have gone, both sexes of this group have them.

I shall now offer a few remarks for those who may be hereafter located at Lahore.

In the way of shooting there is actually none, though various coverts in the vicinity of the place (up to 20 miles) contain a few deer, hares, the small pintail grouse and the lesser bustard. In some perhaps a few blacks and quail, but no where can you make a good bag. Even in April when good bags of quail are

anticipated, your sport is certain to be spoilt by the numerous men out all night in netting the various fields : the system adopted here, which is pretty near the same all over India, is by culling birds in various bags, some 50 attached to a pole, which is placed at the corner of the field with a net. After standing there for the best part of the night, two men about sun rise make their appearance with a long rope, when they commence seesawing from the end of the kate towards the net, and it is really astonishing the numbers they catch in this way in one haul. Out of one field I saw 30 bagged. With this prospect before him, the sportsmen's only chance is to take a month's leave and proceed either to some of the coverts down the Sutlege, where shooting of every kind is to be had, even to tigers, and in some pig sticking, or else take the direction of the hills towards Kangra, where there is not only good shooting, but capital fishing.

Having disposed of the above, I shall now briefly allude to the other branches of field amusement—first of all stand the Hounds of H. M. 53d Regiment, which throw off during the hunting season three times a week, followed by the Races in October and March ; then there is a Racket Court, and last though not least, is that truly English game, Cricket, which is kept up with great spirit during the cold season. Many well contested matches were commenced, but none carried through with such perseverance and spirit as the accompanying one between the Officers of the 8th and 46th Regiment against H. M. 10th Foot.\*

PURDY.

\* Reported in the Sporting Intelligence Department.—A. E.

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## MY LAST TRIP TO THE JUNGLES.

You have asked me for an account of my last shooting excursion, so I sit down to write to you these few lines, premising that neither you, nor your readers, should you print them, will gather from them aught new or interesting. For we met with no hair-breadth escapes; there was no mahout killed, no elephant bolted, carrying howdah and rider incontinently through the jungle to the imminent danger of limb and life; none of the shooters made acquaintance with either Bruin's hug, or Tommy's jaws. It was moderately tame work, though a good deal of enjoyment; and none of us returned to the station ~~dissatisfied~~ with our three weeks' proceedings.

We were a party of four—A, B, C and D, for the nonce—A and B the oldest hands; A indeed the hero of a hundred fights—no not quite that—I mean who had been himself the death of no end of tigers; B of limited though serious experience in that line; C, who had hunted the wild boar in the forest of Ardenes, and shot quail amid the ruins of Carthage, but who had never seen elephants in line, or heard the growl of 'Master Tommy disturbed at his feast'; D not quite out of College. The jungles were some distance from the station; so we had to travel dâk by relays of two—A and C preceding B and D by twenty-four hours. It was any thing but soothing when the latter arrived at the rendezvous, L——, after a three nights' and a hot day's dâk trip, to be told that there was no rest for us that night at all events—for a Nawab with a *posse comitatus* of fourteen howdahs and full suite of shikarries, hearing of our approach, had in good generalship made a forced march of it during the day, and occupied the ground ahead, where we intended to commence operations. That was a game however two could play at, and we had the night before us. A, with determination aforethought, had provided a fast boat, and after a hasty dinner we embarked as soon as the moon rose, and *goon'd* away; came up to the Nawab's fleet at anchor at midnight, taking *the* sight at him *en passant* with a didn't-you-think-you-had-done-us kind of an air; and were some kos ahead of him at day light. Camp had been previously directed to make a forced night march likewise. We were nearly losing the benefit of our manœuvre by C's baggage boat striking on a sunken rock or some villainy of that description, and all but going down bodily, and just like blackie, Sir, the manjee and dandies instead of attempting to save what they could, the boat being luckily held half out of water by a sandbank, did nothing but sit upon the choppah,

beating their breasts, "*wah ! wah ! humlogue murgya—humlogue murgya, wah ! wah !*" We and our servants had to do the work, and desperately cold it was, though in Bengal and at the end of the month of March. I have not felt it colder in the winter at Ferozepore. This accident detained us, and we *did* swear at the boat, when at 9 A. M. we gave ourselves the freedom of a cow-house, and tried to manufacture some breakfast; for our camp had gone well ahead during the night. We were fairly in our howdahs, however, at 4 that afternoon, more to get up our howdah legs than any thing else. The next morning, March the 23d, we moved to Lalpore, which we knew to be good ground, and so did the Nawab, for he was at our heels, disgusted at having been out-mancœuvred, and arrived there also the next day. But fortune was then on his side. He beat up the west (we had come up the east) side of the river, and picked up a tigress—making his eighth, or as he called it his thirteenth—for he had killed a tigress before with five cubs unborn, which he conceived he might legitimately add to the score. In the evening he sent us a flag of truce, with a chit of which the following may be a copy—"Nawabs (so and so) present their compliments to the English *gents*, and if they come over for sport on this side of the river, we shall have lots of shikar." We afterwards found the writer of this not quite grammatical missive to be a certain John Peter, who *called* himself a Christian, about as un-Christian a looking caitiff as you may desire to see. He was amanuensis-in-chief to his Highness. We deemed it best under all circumstances to accept the invitation; and certainly it was not an ugly sight—the two lines of elephants, forty in all, with howdahs, shooters and costumes of all shapes, sizes and colours beating up the heavy jungle. C declared that that alone was worth the coming to see, and would thus have returned contented with the trip. For myself I confess I was most exceedingly inclined to grumble; for game we had found none. We made for the jungle where the Nawab's party had killed the tigress the day before, and had seen with her a very large tiger, and a full grown cub, both of which had escaped. "Our friend," however, was not at home that day. I saw his *punjah* (foot-print) in some soft mud—*tuthak* (fresh) rather—probably that of his early morning's walk. The size fully as large as the crown of your hat, so that he must have been a good sized chap. The wild and reckless way, however, in which the tag-rag and bobtail of the Nawab's ministerial staff rushed about the field, firing madly here and there and everywhere, two and three in the same howdah, satisfied us it was any thing but a good joke shooting in such company, and an occurrence the next morning determined us, whatever scruple of civility we had then remaining, to keep terms with them no longer. They were to



return us the compliment of coming to our side of the river. It chanced that just after we got to the shooting ground, an exceedingly thick fog rose and brought us up all standing. As it began to clear, we beat on, and coming to a winding nullah the line separated into two divisions—the right division composed chiefly of the Nawab's forces crossing, I attached myself to the left. The fog thickened again, so that at the distance there was no seeing each other. Suddenly heavy rushing through the jungle was heard on their side—" *Bhainsah, Bhainsah,*" shouted—and bang, bang, bang went their artillery, the balls whistling past us in all directions as at Moodkee. We hallooed in vain. It was suggested that we should act decidedly on the defensive, and return the fire. Fortunately one of the animals had fallen, and the firing then gradually ceased. I assure you I was never in such a funk in my life. There was no incentive of a Gazette or Westminster Abbey to being "put out" in that fashion; so on the following day we struck camp, and moved some kos further up the river. *En route* there we put up two or three brace of floriken; you can never kill those birds from an elephant if they are once on the wing, so A our chief, and as keen a sportsman as ever stepped, notwithstanding his five-and-twenty years of shikar, dismounted, off shoes and stockings, and away he trudged, following first one cock and then another for miles. How crouchingly he approached where he had marked them down! C footed it likewise, but the birds would soon detect him. Our friend the Nawab, by the by, was descried this morning, to our great disgust, coming up with us with his whole fleet under full sail—and seeing a floriken on the wing, he despatched one of his shikaries in pursuit. The man stripped to the penultimate degree of nakedness, tried all he could to take the bird from A, but A too quick for him, flushed and dropped it just as the man got within shot. A presented the bird to the Nawab, who looking at A's scratched bare limbs and cut feet, himself seated on the cushion of repose and puffing the opium-hookah of inertness, remarked to this effect—"Well, you English soldiers are a rummy set! if you take all these pains of your own will and pleasure, what will you not do when you're paid for it." His Highness, however, had come to intimate the, to us, pleasing intelligence that he was about to remain, as a neighbouring Rajah was to pay him a visit, a week at Lalpore, and we parted good friends. It was amusing to witness their anxieties to have every thing about their camp and themselves on a par with ours. If we had Joe Manton's gun—they must show us one; a double barrellled rifle, they would have ditto; a bowie-knife, they would produce a Nepal kreesh. But to their great discomfiture we beat them hollow in one respect. Our C in C

had with him a very pretty piece of ordnance, a reg'lar two-pounder, so we had our morning and evening gun as in cantonments—and by the same token how I d—d it when our chief in his over-zealousness would read his watch by the dim tent-light  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 A. M. for  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4, and turn the camp out an hour sooner than agreed upon. But the Nawab could not come up to that two pounder—so he revenged himself by saying he had one at home and did not bring it, because the loud report frightened all the game into the kuttal. Some truth mayhap in this, for singularly enough our first tiger, if I recollect rightly, was killed the morning the gun was *not* fired. But as for the sentries—for A, of high military rank, had his guard with him and sentries mounted at night, of whom the Nawab's first messenger to the camp had been witness—His Highness was not to be done there. He received us in the morning, with half-a-dozen of his tail decked out with faded red-jackets all tattered and torn, brandishing muskets minus locks, and saluting us much after the fashion of the ploughboy who gives a pull of his bonnet and a scrape of his leg backwards—just the fellows that Falstaff would *not* have marched through Coventry with.

We were now, however, well quit of the rabble, and had advanced into a country, new both to A and B. They had shot in those jungles in former years, but had never proceeded so far North. We began to hope for sport. We had been eight days without any; and except that *I* was quite satisfied at *not* being in cutcherry, the disappointment almost induced us to return home. Such jungles too as these were! years ago—five lustres about to be sure, and many changes will take place in that interval—a party of three shot, I have understood, in them for 13 days and bagged 1,300 head of game—*Heu! quantum mutati!* Civilization, and rural prosperity and all that kind of thing, which are *not* advantageous to a sportsman, have been annually doing their work upon them, and

Where null, and quornt, and hogla used to be,  
Grassless maidans, or paddy-fields you see.

This year too much of the smaller game had been destroyed, the villagers told us, by the excessive inundation of last rains, which had rushed over the lands twelve feet deep. At Ramnuggur the intelligence became happily more refreshing: *bhugwah rath-bhur bolè*; there are tigers calling all night. One afternoon a kill of that morning was announced to us. The elephants were immediately saddled. Just as we were mounting them, I mind me that the *dák* came in, telling us the sad accident that befel the *Benares*. We all knew poor Sneyd—as gallant a heart as ever beat and the news did not send us to the field more merrily. We

soon found the "murrie" half eaten,—but our friend was not at home. The place was not far from some heavy kuttal, and he had probably sneaked into that. We thought we were on him at one time. There was the usual signaling among the elephants, piping, trumpeting, fidgeting. We were all on the *qui vive* as the long grass was declared to be moving a-head. We were beating down towards a large open between two heavy patches of puttiall; and if we could but drive him into that! "Look out, there he goes! How the grass shakes!" *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*; and so it was in this instance, for out broke a huge boar. I can't understand what put the line of elephants into such a commotion, except that the tiger had left his strong marks here and there in that part of the jungle, and that aware of some animal moving they adopted the principle embodied in the Latin quotation above. The "murrie" being only half eaten, we concluded Master Tommy would return to his meal during the night: and so it was. We found him next morning after some manœuvring. He was first sighted by A. and C. sneaking through some burnt grass 150 yards a-head. A. tried to turn him by a long shot. We lost him for a while after he had doubled back. B. then found himself on the trail, and followed him up sharp. But the animal, bounding into the open, which allowed C. to get two longish shots at him, suddenly made a detour into some heavy grass with evident intention of running to the kuttal. B. magnanimously resigned what chance he then had of a first hit, and made a flank movement to cut him off from the forest. In this he succeeded, the animal crouched, and A. who was coming up from the rear, fortunately tumbled right upon him, gave him right and left in the grass, and he was finally despatched without difficulty: he was not a bad one to begin with, though no fighter, he measured as he lay on the ground, length 9 feet 8½ inch. Height 4 feet. Round the girth 4 feet 3 inch. And now it was the natives declared that all was owing to them, and to our having consented to enlist the gods and goddesses of the jungles in our behalf by timely buxis to the magicians, the jadu and poojah-wallas of the place. Consequently Dévi had to be feasted again. At Cossimpore we heard of four being known to certain fishermen to be there or thereabouts. The worst of it was the jungles were very far from the camp, which was necessarily pitched in some well shaded tope as near the river as possible—and it was a long pull to get to them and back. With sport, one cared not, but a long blank day—(and where it was next to certain there were tigers we thought it as well not to fire at any other game)—in the hot burning sun of April was the reverse of satisfactory. The Cossimpore jungles were great beauties certainly. Long kussola grass covering a plain of great extent—a

deep nullah winding most circuitously through it. The banks lined with thick null, quornt, and grass intermixed; the abiding place of tigers no doubt, but in what corner of that large expanse of country? Our line of elephants (twenty-two) could but beat a fraction of it at a time. So I conceive we were fortunate, allowing a *leetle* for skilful arrangements in bagging the four—albeit three of these were but cubs of two years old; but how the little rascals growled and snorted and spit—putting the elephants into as much trepidation as their oldest grandsire could have done. One of the days, after a very long beat and just as we were about giving the orders to return home, a lag-behind guddee elephant came upon cub No. 1, whom crouching we had passed over. It was on A's side of the line; who quickly disabled the yelping youngster. The next day we started the whole family in some terribly heavy patches close to the nullah. A. was again in fortune—for they started before him. *Imprimis* a very fine tigress—which by the same token was not, by a misapprehension, added to our bag, but was reserved to increase the Nawab's. The fishermen declared there were but four tigers about of sizes. The day before we had killed one of the cubs. This day we killed two more cubs and the father; on which the said fisherman averred that the mother had been killed during the preceding rains. As his stated number originally was four—we considered this account to be likely enough; and the tiger, which fell to young D's lot, we took to be the animal which had at first started before A. and in beating back and round and about for whom, A. and C. successively put out the cubs, who, when *in extremis*, attempted to fight most manfully. The male, 8 ft. 11 in. long, 3 ft. 8 in. high, first wounded by D., was dropped by a mortal wound from the battery of either B. or C. It was a bore so needlessly losing the tigress. Our next and farthest march north was to Berhampur—and here we were glad to be received with information of tigers every where, and such innocent creatures as the blackees about there. A watch, copper caps, the tent full pitched—were to them utter novelties, and the cause of extraordinary excitement. Villagers from all sides thronged round us—and if you had seen the swarms of young darkies scramble for copper-caps! but their consternation was at its height when the two pounder was brought out; and it was with the greatest difficulty we could persuade any of them to remain near us. They seemed to be of David's opinion that it might go off of itself. We soon got a volunteer to shew us the nearest tiger ground, and as the elephants had had a light morning's march of it, we mounted them after tiffin—and were taken to a capital quornt country, interspersed with extensive *khets* of the *boru-dan*. The workmen in the field confirmed the news of

tigers, and in a short while again before A., lucky sportsman! was started a huge beast. He rushed onwards before C. and D. and though of course gun after gun had been discharged at him, I believe at that moment he was untouched. B. being on the extreme right of the line was out of the fire at this time. C. and D. had given chase and might have boned him cleverly, but in their over-eagerness they let him crouch and passed over him. A., whose elephant was slower, caught him just as he was sneaking back, and gave him a severe hit in the loins. He had strength to get back to some heavy jungle, and as A.'s elephant, 10 feet high, poked his nose into a bush there, the animal seized hold of his trunk and nearly pulled him down. The elephant naturally retired some paces, and C. thought to have a good shot at the tiger, made an approach, but the tiger was at him in an instant. The elephant made a right about face double quick, and the tiger had him by the hind leg, roaring ferociously. Said hind leg soon kicked him off, and B., coming up at the instant, got a close side shot at him and tumbled him over. He was a huge brute, and if A. had not broken his back in the first instance would have done mischief. His dimensions were, length 10 ft. 2 inches, height 4 feet 2 inches. Round neck 2 feet 9 inches, round girth, 4 feet 6 inches. His skin stretched on the ground measured 12 feet 7 inches.

We found no more that evening. To the same ground the next morning, and in another quarter of it, the labourers had seen one at daylight. The elephants soon gave the usual signs, and B. on the outside slightly in advance for the open saw the animal break cover—gave her a ball in the hind quarters, which made her put steam on, and as she turned, he gave her a side shot under the left rib. This tickled her so that down she charged upon B. lashing her tail and roaring like a mad bull. A B and D looked on thinking it fine fun to see her charge home, but a shot from B as she neared him turned her off; she made a rush at one of the guddee elephants who gave her the cold shoulder, and her energies being expended, she dropped under cover and panted life away. She measured 8 feet 5 long, 3 feet 6 high. We crossed over to another jheel, and picked up her sister. D suddenly came upon a 'murri' not over fresh, and while looking at it, was startled by a double shot from C close to him, with the remark, "she's down," and sure enough the second ball planted well behind the shoulder, doubled her up altogether. About the same size as the other; viz. 8 feet 7 inches long, 3 feet 7 high.

The villagers persisted there were more about, and descanted particularly upon the daily appearance of a very old bird, with a bald pate, but he was too old and clever for us by half. We

never got a sight of him. The following day we went to the other jungles pointed out, but there were all heavy kuttal, impracticable for elephants with any chance of success. The distance too they were from the camp gave us unfortunately lost days. We had been out now sixteen, and as A apprehended a sudden summons into the station, we turned our heads south. Arrived again at Cossimpore, the intelligence received by A induced him and C at once to make the best of their way back to Cantonments. B and D retrograded more leisurely, beating down. The jungles had been a good deal burnt in the interim, and we had prettier deer shooting than in going up. At Koolbya we heard of a tigress and three cubs, and one morning started her with her young family. The latter were rather too large to be caught being about 8 or 10 months old, and as they were running about among the elephant's legs, considerably disturbing the equanimity of the line, I thought it as well to dispatch them—and we bagged the three in succession. The mother had rushed away with a loud roar before D, I naturally supposed she would never leave such young cubs—in fact expected every moment to see her charge down on the line. But she was a skulker and an ingrate. She hadn't the feelings of a mother. She deserted her children in their hour of danger. We beat about every where for them, and for a couple days afterwards—and though at night she was always heard calling for her *butchas*, she retreated daily into the kuttal, and remained there till night-fall, and we were told this was a practice of hers; for during the two previous years, she had been met with in the same way, her *butchas* killed, and she had mizzled. But I must bring this stave to a close. We were pretty well satisfied with our sport, considering that the heavy inundation had very much reduced the stock of small game, and on many days we had reserved our fire for tigers. We bagged eleven we may say of sizes; some half dozen buffalo; about five and thirty deer of all kinds, and sundry small game. The weather though so late in the year was not over-hot. In the bungalow at Koolbya an open mat bungalow, mercury would rise from 12 to 4 p. m. to 104° Fahrenheit—and in the tent alongside, in which my friend D would sleep the while, with a good conscience and nothing to think about, it rose to 110°—slightly *garam*, but a trifle sir when you are used to it. However I must not descant on the weather, having already penned so much ado about nothing, more than I intended, more probably than you may approve. Use your scissors, I beg at discretion. What is writ must be taken only as meant,—mere scraps from—

AN OLD HAND.

## ODDS AND ENDS AND MIDDLE PIECES.

"What is all this about?" says, or thinks, each reader to himself. "What is all this about? What a heading for a paper! It may be a very good paper but it must be sadly out of place." Thank you kind reader for the flattering admission and don't trouble yourself on the other point. Leave that to ABLE EAST, your Editor. You know you have considerable confidence in him. You admit he has given you a very good REVIEW and, seeing that there is none other, we should say it would be acceptable even if it were only so-so, as it is universally admitted that half a loaf is better than no bread. India is a sporting country and needs a sporting reporter. Shall foxes be run to earth, or into on the open, in England and the same be trumpeted to the world, and the royal tiger succumb in the jungle of India and no page record his fall! Shall a Prince pot fat deer from the window-sill of a Scotch shooting-box and be chronicled for the deed, and the single handed slayer of the lordly elephant of Ceylon remain with his praises unsung? Shall the tame creature that, whip in hand, tops three feet of sheep hurdles in pursuit of poor puss, have his achievements perpetuated in print and the spear-armed hunter of the grizzly boar lack a chronicler of his emprise! We say should this or any of this be? Certainly not, yet it would have been but for ABLE EAST, therefore leave us alone in our own proper department, and if we should give an article a title which you don't think promises well, pass on to the next and say nothing about it.

But we have no particular objection to explain and defend our title.

"Very good," says the reader, then "what are the Odds?"

Now that we avow to be a difficult question.

The odds in the Derby—not the poor affair of Epsom which is but as Epsom salts to the Champaigne of our Derby—the odds on *our* Derby are incalculable, because they are non-existent. There are no odds, for there have been no entries. Last year the nominations began on the 1st of April and the Race closed on the 1st of August. This year we have to wait till the 1st of July and 1st of October for our list. As for the Alipore Stakes we have never heard them mentioned since they closed on the 27th of December last with the small show of seventeen names. If people won't have a favorite its no odds to any body.

"I beg your pardon," says the polite reader, "I meant the odds of your title."

A question *not* difficult of a reply. The ODDS of our title are the odds of our chapter, and they will be anything, even, that comes to hand.

“ But”—

Permit us to proceed. We think a great deal is lost of an amusing and instructive character, in every path of knowledge, because people deem it too insignificant for notice. Why should not a man set down a fact though he cannot concoct a methodical chapter! If he has a happy thought that fits why not fix it! Your professional book-maker will manufacturè you a volume out of half an idea. We may not have the opportunity of killing a tiger as fashionable barbers do bears, “to order,” but we may read a thing or two in a quarter worth telling and worthy to be remembered. We may not bag Black Cock with PURDY (would that we had the chance,) but we may shoot some “folly as it flies,” and why should not the sportsman admit that to be game, for the purpose of receiving into an honorable fraternity the town-bound wretch who has no opportunity of doing aught more manly than bestride an ambling Arab on the Course. A good but idle correspondent, y’cleped POUNCE, erst touched on this subject and put on rather a bold front, claiming his right to admission into the Club of Good Fellows—which means the circle of Nimrodians—and wrote himself down A PEN AND INK SPORTSMAN. Nearly three years have elapsed and no man has challenged his claim: possibly because he must have claimed his challenge also, which was—that he would “walk, run, jump, stand on his head, or grin through a horse-collar with him for one hundred gold mohurs.”

By this time, good Sir, you have probably some idea what we intended when we wrote ODDS. Don’t fly out now and insist they may be something neither smelling of gunpowder, the stable or kennel, or smacking of good cold steel. If your intelligent mind be agreeably entertained for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour we shall be satisfied—and if it should prove by matter not purely orthodox, what’s the odds so long as you are happy?

And now for ENDS. But what have we to do with ends just at the beginning! It would be beginning at the wrong end. And yet we have done it by giving our end in the preceding paragraph. That end is to amuse, and the means to that end are to be odds and ends, and—but really if you want further preface we must be orthodox too and put it off till we have done our work.

“I understand Mr. ABEL, pray proceed and string your fragments together—but if you *do* feel disposed to give us a notion of what you mean by “Middle Pieces,” I for one shall be happy to hear you.”



Sir, we shall do so, and without going very deeply into the matter.

MIDDLE PIECES may mean a great deal and odds and ends may have close affinity with them,—there may be, as it were, an attraction between them. A middle piece lies as one may say betwixt the legs of an argument; without it the argument would halt, there would be no perfect whole. It is not the exordium nor the peroration, the head nor the tail, but something just midway between them. It is in fact a resting place for the fatigued orator, or scribe, and it may be for the body he is addressing himself to, and which is very commonly an exhausted receiver: from this middle piece he takes, in naval phraseology, a fresh departure, and goes to work again with renewed vigour. The thread of a necklace is a middle piece, oh, most inquisitive questioner! and when you told us to string our fragments we wonder your own phrase did not suggest that our middle pieces would be those remarks now playful, now profound, which are to bind together those odds and ends that somewhat puzzled you.

You are aware that the Natives of the country have a sort of knack at statuary; their style is not particularly after the Canova school, though they may retort of their works that Canova never did anything like them. Some few years ago a Native Canova in his way was discovered, and he busted Lord Auckland and a host of other Calcutta Notables in mud, and chumamed them till they shone again, looking very much like ghosts in a cold sweat. Like the originals the busts were not climate-proof and broke into cracks and fissures, such as may be noted in an elderly young woman who attempts

—unholy mimicry of Nature's work  
To re-create with frail and mortal things  
Her withered face.

It was an object to remedy this, more particularly as so little time was being lost in giving us a Gallery of Arts. Science has triumphed. The plaster material is now composed of river mud half rotten, mixed with sand and jute and the work is kiln dried and hardened and bronzed, and any gentleman who now wishes to leave himself behind when he goes home, may do it without any fear of appearing a greater guy than nature made him. Now, Sir—for we are still talking to the objecting gentleman—if you don't like the simile of the thread for our middle pieces you may take the jute—and if you won't take our word you may call on Mr Downs (the Firm was formerly Mandy and Co.) of Cossitollah, who will give you a full, true, and particular account of this advance in Native Art, and perhaps show you some gods

and goddesses with only the ordinary compliment of members—intended to embellish the gardens of the Reach or the Classic Groves of Cossipore—and amatory enough to make the very trees fall in love with one another. Natives have been set to work to copy from good masters, and the results are perfectly extraordinary for tyros, working simply with a few bits of split bamboo.

So much for preliminary explanation and this little bit of incidental information.

How many mighty works have originated in a stray thought, a fine emanation of mind or a ludicrous idea. Perhaps in a mere mechanical motion. Gibbon may have had an unclean head and scratching it may have been set thinking, and to a louse we may owe the Rise and Fall; Hudibras may have grown out of a facetious rhyme. Upon either of these points, however, it is idle to speculate: suffice it that we are writing our first Chapter upon ODDS AND ENDS AND MIDDLE PIECES in consequence of a pony having lived to between sixty and seventy years! Of like longevity in the equine race we question if there is any record. The history is thus writ by a correspondent of the *Friend of India*, who writes from Dinagepore. “Died a short time since at the house of Bibee Kishori, the Tangon pony which was used by Mr Hatch, while employed as judge of Zillah Dinagepore. Mr H. left this about 1800; supposing the animal to have been 16 years of age at that time, it must have been 60 years old at the time of its death. The Bibee Saheb, who is herself nearly 100 years of age, took the greatest care of it, and it was employed for many years, at all the respectable Mahomedan weddings about the town and country, in carrying the child or youth who was bridegroom.” To this the statistical editor of the Civil Service journal appends the following note: “Mr George Hatch removed to Calcutta as second member of the Board of Revenue in February 1793; the pony must, therefore, have been nearly 70.” This we suppose may be taken to be pretty well authenticated and it seemed to me a thing worth jotting down. So, thought we, there are scores of other things come across one worthy to be remembered—what if we keep some record of them. We decided we would do so and have commenced. If any one can match the Tangon pony in years he should do so. At present he stands the Old Parr of horse-flesh. Copenhagen, the animal bestriden by the Iron Duke on the bloody field of Waterloo, is now alive, or was recently, and he is too public a character to have died unnoticed—but he can hardly be two-thirds the age of Mr George Hatch’s tat. In the *Sporting Magazine* for August 1796, we find the following notice, which shows how worthy our Dinagepore pony is to be chronicled.

## LONGEVITY OF A HORSE.

"The following is, perhaps, an unheard-of instance in natural history; and as such, we give it to our numerous readers, and can vouch for its truth:—

"Lately died, at Barnstaple, in Devonshire, a chesnut stonehorse, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. He was well known in many hunts more than thirty years ago. The gentleman in whose possession he died, bought him at two years old; at which time of life he took him to house, broke him, afterwards constantly rode him, winter and summer, for between twenty and thirty years, without ever turning him out again on any account: the latter part of his life, he ran loose in an open stable, but was never turned out. Notwithstanding all this, he was perfectly sound, and free from all blemishes, till within a month of his death, when he got a strain in the stable, of which he did not recover: so that at last he may truly be said to have died of an accident, rather than of old age; as a proof that he did, he got several foals last year, and had covered the season not long before his death."

In the same work for March 1803, we have the following on the longevity of three horses.

"SIR,—I request a place in your Magazine for a singular account of longevity in three horses, the property of Edward Brown, Esq., of Dulwich, a gentleman whom I have known many years. Their names Jack, Peacock, and Mungo; and their ages, taken together at the completion of each, made a total of one hundred and fifteen years. The two former drew the chariot, the first dying at the age of thirty-six, the second at that of thirty-four years. Mungo, the survivor, a pony, which was accustomed to draw the water-cart, and to do various useful drudgery to the last, finished his part of the drama in a style of much ease and comfort on the 2nd of September, 1794, aged forty-five years. Mr Brown has a portrait of the last, executed in a good style by a gentleman artist. The three ancient and faithful servants he buried in separate fields, each field being called after the name of the horse there buried, and each grave ornamented with a young plantation. A century hence the proprietor of these fields possessing the volumes of the Sporting Magazine may witness these monuments of Mr Brown's humanity to animals, and learn to do likewise."

Condé, the favourite horse of Frederick the Great, died at the age of forty years, having reached, says a brief memoir of him which appeared in the same work in May 1802, "an age which that quadruped is seldom known to have attained." In the same page is mentioned the death, during the previous month of a black pony, the property of the Reverend John Shinglar, at Horbling, in Lincolnshire, in the 38th year of its age. These notices brought out a correspondent in the next number, who after referring to them says:—

"I take the liberty to trouble you with a recent circumstance of equal authenticity, a little nearer home. Within a few days of the dissolution of the celebrated Condé, died at Mortlake, in the possession

of Mrs Ayrton, a bay gelding, at the astonishing age of forty-three, after having served her for eight and thirty years: for many of the last he had been used to draw her to and from town singly in her post chaise, and continued that office till within a few days of his death. To render the circumstance a little more extraordinary, the lady herself is not less than eighty years of age, and in good health, being the widow of the late Mr Ayrton, a sportsman well known in the North of England, who was the original possessor of that famous horse Bay Malton, and by whom he was sold to the late Marquis of Rockingham for one thousand guineas, which was then considered a great price; but he amply repaid the purchase money with two-fold interest, proving himself, during his time, the stoutest and most successful runner in the kingdom. Bay Malton was foaled in 1760, and was got by Sampson, dam by Cade."

But we have lighted on a longer liver than either of these, one that comes so nearly up to the Dinagepore veteran that one would like to have had his age given, if possible, with greater accuracy. As it is, but for the *Friend*, the pony's nose would have been put out of joint, for the *Sporting Magazine* for December 1822 authenticates a case of three score and two! "A horse, the property of the Company of Proprietors of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation, was lately freed from further labour, and sent to graze away the remnant of his days. This faithful servant died this month at an age which has seldom been recorded of a horse; he was in his 62nd year." The expression seldom recorded implies that there are instances of similar, perhaps greater, longevity: if the experience or reading of any friend of the *Review* can supply one, it would be interesting to have it made public.

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THE LONDON Sporting journals towards the close of the last Aquatic season gave a very interesting report of a sculling match for £100 and the championship of the Thames, between Robert Newell of Battle Bridge and Robert Coombes of Millbank.

Let us have our say of a sport in which in days long gone we took especial delight.

Boating, by which we mean rowing, is, as an amusement and an athletic exercise, second to none. When we look back upon, we may almost say the years we have passed on the bosom of old father Thames, our enthusiasm awakens from its slumber and we are tempted, though in exile on the banks of the Hooghly, to sing the praises of our long-loved sport, as once we sang them.

Some love the turf, and some the chase,  
 The rod, the gun, the bow and quiver,  
 Theatres, cards, the cue or mace—  
 Give me the river!

Boating is a pleasure that, we may reasonably say, Spring awakens, Summer nurses, Autumn rocks, and Winter puts to sleep. Its tide may be reckoned to flow five months in the year and to ebb seven, from the end of April to the end of September the river is in its glory, from September until May is the winter of its discontent. To be sure it has even in its recess "craft" enough to maintain its character over every other river in the world, but those delicate creations that glide along its bosom, that walk its water like things of life, are no more seen. Business barges there are plenty—pleasure boats none: like swallows that skim another element with equal, but not superior grace, their season of emigration has arrived—they are gone: elegant in form and delicate in frame, what wonder that on the first attack of cold they should be "laid up" for the winter. There are few exercises more manly, healthy and delightful than rowing, none that is more seductive; almost every amateur that is fond of it—and he is sure to become so,—rows enough to support a wife and seven children, provided he got paid for it. In most pursuits after pleasure, men get wearied and seek a new road, but in boating, never; certainly not until time or circumstances have changed their position so much as to render its indulgence impossible. We hardly ever knew a young man take to the water without becoming an enthusiast,—perhaps this is its ugliest feature; yet after all the abuse of an amusement is a bad argument, or, indeed, no argument at all against it: there is no hobby that we are aware of that is not ridden to death by some body, or some class of bodies. For our part, we comfort ourselves with the conviction that all excess, not immoral, corrects itself. We all know that men and women are in the aggregate any thing but lenient to each other's vices: they are not a whit less lenient to their pleasures, and it is rather amusing to note with what energy they sometimes denounce, and with what contempt they sneer at, pursuits they do not themselves delight in. The huntsman packs himself up one-third in cloth and two-thirds in leather,—mounts his hack and is off to cover, with a good deal of ungentle pity for the lie-a-beds he leaves behind, who are probably bent on no more noble pursuit than a dull canter on a turnpike road, or a tame "drag" after useful knowledge in, what he would call who sees no companionship in books, the solitude of a library. On his way he eyes, and with supreme disdain, the sportsman plodding through the stubble after the covey. A dog stands—he is well backed—a pretty sight enough for the moment; the game gets up under his nose, he commits deliberate murder, and while he is hugging himself on his skill, and bagging its innocent victims, the gentleman in scarlet—"he laughs and he rides away." The "Shot" retaliates as he reloads his deadly engine;

he gazes after the flying fox-hunter and wonders how any man in his senses can risk the fee-simple of his life for the distant chance of an estate *in tail*. The angler despises both, perhaps *pities* is a kinder word to use of one who follows "the gentle craft." His game belongs to another element. What are whippings and spurings to him? What powder and shot? He spurs his purpose and he whips the stream—no more; he carries perchance a flask, but it is free of the powder tax, and as for shot he sees no *earthly* good purpose for which they should be cast; put them under a float, however, and you have him at once in a line for comprehending their utility. He disregards alike the music of the hound and the dumb eloquence of the pointer, the view-holla that gives wings to the one and the down charge! that subdues the other; if their followers approach him in his solitude he mutters "a plague on both your houses;" but he seeks to avoid their beats, and in the stillness of some favourite haunt, he handles his rod—a confident magician!

It is thus in field sports, it is thus in all sports that men, and women, too—

"Compound for *games* they are inclined to,  
By *scouting* those they have no mind to,"

and as a matter of course rowing comes in for its share of depreciation. Some object to it on account of its sameness, some for its tameness; one says it is rather low, another that it is a great deal too violent; mothers think that it is very dangerous, and fathers that it is very expensive; while to those who know anything of the matter, it is a spirited, health-and-strength inducing, economical recreation. It is something more than this, something so much more that its character as a recreation cannot be too highly extolled. In a city like London the population of which is most dense, and for whose harmless amusement the Government does less than in any other country in Europe, the river affords an ever-open and accessible source for harmless enjoyment; for pastime that carries men and youths from the scene of their daily labours, and wins them from the questionable excitement of a theatre or a card-club; or, if their position be very humble in life, from the tap or skittle ground of a public house. Men will have, and indeed require, change, particularly the young; how few can enjoy it till the day be far spent, when the haunts we have mentioned are almost without a rival in their seductions. To those wholly unaware of the thousands who take advantage of "time and tide" in the course of a season, it may appear that an undue importance is given to boating in the above remarks; they who have had an opportunity of seeing with what delight the little all that want

can spare is devoted to it, by the poorer classes of the metropolis, will think it no extravagant supposition that by proper management it might be made an unexceptionable public and national amusement. However, until we have a Government that may think it has not done with the people when it has taxed them, it would be useless to trouble the Chancellor of the Exchequer, especially from this distance, with our "Ways and Means."

We have got on our hobby and it has ran away with us. It is almost impossible to review the pleasant past and not be prolix, but he who is prolix on the past has a better excuse than the chatterer about the present or the future. It has been frequently said that the anticipation of pleasure is more pleasurable than its actual enjoyment: there can be little doubt that the memory of pleasure is more delightful than either; it has not the extravagance of the one while it has more than the mere excitement of the other: we know what has been, and how it affected us; time has tested the worth of our impressions, and those that speak to us now as they did in time past, depend upon it, speak the truth. Thus the memory of pleasure is a proof of its genuineness; it is the stamp on pure metal, which reflection, and reflection alone, can separate from the alloy. And now let us return to the match with which we began.

The concourse of spectators is said to have been immense, and no event of the kind had ever before excited such interest. Coombes defeated his adversary in two matches rowed five years ago, but in the first of them Newell was ahead when his boat was swamped and his more recent performances induced the belief that he was a man worthy again to contest the day with the vanquisher of Charles Campbell, long the most distinguished sculler, and perhaps the best oarsman, on the river. They were wrong who thought he could win though he rowed a fine match and exhibited first rate qualities. Newell had the advantage in length and weight and age. He was thirty-six, 9st. 10lb. and 5ft. 7in., Coombes two years older, his stature an inch less and his weight 8st. 13lbs. The course was from Putney Bridge to the *Ship* at Mortlake and the distance about 4½ miles: this was accomplished in 23m. 46s. by the winner; Newell was a dozen lengths astern at the finish. The pace was doubtless as good as Coombes could possibly make it, as in his match with Campbell the previous year he won by two minutes and a half, then doing the distance in 26m. 5s. We may take this, then, to be the best speed of the best men, single handed, with a good labour breeze but moderate weather: that it could be mended under very advantageous circumstances we do not doubt, but it is fast enough to keep a well manned cutter at work.

The report in *Bell's Life* says :—"They agreed to start themselves and after two attempts, returning to their station each time, they effected a most admirable start at exactly twelve minutes to five by *our* chronometer, getting away as level as possible and instantly going at the tremendous rate of *a mile in four minutes and twenty seconds!*—that distance being actually completed in the time." It must have been a superb sight to the lover of boat-racing, for not the two best horses in England with the two best riders on their backs struggling for the mastery are to be compared, as a spectacle, to such a contest. One does not want a shilling upon it to create the liveliest excitement. The athletic rower, the graceful craft shooting at every impulse like an arrow from a bow—now one with its knife-like stem cleaving its way in advance and now the other, at intervals of a second, as the respective rowers bend to their work ; and ever and anon they fall into the same time of stroke and then their boats rising like flying-fish, at the same instant take their spring and dip together, and for fifty or an hundred flights there shall not be a shade of advantage between them : then away one draws by inches : you shall cry out when one boat's nose is in advance and not dare to repeat the note of triumph for perhaps an hundred yards—then she creeps on and her stem lengthens out as you look across her rival, and presently your man shows with his scull clear and he still draws on, and now he has his quarter even with his adversary's bow,—another manly effort and you catch a streak of light between them and shout that he is clear away ! But there is vigour and pluck which have not yet succumbed. Our friend who has certainly been left is nevertheless all right ; he closes his knees, takes fresh hold of his foot-board from heel to toe, gets an undeniable purchase with the strap well over his insteps, re-adjusts himself in his seat, lays himself down to his work, and in a spurt of three seconds would have resumed his place, but with the eye of a lynx his competitor has seen him putting on the steam and is with him in the mended speed, excellent as he had made it before. It will not do—he cannot touch him again—he does ! In two gigantic efforts he lifts his boat to his adversary's scull, and such life does he throw into her that her stem and some feet of her keelson rise clean out of the water ! There are loud shouts and they put the challenged one to his fullest metal : he, too, is a Hercules and with the heart of a hero he rises with the difficulty : he holds his own and his backers breath again ;—but for the moment he cannot improve his advantage ; his friends, however, are with him and they cheer till echo cheers again !

A mile more is run off in galloping time and all but thorough workmen in the cutters are left far behind ; still there is



nothing decided but the admirable gameness of the men, and this continues to the admiration of all beholders until, every inch of the course contested, the goal is won! We have seen many such matches, aye, and but for the egotism of the thing should say we had rowed them too. A couple live specially in our memory which were told in doggrel that sounded right well with a chorus of a score or two voices and the ringing of struggling glasses round a punch-bowl.

It began, we remember—

I'm asked to sing—now that's a thing  
 I very seldom do,  
 Yet who can choose, Boys, to refuse  
 When asked by such as you.  
 But what about? Aye there's the doubt,  
 For you will frankly own,  
 The newsman's horn from night to morn  
 Is sadly overblown.  
 My Muse would shirk this novel work—  
 The slippery jade I've caught her!  
 I'll sing, I ween, the strifes I've seen  
 This season on the water!

The first I'll name well known to fame  
 Are Howard and Tom Revel,  
 Without much care they brought a pair,  
 Lake water to their level—

And so it went on to record in chronological order, and at a length something less than Chevy Chace, the contests of 1831. The particular matches about alluded to were thus doggrelled:

On England's glorious first of June,  
 No glorious day for me!  
 I was o'erpowered by Dan Howard  
 Who claimed the mastery;—  
 'Twas well I dared, though well nigh scared,  
 Again him to defy,  
 For like bold France I did advance  
 To victory in July!

Yes, and in that right spirited season—that time of work and nothing but work when afloat, and jollity and nothing but jollity ashore—and with my sculling adversary and fellow Leander man for a colleague was won the silver cup on yonder table, which in its old age and a temperance epoch has come down to water and serves prettily enough the turn of a flower vase!

Well, that match—there were seven pair of oars—had its place in the song. The season had been a sickly one—as far as I re-

collect it was the first year of the influenza acquiring a local habitation and a name in the land of Cockaigne, albeit we learn from the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, that Hippocrates wrote of a disease which he regarded as influenza and that there are records of epidemic catarhs in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, though we have no credible accounts of it previous to the year 1510 ! Well, the influenza had been raging and some were thrown out of work and some could not start at all ; and some kind, encouraging souls had proved very satisfactorily that if this and if that, the result would have been t'other, so thus the record ran :—

As for the CUPS, there were such ups  
 And downs therein, od' rot'em !  
 I think there is but one thing clear,  
 And that is this—who got 'em.  
 It might be pluck, it might be luck,  
 We've been so told before,  
 Then thanks to the influenza which  
 Kept better men ashore !

What vociferous cheering greeted this brilliant attack and defence it would be impertinent vanity to relate. It was our last year but not our last triumph. The doggerel decidedly had one merit—it was not ill-natured. Every one's success was told, and each defeat with as pleasant a turn as possible, and the whole wound up with an apostrophe to the manly sport and an adaptation of technical terms to some general good wishes—of which however I remember no more than the last lines :—

Oh, may life's gale blow gently by !  
 Each wish this for his neighbour,  
 So none of us shall ere be beat  
 By too severe a labour ;  
 And when from Father Thames we're called  
 To Charon's gloomy ferry,  
 Our hopes we'll fix beyond the Styx—  
 But just now pass the sherry.

The CUPS in those days were *the* annual oars' match and Mr Wingfield's SILVER SCULLS were the great occasion of single-handed contests. I *think* it was about that year he made the present to the amateur watermen of the Thames. Since then there would appear to have been half a hundred "great events." Cups and Sculls are multiplied till they have lost much of their value, and Clubs are so numerous, that they appear to have increased even faster on the river than ashore. In our early day the Funny Club was, if not at maturity in vigorous age, but it broke

suddenly and has probably been long extinct. The *Arrow* Club, a four-oared cutter, with Jack Mitchell, a well formed, well behaved, gentlemanly-looking fellow and a first rate man of his day as coxswain; and then Godfrey, a little chap about as high as a stretcher; and then Jim Parish, who subsequently was employed by the *Leander* and taught his masters the art of self-defence at his house in Strand Lane—the *Arrow* Club was the crack turn-out, and the boat and her crew were worth turning out to look at. The member who managed every thing and never yielded the stroke oar because there was not a gentleman on the river who could touch him—or for the matter of that a waterman who could take in a pair a labour better—was a city man in business hours—but a Westender afterwards. He held a responsible situation in the Custom House and thither on Club days would Mitchell take the boat and as perhaps three hands sprung her back to Roberts' to complete the crew, truly was she the admired of all beholders, darting through the bridges like a sword-fish after its prey. S—— like a great many other good fellows went too fast; his liberality ran away with and carried him out of sight of his friends, but not till after he had introduced that great patron of all sports "The Squire" into the Aquatic circle. Mr Osbaldeston took to rowing a long time after the majority of amateurs give it up; yet he did not discredit his athletic powers. We think he rowed a very long match with a couple of professionals against time and won it; but one or two rather heavy ones with S—— and others he lost. He was partial to the *run-dan*,—which for the benefit of yokels and other land-lubbers is a pair of sculls between a pair of oars. He made a match, himself and Mitchell taking the oars and that prodigy of little men and light weights, Paddy Noulton, the sculls, against four of the *Leander* Club of whom we were one. We were beaten easily after the first half mile, but we were in anything but a clipper, one of Roberts' high and heavy boats and we had never sat in her before going to the post. The match was made in the expectation of getting the *Arrow*. Mr. O. did not remain on the water over two or three seasons: at his time of life there were probably many amusements he preferred. His celebrated little horse Tom Thumb used to be seen at the Star and Garter, Putney, to rattle him home after an afternoon's works.

Things are much changed since those days: as we have said, Clubs and public prizes have been largely multiplied and the regular annual match here and there has grown in many places into annual regattas! That of Henley originated in the cutter matches between Oxford and Cambridge, a prettier ground than the Thames at London, but not to be compared to the Westminster and Putney Course for a good right away match. The

longest match we ever pulled was returning from one of these great events over which the Leander Club presided. We had our oars' boat up there and dropping down with our old friend and partner F. H. the evening of the contest some six or seven miles, we slept and got up the next morning for a good day's work. There was a fine boat lying there with a couple of pair of sculls and we found it belonged to men we knew well and first rate hands. It was inevitable that if they turned out at anything like the same hour it would be, *ex necessitate rei*, a match home though no money staked. And so it proved. When we shoved off the Scullers had not made their appearance, but they were in sight as we got into the first lock and of course we waited for them. Every inch of the way was contested, each in hopes of being able to shut his rival out of a lock, which would have amounted to a defeat as it never could have been recovered. Down we went oars against sculls until we got to Teddington Lock—neither party leaving their boat for refreshment but getting a biscuit and beer as we passed through the locks. That of Teddington being the last, there was an open field the remainder of the way, and we booked Chelsea as our terminus, as there both our antagonists resided. It was a severe and determined set-to—notwithstanding the work done—as both boats were shoved clear of the lock at the same moment. In the starting spurt we got, after a struggle of perhaps five minutes, a lead of about a length and hung on to our work with as hearty a good will as if we had had an hundred a side upon the issue—so did our friends, but the long sweep of the oars gave us an advantage, since two pair of sculls will only hold their own against them in difficult water or when the scullers can ply with very rapid stroke, and to do this men must not be overbaked. We gradually drew away, but could not fairly leave them, and I don't think we were sorry when we saw the right sculls backed and their boat's nose put into the *Eel Pie House* at Twickenham. We breathed freely, struck a light, took our segars, and pulled pleasantly on to the *Ship* at Hammersmith, a little river side house of no pretension except to a good skittle ground and good beer, undeniable eggs and bacon, clean sand on the floor and clean sheets on the bed. Old Palmer, the host—Tom was his name—was a fine burly fellow, as honest as steel—especially at a tankard; and his wife, made for him and perhaps a good deal by him, was the fattest, cheerfulest, darlingest old woman that ever put up a chalk. We saw one of our scullers, C. D., in the morning; he protested they were not beaten and as evidence of it declared they went in for dinner which men who are gruelled never take till next day.

I have said the SILVER CUPS were not the last triumph of the season 1831. With the same man we won the PEWTER

POTS ! a sweepstakes of seven pairs of oars, got up as a sort of one "cheer more" at the close of the season and a capital contest was the result. Very fine Pewters they were, too, with the following classical inscription upon them from the pen of a learned Doctor of Civil Law now in large practice, then a Master of Arts aquatic.

This is the pot  
Wot I got.

Our's was the pot we did not keep—we left it behind us in a London flitting and can only hope, as we do not doubt, it has been *well used*.

One other bout I may mention not discreditable to the training to which in those days we subjected ourselves. With F. H. we started from Southwark Bridge and pulled away to Gravesend to breakfast, returning to Serle's at Westminster by about 2 o'clock P. M. After taking a chop we got under weigh again and proceeded to Kew and were again at Westminster in the evening. Since those days men have rowed similar distances for wagers—we did them for sport.

The impetus given to Thames boating during the last fifteen or twenty years has been very great : it became fashionable and having in it the seeds of real enjoyment it has prospered. The formation of Clubs has necessarily multiplied matches, and contests between Londoners and North countrymen and others belong entirely to the period we have mentioned. The general result has been the settled superiority of the London Watermen and we would readily back the pick of them in any boat in any waters against the world. Boat building, too, has made rapid strides and in all probability in the way of improvement, though we are not quite prepared to fancy a sculler's boat weighing only 38lbs. ! when we remember our particular pride the *Rapid Rhone*, as fine a wager boat as Serle and Co. ever turned out but weighing not less than 70lbs. But the fact is, they are hardly boats that our present sculling matches are rowed in. In the match we have particularly alluded to, Combes' was of cedar, 30f. 3in. in length, 18in. wide, 7½ deep and of the weight mentioned above. They now make outriggers supply the place of the necessary beam and however speed may be gained we cannot fancy the crafts of the present day more "beautiful creations" than those we loved—but perhaps this is all prejudice. A wager boat fifteen years ago would at a pinch accommodate a second person—at any rate it would hold him. We were on the strand at Serle's one afternoon when it was blowing so fresh and with so much swell, that we had not launched the *Rapid Rhone*, though in the hands of the rough and red-haired Dando—a character in those days—and ready to be run into the water. A Westminster boy, who had left

Roberts' ten minutes before in a skiff with sail hoisted, was standing across from the House of Commons. The boat was as light as a cork and was lying down to the breeze till the big-bellied sail touched the water. A gust came, the river ran over the sail and the boat was bottom upwards in a second. The young gentleman hung on and we pulled off to him instantly, being ready stripped for work. We got alongside him, and with some management and counter-weighting him on one side as he scrambled in at the other, had the satisfaction of seeing him at the bottom of the boat, for there were nothing but the slightest thwarts, and there was too much swell to have attempted his top weight. We were not particularly surprised at his not opening his lips as we pulled ashore, which we did with great difficulty, the boat being half full of water. When we touched the shore he stepped out without any very great respect for the timbers, and we followed him up the causeway: having reached the top, he turned round apparently for the first time thinking of his skiff: she had blown away and got entangled with some coal barges off Little Abingdon Street. I don't think he saw her. Having, however, looked across the river and a little up and down—he very deliberately shook a shaggy pea-coat he had on, put his hands in its pockets and walked off without vouchsafing a syllable! Young Edward Serle was on the spot and observed that he was very like a poodle, to which we replied in appearance he was—but that if he had been a dog he would at least have wagged his tail. It was this accidental discovery that our boat would carry double that led us to have the most delicate seat in the world, fitted with a back and arms of iron rod of the diameter of a tobacco pipe. All this was easily moveable.

Perhaps to this graceless cub we owe some of the pleasantest hours of our life. We don't know whether it has ever been decided, or even argued, the most favourable time and place for a little love-making. Perhaps a verandah on a moon-light night is not so bad, or a stroll in the woods as the sun is setting. We once heard a man protest—but he was a broker and therefore utterly without sentiment—that a hackney coach after a ball was likely to promote business, and an esteemed friend of ours informed us confidentially, that he had obtained a grateful confession from the young lady who became his wife, as they were ascending the Monument. Moon-light, verandahs, golden-tipt groves, hackney carriages and dark passages may all have known their triumphs, as we doubt not they have, but we have a special feeling in favour of a tranquil evening and a boat! We don't mean any of your dashing eight-oared cutters, with half a dozen brilliant creatures in the stern-sheets, keeping up a fire of wit and a chorus of laughter, and almost realizing in those

bright colours and feathers and shawls reflected in the water one of Eddy's original colour-plasters ;—such a party as that is not to be despised, but we meant a sculler's boat, the one workman the lover and its sole freight the light of his eyes, the idol of his heart, or in more emphatic language the respectable young person to whom he is desirous of making himself agreeable. We could trace back happier hours afloat than any recollections of theatres, or ball-rooms, or family parties could equal and—but what possible interest could they have for third parties : we only advance a proposition, and we leave it to the judgment of those who have tested it and the future experience of those who may. We remember one evening of special loveliness in which we almost improvisatized to Mrs Abel East the following lines, which we can venture to present after some fifteen years, if we recollect rightly. We were in our shirt sleeves, tucked up, for we had been playing a game of skittles after rowing up to Kew : about the rowing there can be no mistake, but of the skittles we will not be sure. We know we were on the green at the Bell at Brentford looking over to Kew Garden, and that we were in a fit of very quiet but beautiful enthusiasm when we broke forth with our

## ADDRESS TO EVENING.

How beautifully still and calm  
Comes Evening on, below—above—  
It is the hour when we embalm  
In memory's shrine the things we love !

Sweet Evening, harbinger of rest,  
Thou bid'st the busy toiler cease,  
Approaching from the golden West—  
A bird upon whose wing is peace.

Sweet Evening, thou dost blandly shed  
A dreamy influence o'er the mind,  
To visionary beauty wed,  
We leave the dull, cold world behind,

To soar, as magic fancy glows,  
Mid other climes—away—away !  
Where beauty smiles and never knows  
The sickly hue of slow decay.

It is a fine exhilarating thing to mount a good horse and go away over the downs, the noble creature bounding under you to every gentle pressure and snorting with delight, but it is an inferior enjoyment to putting along a beautiful waker boat, making her as it were leap from the water with every bend

of the body, for you know the life and motion you give her is your own. A gentle head wind and the music she makes is sweeter than the gamut run upon a flageolet, and if the sun be setting you drop liquid gold from the feathered scull as you pass between the dark shadows that fall from the shore. You are away from the noise and turmoil of towns, though, be your river the Thames, a sixpenny ride would take you into the heart of Babylon, and though no clusters of green isles dot the expanse, full many a pleasant spot is there, quiet nooks and green retreats, in which you may make fast your boat and throw yourself on the emerald velvet sward and taste the full luxury of quiet meditation, or con the pages of a pleasant book, or if in the vein discourse poetically of—Solitude, as once we did—

There is a holy calm that steals  
At times, upon the troubled soul,  
And in its heavenly light reveals,  
Some glimpses of that distant goal  
For which the struggling spirit sighs,  
Amid a world of doubt and care,  
For which the good man gladly dies,  
Securing fadeless glory there !

There is a holy calm that breathes  
Its gentle sigh o'er all the past,  
And from the memory unwreathes  
What human passions would make fast,  
Breaking the spells which else would bind  
The chill'd and unforgiving heart,  
And bidding from the wounded mind,  
The haunting dreams of ill depart.

There is a holy calm that tells  
We are not all of sin and clay,  
Its grateful influence softly swells  
Around the soul, and seems to say,  
Though cross'd by mystery and doubt,  
The child of sorrow and of sin,  
Thou hast, if thou will seek it out,  
A spark of light and life within—

To guide and cheer thee through the vale,  
Whose airs are sighs, whose dews are tears,  
A beacon for thy trembling sail,  
As passion or as reason steers ;  
A spark, which on God's altar laid,  
If fed by Faith and fann'd by breath  
Of pure religion, shall not fade,  
But blaze triumphant over death.



Whence comes that holy calm? From Heav'n—  
 And when? not while the passions start  
 In wild career, or while the leaven  
 Of worldliness ferments the heart;  
 But when external nature soothes  
 Its turbulence, and when we bow  
 To read and mark her wondrous truths  
 In Solitude—as I do now.

But if instead of writing yourself you will read, Shelley is the poet for such times and scenes: it is impossible to relish, even to understand, his exquisite libertinism of poetic thought and language within the confines of a city. He may be read on the mountain side, or in a sequestered valley, or amid the ruins of long gone ages—but not among men, and his song loses half its sweetness if it be not heard to the melody of waters. Choose your retreat beneath deep shade into which the sun shall only penetrate in jagged patches, and lying on a sloping bank, with a river rippling to a gentle breeze at your feet, read the *Revolt of Islam*, *Prometheus Unbound*, or *Alastor*. Perhaps you open at such a passage as this:—

And then the night-wind steaming from the shore,  
 Sent odours dying sweet across the sea,  
 And the swift boat the little waves which bore,  
 Were cut by its keen keel, tho' slantingly;  
 The myrtle blossoms starring the dim grove,  
 As past the pebbly beach the boat did flee  
 On sidelong wing into a silent cove,  
 Where ebon pines a shade under the star-light wove.

But it will not do to indulge in sentiment in such hard times as these, in fact it is impossible. Thoughts of pleasant banks—so incongruous are the ideas which dance through a man's brain—suggest the Union Bank! and running streams those running accounts which have run on to ruin, so we must push off from

“Where the embowering trees recede, and leave  
 A little space of green expanse—”

and go on with our theme—or break it off, though we might perchance fill a page agreeably enough with the River side houses; from the Red House at Battersea, first House of Call for aquatic griffs in difficulties, up to the pleasant hotel at Henley Bridge with its green bank of gentle slope, even to the water's edge. But wherefore? These recollections are but the embalmment of dead pleasures and would hardly interest those who never knew them. One house liveth in our special regard—the *Swan* at Ditton, of which that first of humourists and real poet—Hood,

wrote some lines which, as we think, have very recently been published for the first time in a work by T. C. Hofland, entitled "The British Angler's Manual:"—

## DITTON.

When sultry suns and dusty streets  
 Proclaim town's winter season,  
 And rural scenes and cool retreats  
 Sound something like high treason,  
 I steal away to shades serene  
 Which yet no bard has hit on,  
 And change the bustling, heartless scene,  
 For quietude and Ditton.

Here lawyers safe from legal toils,  
 And peers released from duty,  
 Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,  
 And eke the smiles of Beauty,—  
 Beauty with talent, highly graced,  
 Whose name must not be written,  
 The idol of the fane is placed  
 Within the groves of Ditton.\*

Let lofty mansions great men keep,  
 I have no wish to rob 'em ;  
 I want not Claremont, Esher's steep,  
 Nor Squire Coombe's at Cobham.  
 Sir Hobhouse has a mansion rare,  
 A large red house, at Whitton ;  
 But *Cam* with Thames I can't compare,  
 Nor Whitton class with Ditton.

I'd rather live, like General Moore,†  
 In one of those pavilions  
 Which stand upon the other shore,  
 Than be the king of millions ;  
 For though no subjects might arise  
 To exercise my wit on,  
 From morn till night I'd feast my eyes  
 By gazing at dear Ditton.

The mighty queen whom Cydnus bore  
 In gold and purple floated ;  
 But happier I when near the shore,  
 Although more humbly *boated*.

\* The lady to whom this compliment was paid will readily appropriate it to herself; nor will it be difficult for any one who has resided in the neighbourhood of Ditton to guess who she was.

† The late amiable General Moore then resided in the pavilion of Hampton Court, immediately opposite Thames Ditton.

Give me a punt—a rod—a line—  
 A snug arm'd chair to sit on,  
 Some well-iced punch, and weather fine,  
 And let me fish at Ditton.

The "Swan," snug inn, good fare affords  
 As table e'er was put on,  
 And worthy quite of grander boards  
 Its poultry, fish, and mutton.  
 And while sound wine mine host supplies,  
 With beer of Meux or Tritton.  
 Mine hostess, with her bright blue eyes,  
 Invites a stay at Ditton.

Here, in a placid waking dream,  
 I'm free from worldly troubles,  
 Calm as the rippling silver stream,  
 That in the sunshine bubbles,  
 And when sweet Eden's blissful bowers  
 Some abler bard has writ on,  
 Despairing to transcend his powers,  
 I'll ditto say for Ditton.

In taking leave of the river we will just observe that we don't think that with all the patronage it has received things can be pleasanter than in "the good old times," when Doggett's Coat and Badge was a great event, and the Funny Club got funny at Putney or Richmond. The mobocracy appear to prevail largely in the contests that are recorded; and overcrowded, dirty, dangerous steamers add bustle to the scene without excitement. But perhaps this is a bit of the weakness which we are all subject to, and which leads men invariably to swear by the politicians, poets, preachers, orators and actors who are gone. Nevertheless we believe it and protest our conviction that English Sports generally have deteriorated rather than otherwise.

We think that the amusements,—those that may be called the amusements of the people—of the present day, are of a somewhat less stirring and manly character, than many that exercised the muscles and tried the stamina of our great-great-grand-fathers.

Archery has dwindled into a pretty lady-like pastime: bows are toys, and arrows delicate playthings about half the circumference of a belle's little finger. If we were to take that exquisite little poem "The House that Jack built" as a model, and write one on archery, in humble imitation, we fear we should be brought up all standing at the third or fourth line—

Let us see—

This is the bow that Robin Hood drew,  
 This is the arrow that matched the bow that Robin Hood  
 drew,  
 This is the cord that sped the arrow that match'd the bow  
 that Robin Hood drew—  
 That is the arm that—

precisely as we expected! We might contrive to imagine the bow, the string, and arrow, but the arm!—poetry even would not grant us the license of affecting the necessary one. Archery has winged its flight; its suit of Lincoln green alone remains. Again, single stick is in high repute in many countries, but it is the effective quarter-staff lamentably curtailed of its fair proportions. How truly and justly ashamed would our distant but respected progenitors feel of their deteriorated breed, could they lift their heads, and be told they were to consider them broken, if the blood ran an inch, which is the rule of the child's play of the present day! Time was when a man's head was his own, when he might do what he liked with it, and be the sole judge of whether or not it was fractured; when he might insist on having it fairly broken in two like a pipkin, if he pleased; now, he has no discretion in the matter, but must be content to have it treated as delicately as if it were a pumpkin. With a quarter staff of the good old times, you might have made half-a-dozen men measure their length; with a single-stick of the present day, you could hardly rule a boy's copy book! Then there was that superb and scientific game bowls, which was wont to give life to the level and well trimmed lawn, and bring out the fine old English gentleman in his knee breeches and square coat, which by the by was deposited on the out-spread tail of a capital peacock done in yew, to have a rubber with his neighbour, or mayhap, and more likely, his visitor, and then there were the periodical meetings of the bowlers of the country where all the jolly old dogs were wont to meet and bowl for the annual chairmanship. The bias was then in the bowls, alas, it is now very much against them. If you are an attentive reader of the sporting challenges in *Bell's Life in London*, you may occasionally see a word or two provocative of a match, but for one offer to play at bowls, you will find ten to sit down to put. Hockey, which had strong claims on our admiration as requiring a trinity of strengths, a strong arm, a strong leg, and strong lungs,—Hockey alas! is in an atrophy, its very sticks are carried by the wrong end; of Hockey, the far-famed game of the 'prentices of London, little more survives than "Hockey in the Hole."

As for Cricket—we don't mean any of the grylloid family, but Cricket proper, the game of Cricket, the Cricket of England—Cricket of England! do we say—cricket of the world, more justly so entitled than the Pyramids of Egypt. Pyramids you may find in North America, in South America, and might in China if you could get a passport to look for them, but Cricket has but one local habitation; its stumps stand alone on British ground. Well then, Cricket is pretty well bowl'd out, and the only thing we can say is, that it has not been done by an underhand proceeding; on the contrary it has been accomplished by something very like the overhand system; it used to be all on the square, now its all on the round. They used to bowl to knock down the wickets, they bowl now to knock down the wicket keeper, which no doubt gives him the additional interest it takes away from the game; the long stop has now become a second long-slip—he lets the ball go by him so often; the whole field is laid out upon a new plan, for with first rate players, seven men out of the eleven are behind the wicket and must be, to be of any service, for good, honest, straight-away hitting, such as Ward enforced in his celebrated innings of three days, is out of the question. A “long field” is about as much wanted as a grave digger at a Hindoo funeral. This new school has its admirers, but we are not of them; it may be that we write feelingly on the subject, it may be that that time has dried up a little of the marrow of our bones, that our joints are not as lissom, nor our eyes as good as they were two or three lustres after we were breeched; be it how or what it may, our Cricket chirping is not what it was, we feel that the rate of exchange is against us; we cannot submit to be made a wicket; nature never intended our legs for any such purpose—our prejudices run decidedly in favour of hitting the ball rather than of being knocked down by it; one or two of our friends are we expect a little of the same way of thinking,—at least we have observed a miniature boxing-glove looking sort of thing coming into use, to protect the knuckles, and we should strongly advise the introduction of a metal helmet for the safety of a much softer part.

Hunting is gone to the Devil. Now-a-days men ride so fast you would imagine they were going after it; gentlemen keep horses, and hounds, and wear scarlet coats, and buckskin breeches, and top boots,—no, we beg pardon, top boots are nearly exploded and military jacks have taken their place,—and huntsmen “wind the merry horn” and “dogs snuff up the gale” and foxes are killed and duly dock'd and their brushes decorate the hall, or the little sanctum, of their second owner, and dinners are given, and one gentleman sings Tom Moody while another chimes in with the view halloa, and ladies have a hunt ball, and so the

season is brought to an end ; but hunting is no longer hunting, country gentlemen found out their dogs were not fleet enough, and began breeding for speed, and in this they have succeeded until fox hounds run like grey hounds : *pari passu*, cock tails became of little use in the field and now it is necessary to find something thorough-bred if you wish to see the—sport ? no, the helter skelter of a run. What is the consequence ? You run into your fox in thirty minutes without a check, instead of *hunting* him four times as long : the story is told in three words, a find, a burst, a kill : where are your checks, bringing together a picturesque group of excited horsemen, and animated cattle ? Where is your field dotted with dogs, each striving to make or increase his fame ? where are the select few apart from the rest, with most sweet voices and persuasive action trying “ a cast ” ?—where are the expectant eyes and ears that wait upon each motion and each sound, and where is the burst of music that broke upon the ear as the scent was again picked up ? Alas ! they are by-gones ; half a dozen times in a season you may perchance find them, but fifty covers are drawn without one such picture. The good old chase and pace are gone, racing and steeple-chasing have succeeded, and the poetry of hunting is extinguished for ever. Steeple-chasing, did we say ? Yes, an amusement of modern growth, the consequence of that very racing pace in hunting of which we have been speaking. When men found that twenty, forty, or fifty thorough-breds were in the field, another pride than that which had previously been satisfied by being in at the death, grew up among them,—the pride of ascertaining who was the best mounted. A hunt could never decide the point, for half of them would ride to the hounds and none dare do more : therefore was instituted that most insane and cruel test, of riding from a given point to a given point, without any other excitement than a bet or a stake, unless indeed be added the extreme probability of a broken neck or ruined horse. To lookers on there is extreme interest in one of these exhibitions, and as a sight there are few more beautiful, but it will hardly bear argument. Not once in ten times now, probably not once in twenty, does the owner ride his own horse ; but a paid rider, by courtesy gentleman, is put upon his back, receiving five or eight guineas for his risk, and an addition in proportion to the amount of the stakes should he come in a winner. This is the excitement of the man, the horse has none ; with the hounds running, he would rather break his heart than be left behind ; in racing he runs with, and against other horses ; there is but one way to the winning post, all therefore travel the same, and a noble emulation urges him on. In steeple-chasing the skill of the rider is shown in taking a line of his own, and his horse has no other excite-

ment than the whip and spur. Add to this, that he has to go four miles (the usual distance) at a racing pace, and take from twenty to thirty leaps, some ten or a dozen as heavy as can be picked out, and all this to decide who shall put his neighbour's money in his own pocket, and you have ample ground for denouncing the sport. Nevertheless it has grown into vogue, and the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has been too much taken up with Grantley Berkeley and Cock-fighting to turn its attention to steeple-chases.

Boxing was once a fine manly sport—what is it now? Simply a means of robbery for the lowest vagabonds of the Great Metropolis and the large provincial towns. Years ago it so stunk in the nostrils of all decent and honest people that *Bell's Life in London* had to get up the cry that the Ring was an antidote to the knife! and no scoundrel or sot ever did mischief with a bit of steel but it was paraded in capital letters as the consequence of the Ring not being sufficiently encouraged! We are very clearly of opinion that, if there were any truth in this pretended defence, this forlorn hope of nearly exploded blackguardism, it would be a very bad defence after all. We don't think the public injury would be so great from a score of knives feloniously used as from the encouragement of the set of scoundrels who constitute "The Ring," and draw together in various haunts of debauchery, and ever and anon in "the Field," hordes of pickpockets whose mode of business is much more direct than their own. This cant of "British courage" and humbug of "John Bullism" is at last wearing out, and even the most senseless of the few idle, titled fools who have continued the support of their purses and the sanction of their presence, and the most unreflecting of the mass are growing sick of the rascality which years of experience have shown them to be the rule. We should say we hoped the late affair between Walker and Lane would effectually smash the Ring, but that we know it lives and flourishes upon these crosses, and that though they elicit very virtuous indignation, kindred vagabonds are never in want of friends, and their fall must be a matter of time. It would be expedited—marked for to-morrow—if the sporting papers would drop them. We do not think such a paper as *Bell's Life* would eventually lose if it threw the Fancy overboard altogether, and it has really held on to it so long that it would be universally received as the treatment of a desperate case. With reference to Walker's cowardice or rascality the editor publishes some letters and one from a nobleman (by the by these noblemen's names have not been given of late) who says:—

"You and I, and many others of rank and position in this country, have supported the Ring from national feelings, and for national

*purposes*, but have met with but little sympathy, owing to the maudlin nonsense of a growing feeling on the part of a few blockheads, who are shocked at the spurting of a few drops of manly blood, spilt *in a manly and open manner*, though they make *no outcry*, forsooth, at the daily assassinations which take place, and which, *I say*, arise from the prevention of the fair and English mode of settling quarrels. Is it not, therefore, hard, when, after all our efforts, and money spent in profusion, to see such black-hearted villainy in open day—I say villainy, because though the term is strong I do not think that the vilest thief in London would like to change places or names with this Walker—we are forced as honest men to desert such men when most we backed them; and yet to give them up will be to countenance the knife, which will be the sure alternative if fair fighting be done away with under the auspices of the Ring, who have forfeited all patronage, but with whom the exhibition of English bull-dog courage rested? I feel very much on this subject, as a thorough Englishman, and one who loves fair play; but *I hate cowardice and abhor villainy*, and I think that there is a good opportunity for the leading men of the Ring to repudiate all feeling (I mean fellow-feeling) with such scoundrels; whether the Ring will be patronised again is another thing, but I see no way to make honourable amends for the ruin brought upon hundreds, other than that which I have suggested.”

Here again is the stupid cry about the knife and so absurdly argued that we don't even think the slangest snob of aristocracy can have been guilty of it. The real truth is that the Ring is not upheld as an antidote to the knife, but by the Gin and Beer interest of the country, and perhaps the Sporting papers cannot afford to disregard them. There can be no doubt that Boxing is a fine manly amusement and the art of self-defence one not to be despised; but we must draw the line between them and the recorded exhibitions of the day, which, under the pretext of being English, have long been everything that is swindling and ruffianly. To a very considerable extent a gambling spirit has crept in upon many of our English sports and damaged their character, and we may say that, generally, we have fallen away from the fame of our forefathers. But let us report a fight of old now first told in the idiom of the present day, and which we can do with a clear conscience since there was nothing like a cross or cowardice in it. We draw on Leigh Hunts' *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*. After descanting on Theocritus as a pastoral poet, he says:—

“The world has long been sensible of this superiority. But in one respect, even the world has not yet done justice to Theocritus. The world, indeed, takes a long time, or must have a two-fold blow given it as manifest and sustained as Shakespeare's, to entertain two ideas at once respecting any body. It has been said of wit, that it indisposes people to admit a serious claim on the part of its possessor; and pastoral poetry subjects a man to the like injustice, by reason of



its humble modes of life, and its gentle scenery. People suppose that he can handle nothing stronger than a crook. They should read Theocritus's account of Hercules slaying the lion, or of the "stand-up fight," the regular and tremendous "set-to," between Pollux and Amycus. The best Moulsey-Hurst business was a feather to it. Theocritus was a son of Etna—all peace and luxuriance in ordinary, all fire and wasting fury when he chose it. He was a genius equally potent and universal; and it is a thousand pities that unknown circumstances in his life hindered him from completing the gigantic fragments, which seem to have been portions of some intended great work on the deeds of Hercules, perhaps on the Argonautic Expedition. He has given us Hercules and the Serpents, Hercules and Hylas, Hercules and the lion, and the pugilistical contest of the demigod's kinsmen with a barbarian; and the epithalamium of their relation Helen may have been designed as a portion of the same multifarious poem—an anticipation of the romance of modern times, and of the glory of Ariosto. What a loss!\*

In the poem on the *Prize-fight* (for such is really the subject, the prize being the vanquished man), Pollux the demi-god, one of the sons of Leda by Jupiter, goes to shore from the Ship *Argo*, with his brother Castor, to get some water. They arrive at a beautiful fountain in a wood, by the side of which is sitting a huge overbearing-looking fellow (*αυτηρ υπερσπου* man presuming on his strength), who returns their salutation with insolence. The following, without any great violence to the letter of the ancient dialogue, may be taken as a sample of its spirit. The ruffian is addressed by Pollux.

#### THE PRIZE-FIGHT BETWEEN POLLUX AND AMYCUS.

Good-day, friend. What sort of people, pray, live hereabouts?

RUFFIAN. I see no good day when I see strangers.

P. Don't be disturbed. We are honest people who ask the question, and come of an honest stock.

R. I'm not disturbed at all, and don't require to learn it from such as you.

P. You're an ill-mannered, insolent clown.

\* There have been writers who concluded that Theocritus did not write some of these poems, *because* the style of them differed from that of his pastorals. "As though (says Mr Chapman, his best translator) the same poet could not possibly excel in different styles." But this is the way the opinions we have alluded to came up. A writer's powers are turned against himself, and his very property is to be denied him, because critics of this kind have brains for nothing but one species of handicraft. It is lucky for the human being in the abstract, that he is gifted with tears and smiles; otherwise one or the other of those natural possessions would assuredly have been called in question. In fact, the marvel is, not that genius should deal in both, but that it should ever show itself incapable of either. Exclusive gravity and exclusive levity are alike a solecism, as far as regards the common source of emotion, which is sensitiveness to impressions.

R. I'm such as you see me. I never came meddling with you in your country.

P. (*Good humouredly.*) Come and meddle, and we'll help you to a little hospitality to take home with you.

R. Keep it yourselves : I neither give nor take.

P. (*Smiling.*) Well, my good friend, may we have a taste of your spring ?

R. Ask your throats when they're dry.

P. Come, what's your demand for it ? What are we to pay ?

R. Hands up, and man against man.

P. What, a fight ; or is it to be a kicking-match.

R. A fight ; and I would advise you to look about you.

P. I do, and can't even see any antagonist.

R. Here he sits. You'll find me no woman, I can tell you.

P. Good ; and what are we to fight for ? What's the prize ?

R. Submission. If you win, I'm to be at your service ; and if I win, you're to be at mine.

P. Why those are the terms of cocks upon dunghills.

R. Cocks or lions, those are my terms, and you'll have the water on no other.

With these words, Amycus (for it was he—a son of Neptune—and the greatest pugilist but one, then known in the world) blew a blast on a shell, and a multitude of long haired Bebrycians (his countrymen) came pouring in about the plane-tree, under which he had been sitting. Castor went and called his brother shipmates out of the *Argo*, and the combatants, putting on their gauntlets, faced one another, and set to.

#### ROUND THE FIRST.

The contest began by trying to see which of the two should get the sun in his rear. Pollux obtained this advantage over the big man by dint of his wit (for though a demi god himself, he was less in bulk.) The giant, finding the sun full on his face, pushed forward in a rage ; and striking out further than he intended, laid himself open to a blow on the chin. This enraged him the more ; and pushing still forward, he hung in a manner on his enemy, thinking with his huge body to bear him down. His people encouraged the project with a great shout ; and the *Argonauts*, not to be behind hand, gave their champion another ; for, in truth, they were not without apprehension as to the result, seeing how enormous the body was. But the son of Jove slipped hither and thither, lacerating him all the while with double quick blows, and thus repulsing the endeavour. Amycus was compelled fairly to hold himself up as well as he could, for he was drunk with blows, and so he stood vomiting blood. The noise of voices arose on all sides from the spectators, for his face was a mass of ulcers ; and it was so swollen that you could hardly see his eyes. The son of Jove kept him still in a state of confusion, forcing him to waste his strength and spirits by striking out hither and thither to no purpose. At last, on seeing him about to lose his senses, he planted a final blow

on the top of his nose, betwixt the eyebrows, and the giafut ell at his length on the grass, with his face upwards.

#### ROUND THE SECOND.

Amycus rose on recovering his senses, and the fight was renewed with double fury. The dull-witted giant thought to knock the life out of his antagonist speedily, by striking heavily at his chest; but, by this proceeding, he again laid his face open, and the invincible Pollux disfigured and made it a heap of filth with unseemly blows. The flesh, which had before been so puffed up, now seemed to subside and melt away; the whole huge creature seemed to become little, while the less one assumed a greater aspect, and looked fresher from his toil.

"Say, Muse, for thou knowest, how it was that the son of Jove finally overcame 'the *gluttonous*'\* giant."

Thinking to do something great, the big Bebrycian, leaning out of the right line, caught in his left hand the left hand of his adversary, and bringing forth from his side his own huge right one, aimed a blow, which, had it struck where it intended, would have done mischief; but the son of Jove stooped from under it, and emerging, gave his enemy such a blow in the left temple as made it spout with blood. He assisted the blow, directly, with another on the mouth, given by the hand which the giant had let drop; and crushing his teeth with the weight of it, followed it with a general clatter on the face, which mashed it a second time, and rendered resistance hopeless. Heavily fell Amycus to the ground, having no more heart, and raising his hands as he fell, in sign of throwing up the contest.

"But nothing unbefitting thy worthiness, didst thou inflict, O pugilist Polydeuctes, on the conquered. Only he made him take a great oath—calling on his father Neptune out of the sea to witness it—that never more would he do anything grievous to those who sought his hospitality."

This a pleasant piece of pugilism and with it we will quit, the subject.

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In the last number of the *Review*, in our Article upon the Calcutta Race Meetings we made a remark or two on the Sonopore prospectus for this year. We said—"Our friends at Sonopore seem determined to do the liberal with regard to Englishers,

\* *Ἀδνηφαρον*—Literally, insatiably eating, voracious; one who has never had enough. Observe how the same instinctive phraseology is used by strong sensations all over the world. The "Fancy" pugilistic, and fancy poetical, like differently bred relations, thus find themselves to their astonishment, of the same family; so the like Metaphors of "flashing one's ivories" (for suddenly showing one's teeth) "tapping the claret," and other jovial escapes from vulgarity into elegance.

having imposed extra weight on them in only two races—the Sonapore Cup and the Selling Stakes ; wherefore the latter we really cannot imagine.” This brought forth an explanation from the active Secretary, who says that the misinterpretation arose from the accidental omission of the word *RULES*, immediately before the remark regarding English horses carrying extra weight, and he gives notice that 1st. 7lbs. is to be carried by English imported horses in all Races in which they are not otherwise provided for but that it was not intended to apply to the Consolation Cup—the race of which we spoke as the Selling Stakes.

While on the subject of weights we may call attention to the subject as applied to Cape horses by PILGRIM in his article in the present number. It is one of very great interest and what he asks is so fair—namely, for a given period a conclusive settlement of weights, between Arabs, country-bred, and colonial horses—that it really ought not to be disregarded. It is not reasonable to expect that men will bring horses here for the Turf, unless they can have some assurance of the terms on which they will have to run. We believe they would be sent to some extent on speculation were anything like a market created for them. Allowances have undoubtedly been very capricious and what the Cape breeders and others desire to be sure of is this, that some common rule shall prevail for such period as shall enable them to try conclusions. It is a matter of considerable moment in some of the South African breeding establishments, which boast some of the very first blood in the world, as PILGRIM'S valuable paper shows.

A short time ago a friend gave us some skins—one of a bear, one of a cheetah, and two of hyenas. The heads had not been severed and were perfect : it was clear that some care had been taken to preserve them, but the workman had not been master of the craft : The skins smelt strongly and the hair was beginning to fall off. We took the chance of what could be done to them by sending them to Mr Teil, of Kidderpore, and they were returned to us cured of the causes of complaint. Mr T. very obligingly favoured us at the same time with a note of instruction as to the treatment of skins which it is desired to preserve, and though doubtless many of our Sporting friends have systems of their own (and perhaps this one among them) there will be no harm in publishing it. The memo. is headed

**THE BEST MODE OF CURING SKINS IN THE MOPUSSIL, UNTIL THEY CAN BE SENT TO THE PRESIDENCY.**

“ When the skins are stripped from the beasts, which should be done as soon as possible after they are killed, care should be taken

to free them from all dirt, blood, and flesh, after which they should be put into a very strong solution of common salt and water,—the stronger the better. The skins should remain in this for ten or twelve hours and then be spread out in the air and dry salt should be rubbed well into them with the hand, until it is quite absorbed. Allow the skins to remain exposed for two or three hours; then add a little fresh salt and water, rub them well with it, always on the flesh side; fold the skin up damp and let it remain so for a night or two, after which it must be gradually and perfectly dried and must not be allowed to get damp afterwards.”

Let some of our friends try this treatment and make us judge of its success.

Here closeth BUDGET No. I. of ODDS AND ENDS AND MIDDLE PIECES.

ABEL EAST.

## THE RECOLLECTIONS OF TIGER HUNTING.

It was in August, 1846, a month in which the sun shines so brightly (when 'tis visible) that having beaten unsuccessfully after a tiger, the prints of which we came upon accidentally whilst riding, we resolved to try our luck in the jungles of Mummyah where we were sure to find him if he was any where within 4 coss all round. So said the eldest hunter of our party and had said so from the moment we first discovered the prints—so *nem. con.* Mummyah was to be the order of beat the next day. Our party consisted of B—e, B—d, S—r, G—d, C. S—d, and J. S—d; three of them left us to visit the station on private affairs, but promised to be back in time to join our hunt on the following morning.

The elephants, eleven in number, were marched to Mummyah. In the evening our diminished party after having chatted over the probabilities of meeting the tiger the next morning (on which point one of the said party spoke with great confidence, for he pretended to be very experienced in these matters and offered to tell the line of country an animal would take after it was started and had a wonderful knack of beating the very bushes where game lay) we retired to rest. Early next morning we were anxiously spying and waiting for our expected friends. Hour succeeded hour and they were not visible—so we gave up all hopes of seeing them according to promise and resolved to take the field without them, in which case the party would be

composed of C. S——d, J. S——d and S——r ; the last went as a spectator only and sat in the back seat of C. S——d's howdah. We had just finished our morning ablutions when the sound of horses' hoofs clattering on the road attracted our attention and shortly B——e and G——d presented themselves to take their share in the sport of the day. B——d was unable to come, but promised to be with us in the evening. This B——d was a juvenile hunter ; that is, rather an elderly person with grey beard and moustache (ash colour), but juvenile in respect to his sporting career, or in other words he had hunted for the tenth part of a century and killed on the average 1 animal per year, including pigs, jackalls, foxes and deer : you must not suppose, gentle reader, that his ill-luck in this respect arose from a want of implements to carry on the war against the janwars of the forest, for he possessed the best elephants in the district and had a very pretty battery of guns. But I need not mention the cause of so small a quantity of game having fallen to his guns when every one will by-and-by be so readily able to find it out.

Breakfast over, and out sallied these five gentlemen on three pad elephants to meet their howdahs, their prophecying faculties being incessantly at work during the journey, the majority being of opinion that if the tiger had been at Mummyah some tidings of him would have been heard as people were constantly coming thence ; one of the party dissented from this conclusion. Need I say it was the experienced gent. to whom we have already alluded, who maintained that the tiger must be at Mummyah, and in this opinion he persisted in spite of all the unsatisfactory and discouraging information which was obtained from *goallas* on the road and from the inhabitants of the village of Mummyah, who informed us that animals of all kinds abounded in the vicinity, but no tiger was there or else they could not fail to have heard of him. We reached our howdahs in good time, and after preparing our batteries, &c., we directed our mahouts to a tope situated at a short distance from the village, that being the only place with jungle and a well known cover for deer. On the way to it we met a *goalla*, from whom after several interrogatories we elicited that a herd of cows which daily grazed in the tope had refused to enter it the day before, and he concluded from this circumstance that a tiger must have taken up his quarters there. The experienced gentleman felt a satisfaction to think that his expectations were likely to be realized. Here I think it as well to give a slight sketch of the person to whom I have alluded. He had seen a good deal of sport in his time and was once considered a pretty good shot, he had beaten the jungles from Sikergully to the Morungs and had bagged a fair quantity of game during his sporting career. For the last three years his furor in this respect had abated

considerably, owing to a broken constitution caused by too great an exposure to the weather during his sporting pursuits. He was very nervous, and did not think he would be able any more to undergo the excitement of a tiger hunt; however in this respect both he and his friends were disappointed, for the moment the tiger was started, which was as the elephants put foot in the jungles, all nervousness disappeared, and every one took an equal interest in the sport. Not so the elephants, it was their turn to be nervous now, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could get them to keep an extensive line, their inclination being to keep together as much as possible. However after a deal of beating and scolding the mahouts formed line and advanced, the elephants progressing very cautiously and searching and beating every tuft with their trunks: presently we were startled by a growl and B——e's elephant roaring and rolling, I thought the tiger had made good his charge, but we soon found out that the elephant escaped damage, the charge was so sudden and the khur-rye so dense and high that no one could fire. On looking around I found that the back seat of C. S——d's howdah lately occupied by S——r was empty which excited no little alarm in our minds, and our suspicions were that the elephant must have jerked him off, and the tiger walked away with him, for it was impossible to know how things were going on in such high jungle. Shortly afterwards we saw C. S——d pulling away at a blanket underneath his seat, and the removal of it disclosed to us our missing friend in a profuse perspiration which was no doubt caused by the warmth of the covering he had used; he could not speak, so we were unable to account for his reasons in so having hidden himself, but it is not improbable that he thought the tiger less likely to attack him from the circumstance of the blanket being marked with yellow and black stripes which might have made him mistake it for one of his fellow species; at all events the tiger must have first caught the blanket before he got hold of the person under its cover; I am, however, inclined to believe that C——e's intention was to have crept quietly into the front part from under the seat, and during the confusion made by the charge at B——e's elephant shot the tiger himself. We had now beaten for about an hour without having fired a shot, and were getting a little disheartened. We halted a few minutes to take beer and cheroots, but our perspiring friend would touch neither, and on my telling him the mode he adopted for concealing himself was far from being a safe one, for a tiger might easily get hold of his leg through the empty space between the howdah and guddee, he could be no longer persuaded to remain where he was, but ordered his *butcha* elephant and bent his way homewards. We found it very difficult to get even a

glimpse of the tiger, although we were constantly within a few yards of him and sometimes he sneaked away most unaccountably : so we proposed getting a lot of natives who were spectators at a distance and perching them on trees to give notice of the animal's movement : accordingly twenty fellows were brought who after objecting at first were persuaded to climb, and we found them of great help to us, for we had very little to beat, after adopting this plan, and went only in the directions pointed to us by the spies. We heard *bang* from B——e's howdah and the mahout called out "*bagh co golee luggah,*" but as things turned out ultimately, I suppose it must have *lugga-ahed* at a pig, for we found a dead one in that part of the jungles afterwards. The tiger was now closely hunted, and the jungles completely laid down by the repeated tracks of the elephants, and we all knew that his career was fast approaching a crisis. A sudden rush and roar warned us of his proximity, and he came in the direction of J. S——d's elephant ; he kept his eyes the whole time on the moving grass, and as the animal emerged into smaller cover where he was visible a single bullet from his rifle laid low this monster of the forest who was bent on so much mischief and had caused such disagreeable sensations to our absent friend. B——c's mahout remembering what he had said during the hunt endeavoured to establish his veracity and, had the tiger upset over and over again, but only one bullet mark was to be found, so he slunk away quietly—we padded the animal and afterwards shot a lot of small game for the villagers and returned home well satisfied with our day's sport. In the evening we met B——d who came in time to witness the skinning—you can imagine his disgust at not being with us, when I tell you that his elephants and guns are kept expressly for tiger hunting, and he has hunted frequently for ten years with no better success, than what I have stated in the commencement of this narrative. The tiger was a large male about twelve feet long.

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SAVAGE.

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## A WORD ANENT SONEPORE AND THE 1ST OF JUNE.

The "glorious first of June" has come at last and with it to gladden the hearts of the sportsmen of Behar, not only the recollection of the gallant deeds of the defenders of our wooden walls, but a goodly list of nominations for the Sonepore Meeting of 1848. To those of your readers who may be unaware of the fact I may mention, that the "little go" or 5 G. M. entrance to the following stakes closed on the 1st of June: The *Derby* and *Colonial*—the Civilians' and the Sonepore Cups. For the Derby there are 16 nominations, for the Colonials 11, for the Civilians' Cup 18, and for the Sonepore Cup 20! What a cheering prospect is this for the lovers of sport! The number of entrances is quite unprecedented, and is a sure sign of the healthiness of the Turf in this part of the world. The Meeting of 1846 was good, that of 1847 still better, but I venture to predict that that of 1848 will eclipse all its predecessors; and odd it will be if it does not, as the most distinguished horses of *Hindustan* are likely to grace our course this season. I say *Hindustan*, as we have promise of stables from Madras, Calcutta, the N. W., &c. However the old saying, "the more the merrier" is most fully verified in racing.

I will now, Mr Editor, with your permission, take a slight glance at the different nags, or perhaps I should rather say the different stables, as at this early season of the year I would not be the bold "Pegasus" to predict the fate of each particular *dark un*—and of these there are a great number whose owners have as yet little or no insight into their pretensions. However, there is nothing like trying an Arab, for no matter how ungainly he may look before the magic of training has been exercised on him, it is perfectly impossible to speak with anything like certainty as to his particular qualities. The Arab is the horse above all others whose *points* are most brought to light by five or six months' careful feeding, exercise and physic. One often hears a would-be-knowing fellow say—oh such and such an Arab (who is about to undergo the ordeal of training) is a *beast*; bad quarter, bad loin, bad gaskin, regular pot guts, and so on till he has vilified every point of his victim. I always answer, provided the animal has nothing repulsive about him. "Well, such is your opinion, will you back it by giving me the fair odds against him for the next 'Maiden Arab.'" If the fellow has pluck he *will* back his opinion—but if not an effectual stopper for the present at least is put on his too garrulous organ of speech.

And now not to delay you any longer, let me introduce to your notice the racing stud of Mr Fitzpatrick. Alas, alas for that trump of a horse, the game little Honeysuckle! His dreadful fate will long be regretted not only by his owner, but by very many others who had seen him run well under poor Baker in the astonishing way he did at the last Calcutta Meetings. The curious part of it is, that even his sporting owner had anything but a sanguine opinion of his distinguishing himself against Minuet and horses of that class; but how differently horses do run at different times! The Honey of Sonapore is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the Honey of Calcutta, who accomplished what an Arab never did before; viz. run his 2 miles in 3 minutes and 48 seconds! He certainly astonished the natives of Calcutta and no mistake. The old Sheik, from whom he was originally bought, was frantic with delight at his triumphs over the long-legged *Valayutwalas*. I can't express the regret there is here that he was not spared to try his luck as a Plater for the Cups at the ensuing Sonapore Meeting. It is the opinion of many that he would have had small chance against Cadwallader, &c., carrying even weights. However that may be there is little advantage to be gained by arguing the point now as the bones of the gallant little nag lie buried in the depths of the mighty Ganges—would that I could sing a requiem over his remains worthy of his transcendent merit. After the melancholy accident to the *Benares* last March, Mr F. was lucky enough to secure the services of *Evans*, whose general good conduct and nice light weight make him a valuable acquisition in any racing stable. So the early risers of Patna are now enlivened by the sight of Mr F.'s maidens, going their rounds under the tuition of this able jockey. Of Mr F.'s numerous Maiden Arabs I must award the palm of likelihood to a very handsome Bay 5 years old, now y'clept Clear the Way, late Raymond, on whom, report says, his owner is particularly sweet. Nothing can be more bloodlike than his general *contour*, and if he keeps all right, as he now is, I should be sorry to be on the wrong side of his books on the 7th November—the eventful day—big with the fate of blooming maidens. In the Waler line Mr F. has two very good looking mares which he purchased from the importer, Captain A. One of these ought to be very near winning the Colonial, and his chance must be good in the Civilians' and Sonapore Cup. She is a large brown mare—very lengthy—her name Woodbine. Mr F.'s platers are two, Ould Ireland, late Young Emblem, and the Cape horse Sir Harry. The former with judicious training will be a dangerous customer. The latter is too much in the cab style to take my fancy. He ran well at the Cape, but I think the hard Course of Patna, and the enormous

quantity of fat on the Baronet's ribs will militate much against his showing to advantage next November.

Leaving Patna, twenty-three miles higher up on the other side of the river, we come to the sporting station of Chuprah, the training quarters of three stables. Mr De Vaux's, Mr Walker's and Mr Grey's. Mr De Vaux's good luck entirely forsook him last year. The Cape Voltaire, the great horse of the preceding year could not show at the appointed time (d—n these Capes, they always go in the fetlock) although up to within a few days of the races he had been going remarkably strong, and various other mishaps then overtook the rest of his stud. It is to be hoped that the application of the "usual remedies" will enable him to come out in good form this season. A handsome Maiden Arab Mr De Vaux purchased at a high figure, arrived too late in the season to make much of him. His owner appears inclined to think that his chance is equally out this season. It is well known, Mr Editor, that well-bred Arabs can be taught to gallop, and certainly Sultan is in that catalogue, so I think with due deference to Mr De Vaux he is wrong not to give him another trial. How often does it happen that an Arab (who afterwards distinguishes himself) in his first three months' training shows no promise of becoming a galloper. Every Arab intended for the Turf should be but half trained the first season after leaving the dealer's stable. Many a good nag is irremediably done for by not having sufficient stamina to work on; by stamina, I mean one year's (at least) good grooming and the best of keep. The extra care and expense will be repaid the owner an hundred-fold. The only addition to Mr De Vaux's stud since last year is a brown Waler mare called Brunette, purchased also from Captain A. She is Mr De Vaux's own selection out of a batch of three, and is altogether a very likely looking mare. Vanguard, as good a C. B. as ever stepped, and whose breeding and education reflect credit on his owner, has a fair chance amongst the second class nags. From Mr De Vaux's stable we move into Mr Forester's compound, where we see Mr Walker's and Mr Grey's stud, &c., taking their walking exercise. The old Cad appears to have entirely recovered from the effects of his late trip to the City of Palaces, and his clear eye and springy walk show that his health and spirit are good. What is that scurvy looking chesnut following the Cad's track? That is the English colt Bendigo—but as a 4 year old with 1½ stone extra on his back, his chance of winning the Champion's belt at Sonopore is very slender. His owner I believe purchased him under the impression that he could run on equal terms with Arabs—quite overlooking a rule which perhaps might have been a little more clearly expressed

And now pass before us four Maiden Arabs, two bays and two greys, the former for choice—though Quicksilver is well thought of by many. Intrepid, the property of Mr Grey has one of the handsomest heads I ever saw on a horse. Apart from these, we see two C. B. fillies, too small and slight to have much chance against the Walers. Mr Hawke, our worthy Secretary, has his abode at this delightful station, and here I would pay a passing tribute of respect to him for his zealous services in the cause of the Turf. A more able, energetic and Sporting Secretary, India does not contain. This is saying a good deal, but those who know the man and the way things are looked after at Sonapore, will agree with me that the encomium is most justly merited.

The Chuprah Studs are lucky in their training ground—which during the rains rivals the best English Turf, though when I was there last month it bore a monstrous resemblance to baked bricks. Its chief excellence consists in being well raised—so that the rain can never lodge on it for any length of time. I believe the sporting denizen of the Green Isle at Patna was the original constructor of the course as it now is—who wherever he goes is sure to leave a good course and magnificent stables to his successor. A night's dāk with a friend's buggy to drive the last stage in, take us from Chuprah to Mozufferpore—where George Barker now is—well supplied in quantity though I very much doubt if in the same proportion in the quality of his nags. His lot are nearly all maidens. I don't much fancy any of them at present—but the devil will be in it if out of so long a string he does not turn up one trump card. The Madras nags under Hall are expected at this station in a few weeks—they say Hall makes cock sure of walking into us Mofussilites with the terrible Child, &c. No doubt he has a right to be confident, and it will take a devilish good one to beat his cattle, though he will very likely find sharper work cut out for him than he expects. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." Report has it that Mr Charles is about to send up a select few to astonish us, but of this I have heard no particulars. I hope he may, and I wish him every success.

Mr Fox has the Cape mare The Lass of Rondebosh and two Maiden Arabs in training at Mirzapore under Charles Barker. The mare is a regular flyer. Severe illness prevented her appearing in the N. W. last year.

And now, Mr Editor, I believe, I have touched upon the principal stables likely to show. I dare say by the 15th September we shall have several additions to the present nominations.

That the meeting may go off as successfully as it did last year, without the least bit of *tukrar* to upset the harmony which ought to exist among all classes of Sportsmen, and that the fair

sex may be as numerous in attendance is the hearty wish of all concerned. In a late number of your *Review* there was a slight retrospect of the last meeting, but it gave your readers no idea of the general liberality and amusement which prevailed. What with the racing in the morning, the native fair, tiffin parties, *Sammy* in the evening, while the band poured forth its melodious strains, dinner parties, balls, of course not forgetting the second supper, our time was most fully occupied, and tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, was courted by few till a late hour.

Kind reader, if you wish to relieve the monotony of your existence be at the race stand of Sonapore at 7½ A. M. on the 7th November, and my word for it, you will after a fortnight's jollity return to your home with the pleasures of Sonapore treasured up in your memory till the last day of your existence.

CHUM

*Somewhere in Behar, June 2d, 1848.*

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## MY LAST SHOOTING SEASON.

Would, Mr East, that I could promise myself the satisfaction of adding anything of interest to the store of sporting information you will have amassed for the 14th No. of the *Review*: a full, true and particular account of my good and bad luck during the past season you shall have, but my mind misgives me that I have but few stirring incidents to tell of.

On 16th March, I moved to the Eastward of the station some 40 miles, and in the first day's shooting bagged four bears in some rocky hills, a kind of residence of which bruin seems fond. My friend G. had taken up his ground at a ghat at the bottom of the hill; I was placed in a pass a little way up: two bears broke through the beaters and got back, wounding a man severely, but one bear passed within about forty yards of me and I hit him; he continued his route onwards, and when he came in sight of G. was saluted by a bullet in the nose; this turned him, and by the time I could extricate myself from the rocks and, guided by the row, reach the spot, I found that my faithful companion Bell, and two of her progeny had the bear safe; he was still however walking off with the three dogs hanging on him when I came up, and making the people take off one of the dogs, I

brought old Bruin's troubles to a close. In the next beat we were obliged to take up our positions in a very narrow gorge sloping down the hill ; so confined was the spot where we were placed that there was hardly room for two or three respectable sized bears and men to move about, and in addition to the rocks by which we were shut in the tangled creepers and briars on both sides, were enough to check the movements of any animal less callous than a bear about the rubs of life. After waiting about half an hour my eyes were gladdened by the appearance of three bears, one of them large and two small ; I gave the contents of a long Purdy, both barrels, to the large bear, knocking him over, all three being about six yards off ; he picked himself up and instantly began rolling over his two companions, but quickly espying me, down they all came open-mouthed and roaring in chorus. I put out my hand for another gun, but all my spare gun-carriers, as usual with them in a scrimmage of the kind, had bolted, and were to be seen scrambling off among the rocks and brambles for their lives. Knowing that the only chance with a bear on such occasions is to keep your front to him, I resisted the desire that possessed me to seek safety in flight, and kept presenting my empty barrels in the faces of the three bears, once or twice actually touching them, and so close as to get the benefit of the froth that they literally scattered around. After a few anxious moments they turned and left me, and my fellows bringing other guns, I followed and gave them the whole of my battery as they disappeared among the rocks and brushwood ; there being three several tracks of blood it was evident that all were hit, and on reaching the cave proper arrangements were made, and by the aid of fire and smoke, and by firing shots into the cave we succeeded in bagging all three, not however until another man was added to the list of wounded during the day. Next day we had a *hankwar*, in a small hill abounding with spotted deer of which we killed twelve besides a bear ; on the day after we beat another hill said to contain plenty of sambur, but only one rewarded us for a trip of about sixteen miles to and as many fack from the *ottas*.

Returning to the Station, I again started forth, but this time my destination was the grand shooting country of the south-west, the domain of the noble Gour, and although I have been lucky enough in previous years, I made up my mind to surpass, on this occasion, all former achievements, and to make a bag that should cause all other bags to hide their diminished heads. The country to be shot over lies on the banks of the rivers, Sunk and Coel, both of which retain a decent supply of water throughout the hot season, and as every little river, nullah and tank within miles are dry at that time, it is natural that the beasts must congregate near

these large rivers where they only can assuage their thirst. With sanguine hopes therefore did I wend my way, determined to think it cool and comfortable with the therm. at 126 in the tent, under trees—our party consisted of four including myself, G., R. and T. were my companions, none of whom had as yet bagged a gour, and only R. had seen one. All were now determined to make up for lost time, and our great amusement was drawing up an imaginary list of what each would bag; none condescended to limit themselves to less than ten or a dozen gour, three or four tigers, and sambur, spotted deer, &c., &c., in proportion; the latter being like the rank and file to the officers in the accounts of a battle. We opened the campaign at Billing-Bera, and on the first day I had the luck to bag two gour; there was no tumasha, for both of them were hit too hard to make any fight. I here found the advantage of weight of metal, for with a five ounce rifle I turned over one of these gour; like a hare, at upwards of eighty yards; the ball had gone through some way behind the shoulder, and lodged against the skin on the opposite side, having caused an almighty smash, among the ribs, &c., &c., &c.: the other beast at about the same distance and hit in a better spot, went some ten yards or so before he dropped and then required a second barrel, this was with a Purdy thirteen to the lb. bore. I was of course *cocky* at my good fortune, and so was a young native, the nephew of the Raja of the country, who bagged a gour also, his first. R. ought to have secured a gour if not a brace, for five came and stood within forty yards of him for a considerable time; but there were some envious trees in the way which concealed the parts of the animals at which people are recommended to fire, and R. could only get good shots at their heads which are almost invulnerable; when he did fire, however, he hit one of them in the neck, but not sufficiently hard to bring him up, and great was the lamentation of R. for the rest of the trip, for his luck went on that day; no more gour favoured him with a visit and of course we all *chaffed* him as is proper and correct on such occasions. I, in the pride of my experience, in having been a slayer of gour, gave him excellent advice about the necessity for a sportsman to be cool and collected. T. also, who had never seen a gour in his life, comforted him by pointing out the exact spot at which he ought to have aimed and G. consoled him by saying that he had thrown away his luck and that "he who will not when he may, &c., &c." R., however, being of a philosophic temperament stood the bullying given him by the gour and us well, and although he got no more chances at gour himself, he had the satisfaction to see us all make mistakes in our turns. A few deer and pea fowl made up the bag of our first day: on the second we beat a jungle connected with that

already *hanked*, and the beaters fell in with a gour calf which might have been easily captured, but the rogues killed it ; it must have been the *butcha* of one of those killed the day before, two of which were females and one of which I milked into a tumbler after she was dead. It is not easy to catch a gour *butcha* alive, there is the danger of being attacked by the mother ; in addition to which, it is a known fact that in a couple of days after being dropped a gour calf is too strong to be secured without sustaining some injury which, in all likelihood, would cause his death. In December last, a gour calf was caught by some half-wild men of the woods at a place about 30 miles from the Station ; it was brought to me and lived for several months but died at last of small pox ; it had become a beautiful beast and promised to be of very large size.

Our second day's *hank* produced a leopard and some deer ; I am not, however, going to give you a detail of each day's bag, but shall select. There is an old saying, that he who fishes on Sunday shall catch no fish, but T. found to his great joy that the remark does not hold good with respect to your shooting, for Sunday, the 9th of April, we having gone out, by mistake of course, T. bagged his first gour. Now a first gour to a man being something of more importance than a first child to a lady, I feel it my duty to give particulars. It seems that T. was keeping a bright look out in his *otta*, when his delighted eyes suddenly fell on a couple of gour crossing him at a tolerable pace, they were a good distance off, 70 yards or so, when he let fly, but he did not observe them making any sign as if hit, and concluded he had missed them, when the man in the machaun with him shouted, *lugga, lugga, chullao sahib !* and down the ladder they went and followed in the direction of the gour ; sure enough in a nullah some three or four hundred yards off one of the gour was found squatting down, having got a 2oz. ball in his ancle joint ; for bagging a large beast, no spot could be more effectual, for the small bone of the joint being broken, it is impossible for an animal of the weight of gour to support himself long on his pins : of course we all asked, I in a significant manner, whether he always aimed at the fetlock, and of course he replied that he did.

On the 13th we had to regret the loss of R., who was recalled by duty to the Station. He had been unlucky in large game, but had got some deer, and although forced to return without a pair of gour horns as a trophy, did not complain of not having enjoyed himself.

Now came G.'s turn for luck : at a place called Bugdegga, on the 14th of April, he bagged an exceedingly fine gour, he however proceeded on a new plan, for not having confidence in shooting from a height, when he saw the gour approach he quietly de-



scended and stood behind a tree, and when the beast came tolerably close he hit him right and left, and the gour making off, he followed and administered a few doses more, ending by securing his prey. A gour having been the object of his shooting ambition for some years, he was now rendered quite happy, nor did we omit to drink his health in the evening, with all the honors of war, and wishing more power to his elbow. T. had more luck than any of us in seeing beasts; on the day after G.'s victory a herd of 17 gour came round his *otta* within 15 or 20 paces: he knocked over two, but one of them got away, he toiled in a burning sun for miles after the runaway, but to no purpose. At Bholwa, on the banks of the Sunk, we had some fishing, in the native style; this afforded us great amusement, and the thousands of fish that were caught proved a most acceptable addition to the mess of the army of beaters of whom we had 1100 or 1200 with us.

Here, in one of the *hanks*, a very fine sized tiger was killed, but as luck would have it, he went to an *otta* occupied by a Native Zemindar, who however settled his hash as effectually as any of us could have done, and, as usual with them, with one ball. At Bugdegga, by the way, an old gour that had been wounded by a native shewed fight, and in a trice knocked over half a dozen men and horned one severely, the horn entering the front of the thigh and making its appearance in the rear; the man recovered, but in the weather we then had, I much doubt if one of us would have got over such a wound; the scrimmage occurred a mile or two from where we were, and we saw nothing of it. On another day a gour had been wounded by a native and was standing at bay; they ran to me and said that the beast was so badly hit as to be safe, and asked for an elephant to go up and finish him, it was a long way off, and about 1 P. M., and we had just commenced tiffin, so I gave them a brace of elephants, and they returned in a couple of hours to report their defeat; it seems that the gour immediately on seeing them approached, and as the men had only matchlocks and were on pads they were unable to take any aim and fired ineffectually, the gour charged home and inflicted severe wounds on the elephant's hind quarters; the long and the short of the matter was, that they bungled the job and the gour got off, and they were all men who had been accustomed to gour shooting for years. I made a memo. always to go myself on like occasions. T. still continued to have the luck in seeing animals; besides other gour at which he got shots and a buffaloe, he had a fair chance at a tiger one day; he saw him coming up from a long way off, and by some accident, or being over-excited, missed him at about 35 yards off; the tiger then turned back towards the beaters, but was driven

up again, and strange to say, again came to T., but not so close by a great deal as the first shot, T. fired and thought he hit him, but the beast went off. Now came the strange part of the story—after the beat was over, G. and T. used to come to my *otta* to tiffin, and on this day I was on the extreme right, G. next to me within 150 yards, and T. on the left 100 yards from G.; G. had come to me and we waited and waited, wondering what delayed T., at last we heard that he had wounded a tiger and we started off to his assistance; about half way to G.'s *otta* we met T. who said that he had started as usual to come to tiffin when on the road towards G.'s *otta* the tiger rushed out at him from some grass and he and the man with him ran for their lives, and took refuge in G.'s machaun, and that on seeing us coming he had come to meet us; we went and searched the whole place and also put in some elephants, but found no trace of the old tiger. This tiger has been a sore subject to T. ever since, and the joke against him has completely superseded that against R. about the five gour. I got a gour at one of the Bholwa beats, and on the same day had a good shot at a magnificent sambur. Of 64 sambur bagged during the trip, not one came near him, in size or beauty; I made a *mull* of it, hitting him too far behind, he next went to G. who also allowed him to get away, and we were now obliged to put up with T.'s abuse of our bad shooting, for we well deserved it.

We had hitherto kept on the banks of the Sunk; on 27th April, my worthy friends G. and T. were obliged to leave me to go into muster, and right sorry was I to lose their company, for we had contrived to get through the long hot days so as to make them appear at least short if not cool, may I always have such jolly companions in search of shikar, and then should even our bag fall short of our hopes, "we may be happy yet." On being left to myself, I continued to move down the Sunk into the Gangpore country, where game is more plentiful than in Chota Nagpore, men being in that region much scarcer than tigers and gour. But in *hankwa* shooting success depends not only on their being abundance of game, but upon the jungle being properly beat, and if the chief who has charge of the beaters wishes to thwart you, he can easily do so even when you have a large body of beaters of your own, as was my case, for the latter being new to the jungle as well as yourself are all abroad, and being unacquainted with the different ghauts or passes depend entirely on the guidance of the men of the country, who are therefore distributed through the line. Now the Gangpore Rajah not being of the most accommodating disposition and fancying that if I got good sport I should be coming every year, made his people spoil every *hank*, that is, to the best

of their ability ; but the animals were so numerous that in spite of all the rascality some reached the *ottas* and were victimized : with cordial assistance from the people of the country the sportsman would be amply repaid for his labours in Gangpore, where gour, buffalo, tigers, bears, leopard, samburs, nylghies, spotted deer, gourds, and all kinds of game abound ; and in the cold weather stalking would be an agreeable and profitable amusement, I hope to have an opportunity of trying it some of these days. This country affords a fine field for antiquarian research, the chief obstacle to any important discovery being the indifference to such matters shewn by the inhabitants : on coming across an ancient temple buried in the forest, and enquiring who built it and when, it is rare that the most vague information is afforded, the people contenting themselves by evincing astonishment at your being anxious to know that which in their opinion can be no concern of yours. I found several of these temples, some of them built of square blocks of stone of large size, about 15 inches long by a foot deep and wide. When I asked the supposed date of their having been erected, if I got any reply at all, it was that they were relics of the days of the demi-gods, and that of course we could hope to know nothing about the why and wherefore of their having been built. In all cases, however, the stones whether fallen down or still in their places had, from exposure to the weather I conclude, become pitted all over as if they had been afflicted with the small pox. Captain Kittoe would doubtless make something of them, but even he would find it difficult from the absence of any *beejuh* or inscription of any kind, and the silence observed by the natives on the subject, whether their ignorance be real or pretended. I should, however, deem it probable, that a careful inquiry would throw some light as to who were the former occupiers of the soil ; whoever they were they would appear to have been possessed of habits of industry and civilization, forming a great contrast to those of the wretched inhabitants of the present day. Boundaries of khets and other marks of former cultivation are met with in tracts now covered with forest trees and inhabited by wild beasts only ; here and there are found old tanks now nearly covered by rank vegetation, and in addition to the old ruined temples above mentioned, some of which are still adorned with pieces of sculpture, there are remains of brick buildings ; but whether the latter were small forts or temples, or merely dwelling houses, I could obtain no clue, although I examined many of them carefully. The scenery of Gangpore is lovely : at a place called *Bed Biass* is the juncture of the Coel and Sunk, which rivers meet here and form the Braminee : the origin of this name was told me, and I wish I could transfer the tradition to your pages ; but it abounds too much

in rich incident peculiarly adapted to native taste, and would hardly do for the *Review*. The views from some high points on the banks on both sides, affording pceps up both the beautiful rivers, would be well worthy the pencil of the artist, and when lost in admiration of such scenes, I sigh to think of the hours wasted in boyhood in *mugging* at Latin and Greek, and in more advanced youth, in idle amusements, and which might have been so well employed in that most charming of all pursuits, drawing; even now, although the corner is turned and the downhill of life commenced for me, I occasionally feel a desperate desire to begin and take lessons, but a little reflection tells me it would not do, so I can but regret. One day I had just taken up my perch in the machaun, when I heard some fellows calling out "snake! snake!" I shouted to them to be quiet and to kill it: they ran to me and said it was too large, being an *adj-ghur* or boa constrictor. I went and found it to be as they said, but was too late to save it alive; it had received a blow on the head from a battle axe before I came up; it was not large, about 13 feet long. In one of the Gangpore beats a large herd of spotted deer took a fancy to my *otta*; about 25 or 30 came and stood within 60 yards: I bagged four of them, and on leaving me they ran the gauntlet of several of the *ottas* belonging to natives, and the result was 11 of the herd biting the dust. The spotted deer is, out and out, the best venison in India that I have tasted; but its habits are totally different from those of the sambur and other deer; the latter generally come up to the *ottas* far ahead of the beaters and in a wary manner, and when fired at, the survivors make off with all speed; the spotted deer on the contrary sneak up a short way before the line of beaters taking no apparent heed to what may be in front; but when a herd of several are fired at and one drops, the balance do not betake themselves to flight directly, but huddle together like a scared flock of sheep, offering themselves as victims in a most obliging manner.

Having made a decent bag, and being tired of my own company and the increasing heat, I made up my mind to return home and was on the point of mounting my elephant to commence the first march, when great shouts were heard from the river: I rushed with a gun to ascertain what was the matter, and found a large alligator had got entangled in the net of some fishermen belonging to the camp: the brute of course smashed the net, but being of the gurril or long nosed tribe, the knob on his nose remained fixed and the row he made was tremendous: in his struggles he kept his head out of the water, and I hit him with both barrels in the neck; the men then dragged him on shore, and while he was stunned from the effects of his wounds, he was carefully secured with ropes and carried in triumph to

the camp: here we commenced the operation of opening and skinning him, but many a fellow felt the weight of his tail before he gave up the ghost. I shall not mention how long, nor under what extent of maltreatment the beast continued to live and struggle, for those who have witnessed the death of an alligator know all about it, and those who have not would find it difficult to credit. He was 16 feet long.

And now my dear, Mr East, wishing the *Review* continued success, I take my leave for a time.

JUNGLEE.

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LIST OF GAME BAGGED DURING THE TRIP.

Gour, ..	..	..	..	13
Buffaloe, ..	..	..	..	2
Tigers, ..	..	..	..	1
Leopards, ..	..	..	..	1
Bears, ..	..	..	..	6
Samburs, ..	..	..	..	64
Goinds, ..	..	..	..	1
Spotted Deer,	..	..	..	24
Nyl-Ghye..	..	..	..	9
Kotra, ..	..	..	..	49
Mouse Deer,	..	..	..	2
Hogs, ..	..	..	..	4
Pea Fowl,..	..	..	..	16
Hares, ..	..	..	..	29
Boa Constrictor,	..	..	..	1
Alligator, ..	..	..	..	1
				<hr/>
			Total, ..	223
				<hr/>

J.

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## CHLOROFORM IN VETERINARY PRACTICE.

Should you think the following cases worthy of insertion in the *Sporting Review*, they are at your service.

## CASE 1ST.

On the 24th of April I was requested by a friend to fire the fore legs of a large country-bred mare, for strain of the flexor tendons. I threw the mare, in the usual way, with hobbles. I then poured 2 ounces of chloroform on a handkerchief and applied it to both nostrils: whilst inhaling it, the mare was very restive and *shrieked* piteously—in about five minutes she was totally insensible. I immediately took the iron and fired the upper surfaces of both fore legs, then turned her over and finished the operation. She never moved during the whole time—but lay like a log. In about 3 minutes she awoke, stared about and slowly got up. She was then taken off to her stables.

## CASE 2ND.

On the 2nd of June a Sowar of the Regiment brought his horse, (a country-bred and aged,) to me to be geld—as he was very vicious and would allow no one near him. After the horse had been thrown with hobbles, I applied 1½ ounce of chloroform to the nostrils, by means of a large sponge; it affected him almost immediately. I then removed both his testicles. He remained insensible for fifteen minutes after the operation was completed—when he got up slowly and was taken to his stall.

## CASE 3RD.

June 4th —A Duffadar of the Regiment brought his horse to be castrated for vice. Although this was a larger horse than the former, I applied only one ounce of chloroform. It had the desired effect almost immediately, and in two minutes after the operation he awoke and got up, staggering a little—and was led away.

From these three cases, I think that 1½ oz. of chloroform is sufficient for any Arab or country-bred horse. The chloroform used in these cases, was recently sent out from Edinburgh (overland)—and was therefore fresh and good. The cost price was two shillings an ounce. It is to be hoped that the Vets of India will avail themselves of this valuable agent—and so spare the poor horse the excruciating agonies endured whilst undergoing severe operations.

WILLIAM HICKEY, 1st *Irr. Cavalry*.

NEEMUCH, 4th June, 1848.

## MASTER MATHEW SHEWETH HOW HE WENT TO THE FAIR.

Come, MATHEW, once more to the field,  
 For you're master once more of the moment ;  
 And let old reminiscences yield  
 On the joy of this freedom their comment ;  
 Ask these if a brighter to-day  
 Than now tempts to the pleasures before ye  
 E'er smiled in those lands far away,  
 Years ago, when youth's mantle was o'er ye.

No, faith ! there's no power in old Time  
 To shatter some feelings within us ;—  
 They expand in the first of our prime,  
 In the evening of life still they win us :  
 To be free of the forest and plain,  
 To seek sport by marsh, meadow, or river,  
 Could I live nine lives over again  
 I'd be young on that argument ever !

Go, quarrel !—oh ! ware of the law—  
 Go, marry !—ah ! ware of the chances—  
 Go, read !—and who'll sound your eclat—  
 Go, write !—and who'll read your romances—  
 Go, drink !—pah ! the bottle will pall—  
 Go, trade !—and your ruin's be-spoken—  
 Go, fight !—you may go to the wall—  
 Go, love !—and your heart may be broken—

Go, SPORT ! and kick care to the deuce,  
 Be your means, gun, spear, rod, hound, or snaffle !  
 That's the oil Nature keeps in her cruise  
 The stiff cramps of existence to baffle :  
 She, the mother within ye, calls out—  
 " Away, boys !—there's my play ground—enjoy it !"  
 One and all, young and old—whoo ! boys,—shout—  
 Life's not his, who in LIFE won't employ it !

Such, my dear Abel, were the reflections within me not so very long ago, when circumstances made me free of that same guild in the corporation of Life, which admits of a fellow's "*living*" as we understood it. It is merely an elaborate compliment we pay to existence in this country to call its common routine by the name which expresses vitality of an independent character. Hence, Sir, to keep yourself up to the mark, you must

keep shaking up your energies in one way or other constantly and continually, and the best shake I know is that which shakes off every obligation of business, and turns a man out, like a fact without a qualification, independent of all save himself. This is a privilege confined, I honestly believe, to sportsmen only, in this country; and such was it recently, as above noted, in my power to enjoy.

An official personage, with whom I have been connected as you know, pretty nearly as long as I have been in India, took it into his official head, that his presence was—was—was—required? No:—necessary? No:—advisable?—not that:—nor yet even, desired? I can't say so:—but, expedient;—expedient was the word,—at a certain Fair to be held towards the Eastern frontiers of Bengal in December last. It would appear by what this gentleman said that the institution of this said Fair had been projected for some twelve or fourteen years past, but that the nine hundred and fifty-three thousand things, which, go under the name of “contingent circumstances” had, year after year, interfered with its establishment. Now let me mention, on privilege of my garrulity, that this Fair to be held at Titalya on the high road to Darjeeling, completes an imaginary line of frontier Fairs, whereof we might take that of Hadjepore as the starting point, passing thence to the famous Nêkmurd fair in the Dinagepore district; from it to Titalya on the borders of Rungpore, and so forwards to the Fair, or rather market, called the *Bhoteca Mela* close to Rungpore itself. Here we have a line of commercial stations, so to say, open at various but convenient periods of the year, for the purpose of amalgamating by a unity of the interest of barter, the tribes of the plains of India with the races, so different and extraneous, that inhabit the lower and the upper Himalaya under a wilderness of appellations, together with their congeners, residing on the great Tartaric plains of central Asia.

All this, my dear Abel, is from “the official friend.” He made me put it in; and I have done so, and so make your most of it; but my own opinion, as a commentary, is, that those said Fairs which bring together horses, elephants, pretty women, and ponies, are without reference to any other consideration exceedingly proper in a sporting point of view, and of course, as a necessary consequence, in every other way: hence with the fiat of my grey locks, I say, let them be, and uphold them infinitely.

But to our particular Fair:—“The official friend” had made a party,—of his own, of course, for I have nothing to do with such things—a party of some four, or, may be, five. There was the Major; (take which you will in the army list):—Shylock, otherwise called *Homo Barbatus* (of which only one specimen



is extant):—Mr Walker, one of the most amiable, and voracious spirits in the Bengal army: “the official friend”;—and Master Mathew. We started, (never mind whence) some way on the right banks of the Ganges, to stretch across the great river to Titalya two hundred and twenty miles off: and, having seen the humours of the Fair that was to be there, we were to join the camp of a native magnate somewhere about Maldah, and thence shoot our way home to the place whence we had come. It was the sketch of a great sporting tour which, executed three months later in the year, would have been productive of great results in our line of life. As matters occurred, there was no choice of period left us in a sporting point of view: “the official friend” said, we must be here on that date, and there on this date—: well, and so? we were.

I set off after the rest of the party, who sent on tents and elephants and marched from Burgatchee, (which is the “Dan”) to Dinagepore, (which is the “Bheersheba”) of this part of the journey, and, whatever may have been the state of things in Judah of old between those celebrated stations, “all was barren” in Bengal. Beyond a hog-deer or two and a few blacks at their first ground, my friends got nothing, and though they looked well about them, there was nothing to get further on. Yet this country had been described to us as teeming with game, a sort of *shikargah*! That it is so in some places in proper season I have the testimony of those who have shot there to bear witness to, but the season is the thing, Abel,—as if the bountiful provisions of nature would not even let the very tigers be persecuted at all times;—indeed I know no created beings that have not rest sometimes,—except Gomez (the section writer) and the Governor General. But to return. This road, to be a high road, is the wildest and most inhospitable, for its length, that I have seen in India. True, I traversed it in a palankin, but my friends fully corroborated all my impressions. The dak bungalows are good, but between them there is not a *modee’s* shop and but few poor villages till you get near Dinagepore. Here and there are the ruins of the bungalows built by the Darjeeling Company, a Ditch affair, which (of course) was ruined. Those in best preservation would doubtfully accommodate a cow of any delicacy, while for the most part a congregation of decaying stakes, the only ones the proprietors have now in that concern—black and melancholy as a meeting of creditors, with one or two pieces of cracked earthen-ware, (odd isn’t it? the English will always leave them and bottles to mark their track) remain sole monuments of money misused. My trip merits mention as a comment on what might be done for travellers were Postmasters a little more alive: on Tuesday I tried to lay my dak, and it would have been ready

for me on the Sunday evening following : hearing which I started on Thursday night, and was on *Sunday morning* thirty-eight miles beyond the point of my original destination, having gone the whole way in a palankin, except the last eighteen miles which I rode ! Thus I did 238 miles while friend Postmaster was laying my dak for 220, and beat him by twelve hours to boot, which I call a sporting dak.

Having joined my party, the march was steadily continued for Titalya, through a wild, exceedingly pretty country, but destitute of game, barren utterly of sport, without feather or fur, tusk or tush, hoof, horn, or haunch ! It was too late for snipe, too early for ducks, too much jungul or none at all, amid all which is to be remembered that *to find game you must halt*, a great truth ; and as we did not do so, but marched incessantly I do not think we had any right to d— the country. I once marched in Oude with one of the best sportsmen in India in his day, along the left bank of the Ganges from Manickpore to Poorwah, between which places he said “ his father\* had told him, wild cattle, the original stock of the Indian race, were to be found.” There were no pains we did not take to find them ; but we could not halt, being pushed for time ; and though by the report of the country people, *they were there*, yet it was always at the place we had just left, or were just going to. My companion held to the last that we had not disproved their existence, and, as a sportsman, he was no doubt right.

But if a man will be content to please his eye with a pretty country, he'll find one to his mind on the way to Titalya. There is a wood at Nichintapore, one of the halts, with turfy glades that remind one of England. We beat it for peafowl, and it is the only Indian assemblage of nature's own growth I have seen that could be really described by an English appellation. On the march to this place too, there occurs one of those enormous earth works, such as are found in the junguls of Assam, supposed to have been *bund* roads in the ancient days when that land was rich and populous. The modern road runs for several miles along this immense mound, now overgrown with jungul ; it is, I think, a continuation of the ancient high road which may be traced from near Dinagepore to the desolate capitals of Pundwa (or Purwa) and Gowr on the Mahanuddee, but of this hereafter. For, what talk I of glades and roads, with the Snowy Range before me ! We were indeed fortunate in enjoying the splendid spectacle of these gigantic mountains, greeting us every morning as we got to horse, occupying our speculation during the march—a great natural Dioroma of ever shifting shades ;

\* That must have been at least sixty years ago.

while occasionally the dark line of the lower hills, molehills of nine thousand feet or so,—could be detected cutting across the snowy mass behind them. It was the first time I had seen this Eastern portion of the Indian Andes, and we were told they were rarely visible with such distinctness. The sight of them, like Niagara, has no description for it. Their vastness is told in the fact that, after a certain point as you approach them, they are seen no more, the vastness of their satellite mountains (the molehills aforesaid) intercepting the vision :—the moral of which is that the nearer you come to greatness in this world, Abel, the less you see of it.

Titalya is the site of an ex-cantonment, placed near the frontier to repel incursions of the Nepalese. It is situated on a sort of bluff formed by the undulating nature of the ground. In the low land nearer the Mahanuddee which runs past it, is the native village whose name had been borrowed for the station, while further on, perched on a higher bluff, were the remains of an hotel which had suffered cataclasm, and certain persons of the coolie order who professed to be building another, with the curious edifice of grass and wood containing Mr De Bergh, the postmaster, and his Darjeeling potatoes. There was a large dilapidated Sam-Smithian bungalow near the road between this bluff and the river, and THE FAIR, which was to be, the former being surrounded by the tents of the Raja of Julpaegoorce who occupied it, the latter marked by a flag staff placed near certain commodious rows of temporary sheds. In the ex-cantonment, one bungalow, the property of Mr Bonnevie, who has since so liberally given it to the Titalya Race stewards, was in repair ; it was occupied by the worthy Chief of a neighbouring hill-station, whose politic care had wisely planned, as it ably carried out, the objects of this gathering of the lieges. On either side this central point stretched a goodly row of tents, emulated by a regular camp of some dozen or fifteen more at a distance to the left of the race course : in front was the Race Stand, a modest mofussil structure of mat and bamboo, in which, however, we were merry. The course is on what has been the parade ground, and in shape a sort of oval, flattened at the extremities ;—*was*, for it is to be improved. Our Calcutta friends would give a good deal for its green elastic turf, the result of the peculiar climate which I have observed prevails all along the Himalayas at a certain distance from their base. The vegetation even is peculiar, the bamboo ceasing to occur in the lengthy straggling growth of the lower lands, but springing to a diminished altitude in such elegant feathery regularity as to lend a most agreeable object to the Indian landscape, as if preparing for the further change under which it is, in the mountains, to dwindle to a

dwarf.\* Trees even have their states of transition, Abel, and the vanities of existence are visible in vegetables.

But while I'm mooning garrulously in this — Bless my heart, what's that? There,—tall, dirt-complexioned, long-haired, moody, in a blanket bedgown with a string round its middle? It moves loping, listless, with a sort of purposeless walk as if the feet did not know what they were doing,—and there's another, and another, and more still! are they men and women?

“The earth hath bubbles as the water hath.  
And these are of them —”

— certainly not of the water, for now I look at them more nearly, like as they are, they differ only in their grades of dirt. “These are Lepchas: you cannot tell among them which are men, which women,” says the official friend. Is it not awful, Abel, to contemplate such a lot? A number, without a gender—ungrammatical humanity—how does it conjugate, I wonder! But see! —come, there's no mistake there—Blowzybell in the East, by all that's jolly! Sturdy rather than stout, her head uncovered, her black hair, coarse and scanty, tied in a slovenly knot behind her head, her forehead low and prominent, her little beady black eyes buried in her face, partly by a peculiar structure of the eyelid which they all have, partly by the wrinkles of a perpetual laugh—her nose small and flattened, while on either side it extends a ruddy broad expanse like the red cheek of a dirty apple; her face short, her mouth wide, with small white teeth,—her arms bare to the shoulder, her dress an ample decent wrapper of dirty blanket, with short petticoat of the same, and — no! in my life I never saw such legs! the ankle is small, the unshod foot well shaped, as if to set off the immense proportions of the limb;—not all Ireland hath such a calf, even including Mr Do-heny, who I take it is the greatest at present there!

That's a Bhoteea woman of the lower order, and there are three or four more like her. They laugh eternally, and loll on one another, giggling like English country girls flirting in a hayfield. Can you understand them? But see, here's something else:—an intelligent Tartaric-faced, quiet-mannered person in a long gown of blue broad cloth, girt with a silk girdle; on his head a broad flat cap frushed all round with what seems red worsted, like a very extensive fuzzly muffin, a staff in his hand and a fan: he has a Chinese look, and you almost feel inclined

\* The town of Rampore in the Rohilkundee state of that name, is defended with instead of wall or ditch, an impenetrable belt of these same bamboos, and they used to occur near Dehra in the Doon of that name: in the famine year of '37 they all seeded and died, leaving their edible fruit, as is the wont of this tree, say the natives, to aid in feeding the starving poor—'bamboo bukkhish' as the sailors say—in another sense.

to ask him about his button, lest he should be a Mandarin ;—but he's not, being only the worthy Chief's interpreter.—Oh ! the women want four-anna pieces do they ? and *shurabe*?—because they are the same people as we are ? I observed that a four-anna piece to use as a neck button to their blanket wrappers, was, according to the Bhoteea fashions for Dec. 1847, *the* thing ; also that the women asked for, but the men it was that wanted, the liquor. A merrier people certainly never laughed than these ! That boy there with the savage black dog, the fellow with the shrewd comic expression of face, is called *Ayshew* ; he won't sell the dog but at his own price ;—no, he'd rather take it back to the hills, and then he laughs as if it was an excellent joke ;—and he won't take service with “ the official friend,” nor go to live on the plains in spite of all his people can say to him. They are a very interesting race, intelligent and independent, having, with all their simplicity, evidence of taste and skill amongst them : the silver ornaments on the sheath of one or two straight duggers, carried by the better order, and the chains and trinkets plentifully bestowed about the persons of a woman and a young girl, who seemed of some property, were designed with even elegance. The lady, who was a *she*-merchant, like the Honourable Company, —had brought down a *yâk* for sale, and the sight of the group that led the animal (a young one six months' old only) to our tents,—for “ the official friend” purchased it,—was worth alone in singularity and novelty the trip to the Fair. These women were perfectly independent and self-possessed, picturesquely attired in blanket stuff, striped brown, blue, red, and yellow, a little dingy with dirt : their manner of lolling on one another, and their cheerful fearless laugh were most peculiar. I took care to learn the female merchant's name : it was *Kirchee Lamoo* ; I sincerely trust that she may get over the present commercial crisis, and sell *yâks*, solvent, at many Fairs to come.

But were these all your Fair ?—Abel, we had no end of folk “ Jews, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia”—horse-dealers from Cabul and Candahar—Hurdwar mares, and Bhoteea ponies—elephants from the uttermost parts of the earth, and Goorkhas from Nepal—besides tribes from the hills with names it would take a week to learn, and all the soap in Calcutta to wash clean. I have been among the men of Sirmoor, of Gurhwal, of Bussahir, and well know the preference all Eastern mountaineers entertain for dirt, but positively these fellows more than abuse their privilege of filthiness. Even *Kirchee Lamoo*, should any thing uncomfortable occur to her in a commercial point of view, would be incapable of “ white-wash,” and would have to compound with her difficulties in some other manner. All these people had rather come to see what was likely to be, “ with

a little money in their hands," like Joseph and his brethren, than to do any business in their own goods; but the shop-keepers in the Fair profited no little by this, dealing for money, not barter, and drove a splendid trade. Some money laid out by "the official friend," had a happy effect, and despite all sorts of mischievous opposition, by rumours spread beforehand,\* the experiment not only prospered, but succeeded.

Meanwhile our party tried the country round for game, and likely cover does it give with intervening plain to ride a pig on that would do credit to Hurreesunker. But here again our usual luck befell us. The Surveyor General's camp was but six miles from us, and had been for some time about the ground we occupied: every jungul we tried but one had been, as the elephant tracks showed, most indefatigably beaten, and neither deer nor hogs were to be found within any reasonable distance. One sounder of pigs we found late in the day, and very far from camp *once*. We killed pretty near all we saw; a cow buffalo, handsomely ridden and killed with the pistol (four shots) by friend Shylock, together with her calf, and a young bull were all the larger game we got. I, in my mooning way, was as much amused with the cutting up the carcass of that said bull by the deputies of two rival villages, as by anything I saw. The knives they used were the little sickles with which they cut the jungul grass;—the deputies were originally some fifty of a side, and every man of the hundred was spokesman at the same time; to these the carcass deprived of head and legs—  
but—stay—

To these gaunt naked hungry men  
The carcass was delivered,  
So warm, so fresh it seemed e'en then  
The flesh with motion quivered!  
Then screech and jabber—cut and slash,  
And squeal and seold, and justle,  
On the half-dead meat they greedily dash  
Like vultures in a bustle!

\* You saw, oh! Abyssinian Bruce,  
Steaks cut from living cattle  
Which were then driven on for subsequent use  
Should the owner survive the battle: †

\* A party of the Hill Rangers was magnified into an army, powder for blasting purposes at Darjeeling into an arsenal, and the project of the Fair made to appear a scheme for securing hill men to carry stores and supplies into Nepal. It is by reports like these that the simple people are made to distrust the English, and it is only by assembling them, as at this Fair, in face of our authorities, for purposes of peace and profit, that they can learn to know us, or our power.

† The gentleman Bruce saw with this ambulatory larder was an Abyssinian soldier, whose ingenuity should have made him Commissary General to the whole Habshee army.

But however long is the bow you pull  
 Your singularity ceases,  
 Before seven score black men round a buffalo bull,  
 All cutting him into pieces !

With which vivid picture I leave your mind filled, Abel, and go on to other things. Our own party bagged ten brace and a half of floriken in the grass jungul behind the old lines ; and I was there; and elsewhere in the neighbourhood, very fortunate in a species of shooting entirely new to me, as to most of us I believe. This was, snipe, found in tolerable plenty on perfectly dry ground in high grass jungul ! This peculiar location for a water bird was not confined to one patch, but was universal in grass of the kind I mention. Its peculiarity I explain by supposing good, but exposed, feeding ground for them in the vicinity (some of it indeed I came across, empty of birds, which favours my view),—which they frequented at night to avoid annoyance from hawks, lying during the day time in cover which guaranteed their safety. Astride on the pad of a small elephant, I found this shooting very pretty, mixed with partridge and now and then a floriken.

The races meanwhile got on according as has been reported by the worthy Secretary thereof; and if the running were not much, there was a certain amount of *shy*, such as Englishmen always contrive to get up in connection with their great national diversion; and there were sporting men to see, and sporting men to meet, and you know, Abel, how pleasant that is on a pleasure trip; for a true sportsman is rarely, if ever, other than of an equable and joyous temperament,—full of anecdote, for his life has been passed in adventure—shrewd, for without observation who can learn to sport?—kindly, for if he loves to be happy himself he loves as much to see happiness in others. May my right hand forget its uses, if it joyed not to greet you, old acquaintance,—you, that as a youth, did most signally baffle the great ones of that day,—Wily Marjy, poor fellow, and sly Jemmy Barwell, and old Bob Stevenson, the last man in India, that fought a main and wore a pig-tail ! “Return” be your name and welcome, in the sporting world, a pledge you will never leave it ! And you, Mr Villiers, too ! this is bringing old times back again!—do you remember when *Absentee*—But Mr Villiers stops me, and tells me to look for the start—(I quite forgot I was on the race course)—and sure enough there it is, and a rum start too :—the race is a quarter of a mile for nags bought at the Fair, and there have Mr Return, and “the official friend” got a couple of unbroken country fillies, and called, the one *Fleur de Lis*, if you please, and t’ other *Dollabella*,—nothing less—and shoved a sort of native groom on the one, and a sulky

looking suwar (on a *chuhar-jamah*) on the other, and run them one heat in the Heaven-knows-how style of racing,—bolt, kick, turn, stop, and hug-the-rails. This time, the second heat—the brutes won't face the race-stand, but see! *Fleur de Lis* bolted through the railings, by Jove! “Go along, *Dollabella*,” screams “the official friend”—“*chulo, pidar-sohhtu* (*i. e.* you with the burned father, for, between ourselves, he's choice in his language); but the sulky suwar, uninspired by the alleged cremation of his immediate ancestor, either cannot, or will not keep the mare's head straight, and with the race in his hands, for he won the first heat, lets her swerve, the saddle turn, and himself to the ground—whack! with the emphasis of a decadent oatsack. Forth rusheth Shylock, good at need, picks the oatsacky, sulky-one from the earth, and chucks him on the bare-backed mare again, whence he, as in love with *terra firma*, falls—whack!—a second time, on t' other side: whereupon Shylock (its catch weights) leaps himself upon the animal, and shakes her in handsomely, not however to win. What! was he that beat the giants of old to be ingloriously *done* on a Titalya Race-course! Perish the thought!—and lo! by what manner of intuitive readiness I know not,—*Fleur de Lis* lugged through the broken fence, the groom upon her again, and stealing upon friend Shylock, who thinks the race his own, but is beaten on the post. And now on this farce, near followed something like a tragedy,—with a moral to it, warning us not to play the mad-cap in our sport. Shylock, in pulling up the round-barrelled, skittish, bare-backed beast he rode, touched her accidentally with the spur, and instantly after came on the back of his head heavily on the ground, about as bad a sporting fall for fifteen stone to get as I have seen.

It was all right in the end, although there was an anxious ten minutes or so for us after the tumble: but, bless ye, Abel! a sportsman has twice the vitality of another man, the evident result of his being always more alive, and wider awake; so that amid thumps and bruises enough to demolish the entity of any given number of tailors,—see the fellow! look at the cat and eelish tenacity of life with which he nods to you the next day as if his head were not nearly knocked off; and has the impudence to say it (that head) does not ache; and sits down to the ordinary, sore bones and all, as easily as you do: bethink you a little upon the amount of *pluck* required to do this sort of thing, and ponder, amid the rattle of plates and jingle of glasses, on the benefit of exerting this sort of energy, which positively effects a cure, aided by pru—“No, old fellow, don't be helped to boiled beef, more than three times to-day, and as to beer—” But the cloth is cleared, the Secretary's box produced, and my advice



as to diet superseded by an anxious conversation of greater interest,—next year's races. Will there be any? Will there be a Fair even? Will you come? or you? or you?—But some one's tact has swamped the words of doubt—"Mr Shylock's song!"—What did he sing? I forget really,—but if you *will* have a song, Abel, take this, and think you hear him troll it away, while Glee dances round the tent to the sound of it—

1.

Hold! till I season the glass with my ditty,  
 Nor crown, without meaning, the bumper to be;  
 Those that but drink, are mere tipplers I pity,  
 Too soul-less companions for you, boys, and me;  
 Give me the thought that inspirits the liquor,  
 And give me the feeling that flavours the wine—  
 And let Hope in our pulses heat higher and quicker,  
 As I drink, boys, good luck to your fortunes and mine!  
     Yes, this is the toast shall go round at our table,  
     Nor selfishly fix on one name for its call—  
     And oh! happy are they that in union are able  
     To drink as one man—Here's a health to us all.

2.

Here's to the Chief! quick!—his glories are fleeting,  
 While clamour shouts praises that die in the sound;—  
 Custom alone 'twas, suggested the meeting  
 When butter-in-words with the bottle passed round;—  
 Here's to the Poet! poor soul! yon faint cheering,  
 Springs feebly from voices could never combine,—  
 For jealousy breathed mid the phrases endearing  
 A taint, boys, shall ne'er tinge your fortunes and mine.  
     Then quick with the toast let it circle the table,  
     Nor, &c.

3.

Here's to the Sage! thro' the whole world of science,  
 That laboured his life out obscurely and slow;  
 One cheer for pity! he's nailed his reliance,  
 On Fame for *one* cheer, ere the poor devil go;  
 Here's to the Statesman! for what to applaud him  
 That's changed his "fixed principle" ninety times nine?  
 We'll leave his own "lasting admirers" to laud him,  
 That ne'er car'd a fig, for your fortunes nor mine,—  
     So quick, &c.

4.

Statesman, Philosopher, Warrior, and Poet,  
 Ye hunters of Honour, and shooters of Praise—  
 Weary's the work you must all undergo it,  
 That tardily brings ye the laurels and bays!

Wiser were he that should rather petition  
 His lot to be cast in less glorious a line,  
 And with Sport his reward, and Content his ambition,  
 Stand his luck, the year round, with your fortunes and  
 mine ;  
 Then round with the toast let it circle the table,  
 Nor selfishly fix on one name for its call ;  
 Brother Sportsmen alone are by sympathy able  
 To sing out as one man—Here's a health to us all !

Bravo ! capital ! well sung !—why, what uproarious applause ! are they going to have the four verses over again ?—No, it is not the song, its something else ; what's the matter ?—“ Fifteen gold mohurs ”—How much ?—“ All horses ”—eh ? there's such a noise I can't hear—“ Master Mathew's purse ”—my Purse ! why, what the deuce !

Conceive my astonishment, Abel, at finding that this was “ the official friend ” broken out in a new place,—sitting at the other end of the table, giving purses and be d—d to him, and,—he really takes liberties with people, sticking my name, my evangelical simple-minded appellation on to a profane horse race. But mercy on us, what a row ! “ Twenty-five gold mohurs,” cries Mr. Villiers amid renewed applause ;—“ Thirty Gold mohurs ” say the Purnea men,—but you've got it all down, Abel, in the Titalya race list, so why make a short story long :—Enough.—I was a good deal hurt, and went off to my tent to bed. In a short time, “ the official friend ” entered, smelling strongly of Manilla segars.

“ Mathew,” said the “ official ”—“ I have been drinking a devil of a deal of beer.”

“ I should just think you had been,” replied I, rather sulkily as I tucked my silvery locks under my double cotton night-cap.

“ But before I go to bed, or you to sleep, I wish to give you a few ideas on the philosophy of the race course.”

“ Oh ! ” (*aside.*)

“ Do you disapprove of racing ? ” asked the “ official.”

“ Very much—it's gambling,”—replied I, a little huffy still.

“ But if men don't gamble ?—running a horse you don't bet upon, is like having a billiard table where you don't play for money, so there's one objection gone, Mathew ; and if you consider the political value—”

“ Oh ! Lord ! ” (*aside.*)

“ The political value of bringing persons of a certain stamp periodically together, even a profane race, as you term it, becomes an engine of government ;—large frontier meetings—

natives of foreign territories—diffusion of respect for our power—commercial intercourse—manufactures—shawl wool—piece goods—”

And so “the official friend” prosed pitilessly on, having started with “nine stone seven” and making his run in upon “grey shirtings,” until what between sleep and conviction, I was compelled to own, that a race was not such a very bad thing after all.

And time thus slipped away, not without revels, for we had to shew our zeal for the *fair* (this was the official friend’s one joke—

“For God’s sake, Abel, take it not for mine !”)

and there were dances, and junketings, dances such as I like, where the heart dances as well as the heels. For there is a merriment that makes me melancholy, and you too, and many besides, —when a joyless looking youth accosts a pale maiden, and they make themselves into a human sandwich (with angles both lateral and posterior), and bounce with grave faces violently round the room, insulting the laws of rythm in impossible endeavours at making *three, two*, until ichor exudeth visibly on the breathless nymph’s bepearled shoulder, and the youth perspireth even as poets fable doth the bull ;—if they looked happy I’d forgive them, but they don’t ;—they look tired, like a figurante after doing a feat, (and this is one), not like young men and women amusing themselves. A Mofussil dance on the contrary is a hearty, jolly, real thing ; and not less pleasant is a day spent under the green wood by some rapid stream with country games and sports extempore, with Villiers to cater, the Major to carve, and all to laugh and be happy. That mirth’s infectious. *Aychev* and his party, *stravaguing* home in their idle way, see the white tents and hear the sounds of festivity ; and there they are with the hoops that were green bamboo twigs, but awhile ago, and the rude-cut rods that fair hands honoured with their touch, and have but just thrown aside, playing *les graces*, the imitative rascals, with my cigars in their mouths !

But I tell this story vilely ;—because this was two or three days after,—no—I’m in a narrative “fix” : look ye, Abel, fancy that you had read what I am going to tell you two or three pages back, and then you have it all chronologically : this is an Hibernian method of writing history, but it has its conveniences, and I seriously recommend it to Mr Alison as preferable to the system of anticipating his events.

Well—it was one day we went out in force to beat some ravine ground covered with heavy jungle some three miles to the S. E. : no one knew this part of the country, but by

the villager's account it abounded with wild buffalo, and was frequently, if not constantly visited, by "the gentleman in the striped waistcoat." There was among the party, a native gentleman, a zumeendar of Rungpore, owner among other good elephants, of the well-known *mukna*, Sham Loll, which, when the late Mr Bateman's property, saved William Bracken's life when the tiger pinned him by the foot. This animal passed subsequently into the late Raja Kishennath Raee's hands where he found himself in company with a fine-grown and singularly tractable young male elephant, called Jye Mungul. Against this companion, Sham Loll conceived the most violent aversion, and on every occasion manifested his dislike by attacking him in the most inveterate manner, without however doing him serious injury, owing to the want of tusks : he is the finest, and the largest, but one, *mukna* I have seen. These two elephants on the Raja's death, passed into different hands, and had not met for more than three years until this day I speak of. One of our party who knew both these creatures well, warned Sham Loll's mahout, the only man that can drive him, not to bring him near his ancient enemy who was in the field, but the warning was, perhaps purposely, disregarded, and at the passage of a small half-dry nullah, the *mukna*, bearing the howdah and guns of one of our friends found himself immediately behind the object of his ancient hatred, also carrying a howdah and four guns, both batteries being loaded. The banks of the little swampy hollow sloped on the approach side at an easy angle of declivity, that opposite, of coarse wet sand, being abrupt, and from five to six feet high. And now occurred an extraordinary instance of memory, rooted dislike, and vindictive cunning on the part of "the half-reasoning elephant" in the person of Sham Loll, who waiting till his ancient foe was just embarrassed in the slough, charged him, first on the quarter, and then with the impetus of a rush down the declivity, full on the side, so that *Hyder Guj* (late *Jye Mungul*, his name having been altered) was knocked completely over in the nullah.

Do you remember in our boy-days,—I do in mine at any rate,—the sensation of the rushing descent in a swing at a fair ? I had not felt it for years, till that day in the falling howdah, for I was its occupant, Abel :—I was standing up when Sham Loll charged, and of course did the first thing one does in a scrimmage of the kind, hold the guns from falling about, in which act, holding on to the howdah sides at the same time, my head and left shoulder came to the ground without my position being altered. It was a curious one then ; for my guns were above me ; so completely indeed that when one of them was shaken from my grasp, the butt of the falling fowling piece cut my forehead open. This however was not until Sham Loll had

made two or three charges, retiring up the declivity for fresh impetus, then rushing down, and butting the ribs of my poor prostrate beast with the thump of a pile driver. It was a fine sight looking up, to see the great pink expanse of the *mukna's* forehead,—above this the mahout not half as active as he might have been with the driving iron,—then the cane howdah-front,—on it, a row of eight grim-looking muzzles depressed right at me as the elephant struck his blow,—and above all the handsome features of an astonished *griff*, temporary occupant of the *mukna's* back, holding on like grim death, and quite as uncomfortable as myself. As the gun fell, the front of my howdah began to complain, driven as we now were below the upright bank, and at the next charge, the crash of wood, and rending of iron, as guns and all were forced into the sand, warned me that “time was up.” As the howdah fell away considerably to the rear, I still had handsome room between its side and the bank, to slip my not very obese figure, and in an instant, *i. e.*, after one failure, I was out, and up in safety. Had I not thought the man in the *khuwass* behind me, whom I looked for, and barely saw under the howdah, were killed, I would, honour bright, have stayed to to help him; but as it was, I retreated, lest Sham Loll should hate me for association's sake, and got behind the elephants that had crossed the nullah. And now the assailant was at last thrashed off by bloody and effective punishment with the *huncas*;—the prostrate elephant by degrees recovered himself, and regained his legs unaided, still bearing the shattered howdah, its strong iron rail bent like copper wire, its cross piece of sound timber snapped like rotten stick: my guns were picked out of the bank, one broken clean across nine inches below the muzzle, the other two and the rifle unbroken, but scored and knocked about, and *filled with sand to the breaching*, proof of how far and how forcibly we were driven. The man in the *khuwass* escaped as by miracle with a few bruises, the mahout utterly unscathed, myself with a cut forehead, and the loss of my hat which we found no where, it having doubtless been crushed into the swamp under the elephant. So ended an adventure which the by-standers describe, as having been a nasty thing to look at. One learns of these things, Abel, one learns;—the eldest of us are but students in the knowledge of great truths.

“There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Roughhew them how we may.”

The sport that followed this business was of too ordinary a character to need record, but the occurrence is of use, as a proof to young sportsmen in this country, of the value to a man of avoiding flurry, more particularly attempting to leave the howdah in difficulties too precipitately. This last affair, the mahouts

with our party declared was a personal insult to "the official friend" and were (said to be) so determined to avenge it on the person of the Rungpore zumeendar, or his elephants, that lo! and behold, in the night the threatened man struck his tents, and in the morning, was not. And we too went our way, and the place knew us no more. I would be tuneful on the occasion, but that *goodbye* rhymes to *cry*, and invites altogether much too dolorous a strain for me, who by no means consent to abuse the use of song for melancholy purposes. You insist, do you? doggrel of the homeliest description are you doomed to—look here—

## 1.

Come, let us sup  
 The stirrup cup  
 Or e'er we get to horse—  
 Our march begun  
 Before the sun  
 Commence his westward course :  
 Let on this ground  
 The pledge go round  
 To make it plain and clear,  
 That every man  
 Do what he can  
 Must meet again next year.

## 2.

The dues of life,  
 Or love, or strife,  
 Or Nature's common debt—  
 Perchance may fall  
 On one or all,  
 E'er through twelve moons we get :  
 To the living peace,  
 And rich encrease—  
 To the friends that sleep a tear—  
 For this we're bound  
 On this same ground  
 To meet again next year.

## 3.

Then say, farewell,  
 Nor dread the spell  
 That makes the word sound sad—  
 A thousand things  
 Each season brings  
 Are lost as soon as had :  
 But Hope lives still  
 And lets not Will \*.

Too confident appear,  
 But says,—“ Please God,  
 On this green sod  
 We'll meet again next year.”

Adventures, Abel, by flood and field might I relate, with more expositions still of the powers and values of *pluck*, but that I want to get home, and cannot even ask you to stay those two days with me at Dinagepore, however hospitably and pleasantly they were passed. We must traverse the wild country before us rapidly to our rendezvous at Maldah, coming all along the road into contact with things that always make me melancholy, the neglected remains of ancient civilisation. Here you fall in again with the remains of the great earthwork road, leading from the ancient capital of Bengal to the foot of the Himalas, that has been bridged handsomely where required, with structures of squared granite and good masonry. The ruins of a very large stone bridge approached by a fine causeway, lie at Pathurgatha, on the banks of the Tangon, and I only met with one of these interesting structures in any state of completeness, not far from Parwah. Large tanks, or rather artificial lakes occur in this country, which is undulating, and where points in the highest ground being selected for the formation of these great reservoirs, a collection of water is obtained sufficient to irrigate an immense extent of rice land. We only found one of these immense works fairly surrounded by fertilised land in an inhabited country, and the magnitude of it may be estimated when I mention that on the N. W. corner of the bund, stand the ruined houses, and deserted vats of an entire indigo factory. The high road (?) or track, or path of modern days repudiates all connection with the ancient bund, and makes its way through—

“ Over the hocks, in the goes !—hurrah ! fifteen stone in difficulties !”

Rolling and wading, Homo Barbatus, mounted luckily on an English horse of some power, pushes through and Master Mathew follows as he can. But truly this high road craves wary riding, and as we cross another of these shallow treacherous *latches*, (as they call them on the Borders,) yonder laden bullock, that shyed at my pony, is bogged to the shoulder, but a fathom from the *one* track. In the Malda district the country lies higher, and the road is well cared for, but would be better, *and always passable*, were the old bund repaired; while as you near Purwa, or Pundwa (Pandooa, seat of the old Pandoo Rajas), you come upon a curious causeway, broad as an ordinary road, composed of brick set on edge, of admirable quality, put together with the utmost regularity and compactness. The

more distinctly it is determined, the deeper and denser does the jungle grow, or in other words, the more perfect it appears approaching the ancient site of the great city, the more is the traveller impressed with the sense of desolation "amid the high places that have been." There is a peculiarity in this interesting relic which gives one a hint as to the ancient mode of traffic of the country, in the fact that the ruts, sparingly visible, are evidently of modern times, whence it ensues that pack-carriage was of old the only method of transport employed, as, on this line, it is to this day, almost exclusively,—and for a good reason. The road here is like a channel cut through the densest kind of brake and thickest jungle. It is sinuous, offering most picturesque effects; and many and many a time as he turns a bend in the way, on his early morning march, will the sportsman see before him jungle fowl, out in the dusty way, seeking for fallen grain, or carrion, of which all the gallinacious tribe of birds are very avid.\* I observed in these jungles that the cock bird was oftener seen than the hen: with the pheasant every where, and usually where I have met jungle fowl, the hen is the bolder bird. He is—But let me suspend my disquisition, for here in the first opening that has for miles occurred in the verdant wall of bamboo that has hemmed in our narrow way, stands a lofty and most striking edifice,—it is the Adeena Musjid, alone left standing where a city stood, honoured by Rennell with a special place on the map of Bengal, though there it stands alone in the silent jungul.

It has been an oblong building of considerable extent, roofed with small domes, of which I think three or four complete the breadth of the structure; of these the tradition is, there were three hundred and fifty, which means simply a great number. Both extremities of the structure are in total ruin, overgrown with tree jungul, and impracticably closed to the curious by rubbish, trees, and bramble. The centre (roofless) comprises the *hibleh*, or recess pointing towards Mecca, and the *mimber* or pulpit; \*the altitude of its roof has been much superior to that of the wings, and the entire wall on either side and above the doorlike hollow of the shallow recess, is loaded with ornaments of the most elegant character, and inscriptions, all texts from the Coran, in a sort of *toghruh* writing, most exquisitely cut: above the whole is

\* Have you ever seen, near any preserve in England, the carcass of a deer that has died of the murrain close under the park palings, where the poor brutes always creep to perish, without flushing three or four pheasants about it? The instincts of the tribe are universal: I once, riding through the Mohun Pass (into the Deyrah Doon) flushed a cock and hen of the *kaldige* pheasant (the link between the jungle fowl and hill pheasant of India) out of the ~~dead~~ carcass of a dead camel by the road side. I could multiply instances.



an elaborate arabesque in which a certain sign showed that the skill of a Master Mason had planned it. The pulpit with its canopy, steps, and railing (broken and partly removed) is of a hard sand-stone, cut into minute rosettes of a delicate pattern, all over the surface. The eastern wing, still roofed, has beneath it, isolated in the open space, a noble floor of black marble slabs, supported on low and very massive columns of the same, on which, connected by longitudinal rough hewn beams of the same costly material, the platform lies. Here is another *kibleh*, with fresh ornament, and more inscription, and along the cornice, and in each of the little domes overhead, a profusion of decorative shapes is lavished in stucco, and terra cotta, for *brick* is not the word. On the exterior, the structure shows the basement of granite for eight or ten courses of stone, and then masonry of the most admirable closeness and finish, partly covered with fine stucco, and relieved with ornamental niches. Abel, this is rather a prosy account of the place, but as a sporting tour produced this, the only written description attempted of it, let the *Sporting Review* have the credit of the production, which subscribers are not called upon to read. He with the beard, and I fastened our horses to the ruins outside, and entered the desolate place. From a tree that grew, slight, and sickly, to a great height mid the central ruins, came a strange noise with shaking and rustling. It was a large old *lungoor*, that seemed triumphing, like the spirit of the forest, that the waste had reconquered the populous spot from man. "Owls shall dwell there," thought I, "*and satyrs shall dance therein* :"\* it was a curious practical comment on the real meaning of a much disputed passage, for there was the satyr dancing. Brambles, and the hooked thorny bamboo called *byre-bans* by the natives prevented much exploring. The marble flooring is much ruined having been plundered in masses: a gentleman who has been resident near half a century at Malda remembers it perfect: a chokeydar could not be spared to protect the beautiful ruin, nor the Government that plans "schools of design and art" try to preserve this exquisite specimen of both! Don't be angry—we'll poetise instead—

#### These solitudes

Are vocal with the echoes of the past  
 To ears that hear aright. The creeping fowler  
 That threads their thorny brakes, pauses of time  
 As sudden floats the moist fresh breath of water,  
 Gratefully, on that dense and lazy air :  
 This following, in the forest, at his feet,

\* Isaiah, 13. v. 21.

Till then unseen, behold ! a shapely lake,  
 Well worth the name, tho' man, not nature made it ;  
 A tranquil sight, yet sad :—the idle fish hawk  
 So clamorous from yon tree, and waterfowl  
 That flap, and swatter in the mimic mere,  
 Are all of life he sees there :—and yet myriads  
 Sweated to delve this work, that myriads more  
 Might drink, and live.

What sound ? a sound of home  
 And habitation in these wilds ! 'Tis so !  
 For tho' the call be hoarse and low, 'twas thine,—  
 Gallant and gay, thou gentleman of Birds—  
 Bold Chanticleer !—The fowler turns,  
 Breaking brief meditation.

Braggart bird,  
 Like other biped braggarts—crowing too loud  
 And out of season, thou'rt thine own undoing—  
 Else not the patience of the stalking savage,  
 Stalking for food, not sport, had found thee lying,  
 Unwary, in thy haunts. No homestead—denizen  
 Is this, but of that race, which having lent  
 It's progeny to man, shamed of the act,  
 Flees him that slaved its offspring. Wild and shy,—  
 A broken stick, a falling leaf, a sound  
 That's unakin to habit, and he calls  
 His feathered mates, far scurring thro' the woods  
 That with their hooked officious hinderance grasp,  
 And hold pursuers back,—true guardians these  
 Of things that trust their keeping ;—the hard soil  
 Favours the racing fugitives,—they're gone  
 Or ever they were seen ! And yet, wild bird,  
 That soil's compacted of such elements  
 As erst made fanes, and palaces,—and thou  
 Waryest of creatures, wonn'st where was a City !

There's only a village there now, a poor place, the seat however of a handsomely endowed *serai* for travellers. We beat the jungul with great perseverance on foot for jungle fowl. I was well equipped to face a thick Indian cover having a shooting dress\* for the purpose which I strongly recommend, but it was vain to attempt surprising this game in such lying. I heard plenty of them, but saw none. In more open and smaller cover, jungle fowl with a spaniel and a few beaters, give excellent shooting. We got some birds however though with considerable

\* A smock frock of strong coarse dark tartan, girt with a leather belt : light trowsers with no braces, and loose leathern stocking gaiters : in the Hills, let a *loongee* supplant the belt.

trouble, by stalking them when they came out in the evening to feed.

At Nuwab-gunj we found the camp of the young native magnate, whom the official friend had been so anxious to come up with. It lay commodiously located in a tope of trees along the bank of the Mahanuddee and consisted of between two and three thousand men. The "turn out" was unexceptionable, and the perfect order, quiet, and discipline that reigned throughout every part of it, edifying to behold. There was no straining for effect, nor silly assumption of grandeur, nor none of what the "official friend" (one day when he unbent and became human)—called "the shabby-splendacious," about it. It was just a gentleman going out, as you or I would, on the scale *his* means permitted; and if he had fifty elephants instead of five, twenty tents for two, and paid his own escort, he was just as quiet and simple about it, as you or I under the single protection of Chor Buklish that smart fellow the Magistrate lent us, and who stole my seal ring. There was a small bazaar even established of country cloths, trinkets, and small groceries, and crowds of people from the villages about surrounded the camp to stare at the tents, the elephants, and, most of all, the mounted troopers, until—happy people!—the youthful magnate himself came forth on his way to the shooting-grounds, and then those that saw him said they had had *burra bukht*, *i. e.* great good fortune, and back went they, happy, to their villages again.

There was an individual however, who, with the Hindoos somewhat divided popular admiration, and this was—the yâk. Immense care was taken of him on the march: he travelled chiefly by night and in the friendly company of two hill cows purchased also at the fair; it was astonishing how in a few days he acclimatised himself, and travelled loose although in so new a road, as tame and docile a beast as I have seen. His favourite dainty was *goor*, or coarse sugar; he knew those that brought it for him, and with the roughest tongue that bovine beast ever boasted of, licked the hand that fed him as though he would have flayed it in his gratitude, a troublesome sort of "skin-deep affection," Abel, which I eschewed.\* Yet other trophies from the fair were no less ostentatiously exhibited;—a horse bred in the Usufzye country (he was called Candaharee, but the official friend denounced the imposition),—a skewbald cob (*yaboo*) of Candahar, such as the late Mr Ducrow would have pawned Widdicombe to become possessed of;—a pair of camels that had "eaten three waters", *i. e.* passed three seasons in ungenial Bengal; *Dollabella* and *Fleur-de-lis*, those celebrated

\* This poor beast died in less than two months after leaving the hills.

racers; an elephant of excellent shape named *Tarun Piarce* for no reason on earth; and *tanguns* and ponies of all sorts, out o'sorts, and no sorts at all, completed the singular collection, the greater part of the latter being private property. But among the lot the strangest to me was a specimen of what Mr Blyth would call *homo sentiens*, a poor Candaharce horse dealer, that had lost at the fair by gripes his last horse of three, all dead, unsold. "The official friend" was anxious lest this ill-luck should deter the loser's friends and countrymen from resorting to the fair next winter, and took him off with him under assurance of some such nod, sign, phrase, or expression as means a vast deal—to those that understand it.

He was a sharp merry fellow was this horse-dealer, of some thirty years old, cheerful and shrewd: he had nothing left but his clothes, his sword, and his servant, except a vicious dun cob, shrewdly suspected of an inclination to glanders, therefore *taboo'ed* from our camp. His clothes he carried for the most part about him, comprising under garments multifarious, of doubtful texture and decided dirt; trowsers *ditto* tucked into a curious laced buskin of half-tanned leather: his upper coat had been yellow with a fur binding, and over all was thrown a napless camel's hair *chogha*, or narrow cloak. Thus with a ragged turban of coarse flowered muslin to complete all, he stood before the magnate.

"Your name?"

He gave it.

"Your country and business?"

He answered to both.

"Your wants?"

"I am a Mussulman in distress—*Mooslim-i-muzloom*—in a strange land."

"What will take you home?"

The man sighed and was silent.

"If I may observe in the presence," said one of the bystanders, a confidential servant of the magnate,—“this stranger is in debt: he owes one hundred rupees in Poorunnea, and three hundred and fifty in Benares.”

And Master Matthew spoke in surprise and said—

"Ay! *Khanuh-bu-dosh*—oh! thou with house on thy shoulders, thou vagabond,—is this word true?"

And he answered, and others too; and the story was true every word of it, as appeared from information gained long previously: upon which the young magnate said in a quiet gentle voice, a little hurriedly.

"Pay his debts, and give him three hundred rupees to go home with."

Would I were born a magnate, Abel, to say such words ! but you, vagabond aforesaid, what say you to them ?—what say you who, to the utter shame of our commercial morality, are allowed to wander through the country, free, a Candaharee, with the way home open to you, and debt to leave behind you in Bengal, and Behar too ? what say you ?

“ I will go pay my debt at Poorunnea, and pay my debt at Benares, and get to Shikarpore quick, and up the Bolan Pass before the heats begin, and go tell them at Candahar there are great hearts in Bengal ”—so spoke the grateful man with an energy not unpathetic. ●

“ And bring back a nag or two for next year ? ” suggested “ the official friend.”

“ *Shayud*,” answered the horse dealer with a relaxed twinkle of intelligence—(i. e. perhaps, i. e. won't I ! ) and so he made obeisance, and got to horse, and went his way.

We had in the neighbourhood of this camp, and at Peer-gunge in particular, some excellent sport with deer, partridge and buffalo, making a good bag. Shylock rode *Alchymist*, one day after a noble bull buffalo, and two cows, single handed ; the jungul was heavy, the ground very bad, and the run long, but he contrived to separate the lot and despatched one of the cows that charged him with a single pistol shot:—he was lucky enough on the same day to get a hog deer on the open and spear him after a pretty run. The novelty to me was killing a lot of that splendid game commonly called “ chicore,” and which I have heard in the Upper India termed “ the Ghagra partridge,” the word “ chicore ” being there more properly applied to the red-legged partridge of the hills. My impression is that this bird is not a true partridge, but the grey francolin of Col. Sykes (*Franc Ponticerianus*) which he describes as common in the Dukhun. The question merits attention, and should be decided.

Breaking up our camp we marched down the Mahanuddee, enjoying sport as good as could be had so early in the season, the grass jungul being too thick positively for game to lie in, and rendering it hard to see ground-game when found ; I performed the feat however one\*day of killing a hare from the howdah at fifty yards with a single ball ;—and then like a friend of mine, who once made the best shot at a rifle-meeting in Hanover,—took care not to fire at another. We had the excitement one day of a find of tigers at Rohinpore in excessively thick cover, an accidental rencontre in the jungul with a live of forty-two elephants. I say *tigers* in the plural, as I think we come upon a family going back to the forest from a nullah, “ returning to town from a watering place,” like tigers at home. The one we killed, and lost, lost I grieve to say by the misbehaviour of the best elephants in

Lower Bengal,—was a young one, up to which after he was wounded, and, breaking the line, ran back, we could not get eight picked elephants to move, until too late: they did not turn, but backed in the most strange panic, nor could either punishment, or encouragement make them move. I believe the mahouts really did their duty: they had no reason for not doing so, as we had been holding our guns very straight, and one of us at any rate was a known sportsman to them, as good with the gun as in the saddle: so that *their* fear had nothing to do with our failure. They said that the elephants had had not seen, nor smelled the rank scent of the beast for four years, and hence their hesitation: this at least was the opinion of Khyratee, the mahout for many years of the noble elephant, Secundur Guj, on which I was mounted, a fellow well known for daring coolness to our sportsmen hereabout, and himself an excellent shot. I believe myself the instinct of the animals told them that we were shooting out of season, inasmuch as the thickness of the cover at this time of year exposed them to the dangers of an unseen attack from "our striped friend," which they were not willing to incur. This view is confirmed by the admirable manner in which they behaved in the later portion of the year,\* and is another argument against going out too early.

This jungul about Rohinpore and Chupppe, is I think as thorough *jungul* in the sense of waste and desolation as any I have seen in India. Moving along the line of march in my way, riding my own pecaliar hobby, amusing myself with a thousand speculations, it struck me, fancifully, as though—but hold! here's what I mean—

The jungul's waste, the jungul's wild,  
 The jungul's dark and dreary—  
 No sport our lengthened march beguiled  
 To make the way less weary:  
 A strange and solemn air hangs round  
 Of silence and of mystery,  
 As if we paced some ancient ground  
 Demanding wondrous history:

The grass is reedy, rank, and dry  
 That the coarse soil produces,  
 As nature in an atrophy  
 Were drained of all her juices:

\*The number of tigers shot in the past season has been considerable: a well-known sportsman, Mr. Y—, 21: Lt. Col. W— and party 8 in nine days: Nawab Sufdur Ali and party, 18, are mere items in the list of sport. The last-named gentleman, although his left arm, shattered by a gun bursting, is amputated below the elbow, shot nine of his bag alone.

Few green leaves still are green enow  
 To grace the sapless bushes,—  
 And stiff and stark the wild dates grow  
 Midst sick and sallow rushes.

The peepul, monarch of the scene,  
 Alone doth deign to flourish,  
 Proud in his melancholy green  
 That all sad thoughts doth nourish :—  
 With self-perpetuating shoot  
 Down speed to earth his minions,—  
 Like branch-usurpers, take new root,  
 And lord o'er fresh dominions.

The plashy margent of the pool  
 Is rank with noxious herbage,—  
 Food nor for insect, beast, nor fowl,  
 Mere vegetable garbage :  
 The deer frequent these wastes no more  
 The tigers have forgone it ;  
 The hogs e'en vote the place a bore,  
 And turn their tails upon it.

The waters that there prisoned lay,  
 Dark, weedgrown, foul, aud fetid—  
 (Like a hellbroth brewed of rotten hay  
 By suns unwholesome heated)—  
 Are liquor of uncertain birth  
 Nor of cloud, nor fountain daughter—  
 But the drainage-juice of that arid earth  
 That hath sweated unearthly water !

Ha ! is this a piece of the world of old—  
 Of the earth antideluvian,  
 An extant example of what we 're told  
 May be found in rocks Peruvian ?  
 Of the wastes, and the grass, and the trees that have been  
 (At least all the geologists say so)  
 Now preserved in nature's own magazine  
 'Neath the peaks of Chimborayzo ?

It is !—for lo ! there's a beast of the time—  
 A Saurian ! Buckland's own lizard,—  
 Asleep there digesting his crocodile chyme,  
 With his antideluvian gizzard !\*  
 And lo ! there's his hole 'neath that thorn clad bank  
 Round which the air is pregnant  
 With stinks so stercoraciously rank,  
 That my nostrils wax indignant ;—

\* Mathew, Mathew,—this is very preadamite anatomy !—A. E.

I'm right :—there's no modern smell like this—  
 So very fishlike and ancient,—  
 Coæval with Queen Semiramis  
 Who's by various authors mentioned ;  
 'Tis the scent of the plague in the land of Kish,  
 So bad men scarce could go by 't,—  
 And strikingly like the smell of the fish  
 Whose liver was burned by Tobit.

'Tis a bit of Earth's crust that's been unexplored,  
 Nor by earthquake knocked topsy-turvy—  
 That's escaped the ken of the Revenue Board,  
 And the Trigonometrical Survey :  
 It bears no more, does this old virgin soil,  
 Then a virgin of forty-seven,  
 Who leaves dreaming of Hymen to reading of Hoyle,  
 While a methodist damns her to Heaven.

There are two slip down from their elephants,  
 (Mammoths here were the fitter riding!)—  
 And creep stealthily up to the monster's haunts,  
 'Neath the sad-grey sedges hiding :  
 " Behind the shoulder,—and then you can't fail"—  
 Thus they aim at the sleeping Saurian,  
 Who lies making a true-lover's-knot with his tail  
 In dreams fishily-epicurean.

Sharp fly the balls,—writhe goes the beast,  
 Snapping with vast jaws vainly,—  
 Plunging the pool into foamy yeast,  
 As it gulphs his length ungainly !  
 Hard hit—bad luck—he was our's by rights !—  
 While thus they talk, and load, on,—  
 Mathew thinks them two Præadamites  
 Slaying an Ignanodon !

No, my dear Abel, I can send you no more, although we had excellent sport, for I only undertook to show you how I *went* to the fair, not how I came home :—So good bye, old fellow, I must leave off doing "the amiably-garrulous" on our good friend Mr ——'s excellent Serampore paper, and do a little of "the blandly-concise" on foolscap alas—for "the official friend."

MASTER MATHEW.



## ANTELOPES' HORNS.

Since the receipt of No. 9 of the *Review*, wherein was contained the account of the *Madras* Antelope's horns, measuring 25½ inches, I have been unwearied in my researches to try and discover some of our Bengalees who could cap them ! But no —men who had killed hundreds of deer, had never been so fortunate as to bring to bag a monster glorying in antlers anything like so long. The longest pair I had by me, of my own killing, measured barely 23—and I really began to think the 25 must be a delusion, mismeasurement, or misprint. Umballah, where I then was, is famous for the herds of antelope which rove around it, and many are brought to bag almost weekly by officers of the station. C. of our corps, a most deadly enemy of four-footed game, went out for a few days, about 16 or 20 miles away towards the hills from that station, and during the three days he was out, killed twelve deer, one of them, the subject of this memoir. He was an enormous buck and unusually black. His horns measured a little above 25 inches in length, and *very nearly* 6 in circumference at the base. They had four regular twists, and this number I believe to be the most ever attained by any deer's horns. He had eight teeth, and by their not being at all worn away he evidently was not an old one. Of the numbers of bucks C. had killed before near Cawnpore, and in Bundelcund, he never had met one whose horns exceeded 23 inches, so we may safely put down a 25 incher, as a very unusual monster. There seems plenty of shooting near here. I got an enormous bear a short time ago, and he afforded very good proof of their extreme tenacity of life. I fired 16 shots, 12 of which hit him, before I brought him to bag. His skin was literally riddled, still he was strong to the last, and I only finished him by a bullet through the brain. When only slightly wounded they are desperate in their attacks. And no one should try bear shooting in the hills, without six barrels, though even then it is safer to have a companion. Before attacking, bears invariably rise on their hind legs, and thus afford a cool hand a good mark, but it must require great nerve not to be flurried on these occasions—for miss him, and you are done. Their voice, between a growl and a bark, is frightful when they are wounded, and their general appearance when excited, and coming at you, any thing but prepossessing.

Sono.

THE "COMMERCIAL MORALITY" ARTICLE OF THE  
*CALCUTTA REVIEW*: ITS ATTACK UPON THE  
 STAGE, THE TURF, &c. &c.

I made my bow in this *Review* with an Invocation. I invoked MASSINGER HISTOFF—among others—to come forward with a second "Glance at the Stage." That invocation might have failed to rouse him, but a *Calcutta Reviewer* has done it. The Commercial Morality article, which like many other offensive things has made a great noise, has induced—"The New Histriomastix." I feel flattered, Mr Editor, that you have permitted me a persual of it: you were not wrong in supposing that I might "be stirred to spike the scribbler who has flown not only at all the sports but the socialities of life," and seeing what MASSINGER HISTOFF has done so well, my task is circumscribed accordingly. I will only observe that the dragging in of the Stage on the occasion of this outbreak against commercial misdoers, is as strong evidence as we could desire of the real object of the writer. He has sought to take advantage of commercial disasters and write them down as induced by those enjoyments and recreations of life, which are sinful in the estimation of such spotless animals as himself. The Stage may be said to have been non-existent in Calcutta for three or four years past, and when it flourished, whether in the days that it was graced by a Wilson, an Alsop, a Playfair, a Currie, a Halliday, a Palmer—or in the more recent period of the *Sans Souci's* success—the mercantile community had little or nothing to do with it. Civilians and Military men were the chief criminals, as principals, aiders and abettors. The *Reviewer* then should find the Marquis of Hastings and the Marchioness, and their Staff, and our Governors, with few exceptions since, and the two Services, as one of the causes why at the present day the Union Bank is in liquidation and even Bank of Bengal Post Bills unsaleable in London at one shilling and ninepence. It suits this scribe and pharisee to soft-sawder the Civil Service: its members "have been most honorably distinguished during the recent calamities,—scarcely has the name of a single one of them been mentioned, in connection with any sinister transaction." But if the Stage is to blame, and we follow back, link by link, how can it be said that the present Secretary to the Bengal Government has no connection with all the ruin that has overtaken us! If the Stage is not to blame then is its defamation as gratuitous as it is pig-headed. But still more of the Service:—Some may have been plundered, none have been plunderers. They stand by, for the most part, as calm and in-

telligent observers of commercial events, and their sentiments are well known." Now if "hunts, races, clubs, cards, and lordly household expenditure" have helped the Stage in ruining Calcutta, where are the guilty to be found whose offences can be weighed for an instant with those which shoot at Haylebury and flourish in full maturity in the Council Chamber! If they have had nothing to do with it, then is the writer I say impertinent gratuitously and pig-headed incontinently: perhaps he is something worse; perhaps he has had his eye on two or three who do not savour sweetly in his nostrils—not really because they play a rubber, keep an extra buggy horse or hunt on Sunday, but because they are more or less involved with some evangelical friend of his own in that mighty crash which has pulled down the affluent and beggared hundreds. Let me speak plainly. I cannot lay on with the lash of irony till the libeller is striped from head to foot—a warning and a show—that has been done for him; but I can say what I mean, and instead of following the example of the Reviewer, who in one page writes—"The time has surely come for a full exposure," and in another—"But much that is known cannot be stated,"—I will do so. Not for the commercial morality or the commercial prospects of Bengal does he care one cowrie; if he had he would have written to uphold them long ago: but Mr James Calder Stewart is, according to the *Friend of India*, "a leading member of the Evangelical community," and Mr Stewart's position with reference to the Union Bank is not precisely what very scrupulous persons would have wished to see it. If the Reviewer could blacken those who were jointly responsible, he flattered himself the process would have a white-washing tendency for his ally. But it was necessary the blacking should come from another shop and therefore he fetched it from the Theatre, the Race Stand, the Bengal Club and the Tent Club. Any impartial reader of his article will see that the charge he prefers could, if tenable at all, only apply to an exceedingly small number of mercantile men; and some of these the very men attacked by Mr Stewart himself, as those under whose instruction he felt it his moral and religious duty to put his name to a series of misrepresentations, fatal in their character to the Institution they were intended to uphold. To have limited the application of censure would have too glaringly betrayed the real design of the article, and the consequence has been, that the conclusions, even if true in particular cases—which they are not—would have been—as they are—generally false.

The Union Bank affair is laboured, but to no end, as exculpating the ex-Secretary. It is not denied that he helped to keep up a great delusion, and that his name tended to quiet apprehension and avert enquiry; but he merely acted in

obedience to orders! "But why, it is said, why did not Mr. Stewart publish his opinions when he left the Bank a year before its stoppage? The answer is obvious. *No one* would have ventured to do so at that time. The present crisis would have been precipitated, and Mr. Stewart would have been denounced as the cause of all the losses sustained by the community in the general panic." \* \* \* \* \* "Mr. Stewart did what conscience demanded, he relinquished his office."

Was there ever more flagrant impudence of argument than this! I pass over the discreditable subterfuge for detected guilt, that Mr. Stewart knowingly did wrong without personal responsibility, because he was told to do wrong, and must leave its precise value to men of the writer's strict notions of morality, commercial and general; while the fraudulent logic that it was not well to precipitate a crisis although it would necessarily have prevented "the ruinous and desperate courses of 1847"—is too contemptible for notice. But Mr. Stewart satisfied his conscience by relinquishing his office! One is compelled to ask if it was an accusing conscience? But no, it was not, or he would have left his accumulated gains behind him. Satisfied his conscience! Had he no conscience for the impending ruin, no conscience for those whom he left lulled into security! Had he no conscience for the widows and orphans who were by and by to be beggared by the ruinous system he could not control! If his conscience was satisfied, I say no more than this, that it is a conscience I would not have for ten times the money he carried away from the Bank for—doing what he was ordered! Yet still this conscience. How was it satisfied when Mr. Stewart encouraged Mr. Caird, a member of the Bengal Club and the Tent Club, by the by, to buy shares and become a Director! How satisfied when penning that unfortunate epistle to "My dear Smith"—which has found its way to the public and is too pertinent to the argument to be omitted here.

My dear Smith,

Our half-yearly meeting next week will I trust prove satisfactory to every friend of the Bank. With the exception of the previous half-year, it will present the most profitable out-turn of any six months for years past. I also am happy to think that *the Directors' report may correct effectually the idle fears and unworthy mistrusts as to their conduct and policy in management, which the enemies of the Bank have endeavoured lately to generate, not with much success however.*

My own days in the good old Bank's service are numbered, and can be counted on my fingers. I shall be thankful indeed for a breathing space from *duties*, which though *honorable* and, by the kindness of my *confiding employers*, in many respects *made agreeable*, yet have fairly proved too much by their unintermitted pressure on

mind and body, thought, and feeling, for three years and a half, more than I could honestly undertake continuance of for another year. I have no doubt the Directors will acquit their important trust in the selection of a successor in the Secretaryship to general satisfaction.

I remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

J. C. STEWART.

Conscience approved this! Conscience—the conscience of a leading member of the Evangelical community—approved this! The duty which impelled Mr Stewart to sign false reports was “honorable,” and made quite “agreeable” by the kindness of his confiding employers! And this is the conduct the commercial moralist specially defends. Conscience! How could the retiring Secretary distress or alarm his friend with even a hint of the truth! He had not the courage to do it. Here we have a novel application of the Shakespearian apothegm that,—“conscience doth make cowards of us all”—but then, as the same wretched scapegrace says—

“A coward, a most devout coward; religious in it.”

And so let him go and his counsel in the Union Bank case and in every other case, doubtless, in which sanctity is soiled; as it always must be when Saints eschew sackcloth in favour of purple and fine linen and have their hands groping for filthy lucre while squinting abominably ’twixt earth and Heaven.

But though the Bank is dismissed and the Reviewer too, on that tack, he is not done with. I must have his nose at the grindstone yet. If thou wert here, MASSINGER HISTOFF, I could embrace thee, for that thou hast scarified this wretched libeller, for that thou hast withering contempt tied him up, a scarecrow, to deter like pickers and stealers of the Drama’s reputation.

You have, reader, seen a cockroach cutting along the floor—perhaps you have knocked him off your head or your arm and come down upon him with your foot, not just tickling him a little behind or amputating a limb, but right plump upon him,—squash is an expressive word. Well, the cockroach under your boot is the simile that occurred to me when MASSINGER HISTOFF put his foot on this morality mannikin. You say the simile is not a nice one! Agreed, but it is not the less appropriate. The creature never read the Sermon on *Conscience* that fell out of Uncle Toby’s copy of Stevinus, though he hath talked so much about it. We will read a bit with Trim.—

“Another is sordid, unmerciful, (here Trim waved his right hand) a strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either of private friendship or public spirit. Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan in their distress, and sees all the miseries incident to human life

without a sigh or prayer." [An' please your honour, cried Tim, I think this a viler man than the other.]

Shall not conscience rise up and sting him on such occasions? No; thank God; there's no occasion. I pay every man his own;—I have no fornication to answer to my conscience;—no faithless vows or promises to make up;—I have debauched no man's wife or child. Thank God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjust, or even as this libertine, who stands before me.

"A third is crafty and designing in his nature. View his whole life;—'tis nothing but a cunning contexture of dark arts and un-equitable subterfuges, basely to defeat the true intent of all laws,—plain dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our several properties. You will see such a one working out a frame of little designs upon the ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy man;—shall raise a fortune upon the inexperience of a youth, or the unsuspecting temper of a friend, who would have trusted him with his life."

"When old age comes on, and repentance calls him to look back upon this black account, and state it over again with conscience,—conscience looks into the STATUTES AT LARGE;—finds no express law broken by what he has done;—perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels incurred;—sees no scourge waving over his head, or prison opening its gates to receive him;—What is there to fright his conscience?—Conscience has got safely entrenched behind the letter of the law; sits there invulnerable, fortified with CASES and REPORTS, so strongly on all sides,—that it is not preaching can dispossess it of its hold."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The character of this last man, said Dr Slop, interrupting Trim, is more detestable than all the rest; and seems to have been taken from some petrifying lawyer amongst you."

The Reviewer, as I have said, directs his venom against the Stage, Sunday Hunts, and the Race-Course. With the two latter he begins his article and the false pretence that they have had to do with recent commercial disasters runs through seven and twenty dreary pages of cant, and misrepresentation, and fabrication. I will make a quotation:—

"Men who commence without capital, commence here in a style of luxurious living; men who have difficulty in meeting the ordinary engagements of business, are the chief supporters of the Sunday hunts and the Race-course; traders, long after they become notoriously insolvent, continue to maintain their original appearances of wealth, and probably spend, before they finally take the benefit of the Insolvent Act, a sum that would be deemed a fortune in England by many whom their recklessness ruins. The course of life, which in England is deemed suitable only to idle, ill-conditioned men of fortune, and to the attendant panders who wait on them to plunder them,—the life of hunts, races, clubs, cards, and lordly household expenditure—has been the course of life here of not a few who have trembled for

the news of successive mails, and have been compelled to resort to desperate shifts and stratagems to keep their firm out of the Insolvent Court. The whole system has been rotten. We have needed a commercial revolution. The commercial morality of Calcutta is a bye word in every Chamber of Commerce in Europe. There is almost a total bankruptcy of character, the character of Britain as a mercantile nation has been sullied, and the name of Christian has been dishonored in the presence of the heathen.”

I have pointed out the object with which I am satisfied this article has been written, and I repeat it;—in the first place to make as good a case as possible for Mr Stewart, in the Union Bank affair, and next to have a fling at those pursuits which the Reviewer does not affect, as indeed he affects nothing that is joyous, social, or manly. He might have exalted the hoim of the righteous as much as he pleased, had he left his betters alone; he might have pleaded for a Testimonial, if he liked, for his pet leader of the Evangelical community in the capacity of a conscientious gentleman of the working world without any notice, had he not written down every man a rogue who does not wet his tobacco and send his sugar and then go to prayers. But he has chosen to challenge all Sportsmen, to fly at every thing in the ring, and if he gets his head broken and finds the want of a plaster here and there, the cripple will have met his deserts.

Of the passage I have quoted he says—“These are not words of exaggeration, but of truth and soberness.” I say they are words of wilful exaggeration; untrue, and smelling strongly of that very bad spirit, distilled by bigotry from the joy-poisoning Upas which hypocrites, piety-mongers, and fanatics set up as the true and godly plant that all good men desire to see flourish. It is true that men have failed who were on the Turf and belonged to the Tent Club, but there were not more than three or four thus doubly engaged and scarcely half a dozen thus engaged at all. What becomes then of the responsibility of the Turf and Chase for what has fallen out! The chief supporters of the Turf throughout India, and of every sport, are not mercantile men but men belonging to the Services,—yet this Reviewer can extol them, seeing, I presume, no harm in *their* pursuits because they are not supposed to put their names upon bills, ship sugar, or dabble in indigo.

It has been well said that—“Slander cannot make the subjects of it either better or worse, it may present us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one, but we are the same; not so the slanderer; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never.”\* Almost every line that

\* The Revd. C. C. Colton. A. M.

I have quoted is a slander. It is not true that men who commence without capital, commence here in a style of luxurious living: there may have been many such but the reverse has been the rule, and many of our first and most influential mercantile men have risen from clerkships on moderate pay, and gradually exchanged the economy enforced by a small income for the more liberal expenditure of improved means and position.

I have said that the number of mercantile men engaged on the race course or in Sunday hunts is most insignificant, and any one conversant with the failures that have occurred must know that other reasons must be found for our merchants having found it difficult to meet the ordinary engagements of business. Why should those thus signalled from the herd not have the benefit of these difficulties—no Irishism, be it observed, when the attempt is to show that the Turf and Chase are seriously responsible for our commercial disasters. If such were not intended, what an impertinence would it be dragging them into a discussion on Commercial Morality! Would the Reviewer dare to say that the private debts and liabilities of any one, two, three, or half a dozen merchants given to sport—if he can find them—have approached the private debts and liabilities of an equal number (let me name them) of your very exemplary, religious, mayhap evangelical, men of business. Examine the records of the Insolvent Court for only the last year or two, and you will find iniquities perpetrated by your non-sporting merchants which nothing that has been proved against sportsmen can equal, and nothing that has been lyingly said of them can exceed. The assertion that traders, long after they become notoriously insolvent, continue to maintain their original appearances of wealth, is, as regards those against whom this emasculated creature specially directs his bitterness, emphatically, false. Those who were known to the sporting world have not only disappeared from its circle but from Society generally: if there has been an exception of unbecoming obtrusiveness, is that any justification for the broad untruth the Reviewer has put into print!

And now, leaving Sporting and sporting men out of consideration, I deny that the Commercial Morality of Bengal is at any lower ebb than the Commercial Morality of England, and I affirm that there is nothing of overtrading, extravagance, or fraud, can be set down to Calcutta that may not be more than balanced by London, Liverpool, and half the manufacturing towns of the empire. The material for this position is abundant, but the discussion would be foreign to these pages; suffice it, therefore, that the London houses who have had agents or firms here have failed for larger sums, and will pay—as far as there is any ground for calculation—as small dividends—and have as lit-



tle or less to offer in explanation, as any that have appealed to the Calcutta Insolvent Court or passed into the hands of Trustees.

As a special instance of the recklessness of assertion in which this pious Christian indulges, look at the following :—“ It is little for an insolvent to include in his schedule a sum due by a breach of trust ; it is little for such an insolvent to pass the ordeal of the Insolvent Court without a single inquiry, and to drive away from its doors in his carriage, to renew with undiminished boldness, and without any rebuke from the society in which he has mixed, his old course of extravagance and speculation.” All this is untrue. If there were not a single inquiry at the Insolvent Court how could the breach of trust be made patent ! Where is the instance of the convicted fraudulent debtor having been received by society as before ? The world is not to take this libeller’s statement ; it has a right to look to the result of those enquiries, which are not the less facts because he denies them ; and I say that men who have been so convicted and branded are outcasts from society—though countenanced by those who can use them or those who can even get a quarterly subscription out of them to a Bible Society. Let me go on to expose another impudent falsehood, in the hope that—though we may not see it, the teller will—

“ crouch like chasten’d hound  
Whose back the huntsman’s lash hath found.”

He says :—

“ The amount spent in the mercantile establishments, and by the private partners of some firms in their private households, have been so large, that few of any if the wealthiest millionaires of the merchant princes, manufacturers and iron masters of England,—men whose profits are often tens of thousands a year—could rival them. We could without difficult show, that the expenditure of some of the insolvent firms during the last five years, has been such as to alter very materially the amount of dividend which might now be coming to their creditors if they had exercised ordinary caution and lived with moderation. Studs of horses, betting-books, and wanton private extravagance, or at least an undue number of partners all spending more than was necessary, together with heavy charges for office expenses, and large amounts of other charges, (such as interest on borrowed money and loss on the exchange operations which their unnatural and forced system of trade entailed on them) have, in point of fact, been the ruin of some houses.”

Now note the blundering stupidity of mixing up the losses upon exchange operations (which Mr James Calder Stewart may very well have informed the writer about) with house-rent and stable bills ! Or it may not have been stupidity : there may have been sense to see the folly of attempting to account for failures of

millions by a few thousand rupees a year in excess of a very religious gentleman's expenditure, and lacking the honesty to strike the ridiculous item out, this exchange operation item may have been thrown in to help—indeed make out—the desired result. It is very probable. I should like to know what on earth the Reviewer knows about the expenditure of the wealthiest millionaires of the merchant princes, manufacturers and iron masters of England! What are the *data* upon which he compares them with the expenditure of gentlemen in Calcutta! Of the latter, how much more can be known than of the former? "We," says he, in his outset, "violate no private friendship with them, for we never formed any. We never joined in their pursuits or sought their society. We are therefore free to speak boldly as public journalists, &c." Speak as boldly, Sir, as you please of what you know, but forbear where you are in utter ignorance: speak as boldly as you please of the men who are your associates and whose friendship you value—and if you spoke the truth of some of the worst you would draw a blacker picture than your malignity has yet coloured—but be silent of those who know you not and whom you do not know, whose actions you would measure with a bigot's rule and whose generous sentiments you are utterly unable to understand. For ignorance there may be excuse, and for ignorance on the part of those the Reviewer reviews, he gives himself credit, but for ignorance that fabricates and would pass off the false as true there is no excuse. Here we have studs and betting-books and wanton private extravagance insisted upon as materially affecting dividends, by a creature that avows its utter unacquaintance with those parties who are alluded to! The fact is, and it is notorious, that the very few mercantile men connected with the Turf have, at any rate as regards their private establishments, been very moderate—remarkably so, and that *no man* connected with the Turf has been conspicuous for personal extravagance—but the very reverse: the idea, however, of illustrating the "Commercial Morality of Bengal" by a dozen instances of undeniable profligacy on the part of sporting men—supposing they could be found—would be monstrous, and the attempt simply shows that it is the enmity of the writer to pursuits he has neither the pluck to follow nor the intelligence to appreciate.

If the animal had kicked up the dirt for general bespattering I could better have let him off; but when he drags in some half dozen to cover specially with his filth, and through them soil a class, I will hold no terms with him, nor spare the expression of one grain of the contempt I entertain for him. He is prepared, he says, to hear his article denounced as "cant." Cant it is, and of the most hateful description. The avowed object is a

consideration of Commercial Morality, the real object to white-wash a devout friend and blacken the character of individuals without his pale of righteousness, and religion is irreverently lugged in just as lying nurses use bugaboo stories to augment their influence over those they would control. “Contemporaneous events in Bengal”—that is mercantile failures,—are to be regarded “in the light of the unerring standard of Divine truth,” and, says Mr Canter, “We see here how ‘the way of transgressors is hard;’ how they that hasten to be rich ‘pierce themselves through with many sorrows;’ how ‘a man’s way may seem right to himself while its end is the way of death.’ We may observe men laying up treasure ‘in bags with holes;’ many who seem to be most prosperous, baffled and ruined as if God ordained, that while they gained much they should lay up but little; and in the case of some few others we may see, that without great incomes or any anxiety for wealth, ‘the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.’” And in his sleeve the hypocrite says,—

“And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
With old odd ends, stol’n forth of holy writ;  
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.”

This Cantwell’s villainy consists in attempting to destroy the character of the town and play the devil with individual reputation. We are not to lose sight of the grand position, that the Turf, the Chase and the Stage are the targets of his aim, and it is remembering this that we are to weigh the value of his discourse. Your sporting commercial men are the transgressors whose ways are hard and who hasten to be rich, and this nunskull’s logic is that the way to be rich is to indulge in profligate expenditure! To be sure common sense would rather dictate that the labouring to be rich is more clearly evidenced by the conduct of those narrow-souled, mean skin-flints who sweep their filthy lucre into a store, which neither the claims of kindred nor the supplications of public charity dare hope to assail. If some of the best known of our mercantile men have been without the reviewer’s pale of the righteous and obnoxious to his censures, at any rate they have been open-hearted and liberal in their affluence, kind Samaritans to the afflicted, and the ready supporters of all great public objects. If they have sought to be rich they have shown a right sense of the use of riches, while those who malign them—wrapped in themselves, that world of worthless things—stamp every generous expenditure as “wasteful and ridiculous excess.” Perhaps this very Reviewer is one who has had some imaginary right to valuable appointments, and, though scorning such as

“hasten to be rich,” has clamoured for them, and being disappointed has insulted the patron he could not win.

I may repeat, that if *Commercial Morality and Commercial Prospects in Bengal* had been considered without any dead set at sporting men, for me it might have passed unnoticed in these pages. And it is not because the feebleness of the argument and the lamentable want of evidence make the effort of the scribbler contemptible, while they expose his real *animus*, that he should be let off. The horror of sporting pursuits and the Stage haunt him, while they distract his attention and pervert the intelligence which it is possible he might otherwise have shown. His theme was not a bad one, but he has scandalously abused it by his mode of treatment, and it is apparent that he has rather sought, in the spirit of a coward, to strike fallen men than improve the virtue of those who yet stand. His personal distastes have so influenced his common sense that he flies off from ten months' bills to “racing studs” and “Sabbath day hunting,” and he has destroyed the chance of a moral by the incongruous essay from which he would have had it drawn. The Commercial system of this country has been a bad one. There has been trading which would have been overtrading even if the capital forthcoming had been twenty-times its real figure, and an interchange of gigantic transactions on mutual credit which could only end, sooner or later, in bankruptcy and ruin. But neither race horses, hunters, hacks, or clubs have had any thing more to do with the overwhelming disasters of 1847-48 than has the price of one of Gibson's coats, a bonnet from Bodelio's or any other expensive thing. The effect and cause are too disproportioned; it is as though one should attribute to the simultaneous discharge of a musket the shaking of a town that is perilled by an earthquake. It is possible that instances of direct personal dishonesty might be proved,—let them be proved and let the guilty suffer: it would, at any rate, be no heavier reproach to the sporting world if a rogue were found in it than to the Church that it has contributed to the gallows and our penal settlements. But I utterly repudiate and abominate that hateful spirit of detraction which grows by what it feeds on, till the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles connected with personal character becomes, perhaps sometimes half unconsciously, almost as vile a thing as the malignant slanderer. These are times in which slander and libel have, I verily believe, proceeded to an extent hitherto unknown in this country, and no lie has apparently been too great for people to swallow, while half the truth would have been more than enough to cause all honest men and well-wishers of public order to grieve. I am not of those who would have any of the truth suppressed, but it should be, as the oath runs—the truth, the whole

truth, and nothing but the truth. Some who have been loudest in their outcry against Commercial morality and want of personal integrity are notoriously men who have lost their own character and would reduce better subjects to their own level, and when I have heard others affecting to be scandalized at the alleged laxity of Union Bank debtors, I have thought what impudence they would have required to meet unabashed the simple query—Wherefore do you not pay your own debts ?

But to return to the humbug with whom I set out. Lest he might probably be mistaken (a groundless fear) as to the importance he attaches to the Stage and Turf as high roads to the Devil, as to their share in the past commercial disasters, and the absolute necessity of their being foresworn, if a healthy state of things is to be restored—he brings them into his peroration.

"The denunciations of our opponents and of the school to which they belong, were directed as vehemently against every Christian enterprize by which Great Britain is now distinguished,—Foreign Missions, the Christian education of the poor, and the Circulation of the Scriptures—as they now are against all who dare to assail fraudulent systems of commerce. But we call to mind that while the great causes which were thus assailed, have triumphed wonderfully, so that their foes are now themselves silenced and abashed, the patrons of the Stage and the Jockey Club, on the other hand, are beginning to experience some of the despair which has already overwhelmed the advocates of the Prize Ring and Cock-fighting, and of other 'manly' and much applauded amusements. And so, doubtless, will sound principles of social morals now make rapid progress, by whomsoever that progress may be deplored or resisted."

This snob's "opponents" are men who do not see any sin in horse-racing nor any great enormity in loving the Drama, —three-fourths of the people of Great Britain. I say Snob, advisedly, because any one who could couple in one condemnatory breath the patrons of the Stage and the advocates of cock-fighting cannot have mind or taste to have fitted him even for a bill-sticker. It is not true that the great objects enumerated have been opposed by those so obnoxious to the narrow mind of this writer; it is the reverse of the truth. As in England so here, they have ever been amongst the most able, most intelligent, and most liberal in the land, and for one rupee the whining pretender to Christian feeling and Christian charity gives to any public object they have given an hundred. It is not true that the patrons of the Stage and the Turf are beginning to despair—the Stage must be enduring because Genius has made the Drama immortal and a million such attempts as the one now made may be laughed at, spilt upon, despised. As for the Turf we have another Governor-General who patronises it, and it is not

very probable the *Calcutta Review* will induce despair in his Lordship's mind. I doubt not he will follow in the footsteps of the best of his predecessors, and while "vindicating the honor of our country and the purity of the Christian name," which the Reviewer is kind enough to intimate will be done in "a good day coming", set his face against canters, mock-religionists, imposters and snobs of all sorts, and against every attempt to transform Society into a huge conventicle by which the social fabric would be destroyed under the impudent pretence of devout living.

Swift says,—“There is a story in *Pausanias* of a plot for betraying of a city discovered by the braying of an *ass*: the cackling of *geese* saved the *capitol*, and *Catiline's* conspiracy was discovered by a *whore*. These are the only three animals, as far as I remember, famous in history as *evidences* and *informers*.”

I think we shall be agreed, Sportsmen of India, that the braying of an ass has discovered no plot implicating the Stage or Turf or other Field sports; that the cackling of a goose has not saved Calcutta; and that it is not by the prostitution of pen and ink in the perversion of truth, that any one is likely to discover a future conspiracy, become famous as an evidence, or even earn the questionable reputation of a good Informer.

START.

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SELECTIONS

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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# SELECTIONS,

AND

# SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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## THE POCKET AND THE STUD.\*

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

### THE SADDLE AND HARNESS ROOM.

Something of this sort is quite a necessary appendage to the most ordinary stable. No horse appointment can be kept decently clean without it. Here, also, in small establishments, may be the corn-bin—an article that I never wish to see in a stable, for two reasons: it takes up room, and the horses learn its situation so well that they get anxious and uneasy every time the groom goes near it. It is sometimes made and used as a seat, but it is a bad plan: where a seat is desirable, it should be one that falls down against the wall.

Boxes there must be, as a matter of course, wherever hunters are kept; and one in case of sickness there should be wherever horses are located: it can always do duty for other purposes when not wanted for its general one. These do not require to be in any degree the same size as those used in racing stables. As places of quiet, unconfined, and undisturbed rest for wearied horses, sixteen feet (or even less, if necessary) deep, and eight feet in width, are all that is required for the horse's comfort. Double doors (that is, cut in two transversely), are useful in case of sickness, where there is but one; otherwise, the single door is to be preferred. These should be made to take off the hinges, that an open-railed one may be substituted in hot weather, over which, of course on the outside, if open canvas is stretched to keep out the flies, it is a wonderful comfort to the animal—costs perhaps three shillings, and will last as many years. Under *no circumstances*, let the door be what it will, should it open, as I have often seen it do, *into the*

\* Continued from No. XII. I. S. R.

box ; for should a horse be taken ill and lie against it, it cannot be opened ; for even with hinges to lift off in such a case, they would be inside : in fact, the door must be split or sawed to admit any one, and even then, till the horse is got up, it cannot be opened. Yet, obvious as this must be, strange to say, in a very large establishment, where were six boxes in a yard appropriated to them, they one and all opened inwards. The master, however, had them all altered the next day.

When boxes are entered by a door on either side, which is often the case, the rack and manger should both be on the side of the entrance ; for this reason :—the horse, to feed with convenience to himself, and to get in front of his food, will always be found to stand nearly corner-ways in his box ; so, if the food is on the side of the door, his heels will be away from the person entering ; if the reverse, they will be towards the person entering, which, with some horses, would not only make *some* difference, but all the difference to the safety of the intruder.

Many persons have quite a box monomania about them, and fancy one to be all but necessary to the well-doing of a horse. I am quite of a different opinion, though I do not affirm that my own is the correct one ; but keeping a horse constantly in a box I consider a mild degree of solitary confinement. I think I may say all quadrupeds that are not *feræ nature* are gregarious, and this will deprive him of enjoying one of the first impulses of his nature. Turn a horse into a pasture, be the food ever so tempting, he will leave it and clear the largest fence to join any horses he may see or hear near him. As a general habitation I am quite sure horses are happier, and, consequently, do better in stables than in boxes, unless they are made with open-work at a height that he can both hear and see his companions. Entire horses, that is, those that are highly bred, must be kept by themselves. They are so accustomed to it that they would generally savage other horses if they could get at them ; but this, I am convinced, arises in most cases from the mode in which from colts they are stabled. I quite agree that no entire horse, be he as quiet as he may, should ever be trusted in a situation where he can get at other horses ; but I am certain that if, instead of shutting up half-a-dozen colts in what is tantamount to a cell, they were in boxes, with walls say five feet high, and the upper part made of iron bars, close enough not to let their noses through, they would become as accustomed to each other as a herd of deer or a pack of hounds. It is not their nature to immediately and at all times attack each other ; if it were, how could they be gregarious ? which, in a state of nature, they are. Even the wild ass, who is by far more savage than the horse, is never found singly, but in droves. They—the deer, the dog, or the horse—would at particular seasons have a fight occasionally ; but when they do, it is where the female becomes the object of contention ; it is the undivided companionship of her that rouses their energies to fury and battle—not any natural hatred or antipathy to each other. For the same horses that might be seen with crest erect, tearing each other like tigers at one season, would be found herding sociably together, and knabbing each

other in perfect friendship a few weeks afterwards. If their combats arose from natural ferocity or natural hatred, they would last all the year round; and this we know is not the case.

Why do we allow our dogs or deer to live in sociality? merely because they are not of sufficient value to induce us to keep them apart. And why do these animals live thus socially, and, on the whole, harmlessly with each other? They have the same brute passions as the horse, and certainly are by no means more kind or generous in their natural dispositions than he is. The reason why they do not attack each other, as our entire horses would, when they meet, is, we encourage and habituate the one sort of animal to live together in harmony, while we totally prevent the other from doing so.

I have no hesitation in saying, that in doing this we pursue quite a wrong system. Horses are valuable animals, consequently, should be so far securely kept apart as to prevent the chance of their injuring each other; but it certainly would be better for them, and ourselves, if we so habituated them to associate as to do away with the inclination to do the injury.

I have known men send a couple of hunters to some inn, in order to meet some distant pack of hounds, and the order given was "Mind and get a couple of boxes for your horses;" or the groom, knowing his master's predilection in this respect, would, as a matter of course, get them.

Let us see how far this proceeding, that certainly at first sight appears judicious, is under every circumstance to be recommended.

If I sent horses where there was only a large public inn-stable or two, I certainly should much prefer the boxes; not from thinking the solitude of the box conducive to my horse's comfort or content—and, by the bye, either in man or horse, where there is not content there can be little comfort—I should prefer the box from the objections inseparable from such stables, namely, my horses being constantly disturbed, and subject to the door being open at all hours.

My directions would—be "Get a two, three, or four-stalled stable (as might be wanted), and get your horses together, if you can." Let us see what would be gained by getting separate boxes. The horses, having travelled together, know as well as we could tell them that though separated they are in the vicinity of each other. They also know well enough that they are in a strange place. The consequence of being parted is that instead of resting themselves and sleeping, they are anxious and fidgetty, and keep knukering (that is an apology for neighing) after each other all night. In such a case "a box to himself" is not so great a desideratum to a horse that is to meet hounds the next day as it is often considered to be.

We have heard and read a good deal lately (in slang phrase) of "the bottom of a stone jug." Now it is very possible that a few choice spirits and congenial souls might, in the bottom of this jug, be (to keep up the refinement of such language) "as merry as sand-boys," though *pro tempore* "under the screw." Here confinement is robbed of its terrors, that is, *quoad* such a party.

There is another stone jug I have often welcomed with much gusto, namely, one filled in by-gone days by the host of that little nook of creature-comforts, the White Hart at Kennett. This was the stone jug for me, creaming, and shared with brother sportsmen returning from a day with Hungerford's squire and his lady pack, or shared with my fellow-travellers with the Greyhound or White Lion, Bath. Albeit an ex-parson drove the latter; and well he did his work. This was an hospitable sociable stone jug for half a dozen; and what was better, getting to the bottom of it, on which was written, "One more and then," brought no depressing thought to the mind; but it brought on the "one more," and what then? Why *another*. True we had no king of the railroads then. We did not want him: we were all kings, and as merry a set of sovereigns as ever congregated together. This was the stone jug that so often has put the stomach in right tone for the long cork at dinner. But there is a somewhat larger description of stone jug *for one*, that I never heard eulogized as a panacea for low spirits. No, no: man was made for sociability—and so were horses.

I may be asked if I am not so strenuous in my praises of these stone jugs *alias* boxes for horses, how I can reconcile with my ideas the fact that the most valuable race-horses are kept in them. I fairly answered such a question before by saying they were kept in them because, from having always been so, it became in the end a matter of necessity, but it does not follow it is right. We lit our streets for centuries with oil, or, at least, one-tenth lit them, and ridiculed the man who first proposed gas as a substitute. However, now we find gas does tolerably comfortably for us.

Race-horses were *first* kept probably for the amusement and triumph of seeing them win their races. They were continued with a view to putting money in their owners' pockets by winning races. They are now pretty frequently kept for the purpose of losing races, by which their owners put still money in their pockets, though very few of them keep it there. I except the *select few*—double-irons in Newgate to *them*.

But we are not to bring race-horses forward as specimens of sociability or good temper, either to their own species or to us. There are few of them we could trust to be walked side by side. They will sometimes fly at each other at the starting, have been known to do so even when running. Some will not run up to their horses: some will swerve away from them: others will not pass them. None of this shows the most kindly disposition. I do not say their being kept solitary is the sole or absolute cause of this ferocity; but I am quite sure it contributes to it. All these things are tolerated in the race-horse. How far treating him in a different way would be beneficial or judicious, is not to my present purpose; but for whatever purpose we design the horse, there can be no doubt but the better-tempered he is the better adapted to that purpose he will be.

I always reason, or at least attempt to reason, from something like analogy; and there is much more of analogy between the dispo-

sition, temper, and temperament of the horse and ourselves than is generally supposed to exist. For instance, our bed is a soothing luxury to the sick or wearied frame; so is the box to the sick or wearied horse; and so long as the debility attendant on either remains so long will the bed or box be welcome and grateful to the feelings to a certain extent, but no further; for the bed-ridden patient becomes tired of his monotony. And keep the healthful in the same situation, he would become nervous, timid, and silly, or morose and misanthropic, from want of community with his fellow-man. The bed and the box under the same circumstances have, I consider, analogous effects on spirits and temper, where their constant use is persevered in.

I am aware I have digressed somewhat from my present purpose in mentioning race-horses. I only did so lest my not being so enthusiastic in praise of keeping horses in boxes might be at once condemned because race-horses are kept in them.

*Mais à nos moutons.* We have long since, on the judgment of a friend, got what horses we want. We have got what we conceive to be a comfortable stable—a place for holding all the requisites for stable use, and a room for saddles, bridles, harness, clothing, and the et ceteras. We have now another most important thing to provide for our horses' use, namely, something for them to eat.

We are told on much better authority than mine, though I could form a tolerably shrewd guess as to what would be the result of the experiment, that "not e'en love can live on flowers." Now in speaking of love, the idea of flowers always suggests itself to the imagination; not that we are told that even in Paphian bowers they ever stood in the place of any *entre mets* intended for the palate. Our little friend or foe (as the thing turns out) who holds himself privileged to appear before ladies *sans* unmentionables, *sans* kilt, and, indeed, *sans* even an apology for one, is, we are told, mightily addicted to playing with flowers; but I never heard that he ate them. Now, horses do just the reverse; they do not play with them, but they will certainly eat them. Yet upon my own authority I venture to assert they will no more live on them than the unbreeched urchin who scatters them so profusely in the way of young ladies and gentlemen *before they are married*. These retain their bloom the whole time the to-be-happy couple (*quære*) are in church—nay, form a fragrant path on their way from it; but somehow or other (though it ought not to be so, I allow), by the time seven o'clock arrives, the loving couple (I have said before I like to draw conclusions from analogy) begin to think, like the horses, that something substantial, by way of provender, would not be amiss, and that flower-totalism wont do. "Provender!" I think I hear some pretty pouting lip, with a little—a very little—affectation, exclaim, "Provender!" Has the monster ever associated with anything beyond a ploughman and his wife? Has he ever dined at a table higher than one where bacon and its concomitant horror, cabbage, were the head and front of the offence? Yes, fair lady, he has though, sooth to say, he has dined on bacon and abomination, and, *faute d'autre chose*, with a good appetite too.

He has also seen your lovely prototype take a tablespoonful of soup at ten sips; a particle of sweetbread, the size of a nutmeg, discussed in atoms; a fairy slice from the breast of a pheasant, partly partaken of from having been helped so *abundantly*; half a whipped cream trifled with, and then an ice, the only thing allowable to a lady with a little affectation to declare a predilection for at a dinner table. Yes, I have seen this, and, *per contra*, I have seen a woman of fashion, but with *no affectation*, take a fair share of a beefsteak, not a bif-stick disguised in Vercy's best manner, but an honest *tranche de bœuf*, fresh from the common gridiron—and further, hide her *petit* and aristocratic nose in a pewter containing double stout—nay, more, I once saw a cigar in a very lovely mouth, coming from the opera. Yes, I have seen these and many more strange things in my time, in places and with persons that many wot not of. "But then these charming women, you know, will do just as they please." And while they charm and please every one, it would be very hard if they were not allowed to please themselves.

We will now positively return to the horse, apologizing for the canter I have taken on the hobby, the subject of the last page or so.

Numbers of persons are deterred from keeping horses from conceiving the expense of them to be much greater than it really is, or, at all events, need be, if they are properly managed. And such persons often expend in omnibus, street-cab, and job-cab-hire about twice as much as would keep them a well-appointed Brougham or Clarence for their family use.

A friend of mine who lives in pretty good style, with the exception of not keeping a carriage, when speaking on the subject, and enumerating the probable expense of only a single horse among his other items, set down the forage of the horse at a hundred a-year; this being, in fact, quite as much as any three ordinary horses could be got to consume in value.

I make no doubt there are persons who are cheated out of such a sum as my friend contemplated, and that such a sum is consumed in food; but not food for the horse. The baker and butcher, I consider, in such a case get an honest two-thirds, and the horse as little of the remainder as possible, to keep him in decent condition. All this imposition arises from the same cause as that which must always cause such persons to lose money by their purchases when they make them on their own judgment, that is, undertaking the management of what they do not understand.

I have before stated that, supposing this work to be found useful, I only anticipate its being so to such as know but little of horses or their management, and I beg to remind such readers that its intent is not to render them *au fait* of this sort of knowledge; for supposing me capable of affording such instruction as a first lesson, it would then require years of practical experience on the part of the reader to enable him to carry into effect what I might point out. My object is to show them why they do, and ever will, lose money so long as they act on their own judgment; if, then, by showing this I induce them to

act on the judgment of those who will put them in the right way, I shall perhaps save them as much useless expenditure as a more competent writer who might undertake to teach them to act for themselves; in fact, inducing people to act on good advice must be advantageous both to "the pocket and the stud." The other and more difficult task would, at best, be very uncertain in its beneficial effect.

Taking this view of the case shall not, however, prevent my giving such hints as may be acted upon by any one, as they are not such as involve the necessity of any minute acquaintance with horse affairs.

To avoid being imposed upon, so far as the actual cost of feeding a horse comes within the power of any one, it requires but little instruction, and less calculation.

The cost of keep must a good deal depend on the description of horse kept, and the quantum of work he is expected to do. Of the feeding of race-horses I need say but little here. Generally—and, indeed, sometimes injudiciously—the quantum given depends on what they can be got to eat: this quantum is, however, sometimes influenced by whether they are fed at the trainer's expense or the owner's, and sometimes very much by whether the horse is a favourite with the stable or not. I say sometimes, because, in justice to trainers, I must add there is seldom any fault to be found with them as to starving horses; how far, in the long run, they contrive to starve the owners, is another affair. As some little insight, however, for the totally uninitiated, I will merely say there are some delicate, nervous horses, that can scarcely be coaxed to eat more than a peck a day (and, generally speaking, that peck is thrown away on such horses); others, that are good fair hearty horses, will, on an average, eat a peck and a half; while many gluttons will take, without any trouble, half a bushel a day.

Hunters, like other horses and man, vary of course in their appetites; but, to make the quantum of oats they consume something like definite, I believe it will be found—at least, I have always found it so—that, during hunting days, when a mash as the last feed supercedes one feed of oats, the day after, when some will eat but little, others perhaps none, occasionally a day or two of indisposition, a frost, when a dose of physic is better than a bushel of corn, and other contingencies taken into account, I have found that in a stable of horses during the hunting season, five quarters of oats per day a horse, with occasionally a few beans, is as much as you will get them to eat, on an average of seven consecutive months.

It is quite a mistaken notion with those who consider a hunter the most expensive sort of horse to keep (race-horses being out of the question): a hunter, taken all the year round, does not cost more than any common well-fed and well-worked hack—certainly not so much as a carriage-horse; these gentlemen, like the *gentlemen* who sit in front of and sit or stand behind the carriage, are never off their appetite, or into one, so nothing but the best does for them, and plenty of it. The usual allowance of London carriage-horses is three half-pecks a day, with beans when (the coachman pleases to think them) necessary.

Stage-coach-horses, in full work and health, will go close upon hiding away their half-bushel each, with chaff; for some old horses, beans with it: but they earn it: their exhaustion of animal power is great, and their consumption of hay is—or, at least, ought to be—a mere trifle. Doubtless, from this allowance of oats in the stable there is a little “shouldering,” as there is from the coach on the road; but where we cannot always be present, and must trust to subordinates, the only way is to make a fair, liberal, but not profuse allowance; and if things on that allowance are done well, it is bad policy to notice any little advantage those subordinates may derive on particular occasions. For instance, a coachowner whom I knew employed a horse-keeper on a particularly fast stage—in coaching language, “both sides of the road”—that is, both going and coming. The man’s horses did well and looked well; but he, like many horsekeepers, was partial to poultry, liked fresh eggs to eat, and his wife liked them to sell—in short, he had a very pretty little community of the feathered tribe. His employer, with that short-sightedness that characterizes many persons, desired the man to sell off his stock—partridge-breasted, game, poles, and darkings. Going up the road some time afterward, he found this had not been done: he dismissed the man on the spot. His successor did not allow a feather to flutter on the premises, but he had his “penchant;” he liked something more substantial; he owned a pig that he located at the next cottage, and by Christmas had him a good fifteen score; and it was quite remarkable that the horses got thin in precisely the same ratio the grunter got fat; when killed, he exhibited a spare-rib well covered, while the horses exhibited only the usual number, and those not covered at all. The poultry-fancier was brought back, when, out of pure devilry, he brought also back a lot of Malay fowls, in addition to his old stock, and turned them down before master’s face; notwithstanding this, the horses soon showed who had the care of them.

Cart-horses (a description of animal that, among most other of a domestic kind, I have had the pleasure of entertaining at rack and manger) I always allowed two bushels of oats per week, which is not too much; if the master achieves that rather difficult task of making them do a fair day’s work, it is not too much, with chaff (and beans, if they can get them,) which they take as a kind of whet to their appetites for hay (as some persons do oysters before dinner)—of this cart horses will consume half a truss in the twenty-four hours, if the carters are not well watched; for nothing short of absolute exhaustion of the masticating powers ever yet convinced a carter that he or his horse had enough.

We now came to the kind of horse I will suppose the reader about to keep—namely, a moderate-sized one, for moderate work, for harness or the saddle. For such a horse four quarters of corn and a truss of hay in four days are quite sufficient; if a horse merely to ride for an airing, three quarters are enough. Straw is an article somewhat expensive in London; in the country we reckon little upon it, as farmers will, in some places, supply it to have the manure in return,



in others for the manure and a small compensation ; but we will look at the thing altogether as it stands in London, and take the horse as eating four feeds per day : we will take oats on an average at twenty-four shillings per quarter, hay at four pounds ten shillings per ton, and straw at thirty shillings.

	s.	d.
Seven pecks of oats per week, at £1 4s. per quarter	5	3
Seven stones of hay, at £4 10s. per ton.....	4	11½
One hundred-weight of straw, at £1 10s. per ton..	1	6
	<hr/>	
	11	8½

Thus we see a moderate horse is, with good management, to be kept for, say, twelve shillings a week, so far as feeding goes, which my friend calculated at something like £1 18s. Horse working harder or larger horses must of course get more ; but, as reckoning corn at a fair average, it will cost about twopence-farthing a quartern, if five feeds or six become necessary, there can be no difficulty in any person calculating what his horse's provender ought to cost, if kept in the owner's stable ; and, allowing a horse to get the topmost quantity of oats that private horses ever eat—that is, six quarterns per day—the keep only then comes to 14s. 3½d. per week, so far as feeding is concerned.

It may be said, and with great truth, that the two great reasons why horses belonging to ladies particularly are generally so badly managed, and the owners are so much imposed upon,—are first, ladies cannot go into their stables to see how things are done ; I have no wish that they should go there, neither is it at all necessary, and, indeed, setting aside the impropriety or inconvenience of their doing so, as ladies' stables are generally managed, they are not the most agreeable places in the world. But ladies have often honoured me and my stables by walking into *them*, without feeling any inclination to use their smelling-bottles, or finding a French slipper soiled from the visit. We will presently see that a lady may have her horses kept in a proper atmosphere, though she does *not* go into their stable.

The next reason to be assigned for the mismanagement and imposition practised in ladies' stables, and in those of persons not knowing much about them, is, they do not know what their horses should consume. I know they do not, and one of the purports of this paper is to tell them so ; those who flatter me by reading it now will know ; and a tolerably liberal share of abuse I should get from their servants, if they knew I had told them.

I must do servants the justice to say that many really demand more provender for stable use than is necessary, from a mistaken idea that they cannot stuff horses too much. Now, the fact is, it would do a *mère* park-riding horse as much mischief to give him six feeds of corn a day as it would be detrimental to one doing full work to allow him but three. Where a man, from mistaken kindness, fights for what he conceives to be his horses' due, I should rather applaud than blame him ; I should merely use precaution to prevent bad eyes,

asthma, or broken wind—the almost certain effects of repletion and obesity—coming into my stable.

But the waste in stables seldom arises from such amiable weaknesses on the part of London stablemen. There is a kind of general and, one would think, intuitive hatred on the part of all servants—or, at least, on that of nineteen out of twenty of them—to *anything* that they conceive borders on economy, so far as their employer's pocket goes, in the stable or out of it. The lady of the house would find, if potatoes were sixpence a pound, and bread and meat unusually cheap, the demand on the potato-merchant would be enormous; but, if bread happened to be ruinous, only hint at the vegetable being used in greater proportion as a partial substitute, a potato would no more be eaten than a sand wash-ball.

I have had pretty much to do with stablemen and boys of all sorts and grades, from the riding-exercise boy to the stud-groom and the wearer of the tier-on-tier caxon; and I must say I never found that any fanatical feelings of religion could be laid to their charge. Still I have seen instances where the researches of the two last-mentioned functionaries have been deep enough to carry them on to one particular parable, which appears to have taken a firm hold of, and made a lively impression on, their imaginations; and, singular enough, but so it is, the researches of many hay, straw and corn dealers appear to have arrived to precisely the same point, for "Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty," is pretty generally understood by both parties.

Never having been so situated in life as to warrant my giving two hundred a year to a stud-groom, it follows, as a matter of course, that my horses in every way cost me less keeping than those of the man who did this. Not that they eat a grain of corn less than Lord Plymouth's; but I will answer for it, by their condition, they eat all that is paid for. Nor would I allow them to be less comfortably lodged, or the stables in any one particular less in perfect order; but I will answer its being done by proportionably fewer hands. I detest badly made, badly turned out, or shabby appurtenances to a horse; I would not have any of them on or about him a bit behind those of the noble lord; but their first coat, and still more their time of duration and keeping in order, would be found very different items in the amount of proportionate expense. All this probably is a matter of very minor consideration with a man who could afford to keep twice the number of horses that he does if he could use them, but it is one of serious import to one who, like me, always kept as many as he could afford, and, if the truth must be told, sometimes more.

Why this great difference should arise in keeping the same sort of animal in precisely the same state can easily be answered, by saying it arises from the different position of the owners; but to answer it more in detail—it is caused by the different effects produced by "*Io*" and "*Ito*." This I got far enough in the classics to understand as a boy: of course I understood it as a man; and I doubt not those I employed somehow learned to understand it also, though I

never gave them the chance of trying the difference of the effects of the two.

It will be remembered that these sheets are not intended for those who only look to the stud, but for those who consult the healthful state of the "pocket and the stud." It may be said that among these the "Io" would do more harm than good. I am aware it would. Here it will be very proper to say "Ito;" but let it be to some one who understands what he is about—not in one case in a thousand to a servant, but a friend; and let it be quite understood that his directions *must* be obeyed.

Some servants would, I know, be in open rebellion at this; such as study the parable unquestionably would. "We arn't going to stand two masters:"—"then pray go" would often settle the matter, if not get others who study *honesty*.

I am willing to allow that no servant has a right, as they call it, to "stand" two masters; nor need he, for if his legitimate master or mistress know nothing of stable duty, or, as with the latter, they cannot look into it, he will, so far as duty goes, have but one to be directed by, as, in such a case, the master or mistress would do well to merely order their carriage or horses when they want them, and interfere no further. With such a friend to direct, even a lady need not be imposed on, as they generally are, or have their horses as improperly treated as they generally are.

Should, however, a master know enough of stable business to be able to see that it *is* done, when told by some one who knows more, *how* it should be done, he had much better candidly tell his servants, "Mr So-and-So says such a thing should be done," than to give directions that are absurd or useless; or if they should be judicious, to pretend they are the result of his own judgment, for servants are quick-sighted enough in these particulars, and if they are worth having, though they will evade obeying useless directions, will obey proper ones, come they from what source they may; and the next best thing to being able to direct yourself, is letting your people know you act on the judgment of one who is. They will then know it is useless to attempt to reason or argue—a talent that some have in great perfection, and are very free in the use of, if permitted to be so.

If a servant, knowing his master knows but little of horses, refuses to listen to directions from one deputed to give them, who, of course, must be one competent to do so, depend on it, the refusal has its origin in one or all of the following causes;—ill-temper, idleness, self-sufficiency, or an intent to plunder. Most servants will kick at first in submitting to what I recommend their masters to do. I neither blame a servant or a horse for kicking if they are imposed upon, and with either would be the last to give them reason to do so. I have had both kick stoutly; but I do not mind a little larking under certain circumstances: it keeps one alive. Now some horses and, figuratively speaking, some servants will kick just over their traces, when called on to work, by way of experiment, to see how the thing will do. It may be very right and very proper to stop your coach and ex-

tricate them for a time or two; but they are cunning enough, and, expecting this, will always try the same trick on again, and would then be constantly at it. The next time my gentleman makes a rocking-horse of his trace, lay the double thong well on to his ears. Let him take his entire side of the coach along for a mile, the chances are, if he gets the opportunity, he will kick himself back into his proper place, and not get on his hobby again. I must apprise those readers who might, from want of practice, find the three yards extra of thong somewhat difficult to catch on a windy day, that double-thonging a horse over the ears is one of the severest applications that can be made with a whip, and one that never should be resorted to but on extreme occasions, and where we are quite certain it is fully merited. So in any commands we give, or in any reprimands we may use towards any person, justice, good feeling, and indeed common sense demand that we are quite sure the command is proper, and the neglecting or disobeying it does not proceed from its impropriety, or the impossibility of its being carried into effect. Nothing pleases a subordinate more than to receive a command that he has the opportunity of shewing to be absurd or unreasonable. It authorises hesitation in obeying, and discussion on the propriety of any that may be subsequently given.

To prevent such an unpleasantry on the part of a lady or one unaccustomed to horses, the mode can be prescribed in very few words. We will, of course, suppose that the horses and their accompaniments are wished to look as they should do for the purpose for which they are wanted. The first thing is to be made master of what proportion of work it is reasonable to expect from horses in their different capacities, and the mode in which, and times at which, such work should be called for. We will, of course, suppose they are to have a comfortable stable, comfortable clothing, and the man to have proper time to do his business, and all that he requires in reason to do it with; the next thing, the proper and liberal allowance of provender of different sorts that is necessary to keep up the required condition. Having learned this, and that the horses are in good health at the time the man takes to them, there can be nothing unkind, unreasonable, and still less overbearing in her addressing her servant in something like the following strain:—  
 ‘I give you charge of my horses in good health and condition. I shall only use them in such a way as authorises my expecting them to be kept so. I make such an allowance of provender as I am told by those who perfectly understand such matters is fully sufficient. I shall take care that your situation is made a comfortable one to you; and so long as you do your duty by me and my horses, you will keep it. But remember that as I cannot go into my stables, my friend Mr—— will do so for me, and you will attend to what he says as if it came from myself. Provided my horses look well, you will find no unnecessary interference with you take place; but if, on the contrary, I am told they are neglected, or, what is the same thing, look as if they were so, the same day you go, unless I am told by competent judges that you are not to blame; and I never break my word.’

With such an exordium as a beginning, no good servant would be

afraid to enter on his charge, and doubtless would do his duty; while one less well-disposed would be afraid to neglect it. He might try 'the kicking over the trace;' but if he found that on the first attempt Mr — pulled him up, he would find it would not do, and would probably compliment his lady by saying 'that Missus had learnt what's what; and if a man wanted to gammon her, he had got the wrong (some quadruped he would mention) by the ear.'

Here I trust I have shown, as I intended to do, that even a lady may have her stable and horses attended to without being imposed upon, and without making a stud-groom of herself; but, as I said from the beginning, she could not do this without the Mr —, and I know some gentlemen to whom he would be all but as great an acquisition as to the lady, though perhaps it would be difficult to persuade them that such is the case. They do without him, it is true, consequently they pay for it.

If a man is positively determined, right or wrong, to go his own way to work, of course he must do so, and he will find, independently of his stud being badly done by on that account, the effect of his giving improper or injudicious directions will be that he will get no servant to live with him that is fit to go into a stable. A good ordinary strapper would not live in his service; for I must say this for stablemen—there are many that would in certain ways ill-use, neglect, and impose on their master, that would not allow their horses to be treated in the same way. I had a carter the most confounded thief in the world, and his ingenuity in many ways was first-rate, where anything for his horses was to be got at. For instance:

He had been seen several times bringing a sack of something from under the granary, which stood on stone saddles. No notice had been taken, supposing it was something he had put there for a temporary period, out of the way: but he got "bowled out" at last. It was found he had bored a hole in the floor under the corn. In this he had a bung, which went up close, and only looked like a knot in the wood till closely inspected. I did not do as some hasty masters would have done—"draw his cork" (as the fighters say), and then turn him away; but, of course, for example sake, I got a constable and talked of transportation, and probably should have given a day or two of peculiar temperance but for the fellow's coolness and ingenuity. On my calling him a thief he indignantly replied, "Now, dang it, I beant noa thief: I never took nothing off your premises;" and I suppose seeing this made some impression, he added, with a grin from ear to ear, "You'll have it all back again, you know, measter." He was an excellent fellow, and I am sure would not have taken a piece of bread for himself if he had wanted it.

To a man so obstinately bent on acting on his own judgment as some men are, it would be useless to say much, otherwise much as I deprecate permitting servants to give their opinions, I should in his case remind him of a quotation—"Fas est ab hoste doceri," or, in more vulgar phrase, "Never refuse a light from any man's candle." *Anybody's* advice that is good is better than that dictated by your own

judgment, if that happens to be *bad*; and in such a case the recommendation of a good servant is not to be despised. But there is one serious consideration to be discussed here. Is the groom that such a man would take competent to give advice? for I should be led to fear that want of knowledge of horses would also comprehend the same want as regards the qualifications of a groom. And we may fairly infer the sort of servant he would get would be a shade or two behind-hand in point of knowledge if compared with such men as have charge of studs at Melton. I should be always happy to avail myself of the opinion of such men; but then it must be remembered that they are selected by those who know perfectly well the duties of a stud-groom, and only keep them to save themselves trouble—not because they are incapable of giving proper directions themselves. These grooms know this, and though highly respectable men, it has no small share in contributing to their strict attention, to their duties and their stud. Such servants are a great addition to the expense of each horse, we know; but they effect a very considerable saving in the long run when compared with valuable horses being under injudicious management, whether that proceeds from master or man, or both.

Such men are not wanted, of course, by persons who keep three or four ordinary horses for ordinary purposes. Such would not warrant the expense; but for them, unless their master wishes them to be always in some trouble and himself also, a good servant is required. And then unless he has (at least, occasionally) over him an eye that can see, and a head and tongue to direct, the chances are he will sooner or later become a bad one. If the master happens to fall short in the two first qualifications, the less he uses the latter organ the better; otherwise, should the servant be a middling one, their joint acts would only make bad worse; should he be a good one, he will leave his situation. So under all and every circumstance, it will be seen that the only way for a person to have his business tolerably done, if he cannot, that is, if he is not qualified to direct himself, is to avail himself of some one who is.

To show the difference between practically knowing the expenses of a stable, and listening to being told by interested persons what they "must be *at least*," I will just take a pair of sixteen-hands carriage-horses, and see what their expense, not "must be," but should be; and here I show no presumption in saying I care not what all the grooms or coachmen in London may say—I know I am right: not from any talent, ingenuity, or peculiar mode of treatment; not reasoning upon even the best theoretical principles, but on the broad, plain, homely facts of experience and practice—that not arising from having had the management of any one or two classes of horses, or those under one or two different situations or circumstances, but from having had the direction of all sorts of race-horses, hunters, carriage-horses, hacks, machiners and cart-horses, and at one period all at the same time; what I say, therefore, on the subject, so far as I shall go into it, reflects about as much credit on me in point of intellect as we should attach to the man who had been all his life emptying coal waggons

telling us how many sacks went to the chaldron, and the chance of our being in error would be about equal.

It will be remembered I am now taking a pair of horses that are more expensive to keep than any other used for private purposes, for I allow each six quarters of corn per day. No two hunters living eat as much, take the year throughout; for though the name of a hunter to some persons conveys an idea of great expense—though hunting is expensive, it is not the keep of the horse that makes it so—a good well-worked £40 cover hack costs quite as much, and more, than you can get some hunters to cost you.

	Per Year.		
	£	s.	d.
Two horses, six quarters a day each, at £1 4s. per qr., say - - - - -	41	0	0
„ 14lbs. of hay per day each, at £4 10s. per ton, say - - - - -	20	10	0
„ 100lbs. of straw per week, at £1 10s. per ton, say - - - - -	3	18	0
„ Shoeing each, 10s. per month, 28 days -	6	10	0
„ Wear and tear of shamois, sponges, brushes, &c., 6d. per week - -	1	6	0
„ Wear and tear of clothing and head collars, 6d. each - - - - -	2	12	0
	<hr/>		
	£75	10	0

In stating £1 4s. as the price of oats, I suppose them to be bought of a farmer or at market at the proper season, and in large quantities.

Now, I strongly suspect that, let any lady turn to her accounts for all I have mentioned, she will find her pair of carriage horses have cost her a little more than this, unless she limited them very much in every allowance; in which case I infer they cost her quite as much, and were not in first-rate condition either.

Veterinary surgeons' bills are items no one can give an estimate of, depending, of course, on the good or bad luck people have with their horses. Not but that I am a little sceptical on the matter of luck; at least, I can only say when things have occurred to me that many persons might attribute in *their* case to bad luck, I could always or, at least, mostly, in some particular or other trace them to some blundering act of stupidity or culpable inattention of my own.

However, as in other persons' cases we will call it bad luck, whenever it comes in the shape of a horse falling lame or amiss *go yourself* with him; or, if in a lady's case, send some friend with him to the best class of veterinary surgeons: it will be the least expense in the end. If you allow your man to take him where he likes, he is sure to have some friend, a common farrier, who will be sure to make the horse worse; probably in some way blemish him without there being any occasion for it, and do it clumsily if there is, besides keeping him twice as long under treatment as he would be kept at the

college, or by such a man as Mr Field, and end by sending in a bill three times as long for doing so.

I do not mean that a man who knows what he is about need send his horse on every trifling ailment to any veterinary surgeon, but it is the cheapest plan for the man who does not.

In making so wide a distinction as I do between persons who understand horses and those who do not, I feel myself called on to give some little explanation of what I mean, otherwise I may unintentionally give offence where and when I by no means intend to do so ; for understanding a thing or its reverse are only relative terms as to how far the knowledge or the want of it is concerned. There are certainly some men who do not know a good-looking horse from a brute—thousands that are no judge of a good sort of one or a good goer.

An uncle of mine went a good deal further. He said, that provided two horses were both black or white—or, as he termed them, red—and about the same size, he could see no difference in them. My discernment as regarded his medals or black-letter volumes I dare say was about the same thing.

There are, perhaps, few men exactly like my revered uncle as regards horse affairs ; but there are thousands that perfectly know a handsome one when they see him, a goer when they see him move, and a pleasant one when they ride ; nay, further, can ride him very well, and yet want that particular sort of knowledge that alone can enable them to manage their steed well, and that without useless expenditure. These are very ticklish gentlemen to handle, here the most candid friend, or the veterinary surgeon, sometimes gets into a dilemma.

We will say a gentleman shows a horse to a friend, or a veterinary surgeon, that has something amiss that it is at once seen will take a considerable time under the immediate care of the vet., and then a winter's run to make all sure. Formerly a winter's run implied a straw yard and the occasional luxury of a meadow, wet as a bog in open weather, and hard and rough as a heap of stones in frost. This saved keep it is true ; but the expense of getting such a horse again into condition was more than that of—as we do now—hovelling him comfortably, and giving him hay and oats. So the expense in one way or the other for keep must be considerable before the horse is fit for use ; then comes the veterinary surgeon's bill.

The owner will probably ask if it is probable the horse will come up sound ? and gets the probably candid and just opinion that he will. He may be asked the probable expense ; this a first-rate man will generally pretty accurately tell you. The owner then, perhaps, calculates, or gets the information, that keeping in the rough on corn, and six weeks or the stable physicking and getting into condition, will be—say £14 in £15 ; Vet.'s bill (medicine, keep, and fring), we will say £12. Here we get £27. Well the owner may say—and, I will answer for it, does say—it is a good deal of trouble and money ; but he is a very valuable horse, so it must be done. As probably neither the vet. nor



friend may know the qualifications of the animal, they cannot contradict the assertion as to his value, nor is it their business to inquire into the matter; but there is one thing by no means improbable in such a case, which is that they not only do not know his value or merits, but cannot for the life of them see either.

Now let us look into the fact of this horse really being, as represented 'very valuable;' my life on it the great reason the owner has for asserting that he is so is that he gave a great deal of money for him. Well he comes up, realising all that was promised, perfectly sound, but perhaps a good deal scarred, if the remedy was *effectually* applied. The owner not liking the look of this, or for some reason, wishes to sell him; now "pussy jumps out of the bag"—£40 is all he can get for him, as a blemished horse. He will now be sure to find fault with the vet. or his friend, or both, for advising him to take all the trouble and expense, and then to find his horse only worth £40. Here is just shown the difference between his really being a valuable horse or merely one for which a considerable sum had been paid. The friend and the vet., of course, took the owner's word as to his value; and supposing what they were told could be borne out, their advice therefore was judicious, for £27 would be very little consideration in getting a really valuable horse upright; and such horses as have gone under Sir Bellingham Graham, Lord Plymouth, or Forester, would not be brought down to quite £40, because their legs were a little disfigured. But such horses are really of known value; the value of the one in question probably only consisted in the price paid for him. Supposing, on being accused of having given interested or injudicious advice, the vet. or the friend—beginning to suspect how the thing stood—should take the liberty of asking in what the value of the horse consisted, and found out the truth, it is by no means improbable they might say,—“Hearing we say he was a valuable horse, judging only by what we could see, we of course thought he was one of known character and qualifications;” and then they come down with the *stunner* “Why, my good sir, he was never worth more than about £50 before he was lame.”

Here, it is true, in *one* particular the owner acted as I recommend; he took the advice of even two experienced men. He did so; but he must recollect that he acted on his own judgment first, by telling them he was shewing a valuable horse. They therefore recommended what was judicious to do with such a one, but not, perhaps, what was advisable to do with the one in question. Probably, had they been allowed to form their own estimate of his value, they might have thought, and perhaps have said, they did not think he was worth a heavy expense, and would have recommended a few days' rest, and putting him up for sale when they might estimate him about the £40. The owner would probably think them rogues, fools, or mad, to thus undervalue his hundred-guinea nag; I would, however, back such men to be pretty near the mark, notwithstanding this.

It is a common idea that an owner is the best judge of the value of his own horse. If the words "to him" were added, there would

be much truth in it; but without these two additional words, I beg leave to give it as an opinion that a very considerable number of owners know nothing at all about the value of their horse. Selling, or making the attempt to sell, will tell them the truth; buying does not even afford a hint on the subject.

Now, let us take the thing in a diametrically opposite point of view, and we shall see where the owner is the best judge of his horse.

We will suppose a man has more hunters than he wants, and wishes to diminish the number; of course his wish would be to sell those that he, for some reason or rather, liked the least; but rather than keep them all, he determines to sell any (say) three of them—a sensible resolve enough if a man is not one of great wealth, and happens to be one of those who are tolerable hands at *making* hunters. The man of wealth has no occasion to part with anything that he likes. The man who is not a horseman and judge of horses never should part with one that carries him to his satisfaction: the man who is always should, *if he gets his price*; for, only, give him spring, speed, and stamina, he can make a hunter as a carpenter can make a table if he gets the proper wood. We suppose the person wanting to sell to be one of these, and a gentleman looking at his horses who is one of the sort who could eat his dinner very well on the table when made; but if the table was wanting, so far as his own ability of making one goes; would be reduced to taking his soup on his knees. He may be a very clever man, probably more so than the other, but not a carpenter (of hunters).

On looking at the supposed horses on sale our buyer sees a good-looking brown horse, about his cut as to size and strength—asks his character. The owner, as a gentleman, gives a true one.

“He is a very fair horse indeed, an excellent hunter in any country but one like mine, a remarkably fine fencer, and very handy, but not so fast as I could wish here; his price—£150.”

Our buyer candidly says that, only hunting occasionally, he does not wish to give quite so much.

In the next stall he sees a particularly splendid grey, who looks a fortune: he looks at him, but modestly says—

“I am afraid I need not ask any questions about him; he is beyond my mark.”

“Yes you may,” replies the owner, good-naturedly smiling, “so far as price goes; I ask £100 for him. I tell you fairly he is one of the few horses I have had that I could not make a hunter of. He cannot live a distance with hounds if the pace is good; and he is so nervous, that he becomes quite confused where the fences are big. He would be a delightful horse with harriers; but as Elmore is coming to look at my horses, he will buy him for harness.”

A stall or two off, he sees a plain large bay horse, with rather a large, long head, a little low in the crest, with wide, bony, and somewhat ragged hips, a meanish tail, and, moreover, not seeming particularly amiable as to temper in the stable. Our buyer does not much

relish the looks, but wishing to be well carried, and at a lowish figure, he says—

“Would that horse carry me?”

He here observes a certain laconic side-smile on the countenance of the groom—a kind of smile as if in anticipation of something to smile at.

“I have no hesitation in saying,” replied the owner, “he can carry you or *any* other man in *any* country and with *any* hounds.”

“What do you expect for him?”

“Four hundred!”

Of course, this was a floorer.

“Now,” said the owner, “if you would permit me to point out a horse to you, I think I can put one into your hands that would suit you in all respects; it is this chesnut. I took him in exchange from a friend of mine. He has three failings, neither of which, I should say, would be objectionable to you in the country where you hunt. He is particularly pleasant to ride, very safe, and handy at fences, goes a fair pace, and will *go on* till nightfall. But, like the brown horse, is not as fast as I like them here, and he does not like wide water; independent of which, he is a size less than I usually have them. I should say in Surrey he would be perfect; and I will take £100.”

There is a certain feeling of vanity in man that is not confined to the breast, which is generally pointed out as its locality, but runs, like the nerves, over every part and particle of the body; so, touch it where you will, like the string of a harp touched by the scientific finger of a master whose intent is to produce harmony, it “discourses most eloquent music;” but, when the careless and rude finger of truth is applied, it often gives back a twang that seems to jar to the very pedals.

The description of the horse seemed to bode his suiting our buyer; but the not being objectionable to *him* and *his* country seemed to carry with it something bordering on a latent hint at inferiority that he winced at. He felt the truth of the thing, would have owned it to *himself*, but to have it, as it were, forced on him by another, though done without any intentional offence, made it no more palatable than Pistol found the leek, or the persuasions that induced him to swallow it. He even thought of dashing at the four hundred-pounder at once; but, as he was a man of sense, the thought merely flitted across his brain, so he compounded with good sense, good manners, and a little mortification, by asking if he might take the liberty of sending a brother-sportsman to look at the *little* horse, and to ride him. Both permissions being granted, he took his leave; and next day the friend came. He and the seller were at home at once; they saw what each other were in a moment.

“Take him into those meadows,” said the latter; “put him at any fair fences you like; if you get him into one, I shall forgive you.”

The horse answered all that was said of him. Both agreed he was all that could be wished for the proposed buyer. His friend made his report, and recommended him not to miss the horse. He promis-

ed he would not; *but* it did not do. The "*him and his country*" still jarred like the string touched by truth; and then the buying a horse on a friend's trial and judgment had a want of independence about it that chafed him; and then the horse was not a wide brook-jumper. True, there were no wide brooks to jump where he hunted. He was not *quite* so fast as his present owner wanted—this seemed like putting up with something like an inferior thing. No: he would choose for himself, and see if he could not, by giving a little more, get nearer perfection. He tried: went to a dealer, gave £150, got one that he was told was perfection itself. This he had no great opportunity of finding out; but the first day, after one burst, he clearly ascertained he was a *lame one*. He would have consulted the interest of the *pocket* more by taking his friend's recommendation, and have made a better addition to the *stud*.

When using the term "*stud*," our ideas are chiefly led to the contemplation of the hunter's stable. I only mean it, as used in these sheets, to allude to horses in general; but, be the *stud* what it may, it is composed of horses used more or less as animals for real use or business, or for pleasurable purposes. Of course, the horses used for the park and street are for use, but not use in the light in which I contemplate the term.

Now, there are two opposite ways in which horses may be kept; and both will answer well if in all particulars the system is adhered to. There is the rough and ready plan, and the plan that brings out horses in fine condition; but the person is unreasonable as regards his servant and his horses, if he thinks he can combine both. If a lady merely wants a pair of animals to drag a machine on wheels about, so as to convey her free from wet or cold wherever and whenever she is disposed to go out, and cares nothing for their appearance, the rough plan will do, provided they get plenty of corn; and such horses, with a good tough coat on them, and winter-cloths across their loins, will stand inclement weather, and be no more hurt by it than the cart-horse. But then their pace must accord with their appearance and treatment; for the cart horse, hardy as he is, would very soon get under the doctor's hands if he was subjected to heats by fast work, and then to stand while his waggon was loaded and unloaded; for though a long coat will keep off a certain degree of rain from the pores of the skin, and a dry one will keep out the cold air, a long coat wetted with sweat is anything but likely to prevent colds, if horses are afterwards to be kept loitering about at doors. Such horses, of course, in point of keep, will cost just as much as those in good condition, and, after all, confer anything but credit on their mistress. If a lady thinks the term "*my carriage*" sufficient, no matter what that carriage may be, well and good. I can only say I consider the difference between such equipages as Lord Anglesey's, Lord Sefton's, and many other, and that of some that we occasionally see, is much greater than between the latter and none at all. In fact, if I had ever owned such a turn-out as I have seen some ladies sport, and wished to make a morning call, I should have desired the *cortège*—man, horses, and

vehicle—to stop a few doors off, lest I might be suspected of owning them.

It is quite true private individuals of moderate means are not called on or expected to keep such equipages as the nobility or persons of great wealth, yet still may want a carriage for their families; and one that will pass without observation of any sort is here quite appropriate; but as most persons wish to make as decent an appearance as their means permit, and as my object is as far as I can to further their object as regards their horses and their appliances, I only beg the masters of such equipages to believe me when I assure them that taking care their ladies are not in inclement weather all the morning shopping, that they under such circumstances curtail the length and number of their morning visits, do not order the carriage at eleven and keep it waiting till one to take them out, or at one in the morning and keep it till three to bring them home, will just make the difference of having an equipage that is at least creditable, and one that would occasionally induce a cabman to call out, “Who wouldn’t keep a carriage?”

It is true we see the most splendid equipages out in the most inclement weather; but what are they doing? Taking their lords or masters to or from the House, to dinner or a party, bringing their ladies from a villa to the town house, or to a dinner or party also. The pace keeps them warm while going, they set down, and come home, and are dried. There are other horses and other harness if wanted, to fetch, their owners back; but we do not see such owners starving their horses and servants, cheapening bonnets or silks at half-a-dozen different shops. Many hundreds who do, if they were going to ten different ones close together, would not, if they lived two hundred yards off, walk there, and, knowing they should be three hours, order their carriage to call for them at a certain hour, for the world. What, lose letting the nine see they kept a carriage! Oh, the delight of “Put those things into the carriage!” or “William,” beckoning their servant into the shop, “put this in the pocket of the carriage!” Pleasant and salutary all this, for clipped horses. I have in my eye a family of a certain grade, and from the *animus* of each member of it, pretty accurately guess what would be done should they perpetrate a carriage of *any* sort. If they wanted to go to dinner at seven, won’t it be ordered to the door at five, to be seen there? If wanted to go shopping, which it certainly would be two hundred and fifty days a-year, won’t it be ordered at two, to go at half-past three? Won’t it be “to and again,” as people describe our canine friend in a fair? Won’t the tablets to write on, and the “tablets of the memory,” be taxed to rake up all and every person they ever spoke to, and to find out their residence, to make a call in *the carriage*? Won’t Thomas be taught to give a regular “Londonderry” at the door, only somewhat longer and louder? As the boys say, “Won’t he, though?”

## FIELD SPORTS.

“The wood resounds to hear the hounds,

Hey, nony, nony-no,

The rocks report this merry sport,

Hey trolilo, trololilo.

The hunt is up—the hunt is up,

Sing merrily we—the hunt is up.

Then hye apace unto the chace,

Hey, nony, nony-no,

Whilst every thing doth sweetly sing,

Hey trolilo, trololilo.

The hunt is up—the hunt is up,

Sing merrily we—the hunt is up.”

*Old Song.*

Field Sports are, perhaps, the most ancient of all bodily exercises. Upon this point the holy Scripture agrees with the fabulous traditions of the poet, for it tells us that Nimrod was a “mighty hunter before the Lord,” and it is worthy of remark, that he was the first who oppressed and enslavèd his own species. Hunting, proscribed in the book of Moses, is apotheosised in the pagan theology, under the special patronage of Diana. In the early ages of the world, it was a necessary labour of self-defence, rather than a pastime. To protect the flocks, herds, and crops from the ravages of those beasts which were in a state of natural hostility to man, was a measure of the first urgency. Some of these wild animals supplied a wholesome food, the skins of nearly all were valuable for clothing, and thus interest soon began to add new incentives to the task of hunting. By the law of their nature the different species destroyed one another, and man destroyed them all, availing himself for this purpose of the advantages ensured to him by the possession of reason, and calling to his assistance all the resources of art. Every nation has practised hunting; but it has invariably been addicted to it in exact proportion to the want of civilization. With barbarians, it is a business on which they often depend for food and necessaries; in a more advanced state of society, when this excuse no longer exists, and when it is solely directed against inoffensive creatures, it becomes a wanton cruelty.

Among the ancients, whose paramount object was to adapt themselves to the violent times in which they lived, by all such pursuits as might accustom them to the fatigues and the stratagems of war, field sports were deemed an honourable and useful exercise. Xenophon, not less distinguished as a soldier than as a philosopher, has not thought it beneath him to write a minute treatise on this subject, in which he enlarges upon its advantages in promoting courage, strength, and swiftness, in inuring the body to hardships and privations, while it ha-

bituates the mind to perseverance, and the final conquest of all difficulties and impediments. Opinions, however, upon this subject varied at different epochs, both with the Greeks and Romans. In the time of Sallust, hunting was held in sovereign contempt, and his martial countrymen, so far from thinking it of an ennobling and warlike nature, and therefore fit to be restricted to the aristocracy, abandoned the pursuit to their slaves.

According to natural right, all men are equally entitled to participate in field sports, in acknowledgment of which inherent right it seems to have been an established maxim in the early ages of the world, that the property of such things as had no masters, such as beasts, birds, and fishes, was vested in those who could first secure them. The civil right of each nation to modify the law of nature, imposed certain restrictions on this unlimited privilege. Solon forbade hunting to the Athenians, because it enticed them away from more useful pursuits; but this enactment was subsequently abrogated. By the Roman law game was never deemed an exclusive property; every man might sport, either over his own land or his neighbour's, but in the latter case it was necessary to obtain permission.

When the Roman empire was over-run by the Goths and Vandals, these illiterate barbarians, bringing with them a stronger taste for field sports, and having no other resource to beguile the tedium of peace and inoccupation, after they had secured their conquests, began to appropriate the privilege of hunting to their own chiefs and leaders, and, instead of a natural right, to make it a royal one. Thus it continues to this day, the right of hunting belonging only to the king, and those who derive it from him. That this monstrous usurpation and the ruthless regulations by which it is supported, should originate with barbarians needs excite little surprise; that so sanguinary an oppression should be retained in an era claiming to be enlightened, and by people professing to be Christians, is an anomaly that proves how completely some of our antiquated Gothic institutions are at variance with the spirit of the age, and the general state of civilization.

Hunting constituted an essential part of the education of a young English nobleman so early as the ninth century, and probably long before it. Although it had not been thought necessary to teach Alfred the Great his letters before he was twelve years of age, we learn from his biographer, that he was already "a most expert and active hunter, and excelled in all the branches of that most noble art." When his grandson, Athelstan, had obtained a signal victory over Constantine, king of Wales, he imposed upon him a yearly tribute of gold, silver, and cattle, to which was added a certain number of hawks, "and sharp-scented dogs fit for hunting of wild beasts." Deriving their origin from the same source as the Saxons, the Danes evinced a similar predilection for the pleasures of the chase; and Canute imposed several restrictions upon the pursuit of game which were equally severe and unprecedented. During the short restoration of the Saxons, field sports maintained their ascendancy. Edward the

Confessor, though he was more of a monk than a monarch, "took the greatest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them with his voice."\* He was equally pleased with hawking, and, every day after Divine service he spent his time in one or other of these favourite pastimes. Harold, his successor, rarely travelled without his hawk and his hounds, which, indeed, were the usual companions of a nobleman at this period.

But it was during the tyrannical government of William the Norman, and his immediate successors, that the game-laws assumed their most oppressive and cruel character. Under the pretext of hindering the destruction of the game, but in a reality to prevent popular resistance to the new government, they disarmed the people; while they reserved the exclusive right of hunting and sporting to the king, and to those on whom he should bestow it, who were only his barons, chiefs, and feudatories. This was part and parcel of the feudal system,† exercised over a conquered nation, and well adapted, perhaps, to the ferocious and ignorant victors who delighted in a sport which, by its pursuit and slaughter, bore some resemblance to war. In all feudal constitutions, the commonalty are forbidden from carrying arms, as well as from using dogs, nets, snares, or other engines for destroying the game. A law so unnatural, and one which there was such constant temptation to infringe, could only be enforced by the most sanguinary and inhuman edicts; and we find, therefore, that the Norman conqueror exercised the most horrid tyrannies, not only in the ancient forests, but in the new ones which he made by overthrowing churches and villages, and depopulating whole tracts of country. To destroy any of the beasts of chase within the wide limits of these royal hunting grounds, was as penal as the death of a man; a stag indeed, although only kept to be killed for pastime, was deemed a much more valuable life than that of a peasant; and even the dogs of the poor obtained more lenient treatment than their owners. All those found in the royal chases, except such as belonged to privileged persons, were simply subject to be maimed, by having the left claw cut from their feet, unless they were redeemed by a fine. In extension of this usurped right of royalty, King John laid a total interdict upon the winged as well as the four-footed creatures: *capturam avium par totam Angliam interdixit*, says Matthew Paris. By the charters extorted from this odious tyrant, many of the royal enclosures were dis-afforested or stripped of their oppressive privileges, while the general regulations touching the *feræ naturæ* were considerably modified in their severity. Such was the worthy origin of our game-laws, whereof enough still remains to make them a demoralizing curse to the commonalty, and a crying shame to the legislature.

The despotism of the monarch, in all that bore relation to field sports, soon began to be imitated by the nobles, on whom was devolv-

\* Will. Malmesbury, cap. xiii. as cited in Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, p. 4.

† Some of the tenants held their lands upon condition of finding men to beat the country, and attend the lord when he went out on a hunting excursion.



ed the royal cruelty as well as right, as we learn from a writer of the twelfth century, when the rigour of the law was somewhat abated. "In our time," says the author, "the nobility think it the height of worldly felicity to spend the whole of their time in hunting and hawking; accordingly they prepare for them with more solicitude, expense, and parade, than they do for war; and pursue the wild beasts with greater fury than they do the enemies of their country. By constantly following this way of life, they lose much of their humanity, and become as savage nearly as the very beasts they hunt. Husbandmen, with their harmless herds and flocks, are driven from their well-cultivated fields, their meadows, and their pastures, that wild beasts may range in them without interruption." And he continues, addressing himself to his unfortunate countrymen; "If one of these great and merciless hunters shall pass by your habitation, bringing forth hastily all refreshment you have in our house, or that you can readily buy or borrow from your neighbours, that you may not be involved in ruin, or even accused of treason."\*

"Edward III. took so much delight in hunting, that even at the time he was engaged in war in France and resident in that country, he had with him sixty couple of stag-hounds, and as many hare-hounds, and every day amused himself with hunting or hawking."† Many of the great lords in the army had hounds and hawks as well as the king, and Froissart, an eye witness of the fact, tell us that Gaston, Earl of Foix, a foreign nobleman, contemporary with King Edward, kept upwards of six hundred dogs in his castle for the purpose of hunting.

This passion for the chase soon extended itself to the clergy, the bishops and abbots of the middle ages going out to hunt in great state with a large retinue of servants and retainers, and some of them becoming celebrated for their skill in this fashionable pursuit; a propensity for which they are frequently rebuked by contemporary poets and moralists. Chaucer, who lost no opportunity of taunting the priesthood, frequently accuses the monks of being much more addicted to riding, hunting, hawking, and blowing the horn, than to the performance of their religious duties. There must have been good ground for this censure, for in the thirteenth year of Richard II. an edict prohibited any priest or other clerk *not possessing a benefice to the yearly amount of ten pounds*, from keeping a greyhound or any other dog for the purpose of hunting: neither might they use "ferrits, hayes, nets, hare-pipes, cords, or other engines to take or destroy the deer, hares, or rabbits, under the penalty of one year's imprisonment." This enactment was in the perfect spirit of the game-laws, for it did not affect the dignified clergy, who retained their ancient privileges, which were so extensive, that Henry II., in order to restrain the prerogatives of these sporting ecclesiastics, enforced against them the canon law, by which they were forbidden to indulge in such pastimes. But these haughty and pleasure-loving priests were not to be thus baffled. In

\* Johan. Sarisburiensis, lib. i. cap. 4. as cited by Strutt, p. 6.

† Strutt, from Froissart's Chronicle, i. cap. 210.

their own parks and enclosures, they retained at all times the privilege of hunting, and took good care, therefore, to have such receptacles for game attached to their priories. The single see of Norwich, at the time of the Reformation, was in possession of no less than thirteen parks, well stocked with deer, and other animals of chase.

It appears that some of the sporting monks of France, perhaps as a salvo to their consciences, contrived to spiritualize the chase, and to render it subservient to the purpose of teaching the ten commandments, and of eschewing the seven deadly sins. This ancient moralization is termed "*Le Livre du Roy Modus, et de la Royne Ratio, lequel fait mention comment on doit deviser de toutes manieres de Chasse, &c.*—Chambery, 1486"—folio. To judge by the title, this work would seem simply to relate to hunting, hawking, &c., but some of the manuscript copies give, in a more ample rubric, a notion of its nature; thus: "*Le Livre du Roy Modus, qui, sous les termes de la Chasse des Bestes de toute Espece, moralise les dites bestes, les dix commandemens de la loy, les sept pechés mortels, &c.*" Another French work is cited by Marchand, in which Christ's passion is moralized, and applied to the chase of the stag.

In former times the ladies often joined the hunting parties. Queen Elizabeth was extremely fond of the chase. "Her majesty," says a courtier in a letter dated the 12th of September, 1600—when she had just entered the *seventy-seventh* year of her age—"is well and excellently disposed to hunting, for every second day she is on horseback, and continues the sport long." When she visited Lord Montecute at Cowdrey, in Sussex, we are told that "Her highness took horse and rode into the park at eight o'clock in the morning, where was a delicate bowre prepared, under the which were her highnesses musicians placed; and a crossbow by a nymph, with a sweet song, was delivered into her hands, to shoote at the deere; about some thirty in number were put into a paddock, of which number she killed three or four, and the Countess of Kildare one."\*

Fitzstephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., says that the Londoners delighted themselves with hawks and hounds, for they had the liberty of hunting in Middlessex, Hertfordshire, all Chilton, and in Kent, to the waters of Grey: but towards the close of the sixteenth century these exercises seem to have been discontinued, not for want of taste for the amusement, says Stow, but of leisure to pursue it. Strype, however, so late as the reign of George I., reckons among the modern amusements of the Londoners "Riding on horseback and hunting with my lord mayor's hounds, with the common hunt goes out."† Of these venatorial glories of the citizens nothing more remains but the Easter Monday stag-hunt in Epping Forest, and the civic officer who still retains the functionless name of Mr Common Hunt.

According to the ancient books of the practice of sportsmen, the seasons for hunting were as follows: The time of grace begins at

\* Nichols's Progresses, vol. ii.

† Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, p. 13.

Midsummer, and lasteth to Holyrood-day (14th of September). The fox may be hunted from the Nativity to the Annunciation of our Lady (25th of March); the roebuck from Easter to Michaelmas; the roe from Michaelmas to Candlemas (2d of February); the hare from Michaelmas to Midsummer; the wolf, as well as the fox, and the bear from the Nativity to the Purification of our Lady, (2d of February.)

The birds and animals that were specifically interdicted as game, varied according to the caprice of the legislators. In Scotland the last act of the prohibitory kind, before the accession of James to the English crown, is found in 1690. It is remarkably minute, and describes by name nineteen sorts of game, which are neither to be bought nor sold, on penalty of one hundred pounds. It closes with a limitation as to the time of beginning "to eat moor poute, or partridge poute."

*Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.*

## J. F. HERRING, ESQ.

There are few men, perhaps, more generally or favourably known in what is called "the sporting world" than the subject of our present notice. On the turf, particularly, the talent and conduct of Mr Herring have gradually gained for him a position almost as official as that which Mr Clarke holds in the chair, or Mr Weatherby over the match-book. It is from his hand that we have the history of the British turf carried on in its most attractive, if not indeed in its most conclusive, form. As the workings on tapestry, the rude paintings of incidents, and illustrations on records have frequently been found of more service in research than even manuscripts themselves, so Herring's series of winners may give after-generations a better idea of what the turf once was than the most careful study of the calendar could afford them. Racing, in fact, has generally had an acknowledged historian of this character, and Mr Herring but continues what Stubbs, Gilpin, Boulton, Sartorius, down to Marshall, were at their several eras engaged on. It is now just twenty years since the portrait of the last-named—Ben Marshall, the animal-painter of his day, was given in "The Sporting Magazine," while we here follow it with that of a gentleman who has proved himself in every way qualified to be the other's successor.

Mr Herring, born in Surrey in 1795, is now consequently in the fifty-third year of his age. His father—an American by birth, but descended from Dutch parents, a people who have contributed much to the advancement of art—was in business in the city of London, where the son spent the first eighteen years of his life. Not, however, having been apprenticed, and so being ineligible, in case of his father's demise,

to work in any other shop in the trade, he began to think of some other means of making his way in the world, while the bent of his genius had already strongly developed itself. At every possible opportunity, from the time he was first sent to school, the young artist was sure to be found with either a whip or a pencil in his hand—a brace of instruments which, worked one with the other, laid the foundation for his future fame. The fate of empires, it is said, has often depended on the merest trifles: the fortunes of our rejected citizen followed his wishes at that time, and went by the coach. The “Royal Leeds Union” passed his father’s door every morning, and, seeing “Doncaster” painted on one door, to Doncaster Mr Herring determined to go, though without the least motive or inducement for the selection, beyond the desire of settling in some place where he would enjoy a fair market for his labour. Singularly enough, he arrived there during the races, found himself on a course for the first time in his life, and in time to see the Duke of Hamilton’s William win the St. Leger. The right chord was struck home at once: the silken coats of the horses and satin jackets of the jockeys gave him a pleasure in contemplating them he had never before experienced, and back he went to his lodgings, “turf-struck,” to try his hand at a representation of the scene which had made so vivid an impression upon him. But natural genius alone was unequal to the task and so for awhile succumbed to the difficulties of the subject, from the want of her twin-sister art to teach the young idea how to carry out her intentions.

Though repulsed, our adventurer was not disgusted with the brush, and chance soon showed him one yet more perplexed in wielding it than he himself had been. In wandering through the town, where he was uninterested, and unknown, he one morning came upon a coach-maker’s painting-shop, before which, with the influence of whip or brush still upon him, he stopped almost involuntarily. The widely-opened doors discovered a young man busily engaged in attempting to give the proper pride of the boot to a new coach, the “Commander-in-Chief,” his aim being an equestrian portrait of the Duke of Wellington, to be fashioned after one of Alken’s sketches. It was in vain, however, that he essayed on the proportions of the horse; he had never painted one before; and so when on a second visit young Herring entered into conversation with him, and offered to try his hand, his aid was gladly accepted, and the pencil given up to him for the outline. This was quickly achieved, and with so much satisfaction to his new acquaintance, that he was asked to colour it also. While thus engaged in completing the figure the master entered, and being at once struck with the ability of the stranger, employed him, after a brief interview, to paint the insignia of the “Royal Forester,” another coach he was then building; viz. a white lion on one door and a rein-deer on the other. These also being finished, with equal credit, the new painter took a seat side by side with Mr Wood, a proprietor, who with others, got up for a ride to “prove” the springs and christen the drag. The introduction thus made led to Mr Herring paying a visit to the coach-office, where, hearing one of the men on the Wakefield road

was about to give up driving, he determined upon asking his new friend, the proprietor, for the vacant seat. Mr Wood, naturally enough perhaps, laughed at the notion of a painter driving a four-horse coach, and openly told the applicant that, as the owners were mainly responsible for the doings of their men, he didn't think such a thing would answer; still, on being assured that, unless the would-be coachman himself had been fully satisfied of his competency, he would not have asked for the place, a trial was granted on the "High-flyer," depending on the verdict of the up and down coachmen of the day fixed. Their report was altogether favourable, and the following Monday opened a new and perhaps the first set-scene in the life of Mr Herring, when he donned the frock-coat, top-boots, and low crowned hat of the charioteer of those times, and commenced his career as pilot of the Wakefield and Lincoln "Nelson" coach.

On this road he continued nearly two years, obtaining a tolerable living for himself and his wife (for he had married during that period), and having much leisure to devote to that nobler pursuit which he has since made his profession. His efforts, however, in no way attracted or courted publicity, as he destroyed or painted over nearly everything he produced, and it was not until his removal to an entirely new line—from Doncaster to Halifax, by way of Barnsley and Huddersfield—that his talent as an artist became at all to be appreciated. It was here, while engaged in his daily duty as coachman, that he came in contact with Mr Stanhope, of Cannon-hall, who, being struck with the manner in which he employed his spare time, on their arrival at Doncaster, accompanied Mr Herring to his house—just opposite the inn where the coach put up, and then called "The Doncaster Arms," but since changed to, and now known as, "The Brown Cow."\* Mr Stanhope's remark, on seeing a few pictures, was one which has since been well justified:—"What a pity you should be driving a coach!" The result of this visit was a letter to, followed by a commission from, Mr Stanhope's brother, now Mr Collingwood, to paint a chesnut horse

\* A true story is told of this sign of "The Brown Cow," very like the one of "The Black Horse" that Morland paid his bill out with, and to purchase which all the dealers came rushing from town. The cow was painted by Mr Herring for the new proprietor of "The Arms," who, having been engaged the greater part of his life in cow-keeping, determined to have as a sign a picture of the animal he had made his money by. This being placed, as usual, in the centre of the front of the house caught the eye of some gentleman travelling post to the north, and who, on his return, ordered the boys—for he travelled with four horses to his carriage—to stop at The Brown Cow. They did so, and out came the landlady to know why: they knew she had no post-horses: why didn't they go on t' "Angel?" Simply because the gentleman inside was come to buy the sign of The Cow, for double she gave, or whatever she would take for it. The cow, however, was to be had at no price. "I's rare and glad, measter," said the old lady, "my husband's not at home, for p'raps he'd ha' let thee ha' it; but I want, for what it's worth to thee it's worth to me, so gang on t' 'Angel,' boys." And gang on they did, leaving the brown cow, if not still *coram populo* in Doncaster town, in possession of the family, no doubt.

which was sent over to Doncaster for that purpose. The portrait was finished to the owner's complete satisfaction, and Mr Herring so secured two of his first and best friends—Rev. Charles Stanhope and Mr Collingwood.

The "artist coachman" now became the subject of some local gossip and fame; the little pieces he painted for friends and neighbours being much admired by all who saw them. The observation of his first friend, Mr Stanhope, began to assume the shape of earnest advice from many, and he was continually urged to abandon the box for the easel. Amongst others who had been struck by the specimens exhibited in and about Doncaster was Mr Frank Hawkesworth, of Hickleton-hall, who, after strongly pressing upon Mr Herring the policy of giving his undivided attention to an art for which he appeared so peculiarly fitted, offered on the part of himself and friends to ensure the embryo artist one year's constant employment—by which time, he argued, his *protégé* would be able to go well alone. With a commendable caution, however, perhaps but too seldom seen in the sons of genius, Mr Herring hesitated to throw up the substance of the coach for what might prove but a glittering shadow. He felt that he still wanted more practice and experience and shrunk from embarking into so entirely a new life upon the faith of the few sketches he had produced. Mr Hawkesworth, though himself anything but participating in these doubts and fears, at length yielded, and left our hero still to the ribbons and the road, but promising to see him again, and to renew his offer whenever Mr Herring felt he could with justice avail himself of it.

Another good friend, who named as his introduction the merit he had observed in the sign of a "Coach and Horses," was the well known Mr George Clarke, of Barnby Moor, who almost immediately placed his new acquaintance on one of his own coaches, and for whom Mr Herring drove the "Highflyer" through the whole of the following very severe winter. The intimacy that gradually sprang up lasted until Mr Clarke's death, and the coachman or servant was generally recognized rather as the particular friend of the proprietor. Indeed, the former might now be considered gradually retiring from the road; and, on Mr Hawkesworth again paying him a visit, he told that gentleman he thought he might then with propriety commence the year's work so kindly promised him. This promise was at once put into performance; in every way Mr Hawkesworth was as good as his word. First he introduced the artist to Mr Christopher Wilson, then residing at Ledstone Hall, who employed him to paint the stallion Smolensko, a black cob, and a black retriever. From Mr Wilson he went to Stapleton Park, where he painted eight hunters for the Hon. E. Petre; and thence to Sir Bellingham Graham's, at the Hall, Norton Conyers, by whom he was employed upon four more hunters and seventeen foxhounds. In short, from this time his name as an animal painter was established, and he at once took to the art as a profession, and with a success that we hope and believe has even yet to reach its summit.

It was not, however, hunters or hounds, but the English race-

horse, that gave Herring his first great lift in the public estimation—the study of that silken coat and satin-jacketed jockey which struck so forcibly upon him on his entry into Doncaster. Certainly, as a pourtrayer of the thorough-bred horse in high condition, he is, and long has been, unrivalled; that beautiful, healthy, and natural gloss he gives the coat—not the varnish of the tea-tray or mahogany, but the real effect of being well bred and reared; that union of strength and elegance—the perfect symmetry of the animal which he paints, so life-like, so effectively and yet so unexaggerated. And then if, as is said, one true mark of genius be its attention to trifles, prove him by the accompaniments with which his racing subjects are usually finished off; not a buckle, not a strap, not a wrinkle out of place or omitted, from the hanging of a throat-lash to the set of a circingle. Surely he was born for the place; and the star that led him away on the Leger day was not the slave of idle chance, but the good servant of a happy destiny. Fortunately he never could forget that day; for we find the very next year he made a study of Filho da Puta, and continued to do of the winner every year, until Jerry's, when an arrangement was entered into with the proprietor of the *Doncaster Gazette* to publish back, all taken. Accordingly, the whole of the Leger winners, from Filho to Jerry, including the Duchess, Ebor, Reveller, Antonio, St. Patrick, Jack Spigot, Theodore, and Barefoot, were brought out together, and the work carried on at Doncaster up to 1826. In that year it was purchased by Messrs. Fuller, of Rathbone-place, for whom Mr Herring continued the series to 1842, when Messrs. Baily, of Cornhill, engaged him to begin a new one on a larger scale. It will be seen from this that he has now painted the winners of the Doncaster St. Leger thirty-three years in succession, while of the Derby he has only made a regular series of eighteen years, commencing, in 1829, with Mameluke. A number of engravings have also been made after his paintings of Oaks, cup, and other winners, as well as of celebrated races and scenes. Perhaps, in subjects of this kind no one has done Mr Herring's efforts so much justice as the Messrs. Fores, of Piccadilly; as, for example, their series of "Stable Scenes;" that truly splendid work, the getting off for the Derby, in Orlando's years; and in our opinion, that yet more perfect and altogether unprecedented achievement in coloured engraving, the "Steeple Chase Cracks" charging a wall. With such a copy, were it but for the name, we would scarcely covet the original.

We should think there was hardly a gentleman of any celebrity as a breeder or owner of race-horses but has one or more of Mr Herring's productions, the portrait by him being the crowning honour to the high-mettled winner. Of these portraits it would be idle indeed to attempt to give anything like a list; but we are enabled to add the names of the few large pictures of grand events, painted to private order; viz. "The Start for the Derby," in Plenipotentiary's year, for Mr David Robertson, and sent, by desire, for the inspection of his late Majesty William the Fourth; the race between Actæon and Memnon, at York, for Lord Kelburne; the Goodwood Cup race, in Rubini's

year—start and finish—for Lord Uxbridge; Priam winning the Goodwood Cup, and the match between Priam and Augustus, for Lord Chesterfield. Beyond such commissions as these, for many other noblemen and distinguished personages, Mr Herring has been honoured by commands from royalty itself, having painted for both his Majesty George the Fourth and her present Majesty Queen Victoria. He is, moreover, animal painter by appointment to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; while we may add, to show the estimation he is held in by the princes of other countries, that he once went specially to Paris, to take the portraits of five race-horses for the late lamented Duke of Orleans. Latterly, though, the portrait of a horse or hound *per se* has been rather a favour to obtain at our artist's hands, he being unwilling to engage on anything, without he is allowed the opportunity of finishing it off as a picture. The winners of the great races—his first step up the tree, and, perhaps, his great strength still—we trust, though, he will never neglect; and we know that it was illness alone prevented his painting the Derby and Oaks winners of the past season—the first he had missed for many years.

Mr Herring left Doncaster, the city of his adoption, in 1830, and, after a sojourn of three years at six-mile bottom, Newmarket, returned once more to London, or rather to Camberwell, where he is now settled. Since his re-appearance here, he has given his attention to what may, perhaps, be considered a higher and nobler branch of the arts. Indeed, as a painter of rural scenes, in which the horse and the dog are the prominent figures, he is now generally acknowledged to be second only to Landseer; and every picture he exhibits is sure to be bought up at a large price.\* Amongst some of the most attractive of his productions in this style are "The Ferry," "Mazeppa," "Peveril of the Peak," "Duncan's Horses" (in two pictures), "Going to the Fair," "The Timber Carriage," "Members of the Temperance Society," "The Frugal Meal," with many equally effective scenes from farm and straw-yards. The heads in the "Temperance Society" and "The Frugal Meal," are well known, from the very excellent engravings of them brought out by Messrs. Fuller, of Rathbone-place, and Mr Graves, of Pall Mall; the latter of whom has many other of his works now in course of publication.

Of Mr Herring's connection with sporting magazines, it becomes us to say but little. We know his works are always welcome to our subscribers; and we have the further satisfaction of saying that the author of them has expressed himself in every way pleased with the manner in which they are copied. This mutual good feeling has now existed for many years, and we trust it may for many yet to come; as we cannot but feel gratified in availing ourselves and our friends of the services of one who, both by his ability and his conduct, has proved himself an honour to the profession that has honoured him.

*Sporting Magazine, for February.*

\* His works are chiefly to be found at the British Institution, and at the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, of which he was elected a member in 1841.



## A WHITE DEER.\*

I have often in hunting talk heard different and sometimes very strange accounts of the existence of white deer.

I have always doubted this, because no proof of the fact has ever been afforded me. Thus amongst others I recollect in 1840 many stories about the existence of a large pure white deer with red eyes in the neighbourhood of Batavia, near the shore at Antjol, and which had escaped the lead of many experienced shots by its invulnerability. Of this supernatural invulnerability the inhabitants above, all the natives, were convinced, while many Chinese partook in the belief, and even some Europeans remained in doubt until a well directed shot gave the animal in question into the hands of the fortunate hunter, when it appeared that the deer was not of a white but a grey colour, occasioned by its age being unusually great, so much so, that its flesh was found scarcely eatable. The eyes too were not red, but like those of all other deer. On my arrival in Macassar in 1845, I again heard stories of white deer which it was said, were chiefly to be found in the territory of the principality of Goa. Each of my informants had this from hearsay, but nobody had seen such an animal with his own eyes. Consequently I still remained in doubt on this point. Not long ago however the elev  of the territorial revenues, J. A. J. Voll, surprised me by the present of a young living deer which had been caught in the woods of Pancajene, and which is quite white in its colour. This animal, whose eyes and other attributes agree in all points with those of other deer, is now in my possession, and excites the astonishment of every visitor, European as well as most of the natives of these countries.

For this reason I have considered that I should be rendering an agreeable service by mentioning this fact, and I request the favor of the Editor T. N. I, giving a corner to these lines in his Journal.

D. F. SCHAAP,  
*Assistant Resident.*

MAROS, 1st October, 1846.

*Journal of the Indian Archipelago and Eastern Asia.*

\* Translated from the Dutch (*Tijd. v. N. I.*)\*

**RULES CONCERNING HORSE-RACING IN GENERAL—  
 RULES AND ORDERS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB—ADMIS-  
 SION OF NEW MEMBERS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB—  
 RULES FOR THE ROOMS—NOMINATIONS, &c. &c.**

**RULES CONCERNING HORSE RACING IN GENERAL, WITH A DE-  
 Scription OF A POST AND HANDICAP MATCH.**

At a meeting of the Members of the Jockey Club held 25th April, 1833, it was resolved that from, and after the end of the year 1833, horses should be considered at Newmarket as taking their ages from the 1st of January, instead of the 1st of May.

With respect to other places, they will continue to be considered as taking their ages from the 1st of May, until the Stewards of those races shall order otherwise.

Four inches are a hand.

Fourteen pounds are a stone.

1. Catch weights are, each party to appoint any person to ride without weighing.

2. Give-and-take-plates are, fourteen hands to carry stated weights, according to age; all above, or under to carry extra, or be allowed the proportion of seven pounds to an inch.\*

3. A Post Match, is to insert the ages of the horses in the article, and to run any horse of that age, without declaring what horse till he come to the post to start.

4. A Handicap Match is, A. B. and C. to put an equal sum each, into a hat; C, who is the handicapper makes a match for A. and B., who when they have perused it, put their hands into their pockets, and draw them out closed; then they open them together, and if both have money in their hands, the match is confirmed, if neither have money it is no match. In both cases the handicapper draws all the money out of the hat; but if one has money in his hand, and the other none, then it is no match; and he that has money in his hand is entitled to the deposit in the hat.

5. Horses are not entitled to start without producing a proper certificate of their age, if required, at the time appointed in the articles, except where aged horses are included, and in that case a junior horse may enter without a certificate as to age, provided he carry the same weight as the aged.

6. No person shall start more than one horse of which he is the owner, either wholly or in part, and either in his own name or that of any other person, for any race for which heats are run.

7. The horse that has his head at the ending post first, wins the heat.

\* These plates, so much the fashion up to the commencement of the present century, have now fallen out of use.

8. For the best of the plate, where three heats are run, the horse is second that wins one heat.

9. For the best of the heats, the horse is second that beats the other horses twice out of three times, though he do not win a heat.

10. When a plate is won by two heats, the preference of the horses is determined by the places they get in the second heat.

11. Where a plate or subscription is given to the winner of the best of three heats, a horse to win the prize must be the actual winner of the heats, even though no horse appear against him for both or either of the heats.

12. When three horses have each won a heat, they only must start for a fourth, and the preference amongst them will be determined by it, there being no difference amongst them.

13. In running of heats, if it cannot be decided which horse is first, the heat goes for nothing, and they may all start again, except it be between two horses that had each won a heat.

14. If a rider fall from his horse, and the horse be rode in by a person that is sufficient weight, he shall take his place the same, as if his rider had not fallen, provided he go back to the place where the rider fell.

15. Jockies must ride their horses to the usual place for weighing the riders, and he that dismounts before, or wants weight, is distanced; unless he be disabled by an accident which should render him incapable of riding back, in which case he may be led, or carried to the scale.

16. Horses' plates or shoes not allowed in the weight.

17. Horses running on the wrong side of a post and not turning back, are distanced.

18. Horses drawn before the plate is won, are distanced.

19. Horses are distanced, if their riders cross or jostle.

20. All complaints of foul riding must be made before, or at the time the jockey is weighed.

21. No distance in a fourth heat.

22. A confirmed bet cannot be off but by mutual consent, except in the cases hereinafter mentioned.

23. Either of the betters may demand stakes to be made, and on refusal, may declare the bet to be void.

24. If a better be absent on the day of running, a public declaration of the bet may be made on the course, and a demand whether any person will make stakes for the absent party, and if no person consent to do so, the bet may be declared void.

25. Bets agreed to be paid or received in London, or any other particular place, cannot be declared off, on the course.

26. If a match or sweepstakes be made for any particular day in any race week, and the parties agree to change the *day* to any other in the same week, all bets must stand; but if the parties agree to run the race in a different week, all bets made before the alteration shall be void.

27. The person who lays the odds has a right to choose a horse

or the field; when a person has chosen a horse, the field is what starts against him, but there is no field without one horse starts against him.

28. Bets and stakes made in guineas are paid in pounds.

29. If odds are laid without mentioning the horse before the race is over, the bet must be determined by the state of the odds at the time of making it.

30. Bets made in running are not determined till the plate is won, if that heat be not mentioned at the time of running.

31. A bet made after the heat is over, if the horse betted on does not start, is void.

32. Bets determined, though the horse does not start, when the words "absolutely run or pay" or "play or pay" are made use of in betting.

33. Where horses run a dead heat for a sweepstakes or plate, and the parties agree to divide the stakes, such horses shall be liable to carry extra weight as winners, and all bets between such horses, or between either of them and the field, must be settled by the money betted being put together and divided between the parties, in the same proportion as the stakes shall have been divided. If a bet be made on one of the horses that ran the dead heat, against a horse that was beaten in the race, he who backed the horse that ran the dead heat wins half his bet. If the dead heat be the first event of a double bet, the bet shall be void.

34. Bets made on horses winning any number of races within the year, shall be understood, however the expression may be varied, as meaning the year of our Lord.

35. Money given to have a bet laid shall not be returned, though the race be not run.

36. Matches and bets are void on the decease of either party before the match or bet is determined.

37. A horse walking over, or receiving forfeit, shall not be deemed a winner.

38. An untried stallion or mare is one whose produce has never run in public.

39. A maiden horse or mare is one that has never won.

40. It being an established rule that no person can *enter and run*, either in his own name, or in the name of any other person, two horses of which he is wholly or in part the owner, for *any plate*, and doubts having arisen as to the true definition of the word *plate*—the Stewards of the Jockey Club have decided that where a sum of money is given to be run for, without any stake being made by the owners of horses (the entrance money, whether given to the owner of the second horse, or applied to the racing fund, not being considered a stake) such prize shall be construed to be a plate. But where a stake is deposited by the owners of the horses which is to go to the winner, and an additional sum of money, or a cup, piece of plate, or other reward is offered as a prize to the winner, even though such addition shall be denominated a plate by the donor.—Such race shall be deemed and taken to be a sweepstakes, and not a plate.

RULES AND ORDERS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

Newmarket, Nov. 1, 1831.

At a meeting of the Stewards and Members of the Jockey Club, it was stated that much uncertainty had prevailed with regard to the operation of the rules and orders of the Jockey Club, and therefore it was thought proper to declare that they apply to all races run at, and engagements made for Newmarket only; the Jockey Club having no authority to extend their rules and orders to any other place although they have for the sake of greater uniformity and certainty, recommended the adoption of the same rules to the Stewards of other races. And that the Stewards of the Jockey Club will not receive any references of disputes from any places, except those at which the rules and regulations of Newmarket shall have been declared to be in force, in the printed articles of those races.

1. The former rules and orders of the Jockey Club were repealed from the 31st December, 1828, and the following rules and orders, with such additions and alterations as may from time to time be made therein, are substituted and to be acted upon.

RESPECTING THE STEWARDS.

2. The three members of the Jockey Club, now acting as Stewards, shall be continued in their office till the next annual meeting of the Jockey Club, when the senior steward (the one who has been the longest in office) shall quit his situation immediately after settling the accounts at that meeting, and shall then name a member of the Jockey Club to succeed him, subject to the approbation of the remaining stewards, and of the members of the Jockey Club then present; and at every subsequent annual meeting the then senior steward shall in like manner retire and name his successor.

3. If any difference of opinion shall arise in such nomination, it shall be decided by a majority of the members present; which majority must include one (at least) of the continuing stewards; if both the continuing stewards are in the minority, then there shall be a fresh nomination.

4. If any of the stewards should die or resign between the periods of the annual meetings, the surviving or continuing stewards may appoint a member of the club to succeed the deceased or declining steward, and to stand in his place in point of seniority; but such nomination shall be notified to the Club, at their next annual, or at any special meeting to be called for the purpose, and shall then be subject to the like approbation, as in the case of a senior steward retiring at the expiration of his stewardship.

5. All disputes relating to racing at Newmarket, or bets on racing elsewhere, if any of the parties interested should request the interference of the stewards, shall be determined by the three stewards and two referees, (who shall be members of the Jockey Club) one to be chosen by each of the parties concerned, if either of them shall desire to have referees. If only two stewards be present they shall fix upon a third person, being a member of the club, in lieu of the absent

steward ; but the stewards if they think fit, may call in any other members of the Jockey Club to their assistance or may refer the case to a general meeting of the Jockey Club, if the importance or difficulty of the matter in dispute shall appear to them to require it.

6. If any dispute arising elsewhere than at Newmarket shall be referred to the stewards of the Jockey Club, and they shall think fit to take it into consideration, the matter must relate to horse racing, the facts or points of difference be reduced into writing, and be sent by, or with the sanction of the stewards, when the matter in question occurred, and the parties must agree in writing to abide by the decisions of the stewards of the Jockey Club.

7. The three stewards, or any two of them shall have full power to make such regulations as they may think proper in regard to the course, and exercise ground.

8. The three stewards shall have the power of appointing such person or persons as they may choose, to keep the coffee-room, the match-book, receive the stakes, and collect the entrance money, and all other funds belonging to the Jockey Club, and the stewards shall be responsible to the Jockey Club, for all the money collected, as belonging to the Club. They shall also have the power to appoint the judge of the races, clerk of the course, or any other servants of the Club.

9. The stewards shall fix the hours of starting for each race, by nine o'clock in the evening preceding the day of running, and notice of the time of starting is to be fixed up in the coffee-room immediately afterwards.

10. The stewards shall produce an account of the funds and disbursements of the Jockey Club, at the annual meeting in each year.

#### RESPECTING THE ADMISSION OF NEW MEMBERS, FOR THE JOCKEY CLUB.

11. Ballots for the Jockey Club shall take place in the Craven, First Spring, Second October, and Houghton meetings. The candidate to be proposed in a meeting previous to the ballot, or in case the ballot take place in the Craven meeting, that notice of his being a candidate shall be stated in the sheet calendar, published next preceding that meeting, and also put up in the coffee-room on the Monday in that meeting, and notice to be given in writing, and put up in the coffee-room on what day the ballot will take place, at least one day before the time of balloting. Nine members (at the least) shall ballot, and two black balls shall exclude.

#### FOR THE NEW ROOMS.

12. The ballot for members of the New Rooms may be in any of the seven established meetings at Newmarket. Each candidate must be proposed by a member of the Jockey Club, and his christian and surname, and usual place of abode, with the name of the member proposing him, put up in the dining and card rooms at Newmarket, (or in such other place as the stewards shall appoint) on the day pre-

ceding the ballot. The ballot shall be in the morning between the hours of eleven and one; or in the afternoon between the hours of four and six. Members of the Jockey Club only shall be allowed to ballot. Nine members (at least) shall ballot, and two black balls exclude. If eighteen members ballot, there must be three black balls to exclude.

13. A member of any of the clubs in St. James's Street, known by the names of White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's, may be admitted a member of the New Rooms without ballot, on paying the same sum for his admission, and the same subscription as are required of members chosen by ballot.

#### FOR THE COFFEE-ROOM.

14. The ballot for members of the Coffee-Room shall be in the Coffee-Room at Newmarket (or at such other place as the stewards shall appoint) on any day in the present seven established meetings, between the hours of eleven and one o'clock in the morning. Each candidate must be proposed by a member of the Jockey Club, and his christian and surname, and usual place of abode, with the name of the member proposing him, be put up in the Coffee-Room the day before the ballot. Members of the Jockey Club only can ballot. Twelve members (at least) must ballot, and two black balls shall exclude.

15. Any member of the New Rooms may become a member of the Coffee-Room, on signifying his wish to be so, to any of the stewards, or to the keeper of the Coffee-Room, and paying for his admission and subscription as members chosen by ballot are required to do.

16. A person, though chosen, shall not be considered as a member of any of these clubs, until he shall have paid the usual sums for the admission and subscription of a new member. And the name of every member, whose subscription shall be in arrear for one year, shall be placed over the chimney-piece in the New Rooms, and in the Coffee-Room at Newmarket, in the Craven meeting of each year. And if such arrear be not paid by the end of the following second spring meeting, he shall cease to be a member, and shall not be again admitted as a member, until his arrears be paid, and until he be again chosen by ballot.

At a meeting of the members of the Jockey Club, held at the New Rooms, Newmarket, in the Craven meeting, 1836, it was resolved.

That any members of White's, Brookes's and Boodle's (not being a member of the New Rooms) may be admitted to the New Rooms and Coffee-room for any one meeting, without any other charge than the payment of one half year's subscription to each. In the event of such person attending any other meeting in the course of the same year, he is to be considered as a member of the New Rooms, and liable to all the usual charges. That the subscription to the New Rooms, and Coffee-Room, and all other charges, except the subscription to the Jockey Club, be paid half yearly; the July meeting to be included in either half year.

That if any foreigner should be proposed at any time as a candidate for the New Rooms, or Coffee-Room, an immediate ballot may take place for such election.

#### AS TO NOMINATIONS.

17. In all nominations, and entrances for stakes, subscription, and plates of horses, &c. which have not started before the time of naming or entering; the sire, dam, grandam of the horse, &c. named or entered, must be mentioned if known, unless the dam has a name which is to be found in the Stud Book or Racing Calendar, in which case the name of the sire and dam will be sufficient. If the horse, &c. named or entered be own brother or sister to any horse, &c. having a name in the Stud Book, or Racing Calendar, it will be sufficient to name it as such. If the dam or grandam be sister (but which sister must be specified, if there be more than one) or dam or grandam of any horses, &c. having a name in the Stud Book, or Racing Calendar, it will be sufficient to mention her as such. If the dam or grandam is not known, the sire of the horse, &c. must be mentioned, together with such other particulars, as will be sufficient to identify the animal. If a horse has once appeared in the Racing Calendar by a name and his pedigree, it will be sufficient afterwards to mention him by his name only, even though he has never started. If the dam was covered by more than one stallion, the name of all of them must be mentioned.

18. If any horse, &c. shall be named or entered without being identified as before directed, he shall not be allowed to start in the race, but his owner shall be liable to pay the forfeit, or if a play or pay race, the whole stake. All bets on a horse so disqualified for starting shall be void.

19. No person who has once subscribed to a stake, shall be allowed to withdraw his name, and no nomination shall be altered, in any respect after the time of closing with the consent of all the parties in the race being first obtained.

20. In every sweepstakes in which there shall be any allowance of weight to the produce of untried horses or mares, such allowance shall be claimed on the article by each subscriber before the expiration of the time of naming; and if not so claimed no allowance shall be made, even though the horse or mare should prove to have been untried at the time of naming.

#### RESPECTING STAKES AND BETS.

21. All stakes for matches, subscriptions and sweepstakes, shall be made before the hour of starting for the first race of the day, in cash, bank bills, or banker's notes, payable on demand, and be paid into the hands of the person appointed by the stewards to receive the same, and in default thereof by any person, he shall pay the whole stake as a loser, whether his horse come in first or not, unless such person shall have previously obtained the consent of the party or parties with whom he is engaged, to his not staking. But this rule is not



to extend to bets, which are to be paid and received, as if no such omission had happened.

22. A day-book shall be kept by the person appointed by the stewards to receive the stakes, in which shall be entered an account of all matches, subscriptions, and sweepstakes to be run for; and as the different stakes are made, they shall be entered therein as paid.

23. Five pounds per cent. shall be allowed on all forfeits under £100 declared to the keeper of the match-book at or before ten o'clock the evening before running; and if the forfeit amount to £100 upwards, £10 per cent. shall be allowed. All forfeits shall be paid before twelve o'clock at night of the day fixed for the race, and on those forfeits which shall not be so paid, the deduction for the timely declaration of such forfeits shall not be allowed.

And no horse shall be considered as struck out of his engagement unless the owner or some person authorised by him shall give notice to the keeper of the match-book, or to his clerk, or to one of the stewards present.

24. At a general meeting of the stewards and members of the Jockey Club held at Newmarket, 30th October, 1833, it was agreed upon and resolved, that from and after the 31st December, 1833, this rule as published in the volume of the Racing Calendar for 1832, should be rescinded, and the following substituted.

No person shall start any horse, unless he shall have paid all former stakes and forfeits to the keeper of the match-book, before the time fixed for starting the first race of each day on which he intends to start his horse.

That no horse shall start for any race until all forfeits due for that horse shall have been paid, provided that an objection to such last mentioned horse starting, shall have been made by eight o'clock in the evening preceding the day of running to the keeper of the match-book.

That when any person has more than one nomination in a stake, he shall not be allowed to start any horse for it unless the forfeits be paid for every other horse belonging to him, or standing in his name in such stake which does not run as well as the stakes for those which do.

And these rules are recommended to the consideration of the stewards of other races.

At the expiration of each meeting, a list of all stakes and forfeits due at Newmarket, shall be exhibited in the Coffee-Room at Newmarket, and a similar list and also a list of all stakes and forfeits due elsewhere which the persons claiming them shall transmit (free of postage), shall be posted at Mr Weatherby's office in Oxenden street.

At a meeting of the Jockey Club held on Tuesday the 31st Oct. 1837, it was resolved, That after the 1st January, 1838, all persons whose name appear on the list of defaulters shall be warned off the course, and prohibited from training or exercising horses on any part of the ground in the occupation of the Jockey Club. Provided always, that notice shall have been given in writing by the keeper of

the match-book to such persons, of the amount of forfeits due, and that they shall not have been paid within two months of such notice being served upon them.

25. If any bet shall be made from signal or indication, after the race has been determined, such bet shall be considered as fraudulent and void, and shall not be paid. And if any servant belonging to a member of this society, shall be found to have betted from any such signal, or shall be concerned in making any such signal, he shall be dismissed from his service, and no further employed by any member of this society.

26. All stakes and bets whether expressed to be in guineas or pounds, shall be paid in pounds sterling.

27. All double debts shall be considered as play or pay debts.

28. All bets depending between any two horses shall be void, if those horses become the property of the same person, or of his avowed confederate, subsequently to the bets being made.

29. All bets between particular horses shall be void, if neither of them happens to be the winner, unless agreed by the parties to the contrary.

30. If a match or sweepstakes be made for any particular day in any race week, and the parties agree to change the day to any other in the same week, all bets must stand; but if the parties agree to run the race in a different week, all bets made before the alteration shall be void.

31. When the riders of any horses brought out to run for any race are called upon by the person appointed to start them, to take their places for that purpose, the owner of every horse which comes up to the post shall be considered as liable to pay his whole stake, and all bets respecting such horses shall be considered as play or pay bets.

#### TRIALS.

32. No person shall try the horse, &c. of any other person than his declared confederate, without giving notice of which trial by inscribing the name or proper description of the horse, &c. tried, and the name of his owner, in the trial book kept at the Coffee Room, Newmarket, within one hour after the trial has taken place, or by nine o'clock in the morning, in case the trial shall have taken place at an earlier hour; and the hour of running such trial, and also the hour of making the entry, shall be noted in the trial book. And in case any trial shall not be so entered, the groom having the care of the horse, running with the trial horse, and being present at the trial, or if not present, then the owner of any horse running with such trial horse shall forfeit and pay to the stewards of the Jockey Club the penalty or sum of £10 for every such offence; but the stewards shall have the power to mitigate such penalty to not less than £5, in case it shall fall upon any groom.

33. Every bet made upon or against any horse running in a trial, between the time of such trial and the entering it in the trial book, whether it be entered within the time prescribed or not, shall be void.

34. Every engagement made with any horse, &c., running in a trial between the time of such trial, and the entering it in the trial book, whether it be entered within the time prescribed or not, shall not be run, but the owner of such trial horse shall be considered as having declared forfeit, and be liable to pay the forfeit accordingly, unless his opponents or any of them shall desire to hold him to his engagement. And in case any horse so tried shall have started for, and won any race made subsequently to the trial, and before the entry of it in the trial book, his owner shall not be entitled to the stake so won; and in case he shall actually have received it, he shall pay it back into the hands of the stakeholder, who shall pay it over to the owner of the second horse, or in case of a match, shall pay it over to the owner of the beaten horse; but if such horse shall have lost such race, his owner shall not be entitled to claim, or to be repaid his stake or deposit for such race; and in those cases such disqualifications shall attach to the horse without regard to any change of the property in him; and if, with respect to the disqualifications, there shall be any difficulty in ascertaining the horse or horses tried, the owner of the horse or horses so tried shall be bound, on the request of the stewards, to declare to them which of his horses ran in such trial; and in case he shall decline to do so, the stewards shall have the power to fix the disqualification upon any one or more of the horses of such owner at their option.

35. No notice of trial shall be required, when the trial is run at a greater distance than twenty-five miles from Newmarket.

36. The day, with respect to the engaging of the ground for trial, shall be divided into two periods; that is, previously to eight o'clock in the morning, and subsequently to two in the afternoon, from the first day of the Craven meeting to the end of the Houghton meeting; and previously to nine o'clock in the morning and subsequently to two in the afternoon during the rest of the year. No one stable keeper shall engage the ground for both those periods on the same day, nor for more than two of those periods in the same week.

37. Notice for engaging the ground shall, at least one day before the day it is used, be entered in a book to be kept for that purpose in the Coffee-Room in Newmarket. And no notice or warning shall be deemed sufficient, unless given as before directed.

38. If any persons shall be detected in watching a trial, or shall be proved to have employed any person to watch a trial, he shall be served with notice to keep off the heath; and if in the employment of any member of the club, or of any groom or rider employed by any member of the club, he shall be dismissed from his service, and not again employed.

#### THE CUP AND WHIP.

39. The cup may be challenged for on the Monday or Tuesday of the first Spring meeting in each year, to be run for over the race course on Tuesday in the first October meeting following, by horses, &c., the property of members of the Jockey Club; four years old

carrying 7st. 11lb., five years old, 8st. 8lb., six years old, 8st. 13lb., and aged, 9st. Each person at the time of challenging is to subscribe his name to a paper to be hung up in the Coffee-Room at Newmarket, and to deliver to the keeper of the match-book the name or description of the horse, &c. sealed up, which shall be kept till six o'clock on the Saturday evening of that week; and if not accepted, or only one challenger, to be returned unopened; but if accepted, or if more than one challenger, to be then opened, and declared a match or sweepstakes for 200 sovereigns each, play or pay. If the challenge be not accepted, the cup to be delivered to the keeper of the watch-book, in the meeting ensuing the challenge, for the person who may become entitled to the same.

40. The whip may be challenged for on the Monday or Tuesday in the second Spring or second October meeting in each year; and the acceptance must be signified, or the whip resigned, before the end of the same meeting. If challenged for and accepted in the Spring, to be run for on the Tuesday in the second October meeting following; and if in the October, on the Thursday in the second Spring meeting following. B. C. weight 10st. and to stake 200 sovs. each, play or pay.

#### THE £1 PER CENT PLATES.

41. The stake-holder shall deduct £1 per cent. upon all sums won at Newmarket, in sweepstakes or matches, where the clear sum to be received by the winner, over and above his own stake, shall amount to £100 or more (unless the winner shall object to allowing such deduction to be made) and the money so raised, shall be disposed of in the following manner; viz.

Two handicap plates of £100 each for four, five, six years old, and aged horses, shall be annually given to be run for; one in the second October meeting A. F., and the other in the Houghton meeting from the D. I. And if any horse-keeper shall object to contribute to the above fund, he will not be allowed to start a horse for either of those plates.

#### THE STAKE-HOLDER AT NEWMARKET.

42. The stake-holder at Newmarket shall be allowed to retain, out of the stakes in his hands, the following fees for his trouble; viz.

For every match, one pound.

For every plate, one pound.

For every subscription or sweepstakes, when the whole stake exceeds £100 and does not amount to £1000, two pounds.

For every sweepstakes, when the whole stake amounts to £1000 or upwards, five pounds.

#### RELATING TO OTHER MATTERS NOT BEFORE SPECIFIED.

43. If for any plate, sweepstakes, or subscription, the first two horses shall come in so near together, that the judge shall not be able to decide which won, these two horses shall run for such prize over again, half an hour after the last race on the same day; the other horses which started shall be deemed losers, and be entitled to their

respective places as if the race had been finally determined the first time.

44. Every person who shall ride for a race at Newmarket, shall be weighed immediately after the same, and shall be allowed two pounds above the weight specified for his horse to carry, and no more, unless the weight be actually rode be declared as the weight he intended to ride, as hereinafter mentioned. The owner of every horse which shall be intended to carry more than two pounds above his weight shall by himself, or his servant, declare to one of the stewards or to the keeper of the match-book, before ten o'clock on the morning of the day on which the race is run, what weight he intends his horse to carry, which shall be immediately inserted in the list in the coffee-room. And if any horse shall run a race carrying more than two pounds above his weight, without such declaration having been made, or if after the race, on weighing the jockey, he shall not prove to have ridden the weight which it was declared the horse should carry, or shall have ridden more than two pounds above the weight declared, then such horse shall not be considered the winner of the race, even though he should come in first, but shall be placed as the last horse in the race, and his owner shall pay the stake as for a beaten horse.

45. The persons appointed by the stewards to weigh the jockies, shall immediately after each day's race, report to the keeper of the match-book how much each horse carried, where he carried more than two pounds above the specified weight, and the keeper of the match-book is, as soon after as may be, to communicate such report to the stewards, or one of them. And the weight each horse actually carried, if more than two pounds above his weight, shall be published in the first list printed after the race, and also in the account published in the Racing Calendar.

46. Every groom shall have his horse at the post ready to start within five minutes of the time appointed by the stewards. And every jockey is to be there, ready to start within the same time. And every groom and jockey making default herein, shall forfeit £5, to be paid to the keeper of the match-book, and by him accounted for to the stewards.

47. The person appointed to start the horses shall mark ~~in the~~ list the time when the horses in each list actually started; and if there have been any false starts, the first of them shall be considered as the time of starting for that race. And he shall make a report thereof to the keeper of the match-book, in the afternoon of the day the races are run. And if any delay beyond the allowed time shall have taken place, he shall state by whom, or by what cause, the delay was occasioned. He shall regulate his watch by the coffee room clock, which shall be considered as the true time for this purpose.

New Rooms, November 2nd, 1832.

At a meeting of the Jockey Club, it was resolved that the person appointed to start the horses have authority to order the jockies to

draw up in a line as far behind the starting post as he may think necessary ; and that any jockey disobeying the order of the starter, or taking any unfair advantage, shall be liable to be fined in such sum not exceeding £5, as the stewards of the Jockey Club may think fit to inflict.

48. If any horse, &c. intended to be entered for any plate or subscription, where entrance is required, shall be engaged to run on the day of entrance, he shall not be obliged to show at the time of entrance ; but if he have not before run at Newmarket, he shall show at the place of entrance, within one hour after his engagements are over. But no horse that has before run at Newmarket need be shown at the time of entrance or afterwards.

49. When any match is made in which crossing and jostling are not mentioned, they are understood to be barred.

50. When any match or sweepstakes shall be made, and no weight mentioned, the horses shall carry 8st. 7lb. each ; and if any weight is given, the highest weight shall be 8st. 7lb.

51. When any match or sweepstakes shall be made, and no course mentioned, the course shall be that which is usually run by horses of the same age as those engaged ; viz.

If yearlings, the yearling course.

If two years old, the two year old course.

If three years old, Borley's mile.

If four years old, ditch in.

And if five years old and upwards, Beacon Course.

And if the horses should be of different ages, the course shall be fixed by the age of the youngest.

52. The keeper of the match-book shall charge the proprietors of such horses as receive forfeit, and shall be excused from appearing, with the same fees for weights and scales as if they had come over the course.

53. Towards defraying the expense of repairing the course and exercise ground, one guinea annually shall be paid in respect of every race horse that shall be trained or exercised, or that shall run any private trial or public race thereon. And the same shall be paid by the stable keeper or servant having the care of such horse, and be charged by him to the owner of such horse. Every such stable-keeper or servant shall deliver a list to the keeper of the match-book, of the horses which have been under his care, liable to pay the said charge, on the Saturday before the Craven meeting in each year, and also on the Monday before the Houghton meeting, and shall at the last mentioned time pay to the keeper of the match-book the money due for each horse. That for the future, if any such stable-keeper or servant shall fail to make a true return of the horses which have been under his care, he will be surcharged one guinea for each horse omitted in his list.

54. If in running for any race, one horse shall jostle or cross another, such horse and every horse, belonging to the same owner, or in which he shall have a share, running in the same race, shall be dis-

qualified for winning the race, whether such jostle or cross happened by the swerving of the horse, or by the foul and careless riding of the jockey or otherwise; and when one horse crosses the track of another next behind him, it shall be deemed a sufficient cause of complaint, even though he be a clear length or more before the horse whose track he crosses, it being desirable that when once the jockey has taken his ground, he should not prevent any other jockey from coming up either on his right or left hand. And if such cross or jostle shall be proved to have happened through the foul riding of the jockey, he shall be disqualified from again riding at Newmarket, or shall be punished by fine or suspension for a time, as the stewards shall think fit, it being absolutely necessary, as well for the safety of the jockeys themselves, as for satisfaction to the public, that foul riding should be punished by the severest penalties.

55. All complaints of foul riding must be made before or at the time the jockey complaining is weighed; and it may be made either by the owners, jockey, or groom of the horse, to one of the stewards, to the keeper of the match-book, to the judge of the race, to the clerk of the course, or to the person appointed to weigh the jockies.

56. In naming or entering for any race where there shall be any particular conditions required as a qualification to start, it shall be sufficient if the horse were qualified at the expiration of the time allowed for naming or entering, and he shall not be disqualified by anything which may happen after the expiration of that time unless so specified in the article; and if any additional weight is to be carried by horses which have won one or more plates or races within the year, it shall be construed to mean the year of our Lord.

57. Where it is made a condition of any plate or subscription, that the winner shall be sold for any given sum, the owner of the second horse being first entitled, &c., no other person than one who ran a horse in the race shall be entitled to claim. The horse claimed shall not be delivered till he is paid for; and he must be paid for on the day of the race, otherwise the party claiming shall not be entitled to demand the horse at any future period; but nevertheless the owner of the winning horse may insist upon the claimant taking and paying for the horse claimed.

58. When the qualification of any horse is objected to by ten o'clock in the morning of the day of starting, the owner must produce a certificate or other proper document to the steward or clerk of the course, or to the keeper of the match-book, if the case happen at Newmarket, before the race is run, to prove the qualification of the horse; and if he shall start his horse without so doing, the prize shall be withheld for a period to be fixed upon by the stewards, on the expiration of which time, if the qualification be not proved to the satisfaction of the stewards, he shall not be entitled to the prize, though his horse should have come in first, but it shall be given to the owner of the second horse. When the qualification of a horse is objected to after that time, the person making the objection must prove the disqualification.

59. It is expected that every member of the clubs at Newmarket, and every person running or training horses at Newmarket, shall consider themselves amenable to these rules, and such others as the stewards may from time to time think fit to adopt, for the better regulation of racing at Newmarket. And all trainers, jockies, grooms and servants of such persons are strictly enjoined to observe the same. And if any trainer, jockey, groom or servant shall be proved to have been guilty of any infraction of these rules and orders, or any of them, he will be punished by the stewards, to such extent as they may think the case requires, and in such manner as they may have the power to enforce.

60. All disputes referred to the stewards of the Jockey Club will be adjudged according to their published rules and orders, where any of them are applicable to the case submitted to them; and where not, according to the established rules of racing.

At a meeting of the Jockey Club, held the 25th of April, 1833, it was resolved that from and after the end of the year 1833, horses shall be considered at Newmarket as taking their ages from the 1st of January instead of the 1st of May.

October 30th, 1833, it was resolved, that the second Spring meeting, the July meeting, and the first October meeting in each year, beginning with the year 1835, should commence on the Tuesday instead of Monday.

It was resolved, at a meeting of the Jockey Club held on the 5th May, 1835, that the Newmarket, the July stakes, the October Oatlands, and all the public engagements now entered into for more than one year at Newmarket, should for the future be subscriptions for one year only.

At a meeting of the Jockey Club, held on Wednesday in the Houghton meeting, it was resolved, that in future the stewards should have the power, in cases of urgent necessity, of putting off the races from day to day, and that all bets on such races should stand.

*Whyte's History of the British Turf.*

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## PENCILLINGS IN THE PROVINCES.

BY WHIZ.

## "THE SQUIRE."

One now and then meets with a Pelham or a Coningsby sketched by a master-hand, or a Sam Weller or Dick Swiveller pencilled by a child of fancy, and they amuse us; but of late the sporting world has been inundated with tales of the snobocracy and the nobocracy, the scrapings of dirty lanes and crooked alleys, as improbable as pernicious, and they disgust us. So that we sigh in vain for another Goldsmith, and lament over the ashes of Fielding.

In the west of England there lives a gentleman who rejoices in the name of "The Squire"—a mark of honourable distinction bestowed upon him unanimously by the yeomen and farmers of a sporting country for his unflinching liberality in upholding their pastimes and augmenting their cup of pleasure. He has kept hounds for the last thirty years without a subscription, is chairman of their agricultural society, steward of their annual races, and would have been their member long since, had not the pleasures of the chase overpowered all earthly ambition to become a senator. The county is purely agricultural, intersected by hill and dale, fringed by bold woods, coppices, and spinneys. At the base of the Bullbarrow-hills lies the beautiful fertile vale watered by the meandering sedgy Stour, and chequered with villages and country-seats of the neighbouring gentry, or the antiquated, low, thatched farm-houses of their fortunate tenants, who for centuries past have been undisturbed possessors of the soil. The fields are dotted with symmetrical Devons or the long-horned sheeted Dorsets, each proverbial for the fine flavour of the cream, or the superior excellence of the butter. Here, at the fall of the river at the weirs, the fisherman can take his twelve-pound pike, or the squire bag his six brace of birds, to say nothing of snipe and water-rail. The wild duck brings up her young in the marsh; the long-headed watchful heron towers upward with his prey from the swamp; whilst the gaudy kingfisher, glittering in the sun, skims the bank, and returns to his nest under the willow. The pretty village, with the old turreted church, is seen on the hill, surrounded with orchards and gardens. The stuccoed parsonage-house lies ensconced in its shrubberies, with its well-kept lawn; and from the terrace, through the interstices of the elm-clad walk to the river, you catch a fine view of the landscape around Stourhead, and over Dunctiff, on a clear day, you can see Shaftesbury, the highest town in the kingdom.

But to the squire. How enviable his princely domain, his new mansion, his host of friends, his splendid stud, and his undisguised courtesy to all! How different from the cold, calculating, conventional manner of the London-season man, as he reins in his sprightly hack in

Rotten-row, or bows sycophantly to his noble friend who is passing with his two high-bred daughters, in extasy at the approaching ball at Almack's. He turns again from the triumphal arch, that he may catch a cantering glance of those bright eyes under the light blue veils; and as "faint heart ne'er won fair lady," he is by her side in an instant, engages her for Lady C——'s Cellarius valse; for he is a young member of a midland county, the Carlton, Conservative, and Crockford's. The well-appointed grooms get intimate by degrees, and bring their horses together (for high-bred grooms, like high-bred men, are rather shy at first); and after a few more canterings on rottenness, the *Morning Post* announces this flimsy marriage.

The squire seldom comes to town, as he has no residence in Belgravia or the regions of St. James, but generally puts up at Hatchett's or the Gloucester for a week, to buy his wife some new dresses, or enrol his name in the books of the Agricultural Society; just drops into Tattersall's when some hounds are to be sold, or some first-rate horses, well-known weight-carriers in Northamptonshire or Warwickshire. But the London season is waning fast. Cliques disbanded, dinners discontinued, daughters married, and diplomacy at a discount. There is a general move from the metropolis for the fine old halls and abbeys of the provinces. The old family coach, with its tasselled hammercloth, is laid up for the year, the coachman turns greengrocer, and the horses are returned into the dealer's hands. Blinds are drawn down in all the squares, and London is "as a tale that is told."

In almost every agricultural village there is a squire and a parson. Unlike the suburban retreats of the metropolis, there are no millionaire Smith and Jenkins cotton-lords, or city warehousemen, spicy fellows in their way, with Newmarket coats, bright blue bird's-eye chokers, and polished boots, hurrying homewards from 'Change as if their lives depended on their dinners; or railing themselves down to Slough or Croydon, bepinked and bebooted, for a day with the Queen's or the Surrey stag-hounds.

There is a quiet ease about the country squire—a kind of "monarch-of-all-I-survey," magisterial look about him—as he drives up to the meet, prior to finding their never-failing fox in Deadmoor, or trots home with the hounds after running him to earth in the Somersetshire Holts. The parson and a host of good sportsmen follow. I fancy I see him now, with his ample brown hunting-coat, white locks, rubicund countenance, and capacious leathers and boots, trotting his old black horse along the bridle-path at the ridge of the hills, the very hills echoing with some anecdote characteristic of rural simplicity, and redolent of fun and *badinage*. But alas! my imagination runs riot! The fine old man is dead: only a story of him remains.

He hunted with the squire past his eightieth year; and from his knowledge of the country, it was wonderful how well-placed he was at the finish, considering the weight his never-failing trotting-horses had to carry. One day the hounds were running strong over the Vale of Blackmoor, the most difficult country in England to ride over, owing to the small inclosures and stiff clays, when a young brother-parson

rushed at a fence on a young, raw horse, just as my old friend was leading one of his horses over it (for they were all broke to wait for him on the other side), and fell, the young horse getting away before the whip could catch him.

“Turn Puseyite, M——,” said the old gentleman; “your new horse don’t like your doctrine.”

“You turn saint,” retorted the young one, chagrined; “and your horses would then carry you over. Did you ever see a fat one?”

But the good old man died a high-churchman and a fox-hunter.  
*London, January 1848,—Sporting Magazine, for February.*

## MONOGRAPH OF THE MASTIFFS.

BY H. D. RICHARDSON, S.E.R.P.S.E.

For the sake of perspicuity, I have divided the mastiff race into two obvious classes, or national groups.

### GROUP I.—ROUGH VARIETIES.

#### THE MASTIFF OF THIBET.—THE GREAT ROUGH BOAR-DOG.

It appears to me that no class of dogs are so little known, or have had so little written about them, as the mastiffs; and, valuable as they are found to be, and serviceable, in many parts of the world, as auxiliaries in the chase of the fiercer tribes of animals, I conceive that the present paper will be found possessed of more than ordinary interest to the numerous readers of this Magazine.

#### THE MASTIFF OF THIBET.

The great mastiff of Thibet seems to me to be the primitive type whence our modern mastiffs have sprung. He is a dog of vast size and strength, frequently measuring thirty inches in height at the shoulder. His aspect is fiercely sullen; his head large and heavy; his lips very pendulous; his ears of moderate length; his eyes red, and and lower lids drawn down like those of our own very finest blood-hounds. The mastiff of Thibet cannot be better described, or his appearance more aptly conceived, than as a monstrous mastiff with the coat of a Newfoundland. There is every reason to believe that these are the dogs mentioned by writers of antiquity as possessed of so much strength and courage, and that it was one of this breed that was presented to Alexander the Great, by Porus. This is certainly the only eastern dog at present to be met with that could at all hope to

cope for an instant with the monarch of the forest. The Thibetian dogs are said at present to be able to engage with the bear in single combat, and that with success. Certainly in size they rival, if not fully equal, that animal; but a bear is, in my opinion, too much for any dog, be his powers what they may. These dogs are very fierce. One presented to George IV. made a rush at a child while held by his keeper for the purpose of permitting his Majesty to inspect him, on which the king ordered him to be removed, and could never afterwards endure to look at him.

#### THE GREAT ROUGH BOAR-DOG.

Closely allied in form and in his gigantic proportions to the mastiff of Thibet is the great rough boar-dog of the continent of Europe. This is supposed to be the Suiot dog of antiquity; and a figure of him as such will be found in the works of Gesner. This dog has been known to stand upwards of thirty-three inches in height. I myself saw one in Edinburgh—and that, too, a whelp not more than eight or nine months old—that I measured, and ascertained to stand thirty inches and a-half at the fore shoulder. Colonel H. Smith, in the 10th vol. of the “Naturalists’ Library,” speaks of some that had attained the height of *four* feet (!); but it is evident that whoever measured or reported of their stature had done so from the crown of the head to the ground, even in which case the dog must have stood upwards of thirty-six inches high—a stature so exceeding the very greatest that we are acquainted with that it would require the most confirmatory evidence to satisfy me that there was no mistake. The more usual height of this dog is from twenty-six to twenty-eight inches. His general form is that of a stout, well-built mastiff; his usual colour red, or red and white, sometimes clouded or streaked with blue and yellow markings; his ears are rather pendulous, and are usually rounded off or cut away close to the skull at an early age. The hair is wiry in texture; and the tail, which is bushy, usually carried over the back. I have seen more than half a dozen of these dogs in Edinburgh, where they were conceived to be overgrown *Russian terriers*. Although this dog is actually *the* boar-dog, still he is not so well known as such as is the *great Dane* or the Saxon boar-dog—an animal to be described in the next section.

#### GROUP II.—SMOOTH VARIETIES.

DOG OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.—SPANISH MASTIFF.—ENGLISH MASTIFF.—BULL-DOG.—PUG-DOG.—GREAT DANE, OR BOAR-DOG OF SAXONY.

#### THE DOG OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

There is no individual of the canine race whose appearance, habits, or real breed are so little known as those of this dog, nearly every one entertaining a different opinion respecting him, and only agreeing in setting him down as a very big dog of some kind or other. In works

of natural history we find ourselves equally astray, and either meet with no notice of the animal, or find him described as a Newfoundland or spaniel. My very clever and esteemed friend Captain Thomas Brown has, in his otherwise excellent little treatise on dogs, thought fit to describe the dog of St. Bernard as a gigantic *spaniel*, with long, feathered ears, and a bushy tail! Even Col. H. Smith, in the volume of the "Naturalists' Library" already alluded to, describes the present cross-bred dog used at the convent as a mixed kind produced between the true breed and the wolf-dog of the Pyrenees, for such evidently was Sir T. Dick Lauder's sagacious "Bass;" and these are the only *written* sources of intelligence respecting the animal that I have been able to come at. I have, however, taken a little trouble to discover the truth, and have now evidence sufficient to enable me to declare it, and to take a firm stand in support of my opinions. The true dog of St. Bernard is precisely what a fancier would conceive to be the very *beau ideal* of a highly-bred mastiff. His head is large, broad, and carried high; and his neck and shoulders appear to be endowed with double the proportion of muscular power possessed by other dogs, a fine specimen of this breed appearing at first sight to be all head and shoulder, tapering off towards the stern like our own thorough-bred bull-dog. The coat of the dog of St. Bernard is fine and sleek, and the pile short as that of a greyhound. The ears are naturally rather large, and hang, straight at the sides of the head—*would hang*, I should rather say, for they are invariably cut off close to the skull at a very early age, in order to prevent canker, which is otherwise likely to ensue from frost-bite. The limbs of this animal are straight and clean; and his tail is thin as a rush, tapering to a point like the lash of a whip. His colour is almost invariably yellow; some are to be met with of a brownish fawn; but when thus coloured, or when marked with the blue or slaty cloudings already spoken of, we may always conclude that the animal has a cross in him of the Dane, Pyrenean dog, or perhaps French matin. Some years ago a pestilence attacked the dogs kept at the Convent of St. Bernard, and carried all off, with the exception of a single old dog; and the monks were for some time afterwards obliged to resort to the services of the great shepherds' dog of the Pyrenean mountains in lack of better, and these in due season became crossed with their own breed through the medium of the aged dog that remained to them. The convent happened to be attacked by a band of robbers about this time; and these dogs proving pusillanimous, and leaving their masters to the barbarity of the desperadoes, they resolved on exerting themselves to revive the original stock. Accordingly, after much labour and difficulty, they succeeded in doing so. It so happened that some time afterwards they were again attacked, and by the same gang, when they slipped a dozen of these noble brutes against their assailants, who were instantly put to the rout not without the death of several of their number; for these dogs, while lambs in their disposition and manners when they should be so, are savage as the tiger of the forest when their indomitable courage is excited to the conflict.<sup>o</sup> The Newfoundland dog, the Pyrenean, the

Dane, and, in short, nearly every large dog, are apt to be styled by their possessors "the dog of St. Bernard," although probably no two of them agree in form or appearance. A few years ago a Frenchman named Casserane settled in Dublin; and perceiving that the Irish were great admirers of large and showy dogs, procured a pair of splendid animals of the true St. Bernard breed from Boulogne, where they are not unfrequently to be got for from five to ten pounds (100f. to 200f.) a piece. Either this man did not know to what species these dogs really belonged, or he was a very great knave; for he asserted them to be "lion dogs," and that they were originally produced from a cross between a lion and a mastiff-bitch. Casserane sold the pups produced by this pair for five pounds each, and received a guinea for the use of the dog as a sire. The bitch died at length—it was supposed she was poisoned—and Casserane endeavoured to procure another, but could not. To the disgrace of human nature, I have to record that Casserane suffered himself to be induced by some savages in the form of men to fight this noble, but at that time aged, dog against a dog of noted fighting celebrity, a cross betwixt bull-dog and English mastiff, inferior in weight to the St. Bernard, but infinitely more active, and altogether in far better "fighting condition," as it is termed by "the fancy." In addition to all this, the bull mastiff had a powerful party to back him, while the other had his master only—a sickly, slenderly-built little man, whose physical powers were not such as were calculated to ensure fair play for his *protégé*. The result may easily be imagined. The St. Bernard dog, at starting, gave his adversary a terrible shaking, and would have killed him in a few minutes had he been suffered to do so, but he was forcibly torn from him; and then, when the other dog effected a seizure, which he did at the most tender portion of the canine frame, the fore-foot, the poor St. Bernard was mobbed and hustled, and even struck with heavy cudgels upon the head and face; still, he endured the frightful punishment for upwards of an hour, although the small bones of his foot were crushed by his adversary's jaws; but at length he became so bewildered by the unfair treatment he was receiving, that he turned his shoulder to his opponent, and refused to fight any more. Thus was this black-guard piece of business managed, and thus it happened that the cry was raised in Dublin that Casserane's dog was a coward—a cry that I have since heard repeated with a view to brand with that vice not merely that individual, but the breed in general. The dog of St. Bernard is, on his native mountains, usually armed with a collar of leather, in which are set a number of strong and sharp iron spikes. This affords him some protection in his conflicts with the wolves and bears to be met with amidst those regions of inhospitable snow. Mr Mackintosh, the well-known musician, assures me that, during a sojourn among the mountains of St. Bernard, he frequently knew bears killed by two of these fine dogs, unassisted by the spear of the hunter; and also has had ocular proof that a wolf cannot stand before them longer than a cat before a good bull-terrier. I saw lately a lithographed portrait of one of these dogs, which struck me so much that I

took pains to discover something about the animal's history ; and, for this purpose, wrote to the gentleman who drew the head on stone, Mr Clark, 202, High Holborn, and received the following polite reply :—

“ SIR,—The portrait of the dog ‘ L’Ami ’ was drawn on stone by me from a sketch by Burford. He stood 31 inches on the shoulder, and weighed 200lbs. avoirdupois : he was a close-coated dog : his ears had been cropped, as you perceive by the portrait. He belonged to a person now abroad, who brought him home from the Alps, and was exhibited by him in Duke-street, Manchester-square, at one shilling each admission. The dog was considered a wonder by most people, but I have known as fine dogs of the Mount St. Bernard breed. Lord Chesterfield has one equally fine ; so have I myself, but not so high by one inch. I bought one myself, about fifteen months ago, for £20—a very old dog—and have had two litters of pups by him, out of a sandy-coloured bitch I have now. I have still one of the pups by me. He is now seven months old, and already stands 27 inches high ; and has all the points of the old dog, with the exception of the muzzle, which is black, like the bitch’s. I sold the old dog to a rector in Norfolk about four months ago, as he was old, and, I was afraid, would not get pups much longer.

“ ‘ L’Ami,’ whose portrait you mention, died last summer : he was in the habit of performing some jumping tricks, and met with an accident in his spine, which caused his death.

“ It is a common practice to cut the ears of the Alpine dog, which prevents canker in the ear, from frost, and the dog scratching it afterwards. I think, from the opportunities I have had of making the observation, that the Alpine dog is the largest dog extant, and is confined to a hundred miles or so around the convent of St. Bernard ; for although there are large dogs in the Pyrenees, they resemble the Newfoundland in form and coat, with the exception of the colour, which is red and white, but have not the splendid chop, gigantic size, or prodigious limb peculiar to the St. Bernard. The pure breed is now, I believe, nearly lost, gentlemen frequently giving £100 for a brace, which has made them scarce.

“ I am, sir, your obedient servant,

“ W. CLARK.”

These dogs are kept by the monks of the monasteries of the Swiss Alps, for the express purpose of searching, during show-storms, for travellers who may have lost their way, or fallen into pits or cavities, in which situation they would, without timely assistance, be speedily frozen to death. The dogs are sent out in pairs, and have usually a little phial suspended round their necks, containing brandy, in case the benumbed and frozen traveller be able, with its restorative aid, to make good his way to the convent, whither these sagacious animals will conduct him. In the event of his not being able to do so, the dogs run back to the convent for assistance. In the museum at Berne there is a dog of this breed preserved, named Barry, whose services in rescuing travellers were almost miraculous. He served the

convent for twelve years, and during that period saved the lives of forty persons. It is of this dog that the interesting anecdote respecting the child is related. He found the child in a frozen state between the bridge of Dromaz and the ice-house of Balsora ; he immediately began to lick him ; and having succeeded in restoring animation, and effecting the perfect recovery of the boy by means of his caresses, he induced him to tie himself round his body. In this way he carried the poor child to the hospital in triumph. When extreme old age deprived him of strength, the prior of the convent pensioned him at Berne, as a reward for his faithful services ; and at his death his skin was stuffed, and deposited in the museum of that town. The little phial which he carried for the relief of the distressed traveller is still suspended from his neck.

#### • THE SPANISH MASTIFF.

This dog is evidently a variety of St. Bernard, and owes whatever differences he presents in form or size from that animal to the peculiar purposes for which he has been bred. The Spanish mastiff is not now so common as he was, as he is no longer used, as formerly, for the combats of the amphitheatre. He is very like the St. Bernard in form ; but is more compactly built, has less pendulous lips, and is even broader in the head. His usual colour is a slaty dun. This dog, crossed with some lighter and more active variety, is supposed by many to have been the origin of those terrible animals that, under the name of bloodhounds, were employed by Columbus in his American expedition, and that have, even within our own times, been employed in the pursuit of runaway slaves in the Spanish colonies. The average height of this dog does not exceed twenty-six inches. I have seen some specimens that reached twenty-eight inches, and one that stood twenty-nine at the shoulder ; but I strongly suspect that this unwonted stature was obtained by a dash of the St. Bernard. A Mr Aylmer, a wine-merchant in Dublin, had lately the finest of this breed I ever beheld. They were very fierce, and were an overmatch for any dog they ever encountered : such encounters, however, I must state, in justice to Mr Aylmer's character, were purely accidental. So determined was one of these dogs, that it was impossible to induce him to desist when he had once engaged in combat, until he had consummated his victory with the death of his opponent. I should think that a cross with these animals might be very judiciously resorted to for the revival of that now nearly extinct breed—our own British mastiff. Both in point of size and in general aspect, the Spanish dog is to that of St. Bernard what the English bull-dog is to the English mastiff. These animals fetch nearly as high prices as the St. Bernard and are not unfrequently sold under the latter name.

#### • THE ENGLISH MASTIFF.

This once highly-prized dog is now rapidly falling into disrepute, and is very rarely to be met with thorough-bred. His muzzle is longer and his form less powerful, than that of the two preceding varieties ;



but as we can only judge in these respects from such specimens as we can at present procure, we may do the animal injustice. In my opinion, this is the original stock whence sprung the dog of St. Bernard; and that he is of much more ancient origin than that dog, is evident from the circumstance that, so early as the time of the Roman emperors and the subjugation of Britain by them, an officer was appointed to reside in this country for the purpose of breeding mastiffs to be sent to Rome for the combats of the circus. Dr. Caius, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's reign, tells us that three were reckoned a match for a bear, and four for a lion. The height of such specimens as I have met with varies from twenty-six to twenty-nine inches. The true old English mastiff is decidedly the most trustworthy watch-dog in existence.

#### THE BULL-DOG.

The bull-dog is an animal so well known as to render description of him almost superfluous. He is low in stature; large-headed; short-nosed; and his under-jaw projects beyond the upper, so as to display his incisor teeth. He is the most courageous animal in existence, and will not only attack any animal, whatever be its magnitude, but will suffer the most agonizing torture and meet the most horrible death without even a groan. Once he has fastened on his antagonist, no force can induce him to quit his hold. The distinguishing characteristics of the bull-dog are his small ear and whiptail. A cross with the terrier has been resorted to, which produces, if possible, a still more determined animal, and one that, from his greater liveliness and agility, is certainly better adapted for combat. It was with bull-terriers that the lions Nero and Wallace were baited, and not with thorough-bred bull-dogs, as has been erroneously supposed.

#### THE PUG-DOG.

The pug is a diminutive bull-dog, having his tail curled short over his back; and in every other respect is a perfect miniature of the latter—courage excepted, for he possesses none.

#### THE GREAT DANE, OR SAXON BOAR-DOG.

This is, I think, the largest dog in existence, and it is likewise decidedly the most serviceable as a destroyer of the wolf and boar. In this country he is but seldom seen in a state of purity, and is, in any case, seldom recognized as what he really is. The Dane rarely stands less than thirty inches in height at the shoulder, and usually more. His head is broad at the temples, and the parietal bones diverge much, thus marking him to be a true mastiff; but, by a singular discrepancy, his muzzle is lengthened more than even that of an ordinary hound, and the lips are not pendulous, or, at least, very slightly so. His coat, when thorough-bred, is rather short and fine; but yet not, by fifty degrees, so close as that of the St. Bernard. The tail is fine and tapering; the neck long; the ears small, and carried back, but these are invariably taken off when the dog is a whelp. The

finest dog of this breed I ever saw was the celebrated "Hector," the property of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch. Hector stood thirty-two inches at the shoulder, and, when I saw him, was about eighteen years old; and his legs had begun to give way, and his back to fall in, so that, I should say, when a young dog, he stood at least an inch and a half higher, or thirty-three inches and a half—a height equal to that of many Shetland ponies. As many persons contradicted my assertion as to Hector's being the true Saxon boar-dog, the same that used to be kept in the royal establishments of that country, I took the liberty of writing to his grace on the subject, and was kindly favoured with the following reply:—

"SIR,—I received your letter of the 31st yesterday. The dog "Hector" mentioned by you was bought by my brother from a student at Dresden. Of his pedigree I know nothing, but understand that the breed is used to hunt the wild boar. His height I do not recollect, but he was the tallest dog I ever saw. He must have been upwards of twenty years of age when he died, as he was supposed to be eight years old when my brother bought him.

"Your obedient servant,

"BUCCLEUCH, &c."

I had likewise the honour of a letter from his grace's secretary, who very kindly took the pains to have the stuffed remains of poor Hector measured for me. In that state he measured but twenty-nine inches to the shoulder: this is, however, by no means much for a dog to shrink, especially when death takes place at so advanced an age. His Royal Highness Prince Albert has a very fine dog of this description, named "Vulcan;" and Mr. Maynard kindly furnished me with a description of him, from which I should be disposed to regard him as being of a mixed race, between the great rough boar-dog mentioned in last chapter and the dog at present under consideration. His height is thirty inches. The colour of the Duke of Buccleuch's dog was a light slate ground, with large brown blotches distributed here and there: that of his Royal Highness's dog is a mixture of smoky grey and black, pretty equally distributed. The hair is close, and inclined to be wiry, judging from a specimen sent me by Mr. Maynard. Mr. Hague, distiller, of Bonnington, near Edinburgh, had a very beautiful dog of this description: colour, a bright fawn, with markings of a deeper tint. The muzzle of these dogs presents a remarkable peculiarity, appearing as if suddenly brought to a termination by a chop of a hatchet, so abruptly does it become blunt. There are few dogs possessed of such determination as this. Shortly after Hector was brought to Scotland, he selected and pursued a stag, singled him from the herd, and run him through the domains until he overtook him in the middle of the river Esk, where he killed him. This was kept secret from his grace, and was lately communicated to me by Mr. Carfrae, taxydermist, of Edinburgh, who stuffed Hector. As a proof of the life-like fidelity with which Mr. Carfrae executed his task, I may mention that a Newfoundland dog, seeing the stuffed

boar-hound in the window of the establishment, stood and looked attentively at it for a few minutes, and then bounded upon it through the glass, smashing all before him, when, terrified at the crash, he ran away. Mr. Carfrae informs me that a German gentleman, on seeing Hector, exclaimed, "Ah dat is my country dog!" and told Mr. C. he was the true Hungarian boar-dog, and that there were plenty in Germany and Hungary; and on learning how highly they were esteemed in Scotland, promised to import a few on his next visit to that country. A German sausage-maker in Edinburgh imported a dog and bitch; but I do not learn that they were very good specimens as to size, yet the pups fetched high prices. In further proof of the gigantic size of this dog, a writer in a sporting magazine—Captain Medwin—says, speaking of a tremendous wolf which fell before his rifle, "Monster as he was, there are dogs in the town of Heidelberg, who would have proved more than a match singly for him or any wolf. This part of Germany possesses a breed much in esteem among the students of the university, larger, more muscular, and fiercer than any with which I am acquainted; and in saying this I do not forget the dogs of the Pyrenees, St. Bernard, Greece, or Lapland. Our mastiffs, now becoming rarer every day, are to them what a cat is to a tiger."

*Sporting Magazine, for March.*

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## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

We have great pleasure in recording a gift of ten pounds from his Royal Highness Prince Albert towards the subscription for poor Jem Morgan, late huntsman to J. Conyers, Esq. Like the Duke's half-sovereign for Charley Holmes's testimonial, such presents from such quarters become doubly dear.

We have, again, a second satisfaction in announcing a subscription has been opened by the members of Mr Drake's Hunt, for the purpose of presenting Tom Winkfield with a silver tankard, as a mark of approbation of his conduct during the many years he has hunted the squire's hounds. It has been our good fortune to have often witnessed Winkfield at work, and we can say honestly he well merits his reward. In brief, he is worthy of his master, and more than that it would be difficult to imply.

The French "bagmen" continue to be shipped and landed in whole cargoes. If they would only run for home like the hares, what clippers the importers would furnish!

WHITE WOODCOCK.—Mr Morgan Davies, of Cwm Ivor, shot, early in the month, a very beautiful *scolopax rusticola alba*. It was about the size of the common woodcock, and the feathers were per-

fectly white, with the exception of a brown rim round the base of the bill. The day previous a party of gentlemen had fired ineffectually more than a dozen shots at this *rara avis*, but fortune reserved him for Mr Davies.

**SHOOTING AT STRATHFIELDSAYE.**—His Grace the Duke of Wellington, Lord Charles Wellesley, the Marquis of Douro, the Hon. C. S. Lefevre, F. Pigott, Esq., M.P., and Captain Brown, have had two days' good sport on his Grace's preserves. One hundred and fifty-nine head of game were brought down, consisting of pheasants, hares, and rabbits. The noble Duke brought down four pheasants, sportsman-like, one of which at a long distance. The game, on this visit, was found to be very numerous, no exertion having been spared by the keeper this season. A greater quantity would have been killed had the weather been more favourable.

**DEALING IN GAME.**—"The Marquis of Exeter has been sending large quantities of game by the North Western Railway to the London markets for sale. On the 1st he sent to the Sibson railway station, in a cart, as many hares and pheasants as took two horses to draw them, and the carriage of them by railway to London was charged £3 10s.; there were to pay, besides, the fare and expenses of the gamakeeper who accompanied them; and such was the bad return of the sale, that when the man got back the noble marquis was actually 20s. out of pocket by the dealing, the London market being exceedingly overstocked."—*Stamford Mercury*. [We are not very much grieved to hear this from our Stamford friend. When game-preserving doesn't pay as a business, perhaps gentlemen will look at it a little more as an amusement—what it should be—and as such we can only advocate it.]

**SHOCKING DEATH OF MR PAUL DYSEN.**—We have to announce the death of the above-mentioned gentleman, who was well known in the sporting circles of Manchester, and who lost his life under very melancholy circumstances. The body of the deceased, who had been missing since the 31st of January, was found in a reservoir not more than two feet deep. The fact of nothing having been taken from his person proved that the unfortunate gentleman—who, from the evidence adduced at the inquest which was held on the body, was the worse for wine on the evening on which he is presumed to have been drowned—met with an accidental death, having lost his way and fallen into the reservoir in question. A verdict was returned of "Found drowned."

We have to include in our obituary of this month the death of two rather prominent men in the sporting world—Mr Ferguson and Mr Forth. On this side of the channel the former was known chiefly as the owner of the celebrated Harkaway, and consequently not so well known as he should be. The success of that horse, on the whole, rather opened against the fame of the deceased gentleman with us. At home, however, he was always seen to advantage. A most hospitable friend, a free, open-hearted sportsman, a capital rider to hounds, and equally good over a country in the cap and jacket—he will be

much missed in the Emerald isle. He may have had his faults, like most of us; but there are many whose accounts will not show so well on the opposite side as poor Tom Ferguson's. Mr Forth, we believe, was the architect of his own fortunes, having worked on from a stable-keeper to become one of the most influential and clever trainers in the kingdom. His success was equal to his ability, and a long and strong string of triumphs might be traced back to his agency. One remarkable feature in his system was the closeness with which the secrets of the stable were kept, the "sensations" being seldom allowed to evaporate before the race was decided. His horses always looked well to the eye, as if flattered a little in their work, though few could really be better prepared. He was a jockey as well as trainer, and continued in the saddle up to a very few years previous to his decease, braving even the dangers of the Derby to the last.

**CRICKET MATCH IN SKATES.**—The Sheffield Skating Club played a cricket-match on the ice in skates, at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, on the Swiss-cottage pond, on Tuesday, the 1st. The ice was in splendid condition, being as smooth as a piece of glass. After the first innings the party retired to the tent, which was fixed on the edge of the dam, and partook of an excellent lunch, and afterwards some beautiful figure skating took place. The game was again resumed, and the balls played with were made of gutta percha; the frost had a tendency to make them very hard, and from hard hitting caused them to break, but it is the opinion of the club that they will answer very well in summer. The following is the score:—*J. Dodworth's side*, 150, of which John Tasker obtained (not out) 65, James Tasker (b. Scholes) 0, J. Dodworth (b. Scholes) 0, J. Ingham (st. Scholes) 10, G. Paxton (b. Scholes) 1, J. Mettam (b. Scholes) 6, W. Wild (b. Scholes) 17, C. Skinner (b. Scholes) 25, B. Drabble (b. M. Dodworth) 7, H. Axe (b. M. Dodworth) 2; byes 7, wide balls 3. *M. Dodworth's side*, 162, of which M. Dodworth scored (st. J. Dodworth) 42, G. Scholes (c. J. Dodworth) 10, B. Johnson (st. J. Dodworth) 0, F. Skinner (b. C. Skinner) 25, A. Horton (b. C. Skinner) 0, R. Gillat (b. C. Skinner) 25, E. Gray (st. J. Mettam) 2, J. Hawkrigg (run out) 4, E. Harrison (run out) 1, T. Axe (not out) 22, W. Ince (not out) 21; byes 6, wide balls 4.

**WOODCOCKS.**—For several years these delicate birds have not been met with so numerous as formerly. Some sportsmen think it owing to the want of severe frosts in November; others attribute the cause to the immense quantities of their eggs gathered abroad in their native marshes for the market; but, independent of the great flights which used to cross the seas, there are now as many bred in this country as occasionally yields good winter shooting. For instance, during six days of the last intense frosts, Mr Stewart, gamekeeper of Balmacaan, bagged in Lord Reidhaven's preserves 107 woodcocks, all plump, fat birds, such as must have fared well among the cozy woodsprings of Glen-Urquhart.—*Inverness Courier*.

**CHLOROFORM.**—Amongst the many other virtues of this surgeon's assistant, we find it can be applied in full force to horses and hounds.

A veterinary surgeon a few days since got into trouble with a most determined "miller," whose dangerous vagaries were only subdued by the happy interference of a chemist, armed with about a dram of chloroform on a handkerchief. By the aid of the same anæsthetic agent, Mr Parry, the veterinary surgeon of Reading, performed a most painful operation upon a bitch, without the animal evincing the least uneasiness. For cases of this character it appears to be far preferable to ether.

*Sporting Magazine, for February.*

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CLOSE OF THE GROUSE SEASON,  
AND  
A FEW WORDS ON WOODCOCK AND SNIPE SHOOTING IN SCOT-  
LAND.

BY HAWTHORN.

"Once more, ye northern hills, adieu !  
My heart is full to part with you ;  
My heart o'erflows, having passed our time  
So happy in this northern clime.  
Then farewell, moors, farewell to you ;  
Yet still again *we hope to view*  
Thy rocky crags and heath-clad hills,  
Romantic lakes and rambling rills,  
Thy sunny slopes and woody dells,  
Where roe or red-deer peaceful dwells ;  
Where nought is heard thy hills among,  
Save muircock's crow and cuckoo's song."

In my opening article in the pages of your magazine for August, I prophecied a sad decrease in the grouse family for 1847, and was fully borne out in my prediction (as regards this large county, Perth) by those sportsmen that began their season on the "merry 12th of August;" but as I foretold, many good sportsmen did not pull a trigger till the 1st of September, and they have had their reward; for as the season advanced, the birds got rid of their destructive disease, and as the *weather* was all that could be wished in this "land of mountain and flood," up to the very end of the season—10th December—those that shot their moors *light* at the beginning had their just reward, many a good bag being made in October and November,

and in the last ten days of the grouse season. Talk about grouse shooting! Show me the man that can shoulder his firelock in November; breast the wild face of the Grampians, and as the evening closes around him has again found himself domiciled for the night, and in looking over and numbering the slain, finds that he has bagged ten brace of birds. Yes, ten brace! But look what magnificent birds they are! look at that old cock. Why, he is as heavy as three August birds. And at this season the sport is ten times more exciting than in August, your game can be hung up in your larder, looked at, and admired for a week, if you like; and then, if you make up your mind, and have a few *braces* to spare for a friend, they can be sent to any part of the kingdom with safety, you having the gratification of hearing, in due course of time, from your friend, that he received a most magnificent present of game! Not so in August; your birds, if to go any distance, must be despatched the moment you return from the hill; and if there has been any delay of a day or two on the road, your friend's letter announces the arrival of his package in a state not fit to be mentioned. Nothing like the wild winter shootings on the Grampians. For my own part, I prefer it to the best August shooting I ever had, and I have had many a glorious day on the moors, and hope that many more are in store for me. But now for the foray; and we will begin with His Grace the Duke of Atholl, in the far-famed forest of Glentilt, where the wild red hart is to be seen in all his pride and glory. His Grace of Atholl had not such good sport in the forest this season as the last, the north wind being so prevalent through the best part of the year; but notwithstanding this insurmountable drawback to sport, some famous harts were killed in the wild conies of the Tilt; and we were glad to hear that that true sportsman, Sir John Athol Macgregor, was very successful, having killed one of the largest and heaviest deer that has been brought out of the forest for many a long day. This noble animal's weight was fully twenty-two stone when clean. Lord Strathallan was also very successful in this renowned forest. Fancy this veteran sportsman, eighty-one years of age, killing right and left at red deer among the wilds of the Tilt. His Grace of Atholl was also very fortunate, and brought many a noble hart to book. The Duke's sport, however, fell short of last season; but then it must be considered that that season was most favourable, the wind all that could be wished for, and the sport, as Dominie Sampson would say, "prodi-gi-ous!" What will the readers of this magazine think, when I mention that 170 red deer fell to the Duke's own rifle in that season? "Sport scarcely to be credited!" yet still a fact. At grouse, on His Grace's moors, the party had good sport, killing a great number of wild grouse, at an advanced period of the season.

The Marquis of Breadalbane and party had also good sport in his Lordship's Black mount forest, and brought home many a gallant hart. As regards grouse, the noble lord was very careful of them; and will no doubt reap his reward another season, the Breadalbane moors being among the best for grouse in Scotland.

Alexander Campbell, Esq., of Monzie, had his share of sport at

the wild red harts in his ancient forest of Dallness (Argyleshire), and brought some very heavy deer home, the antlers of which adorn his baronial mansion at Monzie, and which will make a sportsman's mouth water to look at. His grouse shooting, as I mentioned in a former paper, was good, 500 brace of birds being brought to his own gun in the first month of the season.

We saw Colonel Long, of Broomly Hall, Kent, on his way to the south, from his shooting-cottage, "Amat" cottage in Inverness-shire, and never saw a man so elated with his sport as he seemed to be this season. The Colonel is a first-rate sportsman, and a crack shot, has rented a small shooting-ground in the north for many years, but told me that he never enjoyed himself so merrily as in the past season among the mountains. What do you think, brother sportsmen, when I tell you that this thorough sportsman brought fourteen red deer to book on his moors (and remember the Colonel has no forest), some of them nearly nineteen stone in weight! His grouse shooting was also good in those parts; but the "gallant soldier" was all for red deer and salmon fishing this season, and was well rewarded for his perseverance.

Lord Selkirk, who has a deer forest in the same locality as the Colonel's grouse grounds, had good sport at deer and grouse, and remained at his shootings up to a late period of the season.

In the Glenartney forest (Lord Willoughby's) his party had good sport at deer, but found a deficiency of grouse. Lord Sefton on his return from Glenlyon, remained for ten days at Drummond Castle (Lord Willoughby's seat in this county), and had some good wood-shooting, but not so good as last season.

Mr Cardie, at Rohillion, near Dunkeld, had some noble sport up to the very end of the grouse season, and killed 500 brace, with a large quantity of black game, partridges, woodcocks, snipes, ducks, and roe deer. In the month of November we had a peep into this sportsman's larder, and saw a most splendid show of game. Mr C. rents his shootings from Sir W. D. Stewart, and, from what we saw of them in November last, there is no better shootings in all the north country; for black game it is not to be beat; and where is there a more noble bird than the gallant blackcock, rising from the fern on the wild mountain side?

Lord Mansfield did not visit his Rannock shootings till September; and owing to the disease among the "red feathery denizens of the mountains," was very sparing with the grouse; but his lordship and party had some famous sport at blackgame, wild duck, snipe, roe deer, and *blue* or white hares. The slaughter of the latter animal was immense, 2,000 and upwards being brought to bag while his lordship and party remained on the moors. Sir John Atholl Macgregor bagged 100 white hares to his own gun in one day this last season, on Lord Mansfield's moors in Rannock.

The worthy master of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire hounds (Mr Ramsay, of Barnton) and party had very fair sport at Auchnafree; and although this worthy sportsman's shootings were short of grouse this season, the whole party enjoyed themselves "right merrilie".



among the mountains for many weeks; killed 600 brace of grouse, lots of snipes, ducks, &c., had some famous sport at the blue hares, and made a great slaughter among them. The worthy squire (Mr Ramsay) rent his shootings from Mrs Williamson, of Lawers; and there are few better grouse shootings than the Auchnafree moors in this large county.

Mr Townend and party had good sport at Aberuchill; but, as the "old gent.," Mr T., as the season advanced, found it rather severe work to breast the wild face of the Grampians every day, and having wedded a fair lady lately, I daresay he thought a little attention was necessary to her. One day, as two youngers of the party were starting for the mountains, the "old gent." remarked that he would not go to the hill on that day, but amuse himself about the grounds near the castle. On the party returning from the hill in the evening, weary and worn, they found the old man dressed for dinner, and, meeting them at the entrance, asked what sport. The answer was, "Not much; the grouse were very wild to-day." "Pray what have you done?" was immediately put to the old man by one of the youngers. "Done—done—why I have killed a brace of blackcocks." "The devil you have! Why, we saw a good many on the hill, but could not get within a mile of them." The old man made a few more remarks about his brace of blackcocks, and then the youngers made a rush to the larder, when, lo! and behold! the two blackcocks turned out to be two noble barn-door fowls, of the black Spanish breed, which inhabit the poultry-yard.

Sir David Dundas, at Invergeldie; Hon. Mr Strangways, at Ochtertyre; Mr Patterson and Lord Seymour, at Logie-almond; Mr Brown, at Kinloch; and Mr Patton, at Glen-almond, had all good sport at grouse in the latter part of the season, and have left a fair stock for breeding purposes; and, if disease keep away from the birds, a good season's sport may be expected when the next merry 12th comes on us.

And now for a few words on woodcock and snipe shooting, as regards Scotland. I was particularly gratified in reading Mr Lloyd's well written remarks on "Woodcock and Snipe Shooting," in the October number of your magazine; and as this able writer and true sportsman tells us that he has not shot at cocks and snipe in Scotland, I will here, in a most humble way, point out the best localities in this "land of mountain and of flood," and also record what has come under my eye, as regards sport, and what may yet be done in getting sport at the above-mentioned birds. In the county of Perth some very fair sport may be got at cocks, and the more open and mild the winter the more favourable for sport. A severe winter drives the cocks away from us: they emigrate to the sea-side; and I daresay many of them visit the "green isle of Erin," when the weather is very severe here, which may account for them being more plentiful in Ireland than with us during the winter season. But I have had many a good day's cock-shooting in Scotland; and the best and cheapest way to pick up a few couple of cocks, I have found to be, to go out

alone, or with a friend, if you have one to accompany you. For my own part, I prefer being alone. You must have a good steady pointer or setter with you. The dog must be under every command, and one that will hunt or range as close as you may think proper. Indeed, a steady old pointer or setter that is nearly worn out, will soon get very fond of this sport. I once had a black setter bitch, and there was no better at this sort of work. She would potter about on each side of me, while hunting some of the large pine woods in Forfarshire, and the moment I saw her steady on her game I had nothing to do but to look out for the most favourable opening among the wood—give a signal with my hand—when she would put up the cock, and ten to one but I got a shot at the bird. In this way I bagged 13 couple of cocks in one day, in a wood called Carrot Hill, in Forfarshire. Another day, in the same county, I killed 10 couple of cocks, in a large wood called Fotheringham Hill; and in most of the pine woods in Forfarshire there is good sport to be got at cocks during most part of the winter season, and particularly if the weather is not severe. February and March were the two best months through the season for sport; and in this large county (Perth) some good cock shooting may be found. I don't mean to say that it is as good as in Ireland, as regards cocks; but I say that a fair day's sport may be got, and there is always a fair sprinkling of other game to be found. My best bag at cocks in one day, in this county, was nine couple; with no other assistance than a boy, about 12 or 14 years old, and a good steady pointer. A large army of beaters is a very good way to get cocks in a large wood; but it is a very expensive plan. The boy and the pointer is a better—more exciting and far less expensive. The large pine woods belonging to the Marquis of Breadalbane, Duke of Atholl, Sir William Stewart, Lord Willoughby, and many others in this county, abound with cocks during the winter season; and it is now past all doubt that many cocks remain with us during the summer, and breed with us. In July last I paid a short visit to Mr Condie, who rents the Rohillion grouse shootings from Sir William Stewart; and, in the evening of one of the days that I remained at Rohillion, I was seated in a rustic chair, outside of this far-famed shooting lodge, and saw 22 woodcocks cross from one side of the glen to the other to their feeding grounds. This was near the latter end of July; Mr Condie, his son, and two other sportsmen, being present at the time. So here is "confirmation strong" that many cocks remain to breed with us. Now for a word on snipe shooting; and I should be happy to show the worthy author of "The Northern Sports" (Mr Lloyd) a little of our sport in that line; and if ever that worthy sportsman were to visit this part of the wilds, I would endeavour to show him a little of our snipe shootings. Snipes are found in great plenty, in this county, during the autumn, and up to the first frost setting in: after that period, few are to be found till March, when the snipes return to their favourite feeding grounds again. In October and November some famous sport may be obtained. Here is a day's sport Lord Charles Kerr had on the 2nd of November last; and I have not

heard of anything better being done in Ireland; 72 snipes, 68 of which were whole snipes; 6 partridges; 3 golden plovers; 1 wild duck, and 2 hares—in all, 84 head. The above nobleman has been, for many years, in Ireland; and I heard him say that he never made such a good bag, in one day, in the “green isle.” The above day’s sport was obtained over a small piece of swampy ground, on the banks of the Earn, and close to the village of Crieff. The same lord, and over the same grounds, killed 26 couple of whole snipes in one day, in November, 1846. Some good snipe shooting is to be got in Forfarshire, and in the swampy grounds around Forfar Loch I have had good sport. A few years ago I bagged, to my own gun, 25 couple of whole snipes, and shot badly. But, having drawn this paper to a more lengthy state than was intended, and still having more to say on cock and snipe shooting in Scotland, I will here stop for the present, and may in a future paper give the readers of *maga* a more correct history of the sport than has come under my ken, as regards woodcocks and snipes (a sport I am particularly fond of), in this north country.

*Grampians, 12th Jan., 1848.*

*Sporting Magazine, for March.*

## RIGHT OF DECLARATION.

BY GOLDFINCH.

“If two men ride on one horse,” &c.

The right of declaring to win with either horse, when a subscriber has two in the stable, has long been a subject of complaint, as such a right opens a door to mal-practices of the very worst description, debasing the turf, and giving a man an *extra* chance of winning when he has already two chances in the race—that is, a chance of declaring to win with an animal which he knows has no earthly prospect of succeeding. This fact was never more glaringly manifest than in the instance of the *Foreclosure* declaration at the Doncaster meeting of 1847. MR PEDLEY DECLARES TO WIN WITH FORECLOSURE!!! was placarded, with no little ostentation, in the betting-room, just five hours before the start; and, for no other purpose than to gull the simple-minded, ran the horse up in the betting to, in most cases, nearly an equality with the first favourite; at the same time planting his scouts at every corner of the inclosure to lay against him, on a certain commission, and he himself sacking the remainder.

Besides, nine times out of ten the declaration to win with the worst of the two horses is resorted to solely for the purpose of plunder; and in many instances it acts just in the same way if the reverse system

be adopted. For example, whoever saw Launcelot win the St. Leger must have been thoroughly convinced that Maroon was pulling double over him throughout the race, with bridle of unusual strength, and a strong-armed jockey to hold him in, and who, it is asserted, received a hundred pounds for landing the animal second instead of first.

The Marquis of Westminster, the owner of both horses, was well known to be no betting man. He bred, trained, and raced, not for the sake of any lucrative advantages, but for the honour and glory of coming off victor in the competition. Had his Lordship been left to himself, he would in all probability have made no declaration at all, but would have won with the *best* nag on the day, and thereby have given the backers of Maroon a chance for their investments. But up to the eleventh hour his Lordship, so strongly besieged by entreaties from his own flesh and blood to declare with Launcelot, in order to save the books of a high-bred party, those intreaties at length became so urgent that the noble Marquis was prevailed upon to yield to "the pressure from without;" and the backers of Maroon's chance was out. By this the favoured party netted the *siller*, and the honest, confiding public had to shell out.

When Lord Jersey ran Mameluke and Glenartney for the Derby in 1833, he was strongly importuned to act in like manner; but his Lordship without hesitation declined to adopt that course, observing that the public generally had backed *both* his horses, and he was therefore determined they should run upon their respective merits. They did so, and, out of a large field, were first and second, the jockey on each having strict orders to win if he could; and this conduct on the part of Lord Jersey was generally eulogized and much applauded at the time.

When William, the sailor-monarch, ascended the throne of these realms, he became heir to all the racing stud of his deceased royal brother, George IV. It so happened that his Majesty had at the time three horses in training, all of which appeared in the entry for the Gold Cup at Ascot. On the approach of the day when the prize was to be contested, the trainer waited upon his Majesty, in order to apprise him of the entry, and to take the King's commands as to which of the three he would like to run and win with. His Majesty is said to have characteristically replied, "Start the whole fleet, and let the best win." Had this example of royalty been more generally followed, there would have been less both of fraud and chicanery in the pursuit of our greensward pastimes.

I have carefully waded through all the laws of horse-racing issued by the Jockey Club for the guidance of members of the turf according to principles of honour, and I do not find it anywhere that those laws have any bearing whatever upon a declaration of the nature alluded to. It seems as if the practice had gradually grown into a custom, but one which would certainly be "more honoured in the breach than the observance"—a custom which it would be as well in future to abolish, for the honour and prosperity of the ring. But then some, like the Duke of Newcastle, may be apt to exclaim,

“What! shall I not do what I like with my own?” My answer is, No! When race-horses are entered for certain public stakes, they become more or less public property; else, why are they submitted to handicappers, who have no interest whatever in them, to apportion their several weights according to their respective powers of speed and endurance. The very fact of this being the case speaks for itself. Do away with handicaps, and you do away with a large portion of our racing. Do away with the right of *declaration*, and you “do a great right to do a little wrong,” and curb the general purpose of its intention.

*Sporting Magazine, for March.*

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## THE GAME LAWS.

BY A BARRISTER.

Of all the laws, the maintenance or abolition of which now engages the attention of the public, the game laws are the most clamorously attacked, the most badly defended, and the least understood. There is something repulsive in the very title of “An Article on the Game Laws.” This arises from several causes; first, those who discuss the question are either lawyers, who consider nothing but the law of the case—sportsmen, who know nothing of the legal, who care nothing for the social and moral, effects of these laws—or humanity-mongers, who are ignorant of everything relating to the subject, except that so many thousands of the peasantry are yearly sent to the treadmill for offences against the game laws. Therefore it is that the views of writers on this question generally consist of merely professional learning, of gross one-sided exaggeration, or sheer rank nonsense. Omitting the little bit of Blackstone, the allusion to the forest laws, and the dictum of Chief Justice Best, with which game law arguments nearly always commence; promising to eschew all references to the feudal system, “suzerain,” &c., &c., and to appeal to no statute save that written in every English heart—the eternal law of justice—we will endeavour briefly to discuss some of the common arguments we hear in society for and against these laws. It is a very favourite subject for the declamation and invective of well-meaning, unthinking people, that owners of extensive estates should preserve a great head of game on their land, the evils being that the pheasants and hares eat corn and grass paid for by the tenant farmer, causing a loss to him, diminishing the food meant for the sustenance of man, and, in addition to this, holding out a temptation to the poor man to poach, thereby ensuring his imprisonment and ruin.

It is remarkable that these accusations are generally made by radicals (we use the names in no offensive sense), free-traders, political economists, and their followers. Of course they approved of the abolition of the corn-laws. Do they know the principle on which those laws were repealed? It was because they restricted the rights of property; it was because they limited the powers of skill and industry, which, although in a different form, are quite as much property as land; and it is precisely on this same principle, the principle on which we abolished the corn laws, that we should maintain the game laws. To impose a law which limits, or repeal a law which protects, equally inflicts injuries on rights. We beg these gentlemen to remember, what they seem to overlook, that there is a distinction between duties created by positive law, and duties merely moral. For instance, each ought "to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him;" but many things are included in this comprehensive injunction that no legislation could enforce. It is the duty of country gentlemen to set a good example to the inferior classes in their neighbourhood, to be friendly, temperate, not given to brawling; it is the duty of all men, and more particularly of Friends, to show kindness, humility, charity, and love towards all; these are moral duties very proper to be enforced by sermons and advice, but no Act of Parliament can compel them to be observed; and so long as Mr. Grantley Berkeley does not quarrel with his brother or his tailor, and whilst Mr. Bright stops short of libel, neither can be punished, neither can be restrained from indulging in their favourite pursuits, by the interference of law. The inviolability of property is the keystone of civilization. The increase of game may be an evil, but to attempt to check that increase by unjust means would be a much greater evil. You say "much food is consumed by game, which would otherwise go to feed men." No doubt it is true, but the owner of the game is minus so much money in consequence. He would not give away the corn in case his game was gone; he would sell it, and if he chooses to pay a certain price; viz. the value of the food that is now used by his pheasants for his pleasure, on what principle would you interfere with the landowner's right to do so? Everything that is not absolutely necessary is a luxury. All luxuries, in a strictly utilitarian sense, detract something from the general good; and if game is to be destroyed because it is a useless luxury, pictures, books, music, all that grace and ornament existence, all the fruits of, in the language of political economy, "non-productive" labour, should, on the same principle, share the same fate. Certainly, if this argument is to prevail, Lord Derby, and the proprietors of our Zoological Gardens, had better sell their birds and beasts whilst they can command a price, before a panic is in the "non-productive" market. But if game is to be extirpated because it consumes food meant for the use of man, why not go a little further? Why not carry out your principle to its full extent? All the game in England does not consume so much produce as is lost by bad farming, by growing barley where carrots would grow better, and stunted oak trees where firs would flourish. The reason you do not go so far

is, that though men may make mistakes, and may be stupid in particular cases, and may suffer loss through their own folly, yet ninety-nine times out of a hundred they understand their own interest much better than they can be taught it by any Board or Commission. And so it is as regards the loss sustained by the land-owners from game, as I shall show by-and-bye.

The second objection is, that game causes a loss to the tenant-farmer. This is a favourite grievance for wandering lecturers to declaim upon; and they have done it so zealously and unremittingly, that honest Hodge, and indeed superior men, farmers of education and intelligence, really begin to believe it. Some enthusiastic patriots even discover a double loss—one to the landowner, the other to the tenant. First, the landowner is compelled to ask a diminished rent for his farms on account of the game; secondly, by some odd process, the tenant who pays the diminished rent sustains a loss. Game never causes a loss to the tenants; it, in fact, is profitable to them. One would suppose, from the accounts of certain newspapers and the groans of various philanthropists, that the innocent farmers never saw a hare, or, at least, did not know its food was vegetable till within the last four years. They take their farms, they pay the highest rent, and lo! their crops devastated by marauding pussies show a diminution of twenty per cent. in the estimated amount of produce. Is such stuff to go down with the public? O, Mr Bright! O, ye cockneys! O, ye members of Mechanics' Institutes! and O, ye "middling classes!" do ye in sober truth and verity deem this generation of farmers to be so innocently unwise? The farmers, where there is a good head of game, get the land ten per cent. cheaper than they ought, so tremblingly fearful are shooting squires of offering the least temptation to the farmers to poach, so scrupulously do they avoid putting the premium of even a grain of corn on the death of a pheasant. There is but one answer to this lamentation over "Destruction of Crops by Game—Awful loss to the Tenant Farmers," and that answer is one word, perhaps not very elegant, but it has the merit of brevity, being a monosyllable, and that is—Fudge! The loss falls exclusively on the landlord, and they have a right to incur the loss if they choose, just as much as Mr Bright has to wear a thirty-shilling beaver instead of a four-and-ninepenny silk hat. It may be urged that farms may be let on lease, and the rent may be fixed whilst the game increases—and the game may also diminish. But, if proper agreements are entered into, there can be no difficulty about making a fair allowance to the tenant, and in point of fact there never is any; it is notorious that landowners are liberal to excess in allowing deductions from rent and making payments out of pocket to tenants whose crops have suffered from game. But even if it is true that farmers suffer great losses from game, it is their own fault; the existence of game is no secret: it did not come like the Sennacherib destruction of the potato—suddenly in two years; it is an obvious element that should be taken into calculation before the rent is fixed, just as the loss by worms and birds (wire-worms and crows, Mr Berkeley!) is allowed for; and if a farmer omits

it, all that can be said is that he is a simpleton, and deserves to suffer like all people who make foolish bargains.

The next argument against the preservation of game is, that it tempts the peasantry to poach, that poaching is a certain introduction to the treadmill, and that he who has entered the treadmill never is honest again. It is true that if there were no pheasants, clowns could not steal them; it is undeniable that if there was no punishment for stealing game, the thief could not for poaching be demoralized by the inhabitants of the treadmill. But if the landowner has a right to preserve his game, if he possesses a definite and distinct, clear and tangible property in it, then no amount of ruin to the peasantry, no number of criminals, not crowded jails, and poor-rates doubled, could justify us in exempting game from the protection of law. The evils of excessive game-preserving are great and manifold; there is the positive loss to the preserver, of the food they consume; there is the great expense of a staff of keepers and watchers; there is odium and unpopularity attached to it in his own neighbourhood; and twice a year, at least, his name goes the round of the papers, coupled with some deed of cruelty, some tale of ruin, which is to cause him to be execrated throughout the land. This it is impossible to deny. This is a very proper subject for remonstrance and advice, but it brings its own punishment with it, and is out of the province of the legislature to correct. That game is property, even valuable property, no one can dispute: in some places it may be of less value than the crops the land can produce; in others it is of greater value, but at least it is worth as much as fowls or geese anywhere. That being so, it is alleged that so strong is the temptation to steal it, so easy is the commission of the crime, so ineffectual are laws to inhibit poaching, that the only cure for the evil is to remove the temptation by destroying the game. An odd remedy, truly, and one that, if proposed to be applied to any other crime, would be scouted; the man who propounded it would be treated as a maniac. Those who have studied the statistics of crime know they are epidemic; they know that crimes of every species, from the deepest to the lightest dye, prevail in excess over others for years, and then the balance changes. Take any table of convictions for twenty years, and the truth of this will be proved. When a crime prevails in spite of laws, in spite of punishment, the remedy one would suppose would be to change the punishment—to make it heavier or lighter. “Not so,” says, or rather said, Mr Bright and his followers: “we will make it impossible to poach; it shall no longer be poaching; the act we called criminal shall be legalized!” And this is the advocate of the rights of industry and freedom of trade, to let loose a gang of marauders on the pheasants and hares in which landowners have invested capital! It may be difficult to account for an increase in such crimes as picking pockets, &c., but there is no difficulty in accounting for the increase of poaching; to this we may allude presently; it is enough now to remark that to sympathize with poachers, and pay them money for having committed the crime, is not the best or the most obvious mode of checking it.



Without wearying our readers with an examination of the statutes in existence, we will only observe that if a crime prevails in spite of severe laws against it, the probability is that there is an uncertainty in the infliction of the punishment, owing to the disinclination of juries to find verdicts of guilty when the punishment seems disproportioned to the offence. The remedy in this case is to lighten the punishment, and thereby make it certain. Then the tenant-farmers of Buckinghamshire, whom he so energetically harangued, will, if half he said to them is true, have small reason to be grateful to him. Is it Mr Bright's object to preserve game more effectually? Will his Bill be entitled one "for the more effectual preservation of game?" His object must be one of two things—either to increase the efficacy of the present laws, or to sweep them away after the corn-laws. Mr Bright is too bold a man to adopt a tricking middling course. If the first be his object, he will have deluded his intelligent audience in the most intelligent county of England (Bucks), and will lose his popularity with the poachers, and worse, the hares and pheasants they might send him; for poachers we know, from Sir Walter Scott's anecdote about the one he defended, are not ungrateful fellows. It must be their abolition he intends; and this because he believes the evil to be without a cure—because he thinks that game is the only property that cannot be protected by law. If game be the first species of property the legislature says it cannot protect, it will not be the only kind; it may be the first, but not the last—not the alpha and omega—it will be the beginning of the end. Once admit that a desperate, determined, continued crusade in crime will procure impunity, and at how many years' purchase could Mr Bright sell his "mill" or "factory," whichever it is? Is the temptation to steal game great? Of course it is when the thief is regarded as a martyr; when his name is mentioned with applause in the House of Common; when his landlord or the committing magistrate is maligned and slandered on his account; when, to reach the climax of folly, a party presents the thief with a sum which to him is a fortune.

Is the commission of the crime easy? Not easier than to set fire to a mill, which I apprehend will be immediately done when the Duke of Buckingham takes it into his head to praise and pay incendiaries, as some praise and pay poachers. Now, we all know how demoralizing the factory system is—ruinous to the mind and body, &c., really the Duke of Buckingham would have good arguments to justify retaliation. It is nonsense to talk of the temptation the poor are exposed to, and the facilities of poaching. Everybody, who knows the habits of game, is aware that all the tales one sees in the Sunday papers about honest ploughmen with hares in their pockets, which jumped in despite Hodge's resistance, and, as the phrase runs, "a poor *but* honest" carter receiving a pheasant in his bosom which obligingly fell down dead as he passed under it, and by ruthless keepers pouncing on them just at the moment, dukes, the rev. magistrates, clerks, fines, fees, treadmill, &c., are absolutely false. Every one, acquainted with the dense stupidity of the peasantry, is aware that only long practice and

the sharpness that vice engenders or acquires will enable them to kill a hare or pheasant. We have seen a Welsh peasant employed as a watcher on an extensive preserved estate, who did not know what a woodcock was when it sprang up before his nose, and yet he must have seen more woodcocks than soldiers or policemen in his life. Solitary poachers, with rare exceptions, never destroy game. Wires are their most fatal engines of destruction, but these are uncertain in operation, and easily detected. The temptation to poach, apart from the odd patronage it now receives, is not great; and it is, in fact, one of the crimes most difficult of commission. Netting partridges and killing pheasants are the only branches of poaching that pay; the latter is the most common; the first is absolutely unknown in many parts of the country, and never practised except by those "martyrs" who obtain their living in the country, but possess themselves a town residence. The greatest and the worst poachers are those who reside in the neighbourhood of our large manufacturing towns. Manchester is full of them. It was proved at the recent assizes, on a trial of some men for burglary, that three broke into the house early in the morning, whilst others breathed their greyhounds and amused themselves by coursing the hares returning from feed on a pleasant neighbouring brow, which, overlooking the scene of the more serious labours of their companions, they were able to watch and guard against any interruption—thus combining early hours and health with pleasure and profit.

"Most glorious night, thou wast not made for slumber!"

Some old women seem to suppose a spirit of wild adventure, the fierce delights of danger, hunting, &c., possesses poachers, and that therefore they should be pardoned—faugh! Such passions are felt by poachers in novels, and we know very strange things happen in novels; we see horses very often, yet we never hear horses scream with agony; but in all regular novels of the chivalrous age, horses scream in every chapter—so it is with poachers in novels, and poachers in real life; as often as the reader has heard a horse scream, so often as he seen a poacher who does it for the fun of the thing.

They do it for profit—pound, shillings, and pence—and nothing else.—Pleasure forsooth!

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," but not when cold, and wet, and weary, and hungry, and frightened, on a misty morning, with the rain drops clustering on the black thorns and the tangled briars, the startled blackbirds waking the woods around, the grinning dogs and resolute keepers in front, the cottage with the wife and children in the mind's eye, and sometimes murder and the gallows not remote. But even suppose pleasure is the motive to the crime, should this be an excuse? Are no other crimes committed for pleasure? If a brutal peasant knocks down a girl, and violates her person, is it an excuse that he did not expect money gain by the transaction? If Mr. Bright has read the German Trials for Remarkable Crimes, he would know that poisoning has been a source of pleasure to some,

and that the eyes of a murderess have glistened with as wild delight at the sight of arsenic, as ever did the eye of a sportsman at the first woodcock of the season flushed, or the first fox that rings a "tallyho" from his lips. Game is considered much in the same light now that cattle was on the borders of England and Scotland in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. It was thought pardonable, if not laudable, to steal cows, sheep, and horses then. Did the Howards, Carys, and Hunsdons argue as Mr. Bright does now? Did they say, The evil is incurable; let us place the border property under ban and proscription? Did they let rapine and licentiousness loose on the border? No: they hanged some gentle thieves, imprisoned others, whilst a few were roasted in their own houses; and this seasonable severity threw a shade on robbery; it was no longer thought a fit pursuit for a gentleman. And if this weeping and wailing over poachers were at an end; if sharp correction, not puling sympathy, were applied to them, "the poor but honest, &c.," might deserve the whole of the description. But we must be doing Mr Bright injustice; he cannot intend to confiscate property—he who would suffer so much from anarchy; he means, doubtless, to make the game laws more efficient. But if his object be to abolish game, we will give him a hint to assist him. It has probably never occurred to him that to repeal the game laws alone will not achieve this. He must go further; he must abolish the law of trespass.

Is Mr Bright prepared to do this? Are Messieurs the tenant farmers prepared to see gangs of the "poor but honest, &c., marching in line, not alone over parks and through woods, but in the uncut wheat, and oats, and barley, and over clover and through beans and potatoes? We will suppose the game laws abolished. A man (one of the burglars before alluded to) who was tried for attempting a burglary last assizes, observed, when he was caught, that it was only a misdemeanor, not a felony; for it was only an attempt: his intended iniquity was not complete; still he thought "it will be a curious point for the judge." The judge told the jury it was, under the circumstances, "a curious point;" but that he thought the prisoner was right in his view of the law. Such sharp fellows as this would soon find out that the extreme penalty for trespassing is only forty shillings each; so that, even if they are caught, and visited with the last rigour of the law, still it must be a poor game country that would not pay their legal expenses and leave them "where withal," as Mr Grantley Berkeley neatly expresses it, to refresh themselves after a pleasant day's sport. But if you do not abolish the law of trespass, you must make it effectual—that is, you must make it severe enough to counterbalance the temptation to pursue game; or, in other words, you must under a new name reimpose the game laws. It may be a consolation to be imprisoned for the same period under one statute instead of another. To the acute gentleman who so nicely discriminated between felony and misdemeanor, the attempt to commit a burglary and the complete offence, it would doubtless be a point of some importance; but to the public, to those who have to prosecute them, to the wives

and children of the criminals, to the parishes who have to support their families during their incarceration, it must be a matter of much indifference, certainly not worth the agitation it has cost. Unless the law of trespass is abolished, the repeal of the game laws will be inoperative. Imagine Prince Albert looking forth from Windsor Castle, and seeing the "poor but honest, &c.," sweeping down his pheasants, and rolling over his hares in dozens; imagine his keepers sent to arrest them, returning with a brace of pounds a head, the law of the lands empowering them to harry the covers of Cumberland Lodge for that small consideration! Doubtless, Mr Bright's garden trampled down, and all the wheat and barley and oats in the country flat on the ground, would call for a severe law of trespass. Well, then we should have our old game law with a new name; and Mr Bright would have had his labour and Mr Berkeley shown his appreciation of crows to no purpose.

Let us return for a moment to the economical part of the question—the loss sustained in consequence of the existence of game. Who bears this loss? Not the tenant we have proved; unless, indeed, the tenant be a fool. The tenant calculates and offers less rent in consequence of having to feed the game. And here let me observe, in passing that the game is the tenant's, to the exclusion of the landlord, and that when the landlord acquires the game, he does so by private agreement, for which concession the tenant receives a compensation; or if he does not, he makes a foolish bargain. The landlord bears the whole expense of feeding the game; but even this is not much. Hares, probably, consume a good deal, but partridges scarcely anything; and pheasants cost more in keepers and watchers than in food, even though food be purchased for them. Pheasants and partridges feed on the grains that fall from the ears of corn when it is reaped. If excessive game preserving leads to poaching, the landowners suffer for it; the expense of supporting the families of imprisoned poachers comes out of the rates that are levied on the lands. We promised not to trouble the reader about *feræ naturæ*, &c.; we will keep our promise; but one argument against game laws is, that a bird hatched here may feed there, and be killed ten miles off. This is not so. Those acquainted with game know that they live and die in the fields where they first saw the light. But even if such was not the case; if game were given to rambling, the average would be the same. If A killed a bird B fed, B would soon return the compliment to A. Again it is asked, "How can an ignorant man help killing a bird belonging to he knows not whom?" Possibly the ignorant man may not know whether a pheasant belongs to the Duke of Buckingham or Lord Orkney; but he knows to whom it does not belong—he knows it does not belong to him. Sheep and ponies run wild on the Welsh hills, but the peasantry are not in the habit of stealing them on that account. There were several letters in the *Times* from a Captain Forbes, who lives near Windsor, piteously complaining of the destruction caused to his crops by Prince Albert's pheasants. If Captain Forbes, instead of complaining to the *Times*,

had sent a case to counsel, asking for advice on the subject, he would have seen that the remedy was easy, plain, and in his own hands; in short, the outcry against the game laws is caused partly by the ignorance that prevails on the subject, and partly by the bad advocacy of their supporters. Heaven help the question with such advocates!

We do not support those who preserves game to excess: we think it wicked and foolish, unless game is more profitable to the breeder of it than the crops the land would bear would be. That it may be more profitable, many places besides Scotland prove. But in a rich grass or corn country, we always regret to see more than a fair sprinkling of game. If all that is said of Blenheim be true, the Duke of Marlborough\* must lose considerably in the year by the destruction caused to the crops by game, and also by the poor rates which the numerous convictions for offences against the game laws must greatly increase. Still these are only moral sins: they cannot be touched by positive law, without causing worse evils than the law is designed to cure. We have a curiosity to see Mr Bright's bill. If it be to abolish the game laws, it is utterly inconsistent with the past principles: if it be to alter, it must be to make those laws more effectual; and if so, a pretty position he will occupy—the Champion of the Squires, and Betrayer of all the Buckinghamshire Chaw-Bacons! We have a strong belief that Mr Bright would be heartily glad if he could quietly drop the whole matter. We bid him heartily farewell, with the certainty that he must do one of two things—either abolish the laws and renounce his own principles, or make them more effectual and betray his followers; and whichever of these he elects, we apprehend his position will neither add to his happiness nor his legislative renown.

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\* Since writing the above we have heard that the Duke of Marlborough has given permission to his tenants to kill hares, provided they do not use guns for the purpose. We have also read "The Anti-Game Law Prize Essay," by a Scotch Farmer and Master of Arts. If this essay gained a prize in a nation so dialectical as Scotland, the cause the writer advocates must indeed be bad. The few arguments it contains have been refuted in our article; the rest of the pamphlet is merely declamatory.

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## THE GUN; AND HOW TO CHOOSE IT.

BY RAMROD.

The manufacture of guns has of late years been so much improved that a man cannot be wrong if he employs any respectable maker; but should he wish for a first-rate article he must go to a first-rate maker; and should the price asked by these persons, which is necessarily high, not suit the pocket of the sportsman, he has only to go to Mr Westley Richards, of Birmingham, or to his London agent, Mr Bishop, of Bond-street, and he will get as good a gun for twenty-five guineas as he need wish for; I here speak of his doubles—the single guns are, I think, fourteen. The barrels are made of the best Holland stubs, and are suited in every way both for service and safety. There are other makers equally to be recommended; amongst the number the firm of Parker, Field, and Son, whose guns and prices give great satisfaction. A brother of mine has shot with one of their guns this season, and is highly pleased with it. It is what is termed the “finishing” of guns that makes them so expensive; the wages paid to engravers, &c., by the gunmakers, are enormous, and therefore they are obliged to charge accordingly; so, should you wish for a good strong gun, and, at the same time, be not disposed to give much money for it, you must put up with a plain looking *tool*, and give directions to the man you employ to forge you a good strong barrel, and, in fact put almost all the price of the gun in it: the locks, of course, must be serviceable, but you must not look for them to be so highly finished as they would be were you to give a high price. Never be tempted to buy a *bargain*, for if you do you may get more than you bargained for—namely, a shattered arm, or something worse, perhaps; at any rate, before you buy, examine it well in the following manner: First, take out the breech, to ascertain that the barrel is free from flaws; hold it up to the window, and raise it till the shade from the window runs along the inside, by which you will be able to discover any inequalities in the iron, which are proofs of bad boring; to inspect the outside, raise it in like manner, and in both cases, if the shade runs along like the even surface on a flow of smooth water, the barrel may be considered free from any defects. The next step is to see how the gun shoots: to do which fire a dozen shots at a quire of brown paper, by which you will be able to know both the strength and closeness with which the shots are driven. This is the best way to examine a gun, and no harm can be done by it; but so numerous are the accidents that occur every year from the use of cheap guns, that I cannot imagine any one, having a regard for their lives and limbs, being foolish enough to use them.

Almost all barrels are forged at Birmingham, and are proved before leaving, to omit which renders the maker liable to a penalty; the proof, as ordered by Act of Parliament, is to one ounce of ball-thirteen

drams and a half of the best cartridge powder, with a very stiff wadding of paper on each. As soon as they are proved, a mark is placed upon them, to imitate which is forgery. I believe the expense of forging a barrel is trifling, amounting to not more than sixteen shillings.

I have already mentioned the proper mode for ascertaining that the barrel is sound, and that it shoots well, which precaution will be unnecessary if you employ a first rate maker; and here I will mention a far better plan for an economical person than employing an inferior man, namely, going to a repository in London, where may be found second-hand guns by all the eminent makers; and here a little examination will be necessary, as they sometimes are worn so thin as to be unsafe, or are damaged in some way.

The barrel should be 28 inches in length, and 13 or 14 gauge; a smaller bore I conceive incompatible with safety. I have tried every length and gauge, and am convinced that these are the proper dimensions for a gun. The sight should be so small as not to be in the way if you do not make use of it. The Damascus barrels I do not approve of, nor do I think them so safe, though in some countries they are held in high estimation. Scott, in his work on shooting, tells us that during the consulship of Buonaparte the making of these guns was brought to such a degree of perfection at Versailles, that two or three hundred pounds was a common price of one!

The original breeching of a gun was simply a pin or plug screwed into the end, and forming the bottom of the tube; this has been improved upon by various gunmakers, but Mr Joseph Manton's is by far the best, and is adopted by all the trade.

The vent-hole is useful, as it prevents the recoil, and likewise the gun from corroding; it should be made of platina, otherwise it will blow large from repeated shooting.

The nipple should be plain—not made like a screw, in which case it collects the rust, and is difficult to clean; the hole down it should be large, otherwise after repeated firing it will perhaps become choked up. There are various opinions as to placing the nipple; but Col. Hawker, who is the best authority, prefers it sloping, because, he says—“In the event of the copper flying, the eye is not then parallel with the circle of splinters, should any of them by accident escape from the concave head of the cock.”

The ramrod is best made of rose-wood, and should have a worm like the solid corkscrew, with a brass cap over it; the head of the ramrod should be fitted to the bore of the piece, which will prevent the wadding turning up when ramming it down. Should you get some shot into the barrel when the rod is there, instead of trying to pull it out by force, turn it down, and press the ramrod into the barrel, and the shot will immediately fall out.

I will now speak of a most important part of the gun—namely, the stock; for unless that suits, it is impossible to shoot well. The length and bend of the stock must, of course, be suited to the shooter, who once having one to suit him should have the fac-simile cut out of a common bit of board; this will be a guide to the gunmaker, and will

save a deal of trouble each time he has a new gun. It is of the greatest importance having a stock to suit you, for it is impossible you can manage your gun properly if it does not; one that is too long causes you to shoot under your birds, and one that is too short is equally disadvantageous. The bottom of the stock should be deep, as it will then rest steadily on the shoulder, and that part where the right hand goes should be well cut away.

**THE LOCK.**—Here the provincial gunmakers are excelled by those of London; there is as much difference between a town and country made lock as there is between a gentleman's cab and a hack one; there is something pleasant to the ear in the click of a London lock, so totally different to the dull heavy sound of a country one, that a sportsman cannot fail to distinguish one from the other. Many attempts have been made to render locks waterproof, but without success, as the effect of a damp atmosphere must be to damp the powder. For my own part, I do not see the advantage of them; for if a man cannot give up his shooting for one or two rainy days in the season, he must indeed be a greedy fellow.

I do not approve of the gravitating stops, for if they are not kept very clean they will not act, and consequently, the gun will not go off; and also from continual use of a gun with them, you are apt to get careless, and perhaps some day shooting with a gun not having them you fall into an accident.

The best way of preventing accidents is to make the determination of never allowing a gun to be pointed for a moment towards yourself or any one else, and always to put your piece on half-cock before getting over a hedge or loading; were every one to observe these rules much less frequent would be mishaps from the use of fire-arms.

The cock should have deep head to prevent any of the copper cap escaping, which sometimes is the case if they are not good ones.

The triggers of all your guns should go alike: some prefer they should go rather stiff, others the contrary; but certain it is that if they go too hard you are liable to shoot behind your game. If the lock goes hard, a little oil where the sear catches the tumbler will set it right.

I will now conclude these remarks, and hope they may be found useful; if so, I shall be satisfied. They are the result of much experience, and should they be well received by the readers of the *Sporting Magazine*, I purpose they shall be followed by some papers entitled "The gun, and how to use it." Till then I beg to subscribe myself their devoted servant,

R.



## THE RING.

BY CRAVEN.

" I see before me the Gladiator lie ;  
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low.  
 And through his side his last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now  
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
 'Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won."

CHILDE HAROLD.

"The dying man cried, ' Hold, I've had my gruel.  
 Oh ! for a glass of max !'.....  
 ..... and as the fuel  
 Of life shrank in his heart, and thick and sooty  
 The drops fell from his death wound, and he drew ill  
 His breadth, he from his swelling throat untied  
 A kerchief, crying, ' Give Sal that'—and died."

DON JUAN.

Here, from the hand of one of the greatest painters of life, are two sketches allegorical of the ring in the classic age and in more modern and matter-of-fact times. These passages may stand for the poetry and prose of professional chivalry : the gladiator in the extremity of his disaster bethinking him of his " Dacian" family, his bride and little ones ; the flash cove exhibiting the like natural instinct, but in a far less romantic manner. Perhaps it may be urged there exists no authority for assuming that Byron's " brave" was a pugilist ; the author classes him, however, among professional heroes, and at the worst he is a gainer by the supposition. In the classic times the gladiator was

" Butchered to make a Roman holiday ;"

in our own days the prize-fight is very similarly conducted, and for the same purpose. Let us look at the policy and chivalry of the ring ere imperious Cæsar was dead and turned to clay. The sketch is by an eminent hand.

Gladiators were of two kinds, compelled and voluntary, and were supplied from several conditions—from slaves sold for that purpose ; from culprits ; from barbarian captives, either taken in war, and, after being led in triumph, set apart for the games, or those seized and condemned as rebels ; also from the citizens, some fighting for hire, others from a depraved ambition ; at last, even knights and senators were

exhibited—a disgrace of which the first tyrant was materially the first inventor. (This was Julius Cæsar, who got up a mill between Furius Septimus and A. Callenus.) In this era dwarfs and even women fought—an enormity prohibited by Severus. Of these, the most to be pitied were undoubtedly the barbarian captives; and to this species a Christian writer (Tertullian) justly applies the epithet “innocent” to distinguish them from the professional gladiators. Aurelian and Claudius supplied great numbers of these unfortunate victims; the one after his triumph, and the other on a pretext of rebellion. In spite of the laws of Constantine and Constans, gladiatorial shows survived the old established religion more than seventy years; but they owed their final extinction to the courage of a Christian. In the year 404, on the kalends of January, they were exhibiting the shows in the Flavian Amphitheatre before the usual immense concourse of people. Almachus, or Telemachus, an eastern monk, who had travelled to Rome intent on his holy purpose, rushed into the midst of the arena, and endeavoured to separate the combatants. The prætor Alypius, a person immediately attached to these games, gave instant orders to the gladiators to slay him; and Telemachus gained the crown of martyrdom and the title of saint, which surely as ever either before or since been awarded for a more noble exploit. Honorius immediately abolished the shows, which were never afterwards revived. Besides the torrents of blood which flowed at the funerals, in the amphitheatres, the circus, the forums, and other public places, gladiators were introduced at feasts, and tore each other to pieces amidst the supper tables, to the great delight and applause of the guests. Yet Lipsius permits himself to suppose the loss of courage and the evident degeneracy of mankind to be nearly connected with the abolition of those bloody spectacles. . . . . The philosophy of Lipsius has its modern disciples, from whom others differ, as in the olden instance . . . . . When one gladiator wounded another, he shouted, “He has it,” “Hoc habet,” or “Habet.” The wounded gladiator dropped his weapon, and, advancing to the edge of the arena, supplicated the spectators. If he had fought well, the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened to be inclined, *they turned down their thumbs, and he was slain.* (Is it any wonder there were earthquakes?) They were occasionally so savage, that they were impatient if a combat lasted longer than ordinary without wounds or death. The emperor’s presence generally saved the vanquished; and it is recorded as an instance of Caracalla’s ferocity, that he sent those who supplicated him for life, in a spectacle at Nicomedia, to ask the people; in other words, handed them over to be slain. A similar ceremony is observed at the Spanish bull-fights. The magistrate presides: and after the horsemen and *picadores* have fought the bull, the *matadore* steps forward and bows to him for permission to kill the animal. If the bull has done his duty by killing two or three horses, or a man, the people interfere with shouts, *the ladies wave their handkerchiefs*, and the animal is saved. The wounds and death of the horses are accompanied by the loudest acclamations and many gestures of delight, *especially from the female portion of*

*the audience, including those of the gentlest blood!* The author of "Childe Harold," the writer of this, and one or two other Englishmen, who have certainly in other days borne the sight of a pitched battle, were, during the summer of 1809 in the governor's box at the great amphitheatre of Santa Maria, opposite to Cadiz. The death of one or two horses completely satisfied their curiosity. A gentleman present observing them shudder and look pale, noticed that unusual reception of so delightful a sport to some young ladies, who stared and smiled, and continued their applause as another horse fell bleeding to the ground. One bull killed three horses "off his own horns." He was saved by acclamation, which was redoubled when it was known he belonged to a priest. An Englishman, who can be much pleased by seeing two men beat themselves to pieces, cannot bear to look at a horse galloping round an arena with his bowels trailing on the ground, and turns from the spectacle and spectators with horror and disgust. . . . .

It may be taken for granted that neither the gladiatorial spectacle of Rome, nor the combats of men and animals common to Spain, would find grace in this kingdom. Bull-baiting is perhaps not quite obsolete among us, but in these conflicts the brutes engaged are *all* quadrupeds. Let it not be imagined, however, that all praise is withheld from the fourfooted beasts for the honour and honesty of their duello, for the down-right faith wherewith *they fulfilled their engagements*. If the beasts that walk upright naturally did as much morally; if they were as trust-worthy members of society as badgers and bull-terriers, the Ring would not have fallen so many degrees as it has below 0 in the social scale. But this is not the place wherein to deal with that question as a theory. The gladiatorial pomps of Rome—at first instituted to honour the obsequies of heroes—became eventually, zests wherewith the "used up" of the eternal city was wont to excite its morbid *materiel*. . . .

"Nunc atheletarum studiis, nunc orsit equoram."

Bloody and brutal as they are, still neither the sordid nor the shameless distinguished the gladiators as handed down to us by history. The bull-fight of Spain, if not absolutely an aristocratic tryst, is a well-principled barbarism, and a pure unmixed issue of courage and cruelty. Your *picador* is a swaggering swash-buckler gallant, but still a gentleman, though of some few score removes; your *torero* is a bottle-holder a hundred-fold refined. What is your prizefighter?

It is now several years since I answered that question in the pages of a sporting periodical. My solution caused some angry feelings, which it certainly was never my purpose to excite, and begot remonstrances, which by no means rose out of a true interpretation of the text: I am not, nor ever was, an enemy of the art of sparring, or the application of boxing: I hold the former one of the very best of our athletic exercises, and the latter a fair and manly fashion of settling those differences which arise among boys of all classes, and among men who do not aspire to the dignities of chivalry. But am I there-

fore the advocate of prizefighting? No; because I believe its tendency is to promote ruffianism and to debase human nature. It is one thing to fight for honour, another to profess to fight for hire. I cordially agree with the spirit of the following little episode on youthful tournaments, narrated by Mr Donald Walker:—

“ In England it is curious and interesting to see the beneficial rules of boxing, affecting all contests, even of children! In passing a field at Paddington, I one day observed a juvenile fight. It was a serious affair—for there they were, the four alone, and no spectator but I myself, who came upon them accidentally. They were above being disturbed by an intruder; they did not even notice me. Each little antagonist had his second, who after a round fell on one knee, and presented the other in a rectangular form, adapted for a seat, to which, at the close of each round, he perseveringly pulled his principal, who sat there puffing and blowing as if he had been engaged in mortal combat. In one of the rounds one of the principals fell, when the other was instantly withdrawn by his second, and the prostrate one lifted from the ground and placed on the knee of his second. The amusing part of the battle was that the fighters seemed to be more worn out by the perpetual and determined interference of the seconds than by the fight itself; and, though they most exemplarily submitted to it, did they seem to be much comforted by each having his face ever and anon wiped by his second's wet and dirty pocket-handkerchief.”

This immature chivalry is very well; so is a “turn up” between a couple of country bumpkins of ripe age, or a “set-to” to settle differences, wherein the more scientific manhood of town or city may contend. But this is not pugilism—this is not the Ring—with its professor, who, like Byron's *danseuse*—

“ The Nini

With more than one profession, gains by all.”

No one that has not seen a prize battle got up, with two stars to fill the chief characters, can form any idea of what it is, or what manner of men may be the *dramatis personæ*. The celebrated French artist, Gavarni—so well known to the world as the delineator of the human face and form, divine and demoniacal, in the “Charivari”—came to this country some time ago to study John Bull; and no doubt with that view joined the procession which bore Messrs Lane and Walker to the scene of their glories on the occasion of their recent encounter in Kent. He was assured the *mise en scene* would astonish him, and it should seem he was not misinformed. On his arrival at the London Bridge station of the South Eastern Railway, as the *on dit* goes, he was duly “bonnetted;” and with his hat secured beneath his nose, eased of such cash as he had been careless enough to encumber his pockets with, and then proceeded to his destination, “bodkin” of a first-class carriage, with the gentlemen who had so kindly divested him of his dross, the one on his right and the other on his left.

This is a matter of course; sometimes the action is bolder and more striking. The passage at arms near Newmarket a few years ago—whereof a foreign champion, hight Bungaree, and a native hero, Broome by name, if my memory serves, were the knights conflicting—here and there presented some very spirited “bits.” The appropriation clause, for instance, was carried out with considerable vigour and effect. Instead of the old and tardy plan of “faking;” or drawing, the subject by instalments, the practice was to hold it up by the heels, and

so shake the contents out of every repository simultaneously. This, too, was done in a handsome manner. There was a stout yeoman from Cumberland thus accomodated at my elbow, so that I could mark every incident of the plot. Half a score young gentlemen, of the Hebrew persuasion, whose "go-cart" bore the device of a lozenge quartered, and the motto, "Duke's Place," first lifted him carefully into their carriage, and then suspended him with his head to the centre of gravity and the heels of his boots to the sun. The experiment was perfectly successful; the result being a canvass bag, containing one hundred and sixty-five sovereigns and a piece of silver of the value of two shillings and sixpence. Upon regaining his feet, or rather, on being restored to his natural perpendicular, he thus bespoke him—

"Gentlemen," he observed, with admirable philosophy—indeed with as much *sang froid* as if, like an eel, he was accustomed to being skinned—"I'm a matter of two hundred mile from home, and that's summat to a chap without a brass farthing to get him a meal, beside losing every penny he brought with him to pay for his ship"—vernacular for sheep—"among the hills."

"That's hard boards," remarked a youth with an ornithological countenance, and a hatchment over either eye; and then addressing himself to an elderly Israelite, who held the swag, he continued—"I say, Ikey, the poor cove is in Queer-street, number forty-eleven; do it genteel, that's a beauty, *hand him back his half-crown!*"

A word in a more serious vein, and I have done. A prizefight is the thieves' Saturnalia, and therefore I think it an inconvenient liberty of the subject. Pugilism has long been the instrument of the basest dastardy. I doubt if it ever were the school in which generous manhood might profitably study. It has been said, perhaps in a somewhat lax philosophy, that vice loses half its offence when freed from all its coarseness. The Ring has gradually been losing its daring spirit of fair-play, and in the same degree progressing in shameless trickery and foul practice. This I denounced some years ago; and I was taken severely to task for having done so. As a comment upon what was then said, I conclude with a couple of extracts from the two metropolitan sporting papers of a recent date. . . . Both arise out of the battle between Lane and Walker:—

"It has been our fate to receive from all quarters the most positive assurances that the sports of the Ring shall no longer receive the encouragement to which the principles of British boxing have ever been considered entitled."—*BELL'S LIFE*.

"And now most persons will say, 'Farewell to prizefighting.' We should think by this time that the great majority of its admirers must be sickened of continuing a system which opens the door to such disgraceful trickery."—*SUNDAY TIMES*.

As a public sporting writer, I have seen occasion to express myself opposed to the boxing ring and the betting ring in their professional relations. I had the misfortune to differ for a long while in both cases with those, whose opinions in all other matters I entirely coincide with. We now accord on one of those points. I hope the hour is not distant in which we shall agree upon both.

*Sporting Magazine, for April.*

## LIVERPOOL STEEPLE CHASE.

The 'Great National' of 1848 will long be remembered as one of the most exciting and brilliant events ever recorded in the annals of steeple chasing. Whether we consider the unparalleled entry of 83 horses, the large number of 50 acceptances, the immense amount of money depending on the result or the extraordinary large field of 29 starters—showing in every particular a decided increase and superiority over every other event of this description of sport, at Liverpool or elsewhere,—we feel justified in characterising it as the most magnificent affair it was ever our good fortune to witness.

For some months past speculation thereon has been rife, not only in London, but throughout the provinces. New blood seemed to have been infused into racing men generally on this particular occasion. Books upon the race were opened in all quarters, and parties who never previously meddled with steeple chasing were observed industriously 'getting round' with the same eagerness and anxiety as for the Derby. A great many horses were backed; and innumerable 'pots' were set 'a-boiling.' Some, however showed merely bubbles, which evaporated long before the day of racing. Others 'simmered' on, and kept up a profitable steam until actually engaged in the contest, and then 'over-boiling,' at once extinguished the hopes of their friends.

As the principal steeple-chases came off, at Worcester, Newport Pagnell, Leamington, Wolverhampton, Wakefield, Newmarket, Bath, &c., the respective winners (for the public, strange to say, have an extraordinary predilection for winners) severally found plenty of backers; whilst others, who were generally supposed to have been 'kept for this,' were likewise supported with such earnestness as to lead many to believe that a trifle invested thereon would turn out a profitable spec. The 'sister kingdom,' as on all former occasions, lent a helping hand; and by a numerous entry added additional interest to the race. In fact, immediately on the publication of the weights one of their 'cracks,' Sir Arthur, was picked out and placed in the prominent position of first favourite, which honour he enjoyed until his arrival in England, a few days before the eventful day. In fact, it was whispered about as 'so good a thing' that everybody appeared anxious to get on; and with the remembrance of the exploits of the Irish Brigade, the previous year, this was not to be wondered at, particularly as Sir Arthur had shown some respectable running across the flat in Ireland.

On reaching England, however, he met with an accident which, in the opinion of his owner and friends, placed him *hors de combat*. He arrived at Liverpool on Sunday, from Ireland, and, as we were informed, evinced an indisposition to pass from the steamer to the landing stage. In endeavouring to effect this, an attempt was

made to get him out backwards, but the stage giving way, he became immersed in the 'briny deep,' and it was upwards of twenty minutes before he was extricated, by means of ropes, from the cold bath of mud and water. At times he was quite out of sight, and it was thought by the bystanders every minute that he would sink. On being dragged on shore he was much exhausted, but, after a short time he was led away to his quarters, where the necessary revivers were applied to him. He was, fortunately, accompanied by his owner and trainer both of whom appeared much grieved at the accident, and, but for which the latter firmly declared he could not have lost. Of course, news of the accident was soon conveyed to London and all the sporting towns in the provinces, and the consequence was that he was dethroned by Chandler, and sent back, nominally, to 15 to 1. In addition to Sir Arthur, the following animals were also backed to win great stakes:—Chandler, The Curate, Pioneer, St. Leger, Mathew, Wolverhampton, Jerry, Naworth, Counsellor, The Nigger, &c. Previous to the publication of the weights, Wolverhampton was backed as low as 15 to 1, and old Brunette at the same figure; but, owing to the crushing weight which was placed on the back of the latter, her owner very justly determined to scratch the old mare. The great favourite of the public undoubtedly was the Curate, whose very easy victory at Newport Pagnell proved him to be a horse of no mean qualities. This, added to the knowledge that his owner had backed him to win a great stake, that he would run to win, and that Tom Oliver was engaged to ride him, strengthened their confidence, and as the day approached he assumed a very forward position in the odds, ultimately leaving off first favourite.

Having said this much, by way of introduction, we must now cry back a little. On Tuesday morning last, the ten o'clock mail not serving, we started from Euston-square, at eleven a. m., for the great maritime city of the north; and were compelled to undergo a journey of nine hours and a half, *vid* Birmingham, instead of the more reasonable time occupied by taking the Trent Valley. It was a beautiful morning, and the country, this side of Coventry (with the exception of here and there a few inundations of the low lands), presented a cheering prospect. The trees and hedges, thus early, already have assumed a slight covering of their green foliage; and the growing crops of wheat everywhere looked well and healthy. But we had no sooner inhaled the air of Warwickshire than down came the rain, and for the remainder of our journey, it was wet, disagreeable, dull, smoky, and—we had almost written miserable; but the society of a sweetly pretty girl (who had been placed under our charge at Blisworth, by an old gentleman, who evidently entertained a high opinion of our respectability and moral character), caused the long hours to pass pleasantly by, and we at last almost lamented our speedy

#### ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

Here our 'guardian' duties ended, and more active ones commenced. It was half-past eight, consequently too early for the Rooms. Two of

the theatres were open, the Royal Liver, and the Amphitheatre. At the former Miss Le Batt and her sister were the reigning favourites; and at the latter the renowned Franconi's troop were performing for the last time in Liverpool, previously to their opening a Drury Lane on Monday next. The fame of the latter attracted us, and many thousands besides to the Amphitheatre. The immense building was crowded in all parts, and has been so, we were informed during the stay of the troop at Liverpool. But we were not surprised at this for a more wonderful or talented lot of artists we never witnessed. There are some fine male riders, and one or two females, who for beauty, daring, and complete equestrian skill have never been surpassed in our time. The horses are beautiful creatures, and Auriol is a clown of surprising humour, and possessing also wonderful corporeal agility. He appeared to be an immense favourite with the *Liverpudians*, and, if we mistake not, will soon obtain a popular footing with the Londoners. The Royal was closed; but there was a variety of other amusements to be found by those who could afford the time. Having 'other fish to fry,' we turned into

#### THE SUBSCRIPTION BETTING-ROOM,

Which was opened, as usual, by our respected friend Mr Ralph, in the large carriage repository of Messrs. Lucas and Co., in Great Charlotte-street, and which forms, without exception, one of the finest and most commodious betting rooms in the kingdom.

There was a large muster, including many of the leading members of Tattersall's in addition to a goodly array of sportsmen from Ireland and Scotland, the former showing in great force. Business was almost exclusively confined to the Steeple Chase, for which The Curate was in strong favour. His party came out with increased confidence, and made him as good a favourite as Chandler; in fact, at the close the clerical gentleman had the decided call of the 'man of tallow,' though the latter had many good friends. To these two and Mathew the principal investments were confined. Sir Arthur may be quoted nominally at 15 to 1, having evidently not got over the effects of his cold bath; and it soon became pretty evident that upon Mathew the hopes of Ireland were destined to rest. In consequence, therefore, he was backed for 400*l.* or 500*l.* at 15 to 1, 14 to 1, and 12 to 1, at which price he left off. Standard Guard improved his position, and was backed at 15 to 1. Naworth retrograded a few points upon his price at Tattersall's the previous afternoon, and appeared out of favour. 2500 to 100 was taken about Switcher, but the investments of the others were exceedingly limited. The only bet we heard booked upon the Chester Cup was 2000 to 25 agst. Malt. Business altogether must be quoted flat.

The Nigger was declared not to start at five o'clock in the afternoon; but the notice was not posted on the glass in the Betting room until ten. Of course all bets made after five are off.



The following were the prices at the close :—

9 to 1 agst The Curate (taken)	20 to 1 agst Wolverhampton
10 to 1 — Chandler (taken)	25 to 1 — Khondooz (taken)
12 to 1 — Mathew (taken)	25 to 1 — Switcher (taken)
13 to 1 — Naworth	30 to 1 — The Sailor (taken)
15 to 1 — Sir Arthur	30 to 1 — Counsellor (taken)
15 to 1 — Standard Guard (taken)	100 to 3 — Fortune Teller
18 to 1 — Pioneer (taken)	40 to 1 — Gipsy Queen (taken)
20 to 1 — British Yeoman	40 to 1 — Father Mathew (taken)
20 to 1 — Jerry (taken)	45 to 1 — The Shaver (taken)
20 to 1 — St Leger	

As we left the room *en route* for 'Somnus,' the rain was falling heavily, giving rise to unpleasant anticipations of the morrow; but our cogitations were neither long nor serious. The 'drowsy god,' soon took possession of our faculties, and in a very short time our troubles were buried deep in calm and tranquil sleep!

—  
WEDNESDAY.

'The day, the eventful day, big with the fate of thousands,' dawned, certainly with a dry jacket, though the streets bore ample evidence of the downfall that had taken place during the night. The dark fleeting clouds which overhung the horizon as the morning advanced, afforded no very cheering prospect to those who had made up their minds to go to the steeple chase, in case it were a fine day; for it must be stated that no people under the sun have so great a dread of a few drops of rain, or a gust or two of wind, or a little mud splashing, or a mouthful of dust, as have the gentry of Liverpool! They are 'Dickey Sams' in every sense of the word, as far as these matters are concerned.

The night mails from London and other places, and the early trains from Manchester, Leeds, Chester, Birmingham, and those towns within a few hours' journey, which reached Liverpool this morning, brought a considerable accession of sporting characters; whilst the steamers from Scotland and Ireland also added their quota to the throng. Most of the principal hotels were crowded, especially the Adelphi, Queen's, and Waterloo, the latter being the head quarters of both the coursing and steeple chase fraternity, was full inside and out.

Between nine and ten o'clock, Bold-street, Church-street, Lord-street, Castle-street, and Dale-street began to assume a very lively and bustling appearance. Cabs and omnibuses rattled about; merchants and their clerks were to be seen rushing to business; a few 'gents' strutted forth in flaming vests and trousers, cut in the most *outré* style, making everybody ill whom they happened to meet with the effluvia from their stinking cheroots; a few military men, (at whose real moustache all the 'locals' turned round and stared), were taking a morning stroll, evidently amused at the 'eccentricities' of the people generally; whilst newsboys blew their horns—in the nineteenth century, oh!—card sellers annoyed you at every turn; and

little boys upset you by driving their dirty hoops between your legs. Wishing to hear the latest news from Paris, we strolled up to

#### THE EXCHANGE NEWS-ROOM.

The place was crowded. Merchants, brokers, money lenders, stock and share brokers, bankers, drysalters, and, in fact, every species of the *genus* 'mercantile,' were there congregated, discussing—anything but their own business? The evening papers, (admirably arranged on stands round the room) were besieged by eager news-mongers—in fact, we made several attempts to get a peep, but without success. Having obtained the *entrée* through an old acquaintance who we met close by. 'Well, R—, how's business in Liverpool?' we asked. 'Why, *fairish*, all things considered,' was the reply. 'Glad to hear it. Has the French news created much stir here?' 'Very great excitement, indeed; in fact, it's the all-absorbing topic. Look what a rush there is to learn the contents of that telegraphic despatch which has just arrived,' said our friend R. But we needed no intimation that something fresh had arrived, for the rush to get a glimpse of the notice that was posted against the pillars in the room almost disturbed our perpendicular; in fact, it was similar to that which took place last season at the pit door of the Opera, on a Jenny Lind's night. 'Thanks to the electric telegraph,' observed R. 'we have news from London almost every hour of the day, as well as a summary of the parliamentary debates every evening. What sort of a steeple chase shall we have?' 'Oh, first-rate,' was our reply; 'are you going?' 'Yes.'

'Who is that (we asked) on the *flags*, so much like Dolly Fitzclarence—him with the reddish face and his hat cocked?' 'Oh! that,' replied our friend, 'is one of our first merchants, Miles Barton!' 'Miles!—surely the 'rich relation' our young friend, 'Miles's Boy,' has so often hinted at—it must be!' 'And that little thin gentleman, talking to him,' continued our informant, 'is the *Talleyrand* of the L'pool Exchange!—Here's Joe, a *mann* whom they call Louis Philippe, because he carries an umbrella in all weathers; and there near the statue of Nelson, is Mr Sam Holme, the *Harry Stidis* of the council'—but then our informant was referred to on business matters, so we left him. Returning to the

#### SUBSCRIPTION ROOM,\*

we found very few present, and very little doing. The only betting was confined to the first three favourites, Mathew was in great force, and at one time was first favourite; but before the break up of the room The Curate resumed his leading position, and was backed at 7 to 1. Chandler was also backed at 10 to 1 rather freely. Sir Arthur and Pioneer showed a little improvement, but the others remained at the same prices as quoted against them overnight.

St. Leger was declared not to start at *half past ten A. M.*

## DEPARTURE FOR THE COURSE.

The start for the first race being fixed for two o'clock, a general move for the scene of action took place between eleven and twelve, from which hour till past one Dale-street, Great Charlotte-street, and Waterloo-place, being the three principal starting points, were one continued scene of bustle, caused by the departure of omnibuses, coaches, cabs, and other vehicles. The usual exorbitant demands were made by the sauciest and most ruffianly cab-drivers in the world; but the public—thanks to our *exposés* on former occasions—are beginning to resist their monstrous attempts at extortion, and refused to pay more than a reasonable sum.

The weather about this time was quite favourable for the holiday folk. It was dry; but the cloudy appearance of the sky betokened a *probability* of rain. Fortunately, however, it kept away, and did not disturb the enjoyment of the sport.

On the road to the courses were the usual scenes, which we have described a dozen times. Conveyances of all sorts and sizes, crowded to excess as a matter of course, and pedestrians of all classes and both sexes were to be seen struggling onward for Aintree. The steeple chase appeared to be the all-engrossing subject of their thoughts; and we much question whether the revolution in Paris occasioned greater excitement amongst that particular class than the event we are shortly about to describe.

The scene that presented itself, as viewed from the grand stand, was of an extraordinary description. The number of horsemen and pedestrians exceeded that we remember to have witnessed on any previous occasion. There were but few carriages, and fewer ladies; and this is a circumstance for which we could not satisfactorily account, inasmuch as the Lancashire Witches have for centuries past been celebrated for their extreme beauty and gracefulness of manner. The grand stand was crammed, and every available space from which a view of the race could be obtained was taken possession of. Even the tops of the chimneys and projecting stones had their occupants. All the other stands were likewise crowded; and throughout the line, at the brooks and other important leaps, knots of spectators had congregated, in the expectation of seeing some fun. Shortly before the commencement of the first race, large parties of fashionables arrived from Croxteth and Knowsley, the seats of the Earls of Sefton and Derby; but their names, as well as those of the other distinguished visitors present, we were unable to spare time to collect.

At two o'clock, the racing season of 1848 was opened with the following race for the Earl of Sefton's liberal gift of 50*l.* :—

Fifty sovs. given by the Earl of Sefton to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft.; three yr olds, 6st 7lb; four, 8st 3lb; five, 8st 10lb; six and aged, 9st; the second to save his stake. One mile. 10 subs.

Mr M Dawson's Listoh, 3 yrs	..	..	J Hay	1
Lord Chesterfield's Sampson, 3 yrs	..	..	G Oates	2
Mr Pedley's Administrator, 4 yrs	..	..	Templeman	3

Sir J Gerard's Lucy Ashton, 3 yrs	..	..	G Abdale	0
Mr B Green's Sylvan, 3 yrs	..	..	Basham	0
Mr Skerratt's Romance, 5 yrs	..	...	Marlow	0

*Betting.*—3 to 1 agst Liston—3 to 1 agst Sampson—4 to 1 agst Sylvan—and 5 to 1 each Administrator and Lucy Ashton.

Lucy Ashton jumped off with the lead, followed by Romance, Liston, Sylvan, Sampson, and Administrator, and in this order they ran to the bottom turn, where Romance dropped off, and Liston was left with the second place. Administrator at the same time taking the third position. Lucy Ashton continued her lead to the distance, where Liston went in front, left his horses in a few strides, and galloped home several lengths in advance. Administrator followed Liston from the distance till within a few strides of the chair, where Sampson passed him and obtained the second place by about a neck. Lucy Ashton was a bad fourth, Sylvan fifth, and Romance last.

The steeple chase was the next event on the card for decision, and, in order to afford sufficient time for the necessary preparations, an hour and a half was allowed between the two. Thirty-seven horses were left on the card, and of these twenty-nine came to the post to contend for.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 100 added. 83 subs., 33 of whom paid 5 sovs. each. Four miles.

Captain Little's Chandler,	..	11st.	12lbs.	..	Owner	1
Mr G Brettell's The Curate	..	11st.	12lbs.	..	T Oliver	2

STARTED BUT NOT PLACED :—

Mr Elmore's The British Yeoman,	..	11st.	4lbs.			
including (10lbs extra).....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Mr C Beville	0
Mr Story na Standard Guard,	..	10st.	12lbs.	..	Taylor	0
Mr R. H. Jones's Wolverhampton,	..	11st.	12lbs.	..	Mr Bretherton	0
Mr W. Strickland na Saucepan,	..	11st.	11lbs.	..	Mr T. Abbott	0
Mr Courtenay's Mathew,	..	11st.	10lbs.	..	Wynne	0
Mr Moseley's Jerry,	..	11st.	7lbs.	..	Saunders	0
Mr W S Crawford's Father Mathew h. b.	11st.	6lbs.	..	J Lamplugh	0	
Mr O'Higgins's Pioneer,	..	11st.	6lbs.	..	Captain W. Peel	0
Lord Strathmore's The Switcher,	..	11st.	5lbs.	..	Owner	0
Mr J. W. Haworth's Ashberry Lass,	..	11st.	3lbs.	..	Collis	0
Mr Davies na Cheroot,	..	11st.	2lbs.	..	Mr Gee	0
Mr G. Brettell's Aristides,	..	11st.	1lb.	..	Mr F. Rowland	0
Mr Barry's Sir Arthur,	..	11st.	1lb.	..	Murphy	0
Mr F. Wilson's Khondooz,	..	11st.	0lb.	..	H. Rackley	0
Sir R de Burgho's Sophia,	..	11st.	0lb.	..	Ford	0
Mr Arthur na The Irish Bard,	..	11st.	0lb.	..	Freeze	0
Mr C C Brooke's Eagle,	..	10st.	13lbs.	..		
(5lbs. over)	..	..	..	..	Mr J Broome	0
Mr T Harrison na Pioneer (h-b),	..	10st.	13lbs.	..	Neale	0
Mr J H Burke's Picton (n-b),	..	10st.	13lbs.	..	Barke	0

Mr W Court's Counsellor,	.. 10st. 12lbs. ..	Frisby	0
Mr Kennedy's Fortune-teller,	.. 10st. 10lbs. ..	Stagg	0
Mr Mason's The Sailor, 6 yrs	.. 10st. 8lbs. ..	Holman	0
Lord Anson na The Gipsy Queen	.. 10st. 6lbs. ..	Mr W Whitefield	0
Mr C Fownley na Variety,	.. 10st. 4lbs. over	Powell	0
Mr E Carey's Blue Pill,	.. 10st. 3lbs. ..	Allansby	0
Mr B Brooke na Sparta,	.. 10st. 0lb. ..	Turner	0
Lord Strathmore's Naworth,	.. 9st. 8lbs. ..	W Archer	0

St. Leger, 11st. 13lbs; The Shaver, 11st. 4lbs; Proceed, 11st. 11lbs; Discount, 11st. 4lbs; The Nigger, 11st. 2lbs; Cavendish, 11st. 2lbs; Azel, 10st. 12lbs; Salute, 10st. 12lbs; Repealer, 10st. 12lbs; Tim Whiffler, 10st. 10lbs; Election, 10st. 7lbs; Evergreen, 10st; Chatham, 9st. 13lbs; Royston Gower, 9st. 7lbs; Latitat, 10st; and g by Medora, 11st; were drawn, and paid 10 sovs.-ft.

#### THE GROUND

Was exactly the same as in former years, with the exception of one or two trifling alterations in the leaps, which do not call for particular notice. There were about five fields of plough and seed, which, owing to the late rains, were exceedingly heavy.

#### THE RACE.

The horses having taken their preliminary canters, proceeded to the starting field, and at seven minutes to four the signal was given, and away they went like a charge of cavalry. In a large field of twenty-nine horses, wherein so many are ridden in similar colours, and running such a great distance from the spectators, it is almost a matter of impossibility to give anything like a detailed account of the race. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with describing that which fell under our own observation, and that which came to our knowledge from undoubted sources. To rely entirely upon jockeys, however, is likewise impossible, for we will defy the devil himself to notice everything that takes place in such an extraordinary field as that which started on this occasion. To add to the reporter's difficulty, it must be stated that five out of every six of the jockeys that ride will persist in having been in front, or the first to take the brook, or any other particular fence, when the eye may accidentally have fallen upon the said 'critturs' bringing up the tail end!

But to the race. At starting Ashberry Lass rushed off with the lead, but did not keep it for more than two or three hundred yards, when she dropped into the ruck, and was no more seen in the race. The front lot consisted of The British Yeoman, Standard Guard, Jerry, Switcher, Gipsy Queen, Saucepan, Khondooz, The Curate, with Chandler, Matlew, Pioneer, Naworth, and a ruck at their heels; Johnny Broome, having no desire to get into the crowd, contenting himself with a position in the rear. The leaders, after crossing a couple of fences, branched off to the right for the headland to avoid the ploughed land, and being followed in this wise course by the remain-

der, a tail of the most extraordinary length presented itself—little short of the fifth of a mile! Before reaching the first, or Becher's brook, one or two mishaps occurred. At the third fence after starting Standard Guard came down, and, it being a drop, Taylor was thrown on to his horse's ears; but the latter getting up quickly Taylor managed to regain his seat, when he discovered that his reins was over his horse's head. But in this manner he resumed operations, and on getting over Becher's brook, he took the lead for a short time. At the next fence to that at which Standard Guard fell Khondooz came down a burster, and rolled over Rackley two or three times; but fortunately, without doing him any particular injury. A by-stander, having helped him into his saddle again, he followed without his feet in the stirrup-irons, in pursuit of the leading horses, who had by this time got over the large brook, near the Canal. Here the Yeoman was leading, followed by Saucepan, Standard Guard, Gipsy Queen, Sir Arthur, and Mathew, the other in 'Indian file' at respectful distances behind. At this brook, Aristides, who was among the leading horses, and going well, overjumped himself, and fell with such force, that he unseated Mr Rowland and rolled twice over him when on the ground. Mr Rowland, however, retained possession of his reins, and his horse getting up, he vaulted into the saddle again and made up a considerable portion of his lost ground before the others had entered the race course. At one of the fences between the brook and the Canal Bridge Switcher also met with a mishap. Whilst in the air, some horse, which must have jumped immediately after him, struck Lord Strathmore on the left foot with such force that the boot and foot were both cut open; in fact, the force of the blow quite turned both rider and horse round, and something else coming over at the instant, upset his lordship, and caused him to lose considerable ground. At the fence which divides the lane from the race course at the Canal Bridge, Pioneer broke down in the near fore-leg, and his rider ceased to persevere with him. On entering the racing ground, Saucepan was leading, and now some of the rear lot began to push along, and make up their ground. Onward they came to the thorn fence, in which an opening was soon made. The artificial brook in front of the grand stand was the next obstacle. Saucepan, with a lead of about a length, was first over; and after him came the British Yeoman with Standard Guard and Gipsy Queen on either side, all of whom were in the air together, the Yeoman having a trifling advantage on landing. At their heels were Mathew, Jerry, the Sailor, Sir Arthur, Sparta, Counsellor, the Curate, and Chandler, all of whom went over beautifully—Chandler, in particular, jumping an immense distance. Khondooz, Switcher, (who bungled on landing), and Eagle were amongst the rear lot. 'Here's Johnny Broome!' shouted a thousand voices; but, nothing daunted. Broome flourished his whip, and, shouting to his horse, cleared in capital style, without the slightest mistake, amidst loud cheers and cries of 'Bravo, Johnny!' from the by-standers. On getting over the old horse began to exhibit signs of distress, and appeared anxious to drop into a trot; but a 'refresher' from Johnny's whip

brought the old gentleman to his senses, and he put on additional steam. After the leading horses had got over the brook, a grand charge was made for the high bank out of the lane, and here many were entirely put *horse de combat*. Saucepan arrived first at it, but refused, and rushed down the lane, taking Standard Guard, Mathew, and Sir Arthur with him. The British Yeoman was also thrown out, but only momentarily. In the meantime, Sparta, Chandler, the Curate and Aristides came up, and succeeded in getting over, and at the same instant, taking it at another part, The Yeoman was also successful. Counsellor who was close behind him, went over like a cat, and Frisby, seeing Mr Wesley (the owner of the horse) standing there, called out, 'It's all over—I shall win!' Here Khondooz received his *quictus*. Rackley came up in the midst of the conclusion, but seeing an opening, put Khondooz at it, but the horse only jumped on to the bank, and when in that position, Blue Pill, who was close behind, jumped on the back of Khondooz, knocked him over, and of course destroyed his chance. The Yeoman from this point took up the running, followed by Chandler, Standard Guard, Mathew, Sir Arthur, and some others close up, amongst whom, we believe, were Counsellor, Jerry, The Curate, Aristides, The Tailor, Wolverhampton, and Blue Pill, Eagle following at a 'respectful distance.' The Gipsy Queen gradually dropped off after passing the artificial brook, whilst Saucepan and a lot more were completely put out at the lane. With the leading division little change occurred, but unfortunately for Sailor, at the fence whereat Khondooz fell the first time round, he tumbled heavily, broke his back, and died upon the spot. All got well over Becher's brook, and the large one by the Canal, with the exception of Eagle, who, for the first time in the race took it into his head to act unkindly just as Broome had calculated upon the certainty of winning his wager. His horse came up to the leap at a great pace, but stopped short and threw Broome a complete somersault over his head, and some five or six yards over the brook; after which he amused himself with jumping it, and ran away. Broome lay for some time completely stunned, and was ultimately conveyed to a cottage, where he received every attention, and in due time recovered, though he afterwards complained of a severe contusion upon the left arm. At the next leap, the post and rails, Sparta threw her jockey heavily, and Mathew's chance was here extinguished by his coming in contact with them, and refusing to persevere. At the lane fence, adjoining the canal-bridge, and leading into the race course, both Blue Pill and Counsellor broke down. The latter was in front and going beautifully at the time—in fact, he was as fresh as when he started, and Frisby afterwards declared to us that he had merely cantered throughout, and could not possibly have lost but for the accident. British Yeoman entered the course with the lead, and Chandler and Jerry began to draw upon him; but the latter died away again before reaching the lower flight of hurdles, and The Curate took his place,—the Yeoman jumping them first, with Chandler on his left, and The Curate on his right. Close behind were Standard Guard, Sir Arthur, Naworth, Wolverhampton, and Variety; nothing

else near ; in fact, the four first-named alone appeared to possess the slightest chance. The Yeoman continued his lead over the hurdles at the distance, where The Chandler headed him, and immediately afterwards The Curate went up to Chandler. Between these two a long and exciting contest was kept up to the chair, where Chandler was declared a winner by half a length, The Curate never having been quite able to reach him. It was a good race, in fact, with the first four, for the Yeoman, who was third, was not beaten a length from The Curate, and only had a trifling advantage (barely half a length) over Standard Guard, who was fourth ; Sir Arthur was fifth, and Wolverhampton, Naworth, and Variety next ; but with any certainty, after the fifth, we will not attempt to speak. The distance was run in a few seconds under 13 minutes. Clear value of the stakes 925*l*.

On returning to scale, Captain Little was loudly cheered, and deservedly so, for never was animal better ridden than Chandler, who has proved himself one of the best steeple chase horses this country ever saw. Oliver did all he could for The Curate, and that, as our readers know, is no little ; but he has not the pace of Chandler. It will be seen that we last week spoke very favourably of The Curate, Chandler, and British Yeoman ; they ran first, second, and third. But for the 10*lb*. penalty on the latter, for winning at Bath and Newmarket, his clever jockey thinks he should have won. Standard Guard showed decided improvement on his former running. Sir Arthur, all things considered, ran an exceedingly game horse ; his party declare that his accident on landing lost him the race. This is the second year in succession that Oliver has ridden the second horse in this steeple chase.

It was at first generally believed that Broome had won his wager, which was laid at Leamington, by Captain Alleyne, some time since ; viz.—500*l*. that he would not be within four fields of home when the first horse passed the post, the race-course to be counted two fields. The colours of Broome and Blue Pill's jockey being nearly similar, the mistake arose from that circumstance ; but as the former did not return to the scale ; in a short time afterwards the error was rectified by the arrival of the men, who had been stationed in the fields by the side of the canal, where the wager was to be decided ; and then the true state of the case was discovered. Broome, we understand, was disappointed in the horse he was to have ridden. He had applied for Cavendish, and it was not till the Monday before the race that he was informed that he could not have him. He was, therefore, completely in a fix, until offered Eagle by Captain Little, upon payment of expenses to and from Hedgeford. He was, therefore, obliged to put up with "Hobson's choice."

The horse was sent for, taken up from the straw yard, and conveyed to Liverpool, when it was discovered that he was entirely out of condition, having, we believe, done no work since the Newmarket Steeple Chase, some weeks since. In the race he tired early from want of preparation. Had he obtained Cavendish, Broome (who never



rode a steeple chase before) expressed his firm conviction that he should have won. As it was, the spill at the brook alone beat him; and, all things considered, Broome rode in a very masterly style.

The Liverpool Spring Cup, a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with a Cup of 100 sovs. added. The winner to pay 10 sovs. towards expenses, and the second to receive 20 sovs. from the stakes. One mile and a half. 12 subs.

Mr M. Blake's Ballinafad,	.. 4 yrs,	7st. 7lbs. ..	Murphy	1
Lord Chesterfield's Lady Lurewell,	.. 4 yrs,	7st. 11b. ..	G. Oates	2
Mr T. Harrison's King Fisher,	.. 6 yrs.	8st. 7lbs. ..	..	0
Mr W. H. Johnstone's Spectator (h-b)	aged,	7st. 12lbs. ..	..	0
Mr Jaques's Sir Martin,	.. 4 yrs,	7st. 11b. ..	..	0
Mr M. Heap's Brown Fly,	.. 5 yrs,	6st. 10lbs. ..	Tasker	0
Sir J. Gerard's Diphthong,	.. 4 yrs,	6st. 9lbs. ..	G. Abdale	0
Mr M. Dawson's Liston,	.. 3 yrs,	6st. 3lbs. ..	J. Hay	0

*Betting.*—2 to 1 each v. Liston and Lady Lurewell—and 5 to 1 each against Ballinafad and King Fisher.

Lady Lurewell made the running to the bottom turn, where Ballinafad took it up, and, without being afterwards headed, won very easily by a length. King Fisher was a good third, being beaten by a head only by Lady Lurewell. Liston was fourth, and Spectator fifth, close up. The others beaten off.

With this race the Great National Steeple Chase meeting of 1848 was brought to a conclusion, after a brilliant day's sport, which was over sufficiently early to enable us to enjoy a hearty dinner before the departure of the mail at night, by which we reached London the following morning at five o'clock.

*Sunday Times.*

## ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

The following extract of a letter dated Bloem Fonteyn, 4th January, gives a terrific account of an encounter with a lion, in which two of the Bowker family were lately engaged:—

The same calm and intrepid fearlessness of danger was exhibited by the same family during the Kafir war, when they were suddenly and hotly attacked by a large mass of the enemy, and succeeded only in gaining the shelter of their camp of 'leger' by the brothers alternately shooting down the foremost of their assailants.

'I introduced them (Septimus and Henry Bowker) to the lions near the post,—first morning we killed one,—next morning another, which would have caught me but for my pointer bitch 'Fan' rushing

between me and the lion, for which she paid the penalty of her life—I could not hold my only shot when I saw poor ‘Fan’ in the brute’s jaws—I fired and knocked the brute down, by a lucky shot—Septimus Bowker giving her another, immediately, as she lay, which extended her. The third morning we killed two more, the first of which, charging furiously, Septimus’ horse broke away, and left him before the animal; he however, with great presence of mind, knelt down to receive the charge; and his brother hearing his horse galloping behind them, concluded he was with them,—fortunately Henry, looking back saw the lion springing on Septimus, and like a man sprang off in an instant, and rushed back to stand or fall with his brother,—before he could get up, however, the lion had sprung at Septimus open mouthed,—who with the most admirable coolness held his shot, (as he had only a single rifle, with pistol and knife in his belt,) till the lion almost touched him and then putting the muzzle of his piece to its head fired down its throat,—setting fire to its whiskers, and knocking its front teeth out, splitting the tongue and windpipe, &c.,—the beast however knocked him down—sent his rifle flying a dozen yards off, and carried away his cap, or kind of turban, he had on, with its paw,—so staggered was the brute by the shot, fire, and smoke, that it missed its stroke; and instead of springing on him again, rushed to meet the other brother (Henry), who was coming up on foot to assist,—he too stood his ground till the lion was within a yard of him, and fired—the bullet, fortunately pierced its brain, and it fell dead on the spot where he had just stood, he having sprung aside to escape the animal’s rush. It was a fine sight to see with what bold hearts and true, the brothers stood to each other—before Henry could fire, Septimus was on foot again, bare headed and pistol in hand running after the lion to help Henry—had he not fortunately killed it. I was in the meantime engaged with two others, a few hundred yards off—one of which I killed as it was charging me, with a single shot—putting the ball into its eye, as it was coming on out of a brush,—it was fortunate for me, as I had no pistol and that was my last shot.’

*Zuid Afrikaan.*

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## CRICKET MATCHES.

## A MATCH BETWEEN H. M. 10TH FOOT AND OFFICERS OF 8TH AND 46TH REGIMENT.

## H. M. 10TH FOOT.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Lieut. Calcott, b. Griffiths	.. 7	b Speke	.. 27
„ Galloway, b. Grounds	.. 12	c. Herbert, b. Grounds	.. 30
„ Norman, b. S. Brown	.. 4	b. Speke	.. 0
„ Needham, b. Grounds	.. 2	b. Grounds	.. 5
Private Paley,	.. 4	Not out	.. 26
„ Gardner, b. Brown	.. 6	b. Grounds	.. 4
„ Falvey, b. Grounds	.. 2	c. Griffiths, b. Speke	.. 1
„ Chery, b. ditto	.. 2	c. Simpson, b. Grounds	.. 7
„ Mayher, c. Herbert, b. ditto	.. 6	b. Speke	.. 2
„ Rymes, not out	.. 0	b. Grounds	.. 0
„ Slight, b. Grounds	.. 0	b. ditto	.. 0
Byes	.. 7	Byes	.. 1
Wide Balls	.. 2	Wide Balls	.. 2
No ditto	.. 0	No Balls	.. 0
	<hr/> 47		<hr/> 113

## OFFICERS OF 8TH AND 46TH REGT.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Major Williams, 8th Regt., c. Galloway, b. Calcott,	.. 11	c. Paley, b. Calcott	.. 1
Lieut. Simpson, 8th Regt., c. Calcott, b. Galloway	.. 0	c. Needham, b. ditto	.. 1
„ Griffith, 8th Regt., c. Mayher, b. Calcott	.. 62	b Falvey	.. 5
Capt. Grounds, 46th Regt., c. Calcott, b. Galloway	.. 9	b. ditto	.. 4
Lieut. S. Browne, 6th Regt, b. Calcott	.. 5	b. Calcott	.. 9
„ Brown, 46th Regt., c. Chery, b. Paley	.. 9	c. Gardner, b. Falvey	.. 3
„ Speke, 46th Regt., b. Calcott	.. 12	c. Calcott	.. 3
„ Herbert, 46th Regt., b. Paley	.. 0	b ditto	.. 0
„ Mercer, 46th Regt., not out	.. 0	Run out	.. 0
„ Bishop, 46th Regt., b. Paley	.. 0	b. Calcott	.. 3
Dr Maxwell, 46th Regt., c. Mayher, b. ditto	.. 0	Not out	.. 4
Byes	.. 10	Byes	.. 3
Wide Balls	.. 4	Wide Balls	.. 1
No Balls	.. 0	No Balls	.. 0
	<hr/> 125		<hr/> 31

The Officers lost by 4 runs.

## RETURN MATCH.

## OFFICERS OF 8TH AND 46TH REGIMENTS.

*1st Innings.*

Major Williams, c. Paley, b. Galloway	..	..	47
„ Simpson, run out	..	..	27
„ Griffith, b. Falvey	..	..	3
Capt. Grounds, b. Paley	..	..	27
„ S. Browne, b. Galloway	..	..	0
„ Brown, b. ditto	..	..	8
„ Speke, b. ditto	..	..	2
„ Herbert, b. ditto	..	..	0
„ Bishop, b. ditto	..	..	9
„ Wright, not out	..	..	3
Dr Maxwell, c. Falvey, b. Galloway	..	..	12
Byes	..	..	2
Wide Balls	..	..	5
No Balls	..	..	0

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## H. M. 10TH FOOT.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Lieut. Calcott, b. Grounds	.. 16	c. Herbert, b. S. Browne	.. 1
„ Galloway, b. S. Browne	.. 11	b. ditto	.. 10
„ Needham, b. ditto	.. 2	b. Grounds	.. 2
„ Ensor, b. ditto	.. 0	b. Browne	.. 0
Private Paley, b. ditto	.. 5	c. Simpson, b. ditto	.. 7
„ Gardner, run out	.. 15	b. Grounds	.. 6
„ Falvey, b. Wright	.. 3	b. ditto	.. 6
„ Chery, b. Grounds	.. 0	Not out	.. 2
„ Mayher, b. Browne	.. 0	c. Simpson, b. S. Browne	.. 3
„ Smart, not out	.. 6	b. ditto	.. 8
„ Plumb, b. Grounds	.. 1	b. ditto	.. 4
Byes	.. 3	Byes	.. 3
Wide Balls	.. 4	Wide Balls	.. 0
No Balls	.. 0	No Balls	.. 0

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 66

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 44

The Officers won to one innings, and 31 runs to spare

## CONQUERING MATCH.

H. M. 10TH FOOT.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Lieut. Calcott, b. Browne	.. 6	b Speke	.. 1
„ Galloway, b. ditto	.. 12	b. Grounds	.. 8
„ Whittaker, b. Grounds	.. 9	b. ditto	.. 0
Private Paley, b. ditto	.. 6	b. ditto	.. 10
„ Gardner, not out	.. 24	b. Browne	.. 8
„ Falvey, run out	.. 10	Not out	.. 2
„ Chery, b. Browne	.. 0	b. Grounds	.. 34
„ Mayher, b. ditto	.. 3	b. Speke	.. 0
„ Smart, b. ditto	.. 2	b. ditto	.. 0
„ Weston, b. Grounds	.. 2	b. ditto	.. 4
„ Slight, b. Browne	.. 2	b. Grounds	.. 1
Byes	.. 22	Byes	.. 5
Wide Balls	.. 0	Wide Balls	.. 7
No Balls	.. 0	No Balls	.. 0
	95		80

8TH AND 46TH REGIMENTS.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Major Williams, c. Gardner, b. Galloway	.. 27	b. Falvey	.. 20
„ Simpson, b. Calcott	.. 15	s. Paley	.. 12
„ Griffiths, b. Falvey	.. 2	b. Galloway	.. 0
Captain Grounds, b. ditto	.. 2	b. ditto	.. 1
„ S. Browne, c. Paley, b. Galloway	15	b. Falvey	.. 23
„ C. Brown, b. Falvey,	.. 11	b. Paley	.. 3
„ Speke, c. Paley, b. Calcott	.. 4	c Galloway	.. 15
„ Herbert, b. ditto	.. 0	Run out	.. 1
„ Bishop, not out	.. 0	b. Falvey	.. 4
„ Wright, b. Calcott	.. 1	Not out	.. 1
Dr Maxwell, b. Galloway	.. 2	b. Falvey	.. 1
Byes	.. 4	Byes	.. 2
Wide Balls	.. 10	Wide Balls	.. 5
No Balls	.. 0	No Balls	.. 0
	93		88

The 8th and 46th thus proving victorious by 6 runs.

PURDY.

## AQUATIC.

## BOMBAY REGATTA.

This noble and healthy amusement, so peculiarly adapted to our harbour, did not prove so attractive on Wednesday as might have been expected. The intended Regatta appears to have been but little known, and the entries were fewer in number than might have been expected for so valuable a prize as a 50 guinea Cup. Those fine yachts the "Sophy," "Dauntless" and "Fanny," were not amongst the number, and other very likely boats for such a race as Wednesday were wanting. The course sailed over is an excellent one and the best the harbour affords; but it is planned on the supposition that the breeze will blow from the Nor-West, the prevailing quarter of the season. The handicap had been made on the same supposition. It turned out accordingly a very unfortunate one; the morning was hot and cloudy, and the breeze set in late, and then very lightly, from the Southward and remained in the same quarter, and very light throughout the day. At 2 o'clock the boats were at their stations, and at half past 2 a preparatory gun was fired. At 25 m. to 3 the second gun fired, when the two beautiful boats of the "Ajdaha" and our old comfortable acquaintance the "Ione," who had a start of 25 minutes allowed them, got under way. At 10 minutes to 3 the "Ennore" the "Mystery," and the "Grace Darling," started and at 3 o'clock, when a fourth gun fired, the "Margaret," "Foam," and "Daring." The race began and ended with the ebb tide, and the wind being from the Southward, in going down to the inner light vessel all except the Cutters were close-hauled. The "Ione" at starting shewed the way to the "Ajdaha's" boats, and the "Ennore," when her time to move began, gradually drew on all three. She soon left her companions, the "Mystery" and the "Grace Darling," a long way behind, and, after rounding the light vessel, they were completely out of the race. The "Margaret," "Foam," and "Daring," had a beautiful contest to the No. 1 Flag boat, which they all rounded together, a slight foul occurring between the "Foam" and the "Margaret." The "Daring" was outside, but it was very apparent that they would never catch the leading boats, and the race would fall to the "Ione" or the "Ennore," who were now half way to the No. 2 boat. The former gallantly kept her lead. The "Ennore" still creeping up, but so gradually as to render it to the very last a close race between them. In standing up to the No. 2 flag, the "Margaret" drew ahead of the "Foam," and the "Foam" of the "Daring." After passing No. 2 flag, the "Daring" went by the "Foam," and drew slightly on the "Margaret." They were all however a long way astern, when the "Ione" was seen to round the No. 3 boat over at a range, and to put her head homewards. She

was followed, one minute afterwards, by the "Ennore." One tack carried them to the Hastings, which the "Ennore" rounded first, at 6 o'clock, followed by the "Ione" two minutes afterwards. The "Margaret," third, the "Daring" fourth. The wind being to the Southward there was no beating in any part of the race. The Cutters never were close hauled, and even after rounding the No. 3 boat, the "Ione" for some time carried her square sail. No one grudges the cup to the deservedly popular owner of the "Ennore," but yesterday's race may be said to be another of the disappointments in point of weather which our Regattas have met with this season. We hope the Stewards, however, will not be discouraged, but will make up a purse for another race before the season is over, and the sooner the better—and that the Fishing boats may be allowed to contend for it. We quite agree in the propriety of not admitting them to a cup race like that of yesterday, but "a purse" should be open to all boats, and the more that enter the better the sport.

*Bombay Times.*

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## PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE KIRKEE RACES.

*First Day, Tuesday, August 8, 1848.*

*1st Race.*—The Kirkee Derby, a Plate of Rs.—from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M., 2 G. M. forfeit, for all Maidens; once round the course. Weight for age, (Byculla Standard.) To close and name on the 1st July 1848.

*2nd Race.*—A Plate of Rs.—from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 3 G. M., for all Galloways, weight for inches. 14 hands 10 stone,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Gentlemen riders. To close and name the day before the race.

*3rd Race.*—A Pony Plate of Rs.—from the Fund, for all Ponies, 13 hands and under, catch weights,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. To close and name the day before the race.

*Second Day, Friday, August 11.*

*1st Race.*—A Give and Take of Rs.—from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M., for all horses. Weight for inches 10 miles, 14 hands to carry 8st. 7lb. To close and name the day before the race.

*2nd Race.*—The Hussar Cup “on its terms.”

*3rd Race.*—The Kirkee Welter, of Rs.—from the Fund, for all horses, with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, 2 G. M. each forfeit; round the course, 11st 7lb. Gentlemen riders. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The winner of the Derby to carry 4 lbs. extra. To close and name on the 1st July 1848.

*Third Day, Tuesday, August 15.*

*1st Race.*—The Consolation Stakes of Rs.—from the Fund, and entrance of 3 G. M.; for all horses. Weight for value,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Gentlemen riders. Winner to be sold for his declared value.

If valued at Rupees	700 to carry..	10st.	7lbs.
ditto .. ditto..	600 ditto....	10	0
ditto .. ditto..	500 ditto....	9	7
ditto .. ditto..	400 ditto....	9	0
ditto .. ditto..	300 ditto....	8	7
ditto .. ditto..	200 ditto....	8	0

*2nd Race.*—A Plate of Rs.—from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M., 2 G. M. forfeit; for all horses. Maidens allowed 10 lbs. The winner of the Derby to carry 5lbs. extra. Gentlemen riders, 2 miles, 10st. 7lbs. To close and name the 1st July 1848.



*3rd Race.*—The Ladies' Purse of Rs.— from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. 1½ mile race 11st. Gentlemen riders. To close and name the day before the race.

• *Fourth Day, Friday, August 18.*

*1st Race.*—The Forced Handicap, for all winners during the meeting, 5 G. M. for each race won during the meeting. Optional to losers, at an entrance of 5 G. M., 2 miles.

*2nd Race.*—The Beaten Handicap of Rs.— from the Fund, open to the beaten horses of the season, 5 G. M. entrance; heats round the Course.

*Fifth Day, Tuesday, August 22.*

*1st Race.*—A Hurdle Race of Rs.— from the Fund, with an entrance of 3 G. M. for all horses over 6 Hurdles, 3½ feet high, 11st. Gentlemen riders. Once round the Course. To close and name the day before the race.

*2nd Race.*—A Hack race. The winner to be sold for 300 Rs.

N. B.—Matches, &c. to come off on this day.

All horses running during the meeting to be *bonâ fide* the property of Gentlemen.

Horses to be aged by the new Byculla Rules from the 1st Jan.

In case of the weather being wet, the Stewards have the power to put off the races until it becomes fair.

Horses to be aged and measured, at a place which will be hereafter notified, on the 5th August 1848.

No man to be allowed to run a horse, with the exception of the Poney and Hack Plates, unless he has subscribed Rs. 30.

Confederates to pay 30 Rs. each. All winners to pay Rs. 15 towards the Course for each race.

The Colors of the riders to be sent in with the memorandum, or a penalty of Rs. 10 will be enforced from the owners.

Byculla rules to be strictly enforced.

The Secretary is requested to use his own discretion in keeping the Race-Course closed after the first fall of rain; and after it is prepared for the races, it is not to be opened (and then only for an hour in the morning, or evening) until one week before the race.

R. PARKER, *Secretary.*

• *Bombay Times.*

## RAJCOTE RACES, FOR 1848.

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### *First Day, Tuesday, September 26.*

*1st Race.*—The Derby, for all Arabs that have never won before the day of closing. Rupees— from the fund. Four gold mohurs entrance. Half forfeit the day before the race. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have not started previously allowed 3lbs. To close and name on 1st May 1848.

*2d Race.*—Katteewar Plate, Rupees— from the fund, with an entrance of three gold mohurs. 10 stone. To close and name the day before running. Gentlemen riders. One mile heats.

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### *Second Day, Thursday, September 28.*

*1st Race.*—The Welter, Rupees— from the fund. For all Arabs. Four gold mohurs entrance. One and a half miles. 11 stone, 7lbs. To close and name 1st May 1848. Maidens allowed 7lbs.

*2nd Race.*—Whim Plate, Rupees— from the fund. Two gold mohurs entrance. One and a half mile heats.

*3rd Race.*—Tattoo Plate, 12-3 and under, of Rupees— from the fund. One gold mohur entrance. Half a mile heat. Three Tattoos or no race.

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### *Third Day, Saturday, September 30.*

*1st Race.*—The Rajcote Cup, by subscription, for all Arabs. Two miles. Handicap. With an entrance of three gold mohurs. One gold mohur forfeit for horses not standing their handicap.

*2nd Race.*—Give and Take, Rupees— from the fund, with an entrance of two gold mohurs. One and a quarter mile heats. 14 hands to carry 9 stone.

*3rd Race.*—Consolation Stakes, Rupees— from the fund, with an entrance of two gold mohurs.

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### *Fourth Day, Monday, October 2.*

*1st Race.*—A Forced Handicap, for winners, Rupees— from the fund. Three gold mohurs entrance for the winner of Derby, Welter, and Cup. Other winners two gold mohurs.

*2nd Race.*—Beaten Plate. Handicap. One and a half miles. Two gold mohurs entrance, for all beaten horses. Rupees— from the fund.

**HURDLE RACE.**

**M. T., Secretary.**

*Bombay Times.*

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PROSPECTUS OF THE BANGALORE RACES.

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*First Day, Tuesday, October 3, 1848.*

*1st Race.*—The Bangalore Derby, for maiden Arabs two miles, Calcutta weight for age, 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of May, 10 G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st of August, when the race will close, Rs. 1000 from the Fund, and an entrance of 20 G. M. for all horses declared to start.

*2nd Race.*—The Colts' Plate for all Arab horses having a Colt's tooth on the 1st of May, 1¼ miles weight for age, 20 G. M. from the Fund, with an entrance of 10 G. M., H. F. To close and name on the 1st of August.

Two horses to start or no race.

*3rd Race.*—The Great Welter for all Arabs, 1½ miles 11st. 7lb., maidens allowed 10lbs. Gentleman riders, 15 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M., P. P. To close on the 1st of August, and name the day before the race.

*4th Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 G. M. forfeit for all horses—one mile, 9st. maidens allowed 7lbs., English horses 21lbs., Colonial bred horses 5lbs. extra. To close the 1st September and name the day before the race.

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*Second Day, Thursday, October 5.*

*1st Race.*—The 2d Maiden Stakes, for maiden Arabs that have never won Plate, Purse, Match, or Sweepstakes, 1½ miles heats, 8st. 7lb. Rs. 500 from the fund, entrance 20 G. M., H. F. To close on the 1st July, and name the day before the race.

*2nd Race.*—The Galloway Stakes of 15 G. M. from the fund, entrance 10 G. M., P. P. 8st. 4lbs. Winners 5lbs. extra. To close on the 1st of August and name the day before the race.

*3rd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 G. M. forfeit for all horses, 2 miles heats, 8st. 10lbs. each—English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra, Colonial horses 5lbs. extra; winners once, 5lbs.; twice and oftner, 10lbs., extra. Horses that have been beaten in the Sweepstakes 1st day, allowed 3lbs., maidens allowed 5lbs. To close on the 1st of August and name the day before the race.

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*Third Day, Saturday, October 7.*

*1st Race.*—The Omnibus Stakes. For all horses Calcutta weight for age, round the Course and a distance—winners once 5lbs., twice and oftner 10lbs. extra; English horses 21lbs.; Colonial horses 5lbs. extra. The winner of the Derby, to carry 3lbs.; Maidens allowed 5lbs. 5 G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st of May. 10 G. M. between that date, and 1st October, when the race will close—50

G. M. from the Fund, and an entrance of 10 G. M. for horses declared to start, 3 horses to start, or no race.

*2nd Race.*—The Ladies' Purse—10 G. M. from the Fund, for all horses, weight for age, and inches—14 hands and aged to carry 8st. 7, 1½ miles. To close on the 1st September and name the day before the race.

*3rd Race.*—Sweepstakes for Maiden Horses, (English excepted) of 30 G. M., H. F. ¾ mile heats, 9 stone each, Arabs allowed 7lbs. To close on the 1st September, and name the day before the race.

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*Fourth Day, Tuesday, October 10.*

*1st Race.*—The Bangalore Turf Club Purse of 25 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. round the Course and distance, for all horses. To be Handicapped by the Stewards, the day before the race. To close and name the day before the Meeting. Horses not standing the Handicap, to pay 5 G. M.

*2nd Race.*—The Little Welter of 10 G. M. from the fund—For all Arabs, 10st. 7lbs., Maidens allowed 7lbs., entrance 10 G. M. P. 1½ mile and a distance. The winner of any previous Welter, excluded. To close and name the day before the race.

*3d Race.*—A Purse of 20 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. for all horses, 1½ mile heats, Calcutta weight for age. The Winner to be sold with his engagements for 1500 Rupees with the option of being sold for 1200, 1000, or 800 Rupees. If for 1200, allowed 3lbs., if for 1000, allowed 4lbs., if for 800, allowed 6lbs. To close and name, and prices to be declared, at 2 P. M. the day before the race.

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*Fifth Day, Thursday, October 12.*

*1st Race.*—A Forced Handicap for winning horses only, 2 mile, 15 G. M. from the Fund—with a subscription of 2 G. M. for each Race.

*2nd Race.*—A Beaten Handicap of 15 G. M. from the Fund, 1 mile heats, entrance 5 G. M. for all beaten horses of the Meeting.

*3rd Race.*—Pony Race Heats.

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. RULES FOR THE MEETING.

1.—The Bangalore Turf Club Rules to be applicable, all disputes to be settled by the Stewards, their decision is final.

2.—Should there not be sufficient Funds to make good the stake, a per centage will be taken from all winners.

3.—A day will be named for ageing and measuring.

4.—All horses training on the Course, to pay 8 Rupees.

5.—All confederacies to be declared to the Secretary, by the 1st August 1848.

6.—Colonial Horses to carry 5lbs. extra, Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs., Country-breds to run as Arabs.

7.—All horses to be Handicapped by the Stewards.

8.—The word "off" once given by the appointed starter, is decisive.

9.—Horses walking over for Public Money, and only receive half.

10.—In the event of any horses from the same stable running 1st and 2d for any selling Race, the owners of the other horses to have the first claim to become purchasers.

By order of the Stewards,

T. PEYTON, *Secretary to the Bangalore Turf Club.*

STEWARDS.

BRIGADIER ELLIOTT, *K. H.*

S. COX, *Esq. H. B.*

CAPT. SCOTT, *H. M. 51st L. I.*

F. CUNNINGHAM, *Esq.*

T. H. EVANS, *Esq. 4th L. C.*

E. KEENE, *Esq. 15th Hus.*

E. H. COUCHMAN, *Esq. H. B.*

D. S. BURROW, *Esq. 4th Regt. N. I.*

T. PEYTON, *Secretary.*

*Bangalore, April 1, 1848.*

*Madras Spectator.*

JULLUNDUR PROSPECTUS—OCTOBER 1848.

*First Day.*

*1st Race.*—Jullundur Leger of 25 G. M., added to a Sweep stakes of 10 G. M. each. H. F. 1½ mile race. For all Maiden Arabs, 9st. each. To close 1st September.

*2d Race.*—Galloway Purse of 15 G. M. Entrance 5 G. M. H., F., 9st. each. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Heats R. C. To close 15th September.

*3rd Race.*—Little Welter of 15 G. M. Entrance 5 G. M., H. F. Arabs and C. B., 10st. 7lb.; Colonial, 11st. 3lb.; English, 12st. 4lb. R. C. To close 15th September.

*Second Day.*

*1st Race.*—The N. N. I. T. C. Purse on its terms as published.

*2d Race.*—A Purse of 15 G. M., for all horses. Mile heats. Entrance 5 G. M., H. F. Arabs and C. B., 9st.; Colonial 9st 12lb.; English, 10st. 12lb. To close 15th September.

*3rd Race.*—Consolation Purse of 10 G. M. Weight for valuation, 1,000 Rs. to carry 11st., and 4lb. allowed for every 100 Rs. under. R. C. Entrance 3 G. M. Winner to be sold for valuation if claimed, &c.

*Third Day.*

*1st Race.*—Jullunder Great Welter of 25 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. H. F. 2 Mile Race. G. R.—11st. each. English Horses 2lb. extra. To close 1st Sept.

*2d Race.*—Give and Take of 15 G. M.—14 hands to carry 9st. Mile heats. Entrance 5 G. M. each H. F. To close 15th September.

*3rd Race.*—A Purse of 10 G. M., for all Hacks, 11st. each G. R.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Entrance 3 G. M. Winner to be sold for 600 Rupees if claimed, &c.

*Fourth Day.*

*1st Race.*—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all Horses.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats Entrance 8 G. M. each. H. F. Arabs and C. B., 9st.; Colonial, 9st. 7lb.; English, 10st. 7lb. To close 1st September. Winner once at this meeting 5lb. extra, twice and oftener 7lb. extra.

*2d Race.*—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 10 G. M. from the Fund. 2 miles. Horses to be handicapped by the Stewards—2 G. M. forfeit if declared at the ordinary.

*3rd Race.*—The Shorts, a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 10 G. M. from the Fund.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Arabs, 9st. 7lb.; Colonial and C. B. 19lb. extra; English, 2st. extra.

*Fifth Day.*

*1st Race.*—A Forced Handicap for Winners, (Hacks and Consolation excepted) optional to Losers. Entrance 5 G. M., with 10 G. M. from the Fund.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race.

*2d Race.*—Losers' Handicap of 15 G. M. Entrance 5 G. M. mile heats. For Horses that have run for but not won public money during this meeting—2 G. M. forfeit.

*3rd Race.*—A Purse of 100 Rs. for all Ponies. Entrance 2 G. M.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Catch weights.

The N. N. I. T. C. Rules will be observed at this Meeting.

The following rates or subscription will entitle Subscribers to nominations; viz.

For the 1st Race on each of the first four days, 5 G. M.

For the Consolation, Hacks and 5th Day's Races, 2. G. M.

For the other Races .. .. . 50 Rupees.

Nominations with Entrance money to be sent to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the Race.

By order of

M. TURNBULL,	} Stewards.
R. M. PATON,	
O. HAMILTON,	
H. COXE,	
G. P. BARLOW.	

## SONEPORE RACES—1848.

The Secretary particularly requests the attention of owners of Race Horses or Stables to Rule 34, which, if not complied with on or before the 15th September, Nominations and Entrances received by him will not be entertained.

By order of the Stewards,

K. HAWKE, *Secretary.*

## NOMINATIONS OF THE 1ST JUNE.

*First Day, 1st Race.*

Mr Barker's	..	roan	g.	a.	h.	<i>Zohrab.</i>
"	..	roan	g.	a.	h.	<i>Revolution.</i>
"	..		g.	a.	h.	<i>Vice Chamberlain.</i>
"	..		g.	a.	h.	<i>Blood Royal.</i>
"	..		b.	a.	h.	<i>Smolensko.</i>
"	..		bk.	a.	h.	<i>Pluto.</i>
Mr Williams'	..		g.	a.	h.	<i>Cruizer.</i>
"	..		b.	a.	h.	<i>Mark.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's.	..		b.	a.	h.	<i>Shamrock.</i>
"	..		b.	a.	h.	<i>Clear the Way, late Raymond.</i>
"	..		bk.	a.	h.	<i>Blackrock, late Jackdaw.</i>
Mr Walker's	.*		g.	a.	h.	<i>Quicksilver.</i>
"	..		b.	a.	h.	<i>Wee Pet.</i>
"	..		g.	a.	c.	<i>Cossuck.</i>
Mr Grey's	..		b.	a.	h.	<i>Intrepid.</i>
Mr Higgens'	..		b.	a.	h.	<i>Magician.</i>

*2nd Race.*

Mr Barker's	..	b.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>Brunswick.</i>
"	..	c.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>Prestwick.</i>
"	..	c.	n.s.w.	g.	<i>Lunatic.</i>
"	..	bk. or bn.	n.s.w.	m.	<i>Proserpine.</i>
"	..	b. or bn.	cape	h.	<i>Bachelor.</i>
Mr Williams'	..	b.	n.s.w.	g.	<i>Surveyor.</i>
Mr De Vaux's	..	bn.	n.s.w.	f.	<i>Brunette by Emigrant, dam by Bason.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	g.	c.b.	n.	<i>Carlotta by Fieschi out of Polyphema.</i>
"	..	b.	n.s.w.	f.	<i>Woodbine by Emigrant, dam by Whisker. g. d. by Theorem.</i>
Mr Gray's	..		c.	f.	<i>Hebe by Ningpo, d. Hamida, &amp;c. foaled 1845.</i>
Mr Forester names.	..	c.	c.b.	c.	<i>Pretender by Achmet, out of Victoria.</i>

*Third Day, 1st Race.*

Mr Barker's	..	b.	n.s.w.	m.	<i>Bellona.</i>
"	..	b.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>Brunswick.</i>
"	..	c.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>Prestwick.</i>
"	..	c.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>Lunatic.</i>
"	.. b. or bn.	cp.	h.		<i>Bachelor.</i>
"	.. roan	g.	a.	h.	<i>Revolution.</i>
"	..	bk.	a.	h.	<i>Pluto.</i>
Mr Williams'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet.</i>
Mr De Vaux's	..	g.	c.b.	h.	<i>Vanguard.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	g.	c.b.	h.	<i>Ould Ireland, late Young Emblem.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Clear-the-way.</i>
"	..	b.	n.s.w.	f.	<i>F. Woodbine.</i>
Do. names	.. bn.	cp.	h.		<i>Sir Harry.</i>
Mr Walker's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cadwallader.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Quicksilver.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Cossack.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wee Pet.</i>
Mr Grey's	..	c.	e.	g.	<i>Bendigo.</i>

*Fourth Day, 1st Race.*

Mr Barker's	..	b.	n.s.w.	m.	<i>Bellona.</i>
"	..	b.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>Brunswick.</i>
"	..	c.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>Prestwick.</i>
"	..	c.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>Lunatic.</i>
"	.. b. or bn.	cp.	h.		<i>Bachelor.</i>
"	.. roan	g.	a.	h.	<i>Revolution.</i>
"	..	bk.	a.	h.	<i>Pluto.</i>
Mr Williams'	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet.</i>
"	..	b.	n.s.w.	m.	<i>Greenmantle.</i>
Mr De Vaux's	..	bk.	cp.	h.	<i>Voltaire.</i>
"	..	b.	n.s.w.	f.	<i>Brunette.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	g.	c.b.	h.	<i>Ould Ireland.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Clear-the-way.</i>
"	..	b.	n.s.w.	f.	<i>Woodbine.</i>
"	names..	bn.	cp.	h.	<i>Sir Harry.</i>
Mr Walker's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cadwallader.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Quicksilver.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Cossack.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wee Pet.</i>
Mr Grey's	..	c.	e.	g.	<i>Bendigo.</i>

*Chuprah,*  
*June 2nd, 1848.*

K. HAWKE, *Secretary.*



## UMBALLA RACES.

November Meeting 1848.

Amended terms of the entrances for the Cup to be given by Sir W. R. Gilbert.

Horses named on the 1st May,	..	..	3	G.	M.
„ on or before 1st July,	..	..	5	G.	M.
„ on or before 1st Sept.	..	..	10	G.	M.

when the race will close.

Horses declaring to start by 1 p. m. the day before the race to pay an additional 5 G. M.

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*First Day.*

2d Race.—Nominations for Sir W. Gilbert's Cup on 1st of May 1848.

Mr Walter's,	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Punjaub.</i>
„	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wuzzeer.</i>
„	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wuqueel.</i>
Mr Goodridge's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Paragon.</i>
„	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>The Subaltern.</i>
„ Rawlin's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Ibrahim.</i>
„ Williams'	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>The Snatcher.</i>

A Free Handicap of 5 G. M. each for horses that accept on the 1st June with a purse added.

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 One mile and half.

	10st.	0lb.		8st.	2lb.
<i>Etonian,</i>	..	10st.	<i>Gauntlet,</i>	..	8st. 2lb.
<i>Sham Sing,</i>	..	9	<i>Lara,</i>	..	8
<i>Lall Sing,</i>	..	9	<i>Renegade,</i>	..	8 0
<i>Revoke,</i>	..	9	<i>Ellenbro,</i>	..	8 0
<i>Holdfast,</i>	..	9	<i>Bugaboo,</i>	..	8 0
<i>Fusilier,</i>	..	9	<i>The Prince,</i>	..	8 0
<i>Protegé,</i>	..	9	<i>Ganymede,</i>	..	8 0
<i>Tancred,</i>	..	9	<i>Sunbeam,</i>	..	8 0
<i>Hector,</i>	..	8	<i>Foigh-o-Ballah,</i>	..	7 12
<i>Plenipo,</i>	..	8	<i>Corsair,</i>	..	7 12
<i>Jackey,</i>	..	8	<i>Mazeppa,</i>	..	7 12
<i>Black Hawk,</i>	..	8	<i>Hussar,</i>	..	7 12
<i>Dominic,</i>	..	8	<i>Protestant,</i>	..	7 10
<i>Barraban,</i>	..	8	<i>Glencoe,</i>	..	7 10
<i>Kangaroo,</i>	..	8	<i>Nonsuch,</i>	..	7 8
<i>Longwaist,</i>	..	8	<i>Cardinal,</i>	..	7 7

<i>Hotspur,</i>	..	8	7	<i>Bundler,</i>	..	7	7
<i>Holocaust,</i>	..	8	5	<i>Pam,</i>	..	7	0
<i>Zephyr,</i>	..	8	5	<i>Abd-el-Kader,</i>	..	7	0
<i>Rubini,</i>	..	8	5	<i>Josey,</i>	..	6	10
<i>Ironsides,</i>	..	8	5	<i>Murat,</i>	..	a	Feather.
<i>Revenge,</i>	..	8	4	<i>Cucumber,</i>	..	..	..
<i>Hakull,</i>	..	8	4	<i>Barrister,</i>	..	..	..
<i>Temptation,</i>	..	8	2	<i>Qr. Master,</i>	..	..	..
<i>Don Antonio,</i>	..	8	2	<i>Glendower,</i>	..	..	..
<i>Aboukir,</i>	..	8	2	<i>Step and fetch it,</i>	..	..	..

Horses whose owners do not accept by the 1st of June will be scratched.

An additional 5 G. M. to be paid for horses declared to start to the Secretary by 1 p. m. the day before the meeting.

If four horses from different stables start 15 G. M. will be added, and if six or more, 35 G. M.

The second horse to receive one quarter of the stakes.

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#### Present acceptances for the Umballa Free Handicap.

<i>Etonian,</i>	..	10st.	0lb.
<i>Revoke,</i>	..	9st.	0lb.
<i>Fusilier,</i>	..	9st.	0lb.
<i>Protegé,</i>	..	9st.	0lb.
<i>Tancred,</i>	..	9st.	0lb.
<i>Moulton,</i> late <i>Black Hawk,</i>		9st.	10lbs.
<i>Dominic,</i>	..	9st.	10lbs.
<i>Renegade,</i>	..	9st.	0lb.
<i>Pam,</i>	..	7st.	0lb.
<i>Abd-el-Kader,</i>	..	7st.	0lb.

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#### Second Day.

A Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each H. F. for all horses, English excepted, carrying 9st. maidens allowed 5lbs. 1½ mile.

To close on the 1st September, and name by 6 p. m. the evening before the race.

MEMO.—The terms of the Sobraon Cup are the same as those for the Ferozshuhur at the last November Meeting.

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#### Third Day.

2d Race.—Nominations for the Claret Stake on 1st of May 1848.

Mr Goodridge's,	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Fusilier,</i>	
..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Paragon,</i>	maiden.
.. Lewis's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Revoke,</i>	
..	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Renegade,</i>	maiden.

Mr Rawlin's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Tancred.</i>	
,, William's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>The Snatcher,</i>	maiden.
,,	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Creepers,</i>	maiden.

E. C., *Secretary.*

NOTICE.—Gentlemen entering horses or taking nominations for any Cup or Stakes at the next Umballa November Meeting, will not, if ordered on service, be liable for amount of their entrance or Stakes, provided they make known to the Secretary their wish to withdraw from their engagements on receipt of the order for their march.

E. C., *Secretary.*

*Delhi Gazette.*

MHOW RACES.

*First Day, Saturday, December 9, 1848.*

*1st Race.*—Mhow Derby, for all maiden Arabs, weight for age horses that have never started allowed 5lbs. Rs. 300 from the fund. Entrance 10 Gold Mohurs, distance round the Course, to close on 1st November and name on 1st December 1848, half forfeit if declared on or before the 1st December 1848.

*2nd Race.*—A Purse of Rs. 200 from the fund. Entrance 5 G. M. for all horses, weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs. heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

*3rd Race.*—A Purse of 80 Rs. from the fund for all ponies, 13 hands and under, weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs. Entrance 16 rupees; heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile.

*Second Day, Monday, December 11.,*

*1st Race.*—A Purse of Rs. 300 from the fund, and 160 Rupees each subscription (half forfeit if declared on or before the day before the race) for all maiden horses, Arabs and C. B. 8st. 7lbs. each; Cape and New South Wales horses to carry 7lbs. extra; English 8st. 7lbs. distance two miles, winner of maiden purse 1st day to carry 7lbs. extra, to close 1st November, and name the day before the race.

*2nd Race.*—Charger Stakes Rs. 80 from the fund. Entrance 2 G. M. for all *bonâ fide* chargers that have been regularly ridden on parade from the 1st October 1848, 10st. 7lbs. each; heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile G. R.

*3rd Race.*—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse of 200 Rs. Entrance 5 G. M. for all horses, Arabs and C. B. 10st. 7lbs.; Cape and New South Wales horses 11st.; English 12st., distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

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*Third Day, Wednesday, Dec. 13.*

*1st Race.*—Holkar's Cup value Hali Rs. 1,000. Entrance 100 Rs. P. P., for all horses, Calcutta weight for age, heat round the course, English horse to carry 2st. extra; Cape, New South Wales, Country or stud bred 12lbs. extra; winners once before the day of running 5lbs. extra, twice 8lbs., thrice or more 12lbs. extra, to close on the 1st October 1848. Sealed Nomination to be sent to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the Meeting, to be opened by the Stewards, three horses from separate stables to start or the Cup withheld, horses to be aged as on the Calcutta Course.

*Terms.*—Disputes as to terms of race for the Holkar's Cup to be decided by a reference to the President, disputes as to running and all others by the Stewards.

*2nd Race.*—Handicap Purse of Rs. 100 from the fund, for all horses, 1 mile. 16 rupees entrance, if named on or before the 1st October; 25 rupees if on or before 1st November, and 50 rupees on or before the 1st Dec., when the handicap will close. 1 G. M. extra to be paid by all horses declared to start, the weight to be made known at the ordinary, the day before the race, the winner to be sold for 800 Rs. if claimed within half an hour after the last Jockey has weighed.

*3rd Race.*—Hack Purse of Rs. 80 from the fund. Entrance 20 rupees, for all horses 10st. 5lbs. each, heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile. G. R., winner to be sold for 400 Rs. if claimed within half an hour after the last Jockey has weighed.

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*Fourth Day, Friday, Dec. 15.*

*1st Race.*—Indore Purse of 300 Rs. for all Arabs carrying 9st., round the Course, and a distance. Entrance 50 rupees, maidens of the season allowed 7lbs., to close 1st November 1848, and name the day before meeting, two horses to start from separate stables, or the Purse withheld..

*2nd Race.*—The Consolation Stakes of Rs. 150 from the fund. 2 G. M. entrance, for all horses, weight as per value, heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, if to be sold for Rs. 400 to carry 9st.

ditto     "     500     "     9st.     7lbs.

ditto     "     600     "     10st.

ditto     "     700     "     10st.     7lbs.

ditto     "     800     "     11st.

*3rd Race.*—A Purse of 300 Rs. for all Arabs, added to a Sweepstakes of 50 rupees each, 8st. 7lbs., mile heats, two horses to be entered or no race, to close and name the day before the race.

*Fifth Day, Monday, Dec. 18.*

*1st Race.*—A Forced Handicap for all winners, Rs. 300 from the fund,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile race, a winner once during the meeting 4 G. M. entrance, and an extra G. M. for each race won during the meeting, optional to losers and to winners of the hacks, chargers, handicap and Consolation Stakes.

*2nd Race.*—Beaten Plate of Rs. 200 from the fund, and 50 rupees entrance for the beaten horses of the meeting, heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, to be handicapped by the Stewards.

*3rd Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., half forfeit for all Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. each,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, to close on 1st November and name the day before the race.

## RULES.

*1st.*—The rules for the Calcutta Course to be in force with the following addition and alteration, viz. :

*2nd.*—The decisions of the Stewards to be final.

*3rd.*—Horses to be measured and aged by the Stewards on the 7th Dec. 1848.

*4th.*—A horse walking over for any one race during the meeting, except Holkar's Cup and the Indore Purse, to be entitled to half the public money, no horse walking over for more than one race to receive any public money.

*5th.*—Sealed nominations and entrance money to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock the day before the race (unless otherwise provided for) and to be opened at the ordinary.

*6th.*—An ordinary to be held on the 1st Dec. for the purpose of opening the nominations for such races as close on that date.

*7th.*—Winners to pay 8 rupees and losers 4 rupees for Race Course expenses.

*8th.*—No person to be allowed to run for public money unless a Subscriber to the race fund, to the amount of 5 G. M. The Handicap, Consolation, Hack, Pony and Charger Stakes excepted, for which a subscription of 2 G. M. to the fund will be deemed sufficient.

*9th.*—Horses measuring in shoes to be allowed  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch.

*10th.*—All confederacies to be declared in writing to the Secretary, and published at the ordinary on or before the day preceding the races.

*11th.*—In the event of a deficiency in the public money, an equal per centage to be deducted from all horses, and in event of the funds exceeding the amount now calculated on, an equal per centage to be added to all Purses excepting the Hack, Poney, and Charger Stakes, or should excess of funds to the amount of rupees 500 be collected, Purses for a sixth day's racing to be drawn, but as may appear best to the Stewards in accordance with the amount of funds available and with a view to promoting sport, in the latter case the present 5th day's to become the 6th day.

*12th.*—The Mhow Course is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile and 84 yards.

J. M. MACKENZIE, *Secy. Mhow Turf.*

## TITALYA RACES, 1848.

NOMINATIONS OF 1ST JUNE.

*First Day, 1st Race.*

Mr Return's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Janitor.</i>
„	b.	a.	h.	<i>The General.</i>

H. HOLM, *Secretary.**Dinapore, June 15, 1848.*

## MOZUFFERPORE RACES.

The Mozufferpore Races are put off until Saturday the 30th of December next, the five days racing will now take place on the following dates; viz. 30th December, and 2d, 4th, 6th, and 9th of January.

By order of the Stewards,

B. FORTESCUE, *Secretary.**Tirhoot, April, 30 1848.*

## JAULNAH RACES.

*First Day, Tuesday, 2d January, 1849.*

*1st Race.*—1st Maiden—for all horses maidens of the season, one and a half miles, 9 stone, 200 rupees from the fund, with 60 rupees entrance. H. F. To close and name one month (2d December 1848) before the meeting. 3 horses, *bond fide*, from different stables to be entered, or public money withheld.

*2nd Race.*—Little Welter—one and quarter mile heats. 10st. 7lb. One hundred Rupees from the fund, with 30 Rupees entrance. To close and name the day before the meeting. Gentlemen Riders.

*3rd Race.*—Ladies' Purse—one and half miles. Weights for age and inches. 120 Rupees from the fund, with 35 rupees entrance. To close and name the day before the meeting.

*4th Race.*—Cheroot Stakes 'on its terms,' by Stewards.

*Second Day, Thursday, January 4.*

*1st Race.*—The Derby—for all horses that have never started before the day of the Race, two miles. Weight for age. To close and name one month (2nd December 1848) before the meeting. 3 horses, *bond fide*, from different stables, to be entered, or no race. 150 Rupees from fund, with 45 Rupees entrance, H. F.

*2nd Race.*—Great Welter—one and a quarter miles, 11 stone. 150 Rupees from fund, with 45 Rupees entrance. H. F. Winner of 1st Maiden and Little Welter 4lb. extra. To close the day before the meeting, and name the day before the race. Gentlemen Riders.

*3rd Race.*—Galloway Plate—one and a half miles. Weight for inches, 14 hands carrying 10 stone. One hundred Rupees from fund, with 30 Rupees entrance. To close and name the day before the race.

*4th Race.*—Hack Stakes, 'on its terms,' by Stewards.

*Third Day, Saturday, January 4.*

*1st Race.*—Winning Handicap—for which all winners, Hack and Cheroot Stakes excepted, must enter: one and half miles. 150 Rupees from fund, with 30 Rupees entrance for every race won. To be handicapped by Stewards, optional to losers.

*2nd Race.*—Beaten Plate—for all losing horses of the meeting; round the Course. 75 Rupees from fund, with an entrance of 30 Rupees each. To be handicapped by Stewards—optional.

*3rd Race.*—Poney Plate—three quarter mile heats. Catch Weights. 50 Rupees from fund, with 15 Rupees entrance. To close and name the day before the race.

*4th Race.*—Hurdle Race, on its terms, by Stewards.

A Sweepstake of 4 G. M. each—H. F. For all Horses, 2 inches gst. To close on 1st November.—At present 4 subscribers.

RULES.

1.—Byculla Rules without deviation, unless otherwise specified in prospectus.

2.—Public money to be increased or decreased as the Fund may admit or.

3.—No person subscribing less than 50 Rupees to run for any except Hack, Cheroot, and Poney Plates.

4.—Winners of 500 Rupees or upwards from other stations excluded.

5.—Training horses to pay 4 Rupees, winners 9, and losers 3, for repairs of Course.

*Bombay Times.*

## MEERUT RACES.

*First Day, January 9, 1849.*

*1st Race.*—The Meerut St. Leger, a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each for all Maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lb. each,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile; to close and name 15th October, 10 G. M. ft. if declared 15th November, 15 G. M. ft. 15th Dec., and B. F. the day before the Race.

*2nd Race.*—The Merchants' Cup on its terms.

*3rd Race.*—The Give and Take of 10 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes 5 G. M. each, 14 hands to carry 9st. Maidens allowed 5lb. 1 mile.

*4th Race.*—The Colonial Purse of 15 G. M. added to a Sweepstake of 10 G. M. each, H. F. for all C. B. and Colonial horses, weight for age. N. N. I. T. Club standard. Maidens allowed 7lb. mares and geldings 3lb. R. C. and a distance; to close and name 1st Nov.

*Second Day, January 11.*

*1st Race.*—The Meerut Plate of 20 G. M. for Maiden Arabs, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 5 ft., weight for age, N. N. I. T. Club standard, 2 miles to close and name 1st Nov.

*2nd Race.*—The *Mofussilite* Cup given by the Editor of the *Mofussilite* for all horses, added to Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. G. R. 1 mile heats. English horses 12st., Colonials 11st., Arabs and C. B. 10st 7lb., Maidens allowed 5lb. To close and name 1st October. Three horses the property of different owners (not confederates) to start or the Cup to be withheld.

*3rd Race.*—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all galloways 8st. 7lb. each. Maidens allowed 5lb. Entrance 5 G. M.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats.

*Third Day, January 13.*

*1st Race.*—The Civilians' Cup given by the Civilians N. W. P., value 100 G. M. for all Maiden Arabs, weight for age:—

2 years old,	..	..	..	a feather
3	..	..	..	7st. 4lbs.
4	..	..	..	8st. 4lbs.
5	..	..	..	8st. 13lbs.
6	..	..	..	9st. 3lbs.
aged.	..	..	..	9st. 5lbs.

Round the Course and a distance. Horses named on or before 1st May 3 G. M. entrance, on 1st August 5 G. M., on 1st Nov. 10



G., when the Race closes. All horses declaring to start by 1 P. M. the day before the Race to pay 5 G. M. extra.

## NOMINATIONS OF 1ST MAY 1848.

Mr Walter's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wukkeel,</i>	..	6 yrs.
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wuzzeer,</i>	..	"
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Punjab,</i>	..	"
Mr Brown's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Recruit,</i>	..	"
Mr Peel's	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Antelope,</i>	..	4 yrs.
"	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Borak,</i>	..	"
"	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Emeute,</i>	..	"
Mr Goodridge's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Paragon,</i>	..	6 yrs.
Mr Cardinal's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Grand Master,</i>	..	5 yrs.
"	..	b.	a.	c.	<i>Vathek,</i>	..	4 yrs.
"	..	b.	a.	c.	<i>Hafiz,</i>	..	"

*2nd Race.*—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse — G. M. with 10 G. M. added from the Fund for all horses, 1 mile. G. R. English 12st. 7lb., C. B. and Colonials 11st. 7lb., Arabs 11st. Maidens allowed 7lb. Entrance 5 G. M. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

*3rd Race.*—The Great North West Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. from the Fund for all horses, R. C. Arabs and C. B. 9st., Colonials, 9st. 7lb., English 11st., horses that have started once after the day of closing and not won allowed 3lb., if twice 5lb., if oftener 7lb., one allowance. Maidens allowed 5lb. extra, 5 G. M. for horses named on 1st June, 10 G. M. on 1st Sept., and 15 G. M. on 1st Nov., when the Race will close; horses that start to pay 10 G. M. extra, and to declare by noon the day before the Race.

*4th Race.*—A Purse of 100 Rs. for all hacks, 11st. each. G. R.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M.; the winner to be sold for 500 Rs.

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*Fourth Day, January 16.*

The Gilbert Cup by subscription in honor of the Father of the Indian Turf for all Arabs 11st. G. R. R. C. Maidens allowed 7lb. Entrance 5 G. M. and 10 G. M. for each horse declared to start at 1 P. M. the day before the Race, to close and name 1st Sept. 1848.

*2nd Race.*—The Meerut Great Welter of 20 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F., G. R. R. C. for all horses, Arabs and C. B. 11st., Colonials 11st. 7lbs., English 12st. 7lb. Maidens allowed 7lb. to close and name 1st November.

*3rd Race.*—A Handicap of 15 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. for all Arabs,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile; to name by 1 P. M. the day before the Race, weights to be declared at the ordinary and ft. by 8 P. M. the night before the Race.

*4th Race.*—A Purse of 100 Rs. for all Officers' chargers within the division; heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. G. R. 11st. Entrance 2 G. M. To close and name the day before the Race.

*Fifth Day, January 18.*

*1st Race.*—The N. N. I. T. Club Purse of 40 G. M. for all horses, weight for age. Maidens allowed 5lb.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. To close and name 1st Oct. 1848.

*2nd Race.*—A Purse of 15 G. M. for all Arabs,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile; 9st. each added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. To close and name 1st November.

*3rd Race.*—A Handicap of 10 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. for all horses. R. C. and a distance; nominations to be sent to the Secretary by noon the day before the Race, weights to be declared at the ordinary and ft. by 8 p. m. the night before the Race.

*4th Race.*—The Corinthian Stakes of 10 G. M. added to a Sweepstake of 5 G. M. each for all horses, weight for age, N. N. I. T. Club standard. G. R.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats; to close and name the day before the Meeting.

*Sixth Day, January 20.*

The Winners' Handicap of 10 G. M. each, H. F.  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile, weights to be declared at the ordinary and ft. by 8 p. m. the night before the Race. All winners must enter, but those of previous handicaps, Hacks and Charger Stakes of this meeting, to which it is optional, as also to losers.

*2nd Race.*—The Losers' Handicap of 10 G. M. for all losing horses of the meeting. Entrance 5 G. M. 2 G. M. ft. 1 mile heats, weights to be declared at the ordinary and ft. by 8 p. m. the night before the Race.

*3rd Race.*—The Sky Stakes of 1000 Rs. for all untrained horses. Entrance 20 Rs. G. R.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. 11st. each. To close and name by 8 p. m. at the ordinary the night before the Race.

## RULE.

Those of the N. N. I. T.

Each Race to come off in the order advertised, and all matches afterwards.

Horses to be handicapped by the Stewards or whom they may appoint.

All owners of the horses to pay 5 G. M. to the fund, except those entering for Hacks, Chargers and Sky Stakes, and those Races 2 G. M.

All horses trained on the Course to pay 8 Rs. for repairs. A week's galloping to subject a horse to this charge.

Winners to pay 8 Rs. and losers 4 Rs. for Course repairs, for each Race or match.

CAPT. FITZGERALD, H. A.	} Stewards.
CAPT. DRYSDALE, 9th Lancers.	
CAPT. ST. GEORGE, P. P. M.	

ALFRED WRENCH, Secretary.

## LUCKNOW RACES.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE FIRST LUCKNOW MEETING TO COME OFF THE  
1ST WEEK IN DECEMBER 1848.

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### *First Day, Saturday, December 2.*

*1st Race.*—Sweepstakes for all Maidens,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 8st. 7lbs. each, 5 G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st July, 10 G. M. for horses between that date and 1st Nov. 1848, when the race will finally close, and an entrance of 15 G. M. each for horses declared to start. Entrance to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

*2d Race.*—A Purse of 25 G. M. given by Nawab Moomtazood Dowlah for all horses, Calcutta weight for age,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P. To close on the 1st November, and name the day before the race.

*3d Race.*—Hack Purse of 50 Rs. from the fund. 16 Rs. Entrance,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. 11st. 7lb. each. G. R. Winner to be sold for Rs. 300.

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### *Second Day, Tuesday, December 5.*

*1st Race.*—Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each. H. F for all Maidens, Calcutta weight for age,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, winners once to carry 5lb extra ; to close the 1st November, and name the day before the race.

*2d Race.*—The Minister's Purse of 50 G. M. for all horses, heats round the Course, 9 stones each ; Maidens allowed 10lb. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P. To close on the 1st Nov. and name the day before the race.

*3d Race.*—Pony Stakes of 32 Rs. from the fund, 10 Rs. Entrance, half mile heats, catch weights.

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### *Third Day, Thursday, December 7.*

*1st Race.*—Syud Ahmud's Purse of 25 G M. for all Arabs purchased from him from the 1st January, 1848, 8st 7lb each,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. To close on the 1st December, and name the day before the race.

*2d Race.*—The King's Purse on its terms (if given), viz. a Purse of one hundred Gold Mohurs for all horses, Calcutta weight for age, R. C. heats. Entrance 15 G. M., P. P. Maidens allowed 7lb., horses that have not won allowed 12lb. To close on the 1st November and name the day before the race.

*3d Race.*—Galloway Purse of 8 G. M. from the fund. Entrance 3 G. M., R. C. and distance, 8st. 7lbs. To close on the 1st November and name the day before the race.

*Fourth Day, Saturday, December 9.*

*1st Race.*—Winners' Handicap, for which all Winners (Hacks and Ponies excepted) must enter, optional to losers. 10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

*2d Race.*—Losers' Handicap 10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 5 G. M., H. F.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

*3d Race.*—Consolation Purse of 10 G. M. from Fund. Entrance 5 G. M., P. P. 1 mile heats.

Horses valued at 1,200	Rs. to carry	9st.	12lbs.
1,000	„	„	9st. 5lbs.
800	„	„	9st. 0lbs.
600	„	„	8st. 7lbs.
400	„	„	8st. 0lbs.

Calcutta Rules as adopted last year ; viz.

*1st.*—The Calcutta Rules to be generally applicable to these races.

*2d.*—Every owner of horses and every member of a Confederacy must subscribe 50 Rs. to the races, except the owners of horses who only start for Hacks, Galloway or Pony Stakes.

*3d.*—Sealed nominations when not otherwise provided for to be sent to the Secretary by 1 o'clock P. M. the day before each race. No nominations to be received unless accompanied by the entrance money.

*4th.*—In case of deficiency in the funds, a proportionate deduction will be made from the sum fixed for each race, and in the event of there being an excess, the amount to be expended in races in the second meeting.

*5th.*—In the event of any subscriber leaving the station on duty, or sick leave before the races take place, his subscription will not be demanded, or if paid it will be returned to him.

*6th.*—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards and their decision as regards the disposal of the public money to be final.

*7th.*—Maidens on the 1st September 1848, to be considered maidens for the season.

*8th.*—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

*9th.*—Two horses *bona fide* from different stables to start for each public purse. In the event of only one horse coming to the post, the owner will receive the forfeits and half the public money.

*10th.*—Winner's horses to pay six, Loser's two rupees for Race Course repairs.

*11th.*—In case of unfavorable weather, the Stewards have the power to postpone the races until such time as they think proper.

*12th.*—Settling day the last day of the races.

(Sd.) Wm. KNIVETT, Capt. }  
 „ GEO. C. HANKIN, Lieut. } *Stewards.*  
 „ G. J. SHAKESPEARE, Secretary.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE 2D LUCKNOW MEETING FOR 1848-49.

*First Day, Saturday, January 13, 1848.*

*1st Race.*—Lucknow Derby for Maiden Arabs, 20 G. M. from the fund, 8st. 7lb. each, round the Course and a distance. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. Winners before the day of the race to carry 7lb. extra. To close on the 1st December 1848 and name the day before the race.

*2d Race.*—Nawab Mahomed Alee Khan's Purse of 25 G. M. for all horses, (English excepted,) one and a half mile heats, 8st. 7lb. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P. To close 1st Dec. and name the day before the race.

*3d Race.*—A Purse of 80 Rs. for all Hacks  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. G. R. 11 stone each. Entrance 20 Rs. Winner to be sold if claimed for Rs. 300.

*Second Day, Tuesday, January 16.*

*1st Race.*—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all Maidens. Calcutta weight for age, R. C. and a distance. Winners once before the race to carry 7lb extra, twice or oftener 10lb extra. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. To close on the 1st December and name the day before the race.

*2d Race.*—Nawab Ameénood Dowlah's Purse of 25 G. M. for all horses, Calcutta weight for age,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P. Maidens allowed 7lb., Maidens that have not won allowed 10lb. To close on the 1st December and name the day before the race.

*3d Race.*—The Lucknow *Great Welter* of 10 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. for all horses, G R.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Arab and C B. 11st., Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 7lb., English 12st. 7lb. Horses that have not won purse, plate, match or sweepstakes on or before the day of closing allowed 5lb., on the day of running 10lb. To close on the 1st December and name the day before the race.

*Third Day, Thursday, January 18.*

*1st Race.*—Winner's Handicap for which all winners, (Hacks and Ponies excepted), optional to losers. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

*2d Race.*—Losers' Handicap 10 G. M from the fund. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

*3d Race.*—Hurdle Race of 8 G. M., 5 G. M. entrance, P. P. over 6 hurdles R. C., G. R. 11st. each.

*4th Race.*—Cheroot Stakes of 3 G. M. from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance for all horses, one mile, catch weights. The winner to bring his cheroot lighted to the weighing stand. The winner to be sold for Rs. 350 if claimed.

Rules as adopted in the first meeting.

(Signed) Wm KNIVETT, *Capt.* }  
 " G. C. HANKIN, *Lieut.* } *Stewards.*  
 " G. J. SHAKESPEAR, *Secretary.*



Major Blood's	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Mintmaster.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Baron.</i>
"	..	..	..	flea	b.	c.	<i>Harkaway.</i>
Mr Pharoah's	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Mohawk.</i>
Mr Shafter's	..	..	..	c.	a.	h.	<i>Druid.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Manfred.</i>

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NOMINATIONS FOR THE DEALER'S PLATE FOR 1849.

Hajec Abdool Whaeb's	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Ether,</i>
"	..	..	..	b.	a.	c.	<i>Glenmore.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Harkaway.</i>
"	..	..	..	c.	a.	c.	<i>Damascus.</i>
"	..	..	..	roan	a.	c.	<i>Milo.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Echo.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Hurricane.</i>
"	..	..	..	c.	a.	h.	<i>O'Connell.</i>
"	..	..	..	w.	a.	c.	<i>Slyboot.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Exile.</i>
"	..	..	..	n.g.	a.	c.	<i>Mameluke.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Bundoolah.</i>
Mr South's	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Dervish.</i>
Capt. Harrison's, 10th Hussars..	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Avalanche.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Moses.</i>
Messrs Stephen and Rennie's	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Luck is all.</i>
"	..	..	..	c.	a.	c.	<i>Lottery.</i>
Sultan Gubance's	..	..	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Camel.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Fieschi.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Shamrock.</i>
Essa Bin Kader's	..	..	..	c.	a.	n.	<i>Bedouin.</i>
R. C. Holmes, Esq, 10th Hussars	..	..	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Burgundy.</i>
"	..	..	..	w.	a.	h.	<i>Sherry.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Port.</i>
The Count's	..	..	..	bk	a.	h.	<i>Black Eagle.</i>
Jassim Bin Kader's	..	..	..	b.	a.	c.	<i>Talisman.</i>
Mr D'Arde's	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Blueskin.</i>
Mr Spurious'	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Liberty.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Fraternity.</i>
Captain Chamberlain's	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Barrister.</i>
Mr E Elliott's	..	..	..	w.	a.	c.	<i>Viscount.</i>
Mr Cartwright's	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Plenipotentiary.</i>
Mahomed Bauker's	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Ruby</i>
"	..	..	..	e.	a.	c.	<i>Buck.</i>
"	..	..	..	c.	a.	c.	<i>Now and Then,</i>
Mr Henderson's	..	..	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Van Tromp.</i>
Howrojee Nasserwanjee's..	..	..	..	c.	a.	c.	<i>Golden Night.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Gaslight.</i>
"	..	..	..	g.	a.	c.	<i>Emerald.</i>

Howrojee Nasserwanjee's..	iron g.	a.	c.	<i>Brandy.</i>	
" "	iron g.	a.	c.	<i>Moonlight.</i>	
" "	iron g.	a.	c.	<i>Sir John.</i>	
" "	iron g.	a.	h.	<i>Dusty Bob.</i>	
Major Blood's	.. flea	b.	c.	<i>Harkaway.</i>	
" "	iron g.	a.	c.	<i>Rector.</i>	
Mr Gee's	..	b. •	a.	c.	<i>Sunbeam.</i>
" "	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Royalist.</i>

*Bombay Telegraph.*

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### MADRAS RACE MEETING.

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We understand that Mr Hooper, C. S., Lieut. Colonel Watkins, Major Anstruther, C. B., Major Reid, C. B., Captain Berkeley, Mr Williams, and Mr Wosnam, have been elected a Committee to arrange preliminaries for a Race Meeting in January next, and to draw up a plan of Sport for submission to a General Meeting; with which the nomination of Stewards, and the adoption of final measure, will rest. The choice of this Committee is judicious, and we are glad to hear that they anticipate a measure of support, which gives promise to the friends of the Turf of a satisfactory meeting.

*Madras Spectator.*

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# SUPPLEMENT TO SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## CALCUTTA RACES,—1848-49.

### FIRST MEETING.

*First Day, Saturday, December 30, 1848.*

**1st Race.**—The Calcutta Derby Stakes for Maiden Arabs. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lbs. Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of July, 1848. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st October, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the fund and an entrance of twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

If there are 20 nominations the second horse to save his stake, if 30 nominations, the second horse to receive 50 G. M.

#### NOMINATIONS JULY 1ST.

Mr Hope's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Avenger.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>May-Flower.</i>
Mr Grey's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Intrepid.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Shamrock.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Clear-the-way late Raymond.</i>
Mr Charles'	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Don Juan.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Repudiator.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Isaac.</i>
Mr Williams'	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Cruizer.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Mark.</i>
Mr Brown's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wahaby.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Brian O' Linn.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Jack Oriel.</i>
Shaik Ibrahim's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Talisman.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Barefoot.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Mohulhil.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Bundoollah.</i>
Mr Noble's	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Bonanza.</i>
Abdool Rayman's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Sfooghe.</i>
"	..	w.	a.	h.	<i>Griffin.</i>
Mr Barker's	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Revolution.</i>
"	..	bk.	a.	h.	<i>Pluto.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Vice Chamberlain.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Blood Royal.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	<i>Zohrab.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	<i>Smolensko.</i>

**4th Race.**—The Colonial Stakes for maiden Cape, Australian and Country-bred horses. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started in India before the days of naming allowed 5lbs.

Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of July 1848. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st of

October, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the fund and an entrance of twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

NOMINATIONS JULY 1ST.

Mr Barker's	.. c. n.s.w. h.	<i>Prestwick.</i>
"	.. b. n.s.w. h.	<i>Brunswick.</i>
"	.. c. n.s.w. g.	<i>Lunatic.</i>
"	.. bk. n.s.w. m.	<i>Proserpine.</i>
"	.. br. cp. h.	<i>Bachelor.</i>
Mr Grey's	.. ch. cb. f.	<i>Hebe, by Ningpo, d. Hamida, 3 yrs.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	.. b. n.s.w. f.	<i>Woodbine, by Emigrant, d. by Whisker, g. d. by Theorem.</i>
"	.. b. n.s.w. f.	<i>Sweetbriar, by Emigrant, d. by Steeltrap, g. d. by Baron.</i>
Mr Williams'	.. b. n.s.w. g.	<i>Surveyor.</i>
Mr Brown's	.. b. n.s.w. h.	<i>Peter Simple.</i>

*Second Day, Tuesday, January 2, 1849.*

*4th Race.*—The Omnibus Stakes for maiden horses. R. C. and a distance. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry weight as follows:—

3 years.....	8st. 0lb.
4 „ .....	9st. 0lb.
5 „ .....	9st. 5lbs.
6 „ .....	9st. 7lbs.

Horses that have been beaten in the Derby or Colonial allowed 5lbs. 10 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of July 1848. 20 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of October, when the race will close. 50 G. M. from the Fund, and an entrance of 20 G. M. for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race. If there are 15 nominations the second horse to save his stake; if 25 nominations, the second horse to receive 100 G. M. from the Stakes.

NOMINATIONS JULY 1ST.

Mr Barker's	.. c. n.s.w. h.	<i>Prestwick.</i>
"	.. b. n.s.w. h.	<i>Brunswick.</i>
"	.. c. n.s.w. g.	<i>Lunatic.</i>
"	.. bk. n.s.w. m.	<i>Proserpine.</i>
"	.. br. cp. h.	<i>Bachelor.</i>
Mr Grey's	.. ch. cb. f.	<i>Hebe, by Ningpo, d. Hamida, 3 yrs.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	.. b. n.s.w. f.	<i>Woodbine, by Emigrant, d. by Steeltrap, g. d. by Baron.</i>
Mr Charles'	.. b. eng. h.	<i>Bannockburn, by Lanercost, out of Fortunatus' dam.</i>
"	.. b. a. h.	<i>Repudiator.</i>
Mr Williams'	.. g. a. h.	<i>Cruizer.</i>
"	.. b. a. h.	<i>Mark.</i>
"	.. b. n.s.w. g.	<i>Surveyor.</i>
"	.. b. eng. c.	<i>The Precocious Youth.</i>
Mr Brown's	.. b. a. a.	<i>Wahaby.</i>

JAMES HUME, *Secretary.*

**RACING CALENDAR**

**FOR**

**1847-48.**

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# RACING CALENDAR.

## MAITLAND (SYDNEY) RACES, 1847.

### FIRST DAY, Tuesday, August 14.

1ST RACE.—Maitland Town Plate of 50 sovs., with a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each added for all horses, carrying weight for age; heats, two miles.

Mr Downes'	b. h.	<i>Plover</i> ,	4 yrs.	Healy	1 1
Mr Single's	b. h.	<i>Cotherstone</i>	4 yrs.	..	2 di.
Mr Healy's	b. g.	<i>Jorrocks</i> ,	aged.	..	di.
Mr West's	bl. c.	<i>Snake</i> ,	2 yrs.	..	dr.

The two first named horses alone came to the post. *Plover* the favorite at considerable odds; his competitor having met with an accident in the frog of his off fore foot some time previously, and shewing signs of lameness. *Cotherstone* let at a good bat, followed quietly by Healey, who having the race in his own hands, permitted his opponent to increase his distance for the first mile. *Plover* then gradually crept up, and at the distance-post the horses were neck and neck, *Plover* eventually winning easily by a length.

2d Heat was walked over for by *Plover*, the old wound in *Cotherstone's* foot having, from the hardness of the ground, broken out afresh, and incapacitated him from further running.

Time,—4m 1s.

2ND RACE.—The Maiden Plate of 30 sovs., with a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each added, for all horses that have never won a given or advertised prize at any general Race Meeting in the colony; carrying weight for age; heats, one and a half mile.

Mr H. Reeves's	b. h.	<i>Forrester</i> ,	.. 5 yrs.	Mackenzie	1 1
Mr Loder's	ch. g.	<i>Harkaway</i> ,	.. 5 yrs.	..	3 2
Dr. West's	b. m.	<i>Flirt</i> ,	.. aged.	..	2 4
Mr Waterford's	b. g.	<i>Sir Walter</i> ,	.. aged.	..	4 3
Mr Walthall's	b. g.	<i>Gustavus</i> ,	.. 4 yrs.	..	5 5
Mr W. Clift's	b. g.	<i>India-rubber</i> ,	.. aged.	..	dis.
Mr Mason's	b. g.	<i>Flycatcher</i> ,	.. ..	..	dis. *

*India-rubber* and *Harkaway* the favorites, the former a little in advance. The well-known qualities of *Forrester*, however, were not lost sight of by some of the knowing ones.

1st Heat.—*India-rubber* led the van half-way round the course, with *Forrester* and *Flirt* close up. *Forrester* then exchanged places with the elastic nag, who hung

on his quarters, coquetting with *Flirt* until they reached the hollow, when he gave place to *Harkaway*. The latter, however, was unable to jilt the gallant *Forrester* out of his good fortune, who came in two lengths a-head of the mare, after an excellent race.

Time,—2m. 55s.

*2d Heat*.—*India-rubber* again led, pressed hard by *Harkaway* and *Forrester*, to whom he soon resigned his pretensions. An interesting struggle home ensued between these two, *Forrester*, admirably jockeyed by Mackenzie, again proving the victor by half a length.

Time,—2m 54s.

Mr Reeves's success was hailed with much enthusiasm by the spectators.

**3RD RACE.**—The Ladies' Purse of 25 sovs., with a Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each added, for all two-year-old colts and fillies; carrying two-year-old weights; heats, one mile.

Mr G. Dight's	g. c.	<i>Boston</i> ,	..	Taafe	5	1	1
Dr. West's	bl. c.	<i>Snake</i> ,	..	..	1	2	2
Mr Ingall's	b. c.	<i>Eleazer</i> ,	..	..	2	3	3
Mr Loder's	bl. f.	<i>Fairy</i> ,	..	..	3	4	4
Mr John Smith's	b. f.	<i>Matilda</i> ,	..	..	4	5	dr.

In this event *Snake* was the favourite at 2 to 1 against the field. The capabilities of the rest of the lot remained, however, to be tested, and the result is illustrative of the policy of taking long odds against the field. *Snake*, a fine-looking animal, was evidently in tip-top condition, and his success was looked upon as almost beyond a doubt.

*1st Heat*.—The bay filly went away with the lead at a rattling pace, waited upon by *Eleazer*, and followed by the favourite; the grey all behind. The pace from the white house was very severe, and the struggle then became one of intense interest. On emerging from the hollow, *Matilda* gradually fell behind—*Snake* gliding beautifully past the bay, and by dint of much exertion on the part of his youthful rider (West) came in first by a length.

Time,—1m. 54s.

*2d Heat*.—Betting, 6 to 1 on *Snake*. *Matilda* again led the lot, but was speedily headed by the grey, who took up the running in gallant style, was never headed, and after a splendid race, succeeded in winning the heat by half a length *Eleazer* a good third.

Time, 1m 54s.

*3d Heat*.—Notwithstanding his previous defeat, the odds in favour of the black colt remained unaltered.—6 to 1, and in one instance, 10 to 1, was offered, and freely taken—which is the more to be wondered at as *Snake* had evidently done his best to win the preceding heat, and which he fairly lost by the hard running and superior bottom of the grey.—*Boston* again made play from the first, *Eleazer* second, with *Snake* close on her quarter. Half way round, the latter crept past the mare, and challenged *Boston*, who with alacrity responded to the call. A magnificent race now ensued; whip and spur freely applied by both riders; but here again the strength of the grey carried him invincible to the goal, winning by about half a length, to the surprise and chagrin of the "gentlemen who had given the odds."

Time,—1m. 35s.

The winner is a remarkably powerful animal, exhibiting immense bone and muscle, and possessing many excellent points which give promise of future celebrity. He was purchased immediately on the conclusion of the second heat by Mr T. E. Jones of Sydney, in whose hands, no doubt, something will be made of him.

The racing in the above three heats was superior to anything we have ever seen in the colony either at Homebush or elsewhere. The jockey-ship of West and Taafe was beyond all praise.

4TH RACE.—Pony Race for 5 sovs., for all horses not exceeding 13 hands high, carrying catch weights; heats, one mile; entrance 10s.; four entrances, or no race.

Mr James Smith's		<i>Jorrocks,</i>	..	..	1	1
Mr John Smith's	g.	<i>Shoalaway,</i>	..	..	2	3
Mr Collin's	f.	<i>Maid of the Oaks,</i>	..	..	3	2
Mr H. Bailey's	g.	<i>Young Harry,</i>	..	..	4	b
Mr Nicholson's	g	<i>Mickey Free,</i>	..	..	b	b

The starting of the "little uns" and their nags was a matter of some difficulty, the "obstreperousness" of the animals being on a par with the headstrong flightiness of their riders.

Both heats were taken easily by *Jorrocks*, the others being scattered in all directions.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday, August 25.

1ST RACE.—Hurdle Race, for 25 sovs., with a Sweepstakes of 2 sovs each added, for all horses, carrying Homebush Welter weights; three miles, over nine stiff leaps, 3 feet 6 inches high.

Mr James Smith's	r. h.	<i>Septimus,</i>	..	3 yrs.	..	1
Mr Healy's	g. g	<i>Zaccho,</i>	..	3 yrs.	..	2
Mr Gorrick's	ch. g.	<i>Sam Slick,</i>	..	6 yrs.	..	3
Dr Hadley's	br. g.	<i>No Surrender,</i>	..	aged	..	4

*Sam Slick* was taken in several instances at even against the field. The four got off well together, the roan leading followed by *No Surrender*, and the grey, with *Sam Slick* all behind. In this order the first hurdles were cleared, when the Doctors's horse shot ahead of his competitors, but on coming to the second leap baulked, and gave place to *Septimus* and *Zaccho* who took the third set of hurdles together. The roan now put on his steam and on passing the stand was fully two lengths in advance of *Zaccho*. *Surrender* brought up the rear, and the fourth and fifth leaps were taken without any change of places. The betting strongly in favor of *Septimus* who apparently hard held throughout had taken his leaps in splendid style, and who was now let out at a tremendous pace, closely attended by the grey, ridden with much judgment by *Howard*. The sixth set of rails was neatly topped by all except *No Surrender* who threw his rider, and surrendered at discretion. In the third round no change of position took place, *Zaccho* vainly attempting to get alongside of the roan who maintained his place with apparent ease and came in a gallant winner by a couple of lengths; *Sam Slick* a good third, and *No Surrender* succeeding in saving his distance.

In the opinion of several leading turfites present, this was the best hurdle race ever witnessed in the colony. The winning horse was jockeyed admirably, but had the rider of *No Surrender* forced his horse at his leaps with more confidence he would unquestionably have put the mettle of the victor to a severer test.

Time,—7m. 36s.

2D RACE.—The Galloway Stakes, of 20 sovs., with a Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each added, for all horses not exceeding 14½ hands high; carrying for 13½ hands and under 7st.; over 13½ hands, and not exceeding 14 hands, 8st.; over 11 hands, and not exceeding 14½ hands, 9st.; heats, one and a half mile.

Mr Loder's	ch. m	<i>Lady Morgan,</i>	..	6 yrs.	Johnson	1	1
Mr Brown's	b. g.	<i>Minimus,</i>	..	aged.	..	2	2
Mr Halstead's	g. g.	<i>Romeo,</i>	..	4 yrs.	..	3	4
Mr Hart's	ch. m.	<i>Corinthian Kate,</i>	..	aged.	..	4	3
Mr Pitt's	b. h.	<i>Tommy,</i>	..	aged.	..	5	dr

The betting rather in favour of *Catherine*, on whom the Cohenites were extremely "nutty," but whose want of condition was too apparent to warrant much confidence being placed in her present running. The word being given, *Minimus* jumped away first, but was immediately given the go-by by *Kate*, and shortly afterwards by *Tommy*. The "little un" clapped on more steam however, and rushing past the leading nags, shewed them the way for about half a mile, waited upon by *Lady Morgan*, hard held, and evidently up to her work. At the White House her ladyship went to the front, and a splendid struggle home ensued, the chesnut mare beating *Minimus* by a length, *Romeo* a bad third, and the Cohenites' pet anywhere but where her supporters wished to see her.

Time,—2m. 54s.

*2d Heat*.—Betting 2 to 1 on the mare.—After one false start the lot got away, *Romeo* playing the gallant to the gentle *Kate*, who was in her turn closely waited on by *Tommy*, with whom she shortly afterwards exchanged places. *Lady Morgan* taking it easily amongst the ruck until passing the chair the first time, when she rapidly shot a-head, and despite the efforts of *Minimus*, won cleverly by nearly two lengths. An excellent race between *Minimus* and *Kate* for second place, the former having the advantage by only half a length.

Time,—2m. 56s.

**3RD RACE.**—Hack Race for 10 sovs., for all hacks that have never started for an advertised prize except Hack Stakes, at any general Race Meeting; carrying 9st.; heats, one mile; post entrance £1; four entrances, or no race.

Mr Yeoman's	<i>Bedford</i> ,	..	..	Meharty	8	1	1
Mr Eckford's	<i>Major</i> ,	..	..	..	1	2	2
Mr Callaghan's	<i>Combo</i> ,	..	..	..	3	4	3
Mr Prentice's	<i>Win-if-he-can</i> ,	..	..	..	9	8	4
Mr Hook's	<i>Barefoot</i> ,	..	..	..	6	7	5
Mr Healy's	<i>Swindler</i> ,	..	..	..	2	3	6
Mr Mason's	<i>Soldier</i> ,	..	..	..	7	6	dis.
Mr Farquharson's	<i>Chance</i> ,	..	..	..	4	5	dr.
Mr Baldwin's	<i>Beppo</i> ,	..	..	..	5	9	dr.

*1st Heat*.—Betting, 6 to 4 on the field. *Bedford* and *Major* equally in demand, and *Chance* by no means short of friends. A capital race resulted in the *Major's* victory by a length.

Time,—1m. 55s.

*2d Heat*.—*Swindler* backed to win the race against the field, in several quarters, *Chance's* chance no chance at all. Another well-contested heat terminated in favour of Yeoman's horse beating the *Major* cleverly by half a length.

Time,—1m. 56s.

*3rd Heat*.—2 to 1 on *Bedford*, who jumped off with the lead, but was speedily collared by *Major* and *Combo*, who, however, could do nothing with him, and he came in a winner by nearly two lengths.

Time,—1m. 57s.

The above race excited considerable interest, and afforded much excellent sport, but in consequence of the number of horses engaged, and for reasons elsewhere given, we are unable to enter more into the particulars of the running.

### THIRD DAY, Thursday, August 26.

**1ST RACE.**—The Maitland Purse of 40 sovs., with a Sweepstakes of 4 sovs. each added, for all horses, carrying weight for age; the winner of the Maitland Town Plate to carry 7lbs. extra; heats, two miles.



Mr Chambers'	b. m.	<i>Cassandra</i> ,	..	5 years.	Dargin	1	1
Mr Healey's	b. g.	<i>Jorrocks</i> ,	..	aged.	..	2	2
Mr Arkin's	ch. g.	<i>Johnny Heki</i> ,	..	aged.	..	3	3

3 to 1 on the Old Horse was the highest bet made in the entrance-room on the previous evening, but as much as 5 to 1 was to be had prior to the start. *Cassandra*, as she took her canter, seemed unexceptionable in point of condition, notwithstanding the rumour of her indisposition, while *Jorrocks*, though still game, was far from being up to the mark.

The old horse started with the lead for the first few strides, when *Cassandra* usurped his place as they passed the Stand. The veteran, however, regained his position and increased his distance by nearly two lengths, which order they maintained for nearly a mile, the mare evidently hard held by *Dargin*. On approaching the white house *Cassandra* made play, collared *Jorrocks* in the hollow, from whence to the winning-post a magnificent race resulted in the mare winning cleverly by a bare neck; *Heki* saving his distance.

Time,—1st mile, 2m. 1s. ; 2nd mile, 1m. 51s. ; total, 3m. 52s.

*2nd Heat*.—Betting, 5 to 3 on *Jorrocks*, and taken freely. An excellent start was effected, the New Zealander in advance for about twenty yards, when the mare, closely pressed by *Jorrocks*, left him in the rear. *Jorrocks* now made an effective rush, taking the lead of *Cassandra* by several lengths. At the hollow the mare was let out, and despite the efforts of *Jorrocks* gained rapidly upon him. As they passed the Stand Healy was flogging, and the horse visibly distressed. At the old spot *Cassandra* again made play, drew up alongside, and after a brief but severe struggle, beat the game old favorite by nearly two lengths.

Time,—1st mile, 1m. 54s. ; 2nd mile, 1m. 56s. ; total, 3m. 50s.

To those who had formed their opinion of the result of this race from the condition of the horses, it was evident that the mare had a decided advantage over *Jorrocks* throughout. We were only surprised at the obstinacy with which his backers supported him in the second event. Large sums must have changed hands on this occasion.

2ND RACE.—The Hunter River Leger Stakes of 2½ sovs each, with 25 sovs. added from the funds, for all three-year-old horses, carrying Homebush Leger weights; heats, one and a half mile.

Mr Gorrick's	ns. ch. c.	<i>Donizetti</i> ,	Murphy	2	1	1
Mr W. Cliff's	b. f.	<i>Sally Sly</i> ,	..	1	2	dis.
Mr Yeoman's	b. c.	<i>Bedford</i> ,	..	3	4	2
Mr G. Dight's	ch. g.	<i>Fashion</i> ,	..	4	dr.	
Mr Halfpenny's	b. c.	<i>Young Gratis</i> ,	..	5	5	4
Mr James Smith's	r. c.	<i>Septimus</i> ,	..	6	3	3

*1st Heat*.—*Septimus* the favourite at even against the field. *Sally Sly* took up the running, and won with apparent ease by two lengths—*Donizetti*, second.

Time,—2m. 53s.

*2d Heat*.—Betting still in favour of *Septimus*.—An excellent struggle between *Sally* and *Donizetti*, the latter winning by a neck, *Septimus* a bad third.

Time,—2m. 57s.

*3rd Heat*.—8 to 2 against *Bedford*, 2 to 1 on *Donizetti*, 3 to 1 against *Sally Sly*. After one false start *Septimus* went away, the mare and *Gratis* close in his wake, with *Don* on their trail. At the distance post *Sally* tripped and fell, giving her rider a heavy burster. The lot kept well together past the Stand, *Donizetti* leading by half a neck. At half way *Bedford* crept up to the front, and although pushed to the uttermost, was unsuccessful in giving the go-by to the chestnut, who was proclaimed the victor by a neck.

Time,—2m. 56s.

3RD RACE.—The Beaten Purse of 20 sovs. with a Sweepstakes of 1 sov. each added, for all beaten horses at the present meeting; to be handicapped by the Stewards, or whom they may appoint; two miles.

Mr Waterford's	b. g.	<i>Sir Walter,</i>	6 yrs.	8st	..	1
Mr Brown's	br. g.	<i>Minimus,</i>	aged.	7st.	..	2
Mr W. Clift's	b. g.	<i>India-rubber,</i>	aged.	8st.	9lbs.	..
Mr Hart's	m.	<i>Corinthian Kate,</i>	aged.	7st.		
Dr Hadley's	br. g.	<i>No Surrender,</i>	aged.	8st.	9lbs.	.. 5
Mr Ingall's	b. c.	<i>Eleazer,</i>	2 yrs.	7st.	7lbs.	.. 6
Mr Arkin's	ch. g.	<i>Johnny Heeki,</i>	aged.	10st.	9lbs.	.. d
Dr West's	bl. c.	<i>Snake,</i>	2 yrs.	8st.	7lbs.	.. d

This was the most closely contested race of the meeting, but as the sun had gone to bed before the horses had got away, we were unable to distinguish the colors of the jockeys sufficiently well to describe the running with accuracy. *Minimus* led the lot for the first few strides, when *No Surrender* passed him; the latter in turn gallantly yielding precedence to *Kate* who took up the running and maintained her place past the Stand with *Eleazer* on her quarter, and the rest scarcely a length in the rear. As they neared the half-way house *Sir Walter* singled himself out and creeping up in company with *Minimus*, the two ran neck and neck together from the distance post, the former being declared the winner by a nose.

Time,—3m. 55s.

## PENRITH (SYDNEY) RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Wednesday, September 15, 1817.*

1ST RACE.—The Penrith Town Plate of Fifty Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of Five Sovereigns each added. Heats twice round. Entrance, Five Sovereigns. Three entrances or no race; for horses of all ages. Weight for age.

Mr Tait's	bl. h.	<i>Whalebone,</i>	3 yrs.	8st.	Cutts	..	1	1
Mr Downes'	b. h.	<i>Plover,</i>	4 yrs.	9st.	Healey	..	2	2
Mr Wilshire's	ch. h.	<i>Donnizetti,</i>	3 yrs.	8st.	Murphy	..	dis.	

The condition of both the Speculation colt and his less fortunate rival was all that could be desired, and reflects great credit upon the respective trainers. *Whalebone* stood highest in the betting, though an unusual degree of inactivity prevailed in the circles. Some money however ultimately changed hands at 3 to 2, the favorite against the field. *Plover* jumped off with the lead, followed up the hill by the black colt, the chesnut several lengths astern. In this order they came down the hill, Cutts scarcely able to hold his horse in, and Murphy finding corresponding difficulty in keeping the Cantar colt to his running. No change took place in their positions till they got to the Saw Pit the second time, when the Bathurst nag collared the leading horse and after a few strides passed him; from this point to the winning post a most exciting and admirable race ensued which terminated in favor of *Whalebone* by little more than a neck. The superior jockeyship of the two riders elicited general admiration. Time—4 min. 5 sec. *Donnizetti* distanced.

2nd Heat.—The first circuit of the Course was taken in the same manner as in the previous heat with an increase of pace throughout; from the hollow at the bottom of the hill where *Whalebone* challenged, they made a neck and neck race home, which terminated as quoted above. Half way up the distance *Whalebone* made an over-reach which nearly brought him down, the lad, however, though suffering severely from indisposition, succeeded in saving his horse.

2D RACE—The Maiden Plate of Thirty Sovereigns, for all horses that have never won above a Five and Twenty Pound prize. Heats, once round and a distance. Entrance, Three Sovereigns. Three entrances or no race. Weight for age.

Mr Rowley's	b. m.	<i>Kate</i> ,	aged.	9st.	9lbs.	Higgerson	0	1	1
Mr Gorrick's	ch. g.	<i>Nimrod</i> ,	4 yrs.	8st.	11lbs.	Murphy	1	2	3
Mr Tait's	r. h.	<i>Emperor</i> ,	3 yrs.	7st.	11lbs.	Ford	0	0	2
Mr Perry's		<i>Dr. Syntax</i> ,	6 yrs.	9st.	9lbs.	Dun	2	3	0
Mr Sullivan's	g. g.	<i>Gohanna</i> ,	4 yrs.	8st.	11lbs.	Ryan	3	0	dr.
Mr Rose's	b. g.	<i>Toby</i> ,	aged.	9st.	9lbs.	Rose	0	0	0

*Gohanna*, *Emperor*, and the *Doctor* rushed up the hill, when *Nimrod* went in front, *Syntax* in close attendance, *Gohanna* laying alongside, the others quietly keeping in tow to save their distance. *Nimrod* was' never headed, and won the heat in 2 min. 12 sec. by a length.

In the second heat, Higgerson brought out the game little mare, and went in an easy winner.

The last event brought out the roan colt, and from the top of the hill to the Judge's chair he made an excellent race with the mare; whip and spur went merrily to work up the straight running, and after a desperate struggle for priority, the laurels were awarded to the mare. Young Ford, the rider of the second horse, bids fair to become a *crack* upon the local turf.

3D RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of Twenty-five Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of Three Sovereigns each added. Heats, one mile and a half. Entrance, Two Sovereigns and a half. Three entrances or no race. Weight for age.

Mr Merritt's	ch. g.	<i>Foig-a-ballagh</i> ,	aged	9st.	9lbs.	Higgerson	1	1
Mr Wilshire's	g. m.	<i>Eva</i> ,	5 yrs.	9st.	5lbs.	Butler	2	3
Mr Barry names	b. g.	<i>Tally-ho</i> ,	5 yrs.	9st	5lbs.	..	3	2

*Foig-a-ballagh* took the lead and kept it, *Tally-ho* not racing for the heat. *Eva* and the bay had it all to themselves till within half a mile of home, when *Foig-a-ballagh*, who had hitherto reserved his fire, closed upon his horses, passed them at the distance, and again took the heat. Time, 2 min. 54 sec.

#### SECOND DAY, Thursday, September 16..

A Hack Race of Fifteen Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of Two Sovereigns each added. Heats, once round and a distance. Entrance, One Sovereign and a half. Three entrances or no race. Carrying 10 stone. The winner to be sold by public auction for Twenty Pounds; any deficiency to be made up; any surplus, added to the funds.

Mr Gorrick's	ch. g.	<i>Sam Slick</i> ,	6 yrs.	Murphy	1	1
Mr Perry's	g. g.	<i>Doctor Syntax</i> ,	6 yrs.	Dunn	2	2
Mr Downs names	rn. g.	<i>Zaccho</i> ,	3 yrs.	Howard	3	0
Mr Robert's	ch. g.	<i>Jim along Josey</i> ,	aged.	Scott	4	0
Mr Cutts'	b. g.	<i>Sir Walter</i> ,	aged.	Mehearty	5	2
Mr Harris'	b. g.	<i>Be-aisy</i> ,	5 yrs.	Bryant	6	0

*Sam*, who appeared in excellent feather took both heats easily, and was immediately submitted to public competition under the hammer of Mr Purcell. Gorrick bought him in at £35.

THIRD DAY, *Friday, September 17.*

1ST RACE.—The Publicans' Purse of Fifty Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of Five Sovereigns each added. One heat, three times round. Entrance, Five Sovereigns. Three entrances, or no race: for horses of all ages. Weight for age.

Mr Downes'	b. h.	<i>Plover,</i>	4 yrs.	Higgerson	.. 1
Mr Barry names	b. g.	<i>Tally-ho,</i>	5 yrs.	Dunn	.. 2
Mr Tait's	blk. h.	<i>Whalebone,</i>	3 yrs.	Dargin	.. dis.

The cove with the yellow grinders got upon his horse *drunk*, and at the third hill pulled him off the course, as *he says*, "to make the public imagine that he had bolted."

2D RACE.—The Two-year-old Stakes of Twenty Sovereigns. Heats, once round. Entrance, Two Sovereigns. Three entrances, or no race.

Mr Badkin's	ch. g.	<i>Middleton,</i>	2 yrs.	..	Walked over.
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3D RACE.—The Tally-ho Stakes of Twenty-five Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of Three Sovereigns each added. Heats, twice round. Entrance, Two Sovereigns and a half. Three entrances, or no race; carrying Homebush Welter weights.

Mr Downes'	b. h.	<i>Plover,</i>	4 yrs.	Healey	.. 1 1
Mr Barry names	b. g.	<i>Tally-ho,</i>		Barry	.. 2 2
Mr Wiltshire's	ch. h.	<i>Donizetti,</i>	3 yrs.	..	dr.

4TH RACE.—The Consolation Stakes of Ten Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of Two Sovereigns each added. Twice round; for all beaten horses at this meeting; to be handicapped by the Stewards, or any person they may appoint.

Mr Healy's	rn. g.	<i>Zaccho,</i>	3 yrs.	7st.	Snooks	.. 1
Mr Tail's	ch.	<i>Emperor,</i>	3 yrs.	7st.	Snobs	.. 2
Mr Wiltshire's	g. m.	<i>Eva,</i>	5 yrs.	9st. 5lbs.	Balls	.. 3

At starting, *Zaccho* took the lead, waited on by *Emperor*, *Eva* close in the wake. On passing the Stand the first round, *Eva* took *Emperor's* place, and maintained it to the top of the hill, where the weight told against her; *Emperor* here began to press *Zaccho*, but having allowed him so much advantage, he was unable to regain what he had unevenly lost, and *Zaccho* won by two lengths.

## HYDERABAD RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, February 8, 1848.*

1ST RACE.—Craven Stakes of 150 Rs. each, p. p. with 25 Rs. from the Fund, for Maiden Arabs that have never started for Plate, Purse, Match, or Sweepstakes 8st. 7lbs. heats two miles. To close on the 1st of January 1848 and name the day before the race.

Taalubud Dowlah's	..	<i>Moobarick,</i>	..	Ram Buksh	1 2 2
Mr St George's	..	<i>Alcyone,</i>	..	Fyzoo	2 1 1

1st Heat.—*Moobarick* took the lead from the first, was never pressed, and won hard held in 4m. 28s., or as some said 4m. 22s.

2d Heat.—*Alcyone's* Jockey fancying his horse had not sufficient life in him, gave him two or three tremendous cuts with the whip before starting. He seemed

to understand his Nag's temper, as he rated along with *Moobarick* to the top of the hill, raced neck and neck with him the whole way round, and won by a length.

Time,—4m. 23s.

*3d Heat.*—*Alcyone's* Jockey again applied the whip with effect, took a decided lead at first, was only once collared in front of the Stand, when frantic shouts of "Lugao Fyzoo" were heard, and a couple of crashing flankers from the whip sent *Alcyone* to the front, and he won by several lengths.

Time,—4m. 23s.

**2D RACE.**—Great Welter of 150 Rs., p. p., with 200 Rs. from the Fund, for all horses. Arabs, 11st. Winner of any Welter, 7lbs. extra. Gentlemen Riders. One mile and a half and a distance. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr Fane's	b. a. h.	<i>Arvon</i> ,	..	Capt. Gill	1
Mr St. George's	g. a. h.	<i>Lloyds</i> ,	..	Mr Parker	2
Mr McLcod's	c. a. h.	<i>Priam</i> ,	..	Owner	3

This race was the most interesting of the morning, and although *Priam* was amiss, his sporting owner was still open to back him even against the field; the result of the race is soon told. *Arvon* rushed to the front taking a lead of many lengths, and the rider of *Lloyds* was heard exclaiming "how the — runs, we shall never catch him." *Arvon* ran in, hard held, in the splendid time (at such a weight as 11st. 7lbs.) of 3m. 25s. and could have done it easily in many seconds less.

**3D RACE.**—Galloway Club of 100 Rupees each, p. p., with 200 Rs. from the Fund; 8st. 10lbs. Maidens allowed 4lbs. Heats one mile. To close on the 1st January 1848 and name the day before the race.

Jemadar Ahmed Buksh Khan's	m. a. h.	<i>Doris</i> ,	..	Owner	1 1
Capt. Wagstaff's	c. a. m.	<i>Rouge</i> ,	..	Sahab Khan	2 0

The Admiral had not the politeness to wait for little *Rouge*, but ungallantly changed her color and put her completely to the blush.

Time,—2m. 5s.

**4TH RACE.**—A Plate of 500 Rs., with 200 Rs. entrance. Heats, two miles, 8st. 13lbs. To close and name the day before the race.

Capt. Wagstaff's	c. a. h.	<i>Desert Born</i> ,	..	Ram Buksh	1 1
Mr St. George's	g. a. h.	<i>Adrian</i> ,	..	Fyzoo	2 2

Both heats of the best purse of the morning were won easily, in very bad time, by that gallant old horse *Desert Born*.

#### SECOND DAY, Thursday, February 10.

**1ST RACE.**—Trial Stakes of 125 Rs. each, p. p., with 300 Rs. from the Fund, for maiden Arabs 9st. Heats one mile and a half. To close and name as the Craven.

Capt. Wagstaff's	g. a. h.	<i>Wildflyer</i> late <i>Grey Goose</i> ,	Ram Buksh	1 1
Mr St. George's	g. a. h.	<i>Speaker</i> ,	Fyzoo	2 2

*Grey Goose* changed his name to some purpose and ran a good race; both heats in 3m. 20s.

**2D RACE.**—Ladies' Purse walked over for by Mr St. George's c. a. h. *Red Robin*.

**3D RACE.**—The Champagne Stakes of 100 Rs. each, p. p., for horses named on or before the 1st January 1818, and 200 Rs. each for horses named from that date until 12 o'clock, 1st February 1848, when the race will close, with 400 Rs. from the Fund. Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. Maidens on the day allowed 3lbs. St. Leger Course. The winner to give two dozen of Champagne to the Race Ordinaries.

Mr Fane's	g. a. h.	<i>Infidel</i> ,	..	Tippoo	1
Capt. Wagstaff names	b. a. h.	<i>Union Rose</i>	..	Ram Buksh	2
Mr St. George's	g. a. h.	<i>Lloyds</i> ,	..	Fyzoo	3

Talub-ood-Dowlah's, b. a. h. *Moobarick* paid forfeit. *Infidel* holding hard, remained 50 yards in rear to the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, where he went up, challenged *Union Rose* who was leading, rated along to the distance where the race was safe, and won hard held by half a length. *Lloyds* no where.

Time,—3m. 41s.

THIRD DAY, Saturday, February 12.

**1ST RACE.**—The Shorts of 100 Rs. each, p. p., with 150 Rs. from the Fund for all horses. 9st. 7lbs. Plate horses, 5lbs. extra. Heats three quarters of a mile. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr Fane's	g. a. h.	<i>Glendaruel</i> ,	Tippoo	1 1
Jemadar Ahmed Buksh Khan's	g. a. h.	<i>Adrian</i> ,	Fyzoo	2 2
Capt. Wagstaff names	b. a. h.	<i>Union Rose</i> ,	Ram Buksh	3 3

*Glendaruel* won as he liked both heats.

Time,—1m. 34s. and 1m. 38s.

**2D RACE.**—Plate of 500 Rs., with 200 Rs. entrance. One and a half mile. Weight 10st. 4lbs. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr Fane's	b. a. h.	<i>Avon</i> ,	..	Licut. Dunbar	1
Capt. Wagstaff's	c. a. h.	<i>Desert Born</i> ,	..	Capt. Gill	2

This was one of the best races of the meeting. The gallant old horse, *Desert Born*, splendidly ridden, brought *Avon* to the spur within the distance and only lost the race on the post by a head.

Time,—3m. 3s.

**3D RACE.**—The Little Welter of 100 Rs., with 200 Rs. from the Fund, for all horses. Arabs, 10st. Winner of the Great Welter 7lbs., second of Great Welter 3lbs., One mile and three quarters.

Capt. Wagstaff's	g. a. h.	<i>Wildflyer</i> ,	..	Captain Gill	1
Mr St. George's	g. a. h.	<i>Alcyone</i> ,	..	Fyzoo	2

The good jockeyship of *Wildflyer's* rider alone gained him this race, if we may judge by the odds given against him at the Stand.

FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, February 15.

**1ST RACE.**—The Moul Ali Stakes of 200 Rupees each, H. F., with 300 Rupees from the Fund, for all horses. Arabs, 8st. 4lbs. Three miles.

Mr Fane's	<i>Infidel</i> ,	..	8st. 4lbs.	..	1
Talub-ood-Dowlah's	<i>Nujeeb</i> ,	..	8st. 4lbs.	..	2
Mr St. George's	<i>Red Robin</i> ,	..	8st. 4lbs.	..	

*Infidel* had the race easy. *Nujeeb* ran with a sand crack which was spouting out blood when he pulled up. *Red Robin* was sick.

Time,—6m. 27s.

2ND RACE.—The Tally-Ho Stakes of 75 Rupees each, p. p., with 150 Rupees from the Fund, for all horses. Arabs, 10st. Winner to be sold for 700 Rupees if claimed in the usual manner. Heats one mile.

Mr Fane's	<i>Glendaruel</i> ,	..	The Cornet	1 1
Mr St George's	<i>Adrian</i> ,	..	Capt. Gill	2 2

*Glendaruel*, after a few freaks at starting, won both heats easily.

Time,—2m. 4s.; 2m. 6s.

3RD RACE.—The Bolarum Plate of 500 Rupees, with entrance 100 Rupees. One mile and a quarter. Weight 10st. 7lbs.

Mr Fane's	<i>Avon</i> ,	..	..	Mr McLeod	1 1
Mr. St. George's	<i>Alyone</i> ,	..	..	Capt. Gill	2 2

*Avon* won the first heat hard held: 2d heat *Avon* was headed at the last corner and his jockey there broke his stirrup leather. In spite of the determined and scientific riding of *Alyone's* jockey, *Avon* ran in a winner by a good length.

The betters of odds have to thank *Avon's* jockey for the cool way he brought his stirrup in, with his toe high in the air; indeed the excitement when he passed the Stand was frantic to a degree, as *Avon* was a known difficult horse to ride, and the loss of the stirrup would have made him short weight.

#### FIFTH DAY, Thursday, February 17.

1ST RACE.—Union Plate of 200 Rupees each, with 400 Rupees from the Fund, for all horses. Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. Maidens on the day allowed 5lbs. Heats St. Leger Course. To close.

Mr St. George's	<i>Alyone</i> ,
Talub-ood-Dowlah's	<i>Wildflyer</i> ,
Mr Fane's	<i>Infidel</i> ,

*Infidel* won both heats as he liked in 3m. 50s. and 3m. 55s.

2ND RACE.—Forced Handicap of 100 Rupees each, 25 ft. with 150 Rupees from the Fund, for all horses that started for either Welter, or in the Tally-Ho Stakes. Lowest weight 9st. 10lbs. Weight to be declared at noon on Tuesday, the 5th February 1848, and acceptances, P. P. at 7 o'clock the evening before the race. Round the Course and a distance.

Mr St. George's	<i>Lloyds</i> ,	..	10st. 0lb.	The Cornet	1
Mr Fane's	<i>Avon</i> ,	..	11st. 7lbs.	Mr McLeod	2

Three forfeits.

This race occasioned a good deal of betting, and the givers of odds seemed to forget the difference of weight. *Avon* ran right honestly till the straight run is, when the weight told, and the Cornet brought in his horse an easy winner in 3m. 26s.

3RD RACE.—Omnibus Stakes of entrances according to price, with 200 Rupees from the Fund, for all horses. The winner to be sold if claimed in the usual manner.

Value.		Entrance.		Weight.	
Rs.		Rs.		9st.	7lbs.
	550		50	9st.	7lbs.
„	600	„	60	9st.	12lbs.
„	700	„	80	10st.	2lbs.
„	900	„	100	10st.	7lbs.
„	1,100	„	125	11st.	0lb.

Heats one mile and a quarter.

Mr McLeod's *Priam*, 9st. 7lbs. Mr McLeod .. 1 1

Mr St. George's *Doria*, 9st. 7lbs. Jmr. Ahmed Buksh Khan 2 2

Old *Priam*, the finest formed horse on the Course, although dead lame, won both heats as he liked. „

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 50s.

#### SIXTH DAY, Saturday, February 19.

1ST RACE.—Forced Handicap of 150 Rupees each for Winners of the Craven Trial, the two Plates of 500 Rupees each, the Moul Ali and Union. Winner of any two such races 250 H. F.; of 100 H. F.; for all other Winners of public money of 50 Rupees; optional for losers, with 200 from the Fund. Three Miles.

Mr St. George's	<i>Red Robin</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Fyzoos	1
Capt Wagstaff's	<i>Desert Born</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Capt. Gill	2
Mr St. George's	<i>Alcyon</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	The Cornet	3

Six paid forfeit.

Owing to the light weight on *Red Robin*, the other horses could not live along with him; and he came in an easy winner.

Time,—6m. 25s.

2ND RACE.—Hurdle Race of 50 Rupees each, with 150 Rupees from the Fund for all horses, H. F. Distance, one mile and half. Six Hurdles, 4 feet high.

Mr St. George's	g. a. h.	<i>Lloyds</i> ,	Mr Parker	11st. 0lb.	1
Mr McLeod's	c. a. h.	<i>Priam</i> ,	Owner	11st. 0lb.	2
Mr Bird names	b. a. h.	<i>Hawthorn</i> ,	Lord Jostling	11st. 0lb.	3

*Lloyds* was the favorite, although *Priam* had many backers, and Lord Jostling after waiting the Buckskins, looking knowing and confident. *Lloyds* led the way all round, piloted in Mr Parker's usual straightforward manner, Mr McLeod, although old *Priam* was lame, rode as he always does in a fearless and gallant manner, his Lordship was last, in spite of looking for a gap in each hurdle; he consoled himself however by having arrived at his Father's Title (Roden), having "rode one" in a most artist like manner.

This concluded one of the pleasantest Race Meetings that has been at Hyderabad for many a long day, as what with Coursing, Shooting and Hawking, the old enemy had not during the whole fortnight a moment to himself.



## PETERSHAM (SYDNEY) RACES.

FIRST DAY, Monday, December 27, 1847.

1ST RACE.—The Metropolitan Stakes of Fifty Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of Five Sovereigns each added, for all horses, weight for age; heats twice round the course; entrance, Four Sovereigns; three entrances or no race

Mr Downes'	b. h.	<i>Plover</i> ,	4 years	9st. 0lb.	Healey	1 1
Mr Wilshire's	gr. m.	<i>Era</i> ,	5 years	9st. 5lbs.	Gorrick, jun. dist.	
Mr Healey's	b. g.	<i>Salopian</i> ,	aged	9st. 9lbs. ..	..	drawn.

The great advantage possessed by the horse in "form and stature," to say nothing of performances and reduced weight, did not altogether shut the mare out of the betting. Her surprising speed, evinced to a certain extent, while they kept together on the course, supports the opinion that she would have had a chance in the race had the boy been able to hold her; but whether Mr Wilshire's judgment was correct in putting that boy upon her back is a matter of doubt to others as well as ourselves.

*Plover* got some lengths a-head before the mare sprang from the hands of Gilligan, who was holding her, but so resolutely did she put on the pot that before they had reached the turn of the hill, she had snatched up the inner running and was far in advance. The pace increased down the hill—*Era* to all appearance not under control. As she reached the parallel of the entrance gate a cart was entering upon the course, and four dogs at the same moment rushing towards her, she swerved violently off the running, and rushing towards an adjoining water-hole, cleared it with a tremendous spring, and again got her head towards the course, put her foot into a rack, and rolled over with a terrific crash, flinging young *Gorrick* several yards a-head of her. For a considerable time she was unable to rise, but after the flann of the veterinary operator had been employed, she slightly rallied, and was with difficulty led to her stable adjoining the course, where, after lying four days in a state of stupor, the leaden remedy put both a period to her history and her sufferings. It is useless to say aught of the *Plover* in this race,—he galloped quietly round for the second heat and took the prize.

2ND RACE.—The Maiden Plate of Twenty-five Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of £2 10s. each added, for all horses that never won a prize; heats once round the course; entrance Two Sovereigns; three entrances or no race.

Mr M. Healey's	b. g.	<i>Tommy Tickle</i> ,	4 yrs.	8st 11lbs.*	Avery	1 1
Mr Jenkin's	ch. h.	<i>Maroon</i> ,	3 yrs.	8st. 0lb	Gaffer	2 2
Mr Samuda's	b. m.	<i>Cantaloupe</i> ,	3 yrs.	7st. 11lbs.	Alexander	4 3
Mr James Roberts'	b. g.	<i>Old Walter</i> ,	aged	9st. 9lbs.	Cutts	5 4
Mr Gorrick's		<i>Mystery</i> ,	4 yrs.	8st. 11lbs.*	Gorrick, jun	3 bt.

*Tickle* appeared in fine order; Mr Samuda's mare looked high in flesh; *Maroon* too was pretty near the mark. The winner went off with the running and, seemingly regardless of the frequent changes and interchanges which were taking place behind him, kept it to the end. The old 'un pushed him down the hill, but in the flat gave place to the Gaffer and Gorrick: from the top of the hill *Maroon* pressed close, making an excellent race home, but Avery took the heat cleverly. In the final event Gaffer seemed disposed to place reliance in his nag's powers of endurance, running *Tommy* neck-and-neck to the half mile post, when the winner's die was cast,—*Mystery* bolting; the race for places was left to the filly and *Maroon*, the latter first passing the post.

**3RD RACE.**—The Tally-Ho Stakes of Twenty Pounds, with a Sweepstakes of Five Sovereigns each added, for all horses carrying Homebush Welter Weights; heats twice round the course; entrance Two Sovereigns; three entrances or no race.

Mr King's	<i>Sam Slick,</i>	..	Gorrick	1	1
Mr James Roberts'	<i>Middleton,</i>	..		2	2
Mr James Roberts'	<i>Tally-ho,</i>	..			drawn

*1st Heat*—*Sam* jumped off with the lead for the first few strides, and then gave place to the bay, who played a waiting game, and closing with *Middleton* about half a mile from home, came in a clever winner by a couple of lengths. *Middleton* was severely punished in this heat, whilst *Sam* was hard held throughout.

*2nd Heat*—*Middleton* again led at an easy pace down the hill, with *Sam* about two lengths in his wake; at the bottom of the hollow the steam was put on by both, and *Sam* gradually crept up, the colt leading past the stand by half a length; half way down the hill Gorrick let out his horse, collared *Middleton* at the hollow, and, after a brief struggle shot a-head, winning easily by a couple of lengths.

#### SECOND DAY, Tuesday, December 28.

**1ST RACE.**—The Petersham Grand Steeple Chase of Thirty Sovs., with a Sweepstakes of Five Sovereigns each added, for all horses carrying Homebush Welter Weights, over nine leaps, not to exceed four feet high: three miles to be selected by the Stewards; entrance Three Sovereigns; three entrances or no race.

Mr King's	rn.	h.	<i>Wallaby,</i>	6 yrs.	11st.	11lbs.	Gorrick	1
Mr Browne's	b.	g.	<i>Kowrie Gum,</i>	5 yrs.	11st.	4lbs.	Owner	2
Mr Healey's	rn.	g.	<i>Septimus,</i>	3 yrs.	10st.	0lb.	Meharty	3

This event was looked forward to with considerable interest, on account of *Wallaby* and *Kowrie Gum* having run a dead heat for the same prize, and over the same ground last year, on which occasion Mr Fawcett, the then owner of *Kowrie* and other gentlemen present strenuously opposed the decision of the Judge, and being of opinion that *Kowrie* had fairly won the race, Mr Fawcett resolved neither to divide the stakes, nor to run again, avowing his intention to withdraw entirely from the local turf. *Kowrie Gum* recently became the property of Mr Browne, of Maryville, and has now been some time in training to compete with his old antagonist. He came out in very excellent condition, and although it was currently rumoured that he had on the previous day exhibited symptoms of indisposition, his appearance gave no indication whatever of such being the case, and he commanded at the start a slightly more favorable position in the betting circles than *Wallaby*. At one o'clock the horses drew up to the post and went off at the word of command; Gorrick leading, with *Septimus* on his quarter, and *Kowrie* taking it leisurely several lengths behind. As they neared the first set of rails the pace of all the nags perceptibly increased, and the *Gum* letting out took his leap in fine style, slightly a-head of *Wallaby*, whilst *Septimus* catching the topmost rail made an ugly summerset, fortunately without injury either to himself or rider. *Wallaby* and *Kowrie* now advanced to the second leap, which they took nearly abreast, the former slightly in advance, and *Septimus* coming up refused the fence, and was with difficulty got over. At a dashing pace Browne now pushed *Kowrie* at the third fence, which he cleared like a greyhound. *Wallaby* and *Septimus* respectively baulking; Browne seeing his advantage now gave his nag the rein, but unfortunately on running down the line of fence, a part of the panneling was broken down, through which *Kowrie* (seeing the fourth leap immediately before him) suddenly bolted, and rattled away down the lane much to the chagrin of his rider, who experienced considerable difficulty in curbing the impetuosity of his horse, and retracing his line of march. *Wallaby* took the 4th leap well, followed by *Septimus* after two refusals, and the fifth fence was also taken by these horses, before the re-appearance of *Kowrie*. *Wallaby* resolutely faced the sixth leap, at which *Septimus* again showed the white feather, and could scarcely be prevailed on to approach; while *Kowrie* was now observed making

for the fourth set of rails, *round* which he swerved, (doubtless recollecting the tremendous burst experienced by him at the same spot at the preceding meeting); three several times did he decline the honor, and Mr Browne was at length compelled to walk him to the leap, which he then effected. In the mean time *Wallaby* was in difficulties baulking repeatedly at the seventh fence, but Gorrick's perseverance eventually carried him over, and now giving him the rein, he pushed up the hill at a racing pace, followed about 150 yards in the rear by *Septimus*. *Wallaby*, hard held, took his eighth leap in beautiful style, and headed down the flat and past the chair at a smart bat, while *Septimus* baulking no less than six times, at last again fell and threw Meharty, who nothing daunted, immediately remounted and prepared for a seventh attempt, which was successful. Just at this moment *Kowrie Gum* appeared crawling slowly up the hill, but having gained the top of the ascent, he let out, and gallantly topping the eighth, started in earnest chase of his competitors, whom he expected to find baulking at the last leap. Nor was he mistaken; both *Wallaby* and *Septimus* repeatedly refused, and the *Gum* was rapidly closing them, when Gorrick determinately gathered up his nag and cleverly succeeded in forcing him over. *Septimus* was still declining, when Browne came up and showed him the way with a bound, which good example the roan thought fit to follow, after allowing *Kowrie* to make good his racing for the second place. At the finish, *Wallaby* was a distance at least in advance of *Kowrie* while *Septimus* kept the like respectful distance from the second horse. It is impossible to give a more minute description of a race, which, excepting the moving accidents by flood and field connected therewith, possessed not a single interesting feature. In the judgment of those most qualified to form an opinion, *Kowrie Gum*, had he been jockeyed with more nerve, must, from his superior speed, have gained the day.

2ND RACE.—A Purse of Fifteen Sovereigns, given by the Proprietors of "Bell's Life in Sydney," with a Sweepstakes of Two Sovereigns each added, for all horses, to be handicapped by the Stewards or whom they may appoint; heats once round and a distance; entrance one sovereign.

Mr Healey's	b. g.	<i>Tommy Tickle</i> ,	4 yrs.	8st.	0lb.	Avery	1	1
Mr King's	ch. g.	<i>Sam Slick</i> ,	6 yrs.	9st.	6lbs.		2	2
Mr Browne's	b. g.	<i>Zamaheil</i> ,	4 yrs	8st.	0lb.		3	5
Mr Harris'	b. g.	<i>Be Easy</i> ,	5 yrs.	8st.	0lb.		4	4
Mr James Roberts'	b. g.	<i>Old Walter</i> ,	aged,	8st.	7lbs.		5	3

1st Heat.—The lot got away at the word, *Tommy* leading at a smart bat, followed by *Zamaheil*, *Sam*, *Be Easy*, and the old 'un. At the bottom of the hill *Zamaheil* changed places with *Sam*, who struggled vainly to get alongside *Tommy*. In this order they passed the chair, Avery bringing his nag home several lengths a-head.

2nd Heat — *Zamaheil* now took the lead with *Sam* and *Tommy* close at his heels; the latter gradually closed, and when half way round gave *Zamaheil*, the go-by, was never headed, and came in a gallant winner by nearly half a distance. *Sam Slick* second, and the rest as placed above.

*Tommy Tickle* won a match with *Minimus* for £50 at the last Maitland meeting.

3RD RACE.—Hack Race of Ten Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of One Sovereign each added, for all horses, the winner to be sold by public auction for £20, the surplus to go to the funds; heats once round and a distance; qualification one guinea.

Mr Obey's	..	<i>Nimrod</i> ,	..	Ellison	1	1
Mr Berry's	..	<i>Planet</i> ,	..	Alexander	2	3
Mr Smith's	..	<i>Scratch</i> ,	..	..	3	0
Mr Brown's	..	<i>Skyscraper</i> ,	..	..	0	0

Mr Ward's	..	<i>Pilot</i> ,	-	..	..	0	0
Mr Graham's	..	<i>Tommy</i> ,		..	..	0	2

*1st Heat*.—After two feints, a good start was effected, *Nimrod* leading waited upon by *Tommy*, and the lot close behind in a ruck. At the rise coming home, young Alexander, on *Planet*, drew up and challenged, when an excellent race ensued, *Nimrod* winning by a bare length.

*2nd Heat*.—*Pilot* made the running for a few yards, when *Nimrod* headed him, and maintained the post of honor, winning easily, despite the exertions of the youthful rider of *Planet*.

*Nimrod* was then put up to auction, according to the conditions of the race, and was knocked down to Mr Joseph Roberts for £25 10s.

### THIRD DAY, Wednesday, December 29.

**1ST RACE.**—The Publicans' Purse of Forty Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of Four Sovereigns each added, for all horses, weight for age; heats twice round the course; entrance Three Sovereigns; three entrances or no race; the winner of the Metropolitan Stakes to carry 7lbs. extra.

Mr Downes'	b. h.	<i>Plover</i> ,	4 years,	9st 7lbs.	Healey	..	1	1
Mr Wilshire's	ch. h.	<i>Donizetti</i> ,	3 years,	8st.	..	..	2	dr
Mr Healey's		<i>Bianchon</i> ,	aged,	9st. 9lbs.	..	..	dr.	

*1st Heat*—The two first named horses alone came to the post, *Plover* the favorite at 3, and in some instances at 4 to 1. *Donizetti* went away at a gentle canter followed quietly by the little horse; half way round Healy slackened his rein, and closed with him on the hill; coming down the flat *Donizetti* still maintained his position, leading by a length past the chair, Healy holding his horse hard. The same order was preserved again to the top of the hill, when the *Plover* was let out and a severe struggle resulted in Healy cleverly bringing his nag in a winner by nearly two lengths.

*Donizetti* was much punished, and it soon became apparent that his fore leg had again failed him, and much to the disappointment of the spectators.

*2nd Heat*—Was walked over for by the *Plover*.

**2ND RACE**—The Ladies' Purse of Twenty-five Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of Three Sovereign each added, for all horses, weight for age; heats, once round and a distance; entrance Two Sovereigns; three entrances or no race.

Mr Healey's	b. g.	<i>Jorrocks</i> ,	aged,	9st. 9lbs.	Owner	1	1
Mr Healey's	b. g.	<i>Saloyian</i> ,	aged,	9st. 9lbs.	..	dr.	
Mr Wilshire's	gr. m.	<i>Eva</i> ;	5 yrs.	9st. 9lbs.	..	dr.	

Owing to the unfortunate accident to Mr Wilshire's mare, *Eva*, on Monday, as previously recorded, the veteran monarch of the N. S. W. turf had no opponent to contend against for the above prize, notwithstanding which the most enthusiastic interest was manifested by all present on his appearance, and as he leisurely cantered round the course for the two heats, nearly as much excitement prevailed as though he had had a full field to compete with.

**3RD RACE.**—The Hunters' Stakes of Twenty Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of Three Sovereigns each added, for all horses: maidens allowed 14lbs.; three times round the course; entrance Two Sovereigns; three entrances or no race.

Mr Healy's	b. g.	<i>Jorrocks</i> ,	aged,	9st. 9lbs.	Healy	1
Mr Jenkins'	br. c.	<i>Maroon</i> ,	..	8st. 7lbs.	Alexander	dis.
Mr M. Healey's	b. g.	<i>Tommy Tickle</i> ,	..	8st. 7lbs.	..	dr.

*Tommy Tickle* being drawn for this prize, the event lay between the old favourite and *Maroon*, the latter ridden by young Alexander. The colt led with

apparently a disposition to give his more venerable competitor a breather, but *Jorrocks*, biding his time, followed steadily at a distance of several lengths; when opposite the gate *Maroon* bolted, and Healy proceeded on his way, but immediately afterwards pulled up, and allowed the colt again to precede him. At the top of the hill *Jorrocks* crept up, and coming down the flat collared *Maroon*, leading past the chair by a neck; at the turn to the left the colt bolted a second time, and a second time did the gallant old nag trot leisurely onwards, and again resigned the game to his erratic opponent. It was all of no avail, however, for *Maroon* a third time made a *detours* to the right hand corner of the paddock, and returning by the fence joined company with *Jorrocks*, who was walking gently onwards. Healey now put his horse into a smart canter, and *Maroon* following suit, gave him the go-by, and then instantly stopping short, refused to move, when Alexander dismounted. Healy, tired of the waiting suit, cantered the remaining distance, and came home at his ease.

4TH RACE.—The Consolation Stakes of Ten Sovereigns, for all beaten horses during the meeting, twice round the Course; entrance one sovereign added; post entrance; to be handicapped by the Stewards, or whom they may appoint

Mr Harris'	b. g.	<i>Be Easy</i> ,	5 yrs.	6st.	7lbs.	Alexander	1
Mr Smith's	b. g.	<i>Scratch</i> ,	aged,	6st.	7lbs.	Kerwin	2
Mr James Roberts'	rn. c.	<i>Middleton</i> ,	2 yrs.	8st.	0lb.	Cutts	3
Mr Gorrick's	b. m.	<i>Mystery</i> ,	4 yrs.	8st.	0lb.	Gorrick	bt.

*Middleton* led, *Mystery* and the rest in a ruck together; at the bottom of the descent, *Mystery*, who was gradually closing with the leading horse, bolted at the turn by the fence, but his rider succeeded in getting him again on the Course, gave him the spur, and sped after the others. At the top of the hill the bay was still ahead, with *Be Easy* on the quarter, and *Scratch*, hard held, a good third, *Mystery* following at a terrific pace, but again bolting at the corner, and losing the last chance. Mounting the hill the second time, *Be Easy* shot about a hundred yards a-head, and ran in an easy winner, *Scratch* a bad second, *Middleton* pulling up at the distance post, while *Mystery* remained unelucidated. This event concluded the day's sports, as advertised, and they were followed by a Bye-match for 5 Sovs. between a grey and a brown "hanimal," heats once round the Course, which was won by the former in a kind of kangaroo gallop, easily distancing "browney."

5TH RACE.—A Silver Cup, value £5, was then set up to be contended for, by four entrances at 25s. each, heats once round the Course.

Mr Harris'	..	<i>Paddy Whack</i> ,	..	Alexander	1	1
Mr James Roberts'	..	<i>Guy Fauz</i> ,	..		2	3
Mr O'Neill's	..	<i>Lumpy</i> ,	..	,	3	2
Mr Stewart's	..	<i>Jenny Lind</i> ,	..		4	4

1st Heat.—At the word, *Paddy* and *Guy* started in company, ungallantly leaving poor *Jenny Lind* to caper about in a naturally fretful humour at being thus deserted, whilst *Lumpy*, who seemed at first disposed to follow the two, pulled up, expecting their return. Young Alec and his companion, however, were deaf to any recall, and the heat was run, *Paddy* whacking *Guy* to his heart's content.

2nd Heat.—The lot got off well together and kept in a mob three parts round, when *Paddy* wishing them good day at the rise, sauntered home at perfect ease, and was proclaimed the victor.

The cup was afterwards filled and refilled with the best Champagne from Shaw's bin No. 1, and drained to the future success of *Paddy* and his youthful jockey, who, by the by, promises shortly to cross the pig-skin with the "best of 'em."

## NEEMUCH RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Saturday, March 11, 1848.*

1ST RACE.—The Neemuch St. Leger. A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. added, for all Maiden Arabs. One mile and three quarters—9st. 7lbs. each. Horses that never started for Plate, Purse, Match, or Sweepstakes allowed 5lbs. To close and name on the 1st February. H. F. the day before the race—3 Subscribers.

Mr Davidge's	gr. a. h.	<i>Reality</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Mr Chifney	1
The Stranger's	b. a. h.	<i>Banham</i> ,	9st. 2lbs.	Mr Sinclair	2
Mr Twysden's	bk. a. h.	<i>Hannibal</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Owner	3

At the word 'go,' they all got off well together, but no sooner had they settled into their places than *Hannibal* went to the fore, and made the running at a pace which in a mile race would have been considered fast, but which, in one of a mile and three quarters, was absolutely terrific; he came past the Stand, with a lead of about 5 lengths, *Reality* next with *Banham* on his quarter; in this order they travelled up the hill, but no sooner had they reached its summit than *Reality* closed on the leader, defeated him in a few strides, made the rest of the running, and won in a canter by ten lengths; *Banham*, who came in about the same distance in front of *Hannibal*, ran well to the last turn, where he was beaten and not persevered with.

Time,—3m. 35s.

2ND RACE.—Hack Purse of 100 Rs. from the Fund. Entrance 3 G. M. —10st. 7lbs. each— $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. The winner to be sold for 400 Rs. if claimed in the usual manner—2 Subscribers.

Mr Davidge's	w. a. h.	<i>Pearl</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	Mr Chifney	1	1
The Stranger's	gr. a. h.	<i>Waddle</i> ,	9st. 11lbs.	Mr Sinclair	2	dr.

3 to 1 on *Pearl*, who made all the running, and won in a canter by six lengths.  
2d Heat.—*Pearl* walked over.

Time,—1m. 31s.

3RD RACE.—Match 10 G. M. One mile.

Mr Hawksley's	b. e. m.	<i>Volumnia</i> ,	10st. 9lbs.	Owner,	1
Mr Patrick's	b. a. h.	<i>Springy Jack</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Owner	2

5 to 1 on the Mare.

The non-favorite took a lead of ten lengths at starting, made strong running all the way, but was caught inside the distance, and beaten cleverly by a length and a half.

Time,—2m. 1s.

4TH RACE.—Match — G. M.— $\frac{1}{4}$  a mile.

Mr George's	b. cb. h.	<i>St. Patrick</i> ,	..	Owner	1
Mr Patrick's	b. cb. m.	<i>Tickle-me-asy</i> ,	..	Mr Twysden	2

6 to 4 on the Mare.

A good race the whole way, and won by a neck.

Time,—1m. 3s.

5TH RACE.—Match 20 G. M.— $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile.

Mr George's gr. cb. c. *Old Port*, 10st. 7lbs. Mr Chifney 1  
 Mr Williams' rn. cb. h. *Flibbertigibbet*, 9st. 7lbs. Mr Johnson 2  
 Even betting, *Old Port* made the running and won easily by four lengths.

Time,—1m. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

SECOND DAY, Monday, March 13.

1ST RACE.—The Brigadier's Cup, value 300 Rs., with an entrance of 10 G. M. each., H. F., for all Horses. Arabs and C. B., 9st. 7lbs.; Cape and N. S. W., 10st.; English, 11st. The Winner of the St. Leger to carry 5lbs. extra. To close and name by the 15th February. 2 miles—3 Subscribers.

Mr Davidge's gr. a. h. *Reality*, 9st. 5lbs. Mr Chifney 1  
 The Stranger's b. a. h. *Repealer*, 9st. 7lbs. Mr Twysden 2  
 Mr Twysden's bk. a. h. *Hannibal*, 9st. 0lb. paid forfeit.

Betting at starting—2 to 1 on *Reality*. The pair got off well together and ran in company for the first mile. *Reality* then forged a-head, made the rest of the running, and won easily by ten lengths.

Time,—4m. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2ND RACE.—A Purse of 200 Rs. from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 6 G. M. each. P. P., for all Horses. N. N. I. T. C. weight for age. Round the Course and a distance. To close and name on the 1st of March—3 Subscribers.

The Stranger's b. a. h. *Banham*, 6 years, 8st. 7lbs. Mr Chifney 1  
 Mr Twysden's gr. a. h. *Vanguard*, 5 years, 8st. 9lbs. Mr Sinclair 2  
 Mr Hawksley's b. e. m. *Volumnia*, aged, 10st. 4lbs. Mr Johnson 3

Betting—even on *Vanguard*, 3 to 1 against *Banham*, 5 to 1 against *Volumnia*.

On the signal being given, the lot got off in capital order, *Banham* at once assuming the premiership, and making the running at fair speed; *Vanguard* and *Volumnia* lying together about three lengths behind; they ran in this order till half way up the hill, where the hindmost horses began to close, and at the mile post they were all three together; with little or no alteration they galloped on to the half mile post; at this point, however, the severity of the pace and heavy state of the ground had told upon the English Mare—and she was seen no more in the race. The contest, now left to the two Arabs, became exciting in the highest degree; head and head they came round the turn into the straight run in, running apparently a dead heat; at the distance post, however, things assumed another aspect, and a few strides beyond it, Mr Chifney was observed steady upon his horse, whilst the rider of *Vanguard* was at work; in this order the race finished. *Banham* winning by two lengths—*Volumnia* beaten off.

Time,—R. C. and a distance, 3m. 9s.,—last 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 3m. 2s.

3RD RACE.—Match 10 G. M.— $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile.

Mr Hawksley's rn. a. h. *Nonsense*, 8st. 7lbs. Mr Chifney 1  
 Mr Patrick's b. a. h. *Springy Jack*, 9st. 3lbs. Mr Hickey 2  
 6 to 5 on *Springy*.

*Nonsense* made all the running, and won easily by three lengths.

Time,—1m. 30s.

4TH RACE.—Match 20 G. M. H. F. One mile—9st. 7lbs. each.

Mr Twysden's gr. a. h. *Refund*, .. Owner 1  
 Mr Melton's ch. a. h. *Rob Roy*, .. Mr Johnson 2

3 to 1 on *Refund*, who made all the running and won easily, *Rob Roy* seeming inclined to go any way but the right.

Time,— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 58s.—1 mile, 2m, 12s.

THIRD DAY, *Wednesday, March 15.*

1ST RACE.—The Bachelors' Purse of thirty (30) G. M., for all Horses. Entrance 50 Rs. P. P. Arabs and Country Breds, 8st 7lbs. ; Cape and N. S. Wales, 9st. ; English, 10st. No allowance for maidens. One mile. The winners of both St. Leger, and Brigadier's Cup, to carry 8lbs. extra. To close by 12 o'clock the day before race, and name at the ordinary. Three Horses to start from separate stables, or the Purse to be withheld. Three Subscribers.

Mr Davidge's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Reality</i> ,	9st. 11b.	Mr Chifney	1
The Stranger's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Repeater</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Mr Sinclair	2
Mr Twysden's	g	a	h.	<i>Vanguard</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Mr Giveron	3

Betting at starting, 2 and 3 to 1 on *Reality*, 4 to 1 against *Repeater*, 5 to 1 against *Vanguard*.

After the usual preliminary canter in front of the Stand, the horses were proceeding quickly towards the starting post, but had not quite reached it, when *Vanguard*, overpowering his rider, broke away, and galloped twice round the Course at racing speed, before he could be pulled up: this unfortunate accident quite destroyed any chance of the race that he might have previously had: after a short delay in consequence, the three horses were brought up to the post and got off at the first sign, *Reality* losing about two lengths. *Vanguard* went away with the lead of a length, but was almost immediately headed by *Repeater*, who with *Reality* in attendance made severe running along the back of the Course: round the turn by the half mile post they came a rattler, *Repeater* still leading: without any material variation they came into the straight running, when Mr. Chifney brought up his horse, passed *Repeater*, and after the semblance of a struggle won by half a length—*Vanguard*, from the causes above stated, was beaten early and not persevered with.

Time—1m. 59s.

2ND RACE—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 80 Rs. from the fund, for all horses. Entrance 8 Rs. if named before the 1st December—16 Rs. if between the 1st December and 1st January—25 Rs. if between 1st January and 1st February, and 50 Rs. if between 1st and 29th February when the race will close. The Handicap to be made known on the 1st March. The race to be P. P., and the winner to be sold for 600 Rs. if claimed in the usual manner. Round the Course, and a distance—18 Subscribers.

Mr Davidge's	w.	a.	h.	<i>Pearl</i> ,	9st. 13lbs.	Mr Chifney	1
Mr Hawksley's	b.	e.	m.	<i>Volumnia</i> ,	12st. 0lb	Owner	2
Mr Twysden's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Springy Jack</i> ,	9st. 10lbs.	Owner	3
Mr Twysden's	gr.	nsw.	g.	<i>Chartist</i> ,	10st. 10lbs.	Mr Stw'bs	4
Mr Cooper's	b.	cb.	m.	<i>Sweetbriar</i> ,	7st. 0lb.	Peer Mahomed	5

2 to 1 against *Pearl*, 2½ to 1 against *Volumnia*, 10 to 1 against *Springy Jack*,  
10 to 1 against *Sweetbriar*.

The two Greys got off well together, *Volumnia* next, *Spring Jack* and *Sweetbriar* going off; in this order they came past the Stand and up the hill, at which point *Volumnia* closed with the leaders, the other two still waiting; on reaching the half mile post *Chartist* was beaten, and *Springy Jack* and *Sweetbriar* soon after gave unmistakable symptoms of having had enough. The race, now left to the English Mare and *Pearl*, was not much longer doubtful: at the distance post Mr Hawksley was hard at work, but was never able to catch the Arab, who won cleverly by a length. After passing the post, the English Mare gave her rider a purl, but without inflicting any injury beyond a roll in the dust.

Time—R. C. 3m. 11s., last mile and a half 3m. 5s.



3RD RACE.—Match 10 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile.

Mr Hawksley's	rn. a. h.	<i>Nonsense</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	Mr Chifney	1
Mr George's	gr. cb. c.	<i>Old Port</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	McGiveron	2

3 to 1 on *Nonsense*.

*Old Port* made the running from the post, but was caught at the quarter mile, and beaten easily by three lengths.

Time,—58m.

4TH RACE.—A Pony Plate of 80 Rs. Entrance 20 Rs. Catch weights— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats—2 Subscribers.

Mr Davidge's	b. cb. p.	<i>Toomandar</i> ,	..	Davedeen	1 1
Mr Hay's	c. b. p.	<i>Mouse</i> ,	..	Emance	2 dr.

Any odds on *Toomandar*, who made all the running and won by a dozen lengths. *Mouse* was drawn for the second heat.

Time,—1m. 40s.

5TH RACE—Cheroot Stakes of 100 Rs. from the fund. Entrance 20 Rs.—11st. each—1 mile. Each rider to come to the scales with his cheroot lighted, and the winner to be sold for 100 Rs. if claimed in the usual manner—2 Subscribers.

Mr Davidge's	w. a. h.	<i>Pearl</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	Mr Johnson	1
Mr Hawksley's	b. a. h.	<i>North Star</i> ,	11st. 5lbs.*	Owner	2

\* Declared (5lbs.)

*North Star* made strong running, but was caught  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile from home and beaten easily by a length.

Time,—2m. 4s.

FOURTH DAY, *Friday, March 17.*

1ST RACE.—The Amateurs' Plate of 100 Rs. added to a Sweepstakes of 80 Rs. each. P. P. for all horses. One mile and a quarter.

Horses entered to be sold for 1,000 Rs. to carry 8st.

Ditto	..	..	2,000	..	8st. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.
Ditto	..	..	3,000	..	9st. 1lb.
Ditto	..	..	4,000	..	9st. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

With weight in proportion of every hundred rupees of value over, or under. English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra. To close at 12 o'clock on the 11th, and name at the ordinary before the race. Two horses to start from separate Stables or the Plate to be withheld. Five Subscribers.

The Stranger's	b. a. h.	<i>Banham</i> ,	(to be sold for Rs. 1,800)
8st. 6lbs.	..	..	.. Mr Hickey .. 1
Mr Davidge's	g. p. h.	<i>Reality</i> ,	(to be sold for Rs. 4,000)
9st. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.	..	..	.. Mr Twysden .. 2
Mr Davidge's	w. a. h.	<i>Pearl</i> ,	(to be sold for Rs. 400)
7st. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.	..	..	.. Native .. 3
Mr Twysden's	g. a. h.	<i>Vanguard</i> ,	(to be sold for Rs. 1,000)
8st. 0lb.	..	..	.. Mr Giveron .. 4 *
Mr Hawksley's	b. e. m.	<i>Volumnia</i> ,	(to be sold for Rs. 1,000)
9st. 4lbs.	..	..	.. Mr Chifney .. dist.

Mr Davidge declared to win with *Pearl*, if he could. Judging by the lotteries at the ordinary, the odds averaged 4 to 1 against *Vanguard*, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 against *Banham*,

5 to 1 against *Pearl*, 7 to 1 against *Reality*, and 7½ to 1 against *Volumnia*. The only bet we heard of being made on the Course was one of 3 to 2 against Mr Davidge's Stable.

Shortly after 7 o'clock A. M. the horses were paraded in front of the Stand, and brought up in a good line to the starting post; no sooner was the signal given, than *Banham*, who had drawn the inside place, went away at a great pace, closely followed by *Vanguard*, the English mare next, about two lengths behind, *Pearl* and *Reality* waiting. With the single exception that *Vanguard* closed up with *Banham* along the back of the Course, no change was perceptible till they reached the top of the hill at the half mile post; in going down this, the rearmost horses began to close with their leaders, and the lot came in a compact body round the last turn; at this point of the race, however, the English mare overpowering her rider, swerved right across the Course against *Reality* and *Vanguard*, throwing them both out of their strides; but for this accident, it is impossible to say which horse might have won; as it was, *Banham* and *Volumnia* came racing together up the distance, *Reality* close behind; a few strides from home Mr Twysden made his effort, but could not quite reach the leading horses. The mare passing the post by a length in advance. *Banham* was second the same distance in front of *Reality*, *Pearl* fourth, two lengths behind him, and *Vanguard* last.

After the race, a cross was claimed and proved against *Volumnia*, who was consequently judged to be distanced.

Time,—2m. 27s.

2ND RACE.—The Harry Skurry Plate of 100 Rs., with 16 Rs. entrance, for all bona fide untrained horses—9st. each. Half a mile. To close and name the day before the race—1 Subscribers.

The Stranger's	b. a. h.	<i>Jerry</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Mr Hickey	1
Mr Chifuey's	gr. a. h.	<i>Cruiskeen</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Owner	2
Mr George's	ch. a. h.	<i>Charley</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Owner	3
Mr Cooper's	b. a. h.	<i>Fancyboy</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Mr Ryall	-

3 to 1 against *Charley*, 4 to 1 against *Cruiskeen*, 4½ to 1 against *Fancyboy*, 6 to 1 against *Jerry*.

There was one false start, the rider of *Jerry* going away, without waiting for the word, and taking with him *Fancyboy*, who was impetuous, and could not be pulled up; these two ran the whole distance before their riders could stop them. On the second attempt they got off without a failure, *Charley* taking the lead, he was however soon passed by *Jerry* and *Cruiskeen*, the former winning cleverly.

Time,—1m. 1s.

3RD RACE.—A Purse of 80 Rs. from the fund, for all horses purchased from the discharged Sowar of the 1st Irregular Cavalry. Entrance 2 G. M. ¼ mile heats.

Mr Patrick's	b. c. b. m.	<i>Tickle-me-asy</i> ,	..	Owner	1
The Moss Trooper's	gr. c. b. h.	<i>Young Maister</i> ,	..	Mr Johnson	2

*Young Maister* was started only to entitle the owner of *Tickle-me-asy* to the whole purse: she therefore cantered in for the first heat, and walked over for the second.

4TH RACE.—Match 2 G. M. ¼ of 9 mile.

Mr Davidge's	b. c. b. p.	<i>Toomandar</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Mr Chifney	1
Mr Cooper's	b. c. p.	<i>Varmint</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	Peer Mahumed	2

Won cleverly by a length in 33s.

FIFTH DAY, *Monday, March 20.*

1ST RACE.—The Durbar Purse of 500 Rs. added to a Sweepstakes of 50 Rs. each, P. P. for all horses. Arabs and C. B. 9st. 7lb., Cape and N. S. Wales 10st.; English 11st. 3lb. Mile heats. To close and name on the 18th instant. No allowance to Maidens. 3 Subscribers.

Mr Hawksley's	b. c. m.	<i>Volumnia</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Mr Stubbs	1	1	.
The Stranger's	b. a. h.	<i>Repealer</i> ,	.. ..	Mr Sinclair	3	2	
Mr Davidge's ns.	gr. a. h.	<i>Vanguard</i> ,	.. ..	Mr Giveron	2	3	

Even on *Volumnia*, 2 to 1 against *Repealer*, 4 to 1 against *Vanguard*.

*First Heat*.—*Vanguard* went away, with the Mare on his quarter, *Repealer* not going for the heat, lying behind; in this order they ran to the distance post, when *Volumnia* passed *Vanguard*, and won in a canter by a length and a half.

Time,—1st. qr., 29s.—2nd qr., 29s.—the mile, 2m. 2s.

*Second Heat*.—*Repealer* went away at a great pace, *Volumnia* second, and *Vanguard* waiting; on nearing the half mile post, the Mare began to close, and at the quarter, was close up with him, *Vanguard* lying handy. No change occurred till they reached the distance post when *Vanguard* was beaten; the other two, contesting every inch of the ground, made a beautiful race home, the mare winning by a head. *Vanguard* two lengths in the rear.

Time,—1st qr., 27s.—2nd qr., 29½s.—the mile, 1m. 58½s.

2ND RACE.—The Champagne Stakes of 20 Rs. each, with 200 Rs. added, for all horses—¾ mile heats—9st. each. The Winner to be sold for 300 Rs. if claimed in the usual manner. The Owner of the winning horse to give one dozen of Champagne at the next ordinary—3 Subscribers.

Mr Davidge's ns.	w. a. h.	<i>Pearl</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Mr Giveron	2	1	1
Mr Hawksley's	m. a. h.	<i>Nonsense</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Mr Chifney	1	2	2
Mr Cooper's	b. c. b. m.	<i>Sweetbriar</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	Mr Hickey	3	3	dr.

Even and 5 to 4 on *Pearl*.

*First Heat*.—*Nonsense* made the running from the post was caught at the distance by *Pearl*, but after a sharp rally won by half a length.

Time,—1m. 29½s.

*Second Heat*.—6 to 4 on *Nonsense*. The two Arabs made alternate running from the post. *Pearl* winning easily, *Sweetbriar* three lengths behind.

Time,—1m. 29s.

*Third Heat*.—4 to 1 on *Pearl*, who took a strong lead at starting, was never caught, and won easily by six lengths.

Time,—1m. 31s.

3RD RACE.—Match ¼ mile—9st. each.

Mr Davidge's	b. c. b. p.	<i>Toomander</i> ,	..	Mr Chifney	1
Mr Patrick's	br. c. b. p.	<i>Jarvey Fagan</i> ,	..	Owner	2

Won by half a length.

The Sports of the morning wound up with a Camel Race for which 10 started.

SIXTH DAY, *Wednesday, March 22.*

1ST RACE.—The Handicap Sweepstakes of 50 Rs. each. P. P. with 300 added, for all Winners and Losers. One mile and a half.

Mr Hawksley's	b. c. m.	<i>Volumnia</i> ,	9st. 13lbs.	Twysden	1
The Stranger's	b. a. h.	<i>Repealer</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	Mr Hickey	2

The following did not accept :—

The Stranger's	b. a. h.	Banham,	8st. 10lbs.	..	..
Mr Twysden's	gr. a. h.	Vanguard,	8st. 4lbs.	..	..
Mr Twysden's	gr. a. h.	Pearl,	7st. 12lbs.	..	..
Mr Twysden's	bk. a. h.	Hannibal,	7st. 13lbs.	..	..

Even betting. *Repealer* went away with a lead of three or four lengths, was drawn on at the back of the Course, headed in the straight running, and beaten easily by a length and a half.

Time,—1st  $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile, 59s.—the mile, 2m. 6s.—1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 3m. 5s.

#### SEVENTH DAY, Friday, March 24.

1ST RACE.—Hurdle Race of 200 Rs. from the Fund, with an entrance of 50 Rs. for all Horses. Round the Course, over (6) six hurdles, from 3-6 to 4 feet in height. Arabs and C B, 10st. 7lbs.; Cape and N. S. W., 11st.; English, 11st. G. R. To close and name on the 1st March. H. F. day before the race.

Mr George's	bn. c. geld.	St Patrick,	10st. 4lbs.	Mr Stubbs	1
Mr Hawkesley's	b. c. mare	Volumnia,	11st. 11lbs.	Owner	dist.

*Volumnia* balked at the first hurdle, passed it, and went on to the 2nd, consequently she was distanced—her owner brought her back, finding he could not get her over the 2nd hurdle. *St. Patrick* took all 6 in splendid style.

#### ALLYGHUR RACES.

##### FIRST DAY, Tuesday, March 14, 1848.

1ST RACE.—Match 50 G. M. H. F. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr Goodridge's	b. a. h.	Dominie Skelp,	9st.	West	1
The Major's	b. a. g.	Renegade,	8st.	William	2

*Renegade* jumped off with the lead at a rattling pace. *Dominie* waiting a length or so behind, at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile post *Renegade* was quite beat, and *Dominie* then passed him and came home at a canter.

Time,—1st mile, 1m. 57s.—1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 3m. 3s.

2ND RACE.—The Kumona Purse of 25 G. M.'s on its terms. R & C. Heats—(8 Subscribers.)

Mr Francis's	g. a. h.	Holdfast,	..	..	walked over.
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3RD RACE.—The Samsi Purse of 20 G. M. for 41 Galloways, 14 hands to carry 9st. 7lbs.—added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each—1 $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. Heats—(5 Subscribers.)

Mr Goodridge's	b. a. h.	Dominie Skelp,	9st. 6lbs.	West	1 1
Mr James'	g. a. h.	Revenge,	9st. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.	Browne	2 2
Mr Fox's	g. a. h.	Cardinal,	8st. 0lb.	Native	3 <sup>r</sup> dr.

Both heats won very easily by *Dominie* who waited on *Revenge* to the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile post from home, winning by 2 lengths.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 34s.—2d heat, 2m. 32s.

SECOND DAY, Thursday, March 16.

1ST RACE.—A Silver Cup value 500 Rs., presented by the Native Gents of the district, for all horses. N. N. I. T. C. Weight for age. 1½ miles—added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., P. P.—10 Subscribers.

Mr Goodridge's	g. a. h.	<i>Fusileer</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	West	1
The Major's	b. a. h.	<i>Revoke</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	William	2
Mr James'	g. a. h.	<i>Revenge</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Daly	3

*Revenge* made the running closely followed by *Revoke*. *Fusileer* waiting—in this order they came into straight running, when *Revenge* fell behind. A pretty race then ensued between *Fusilier* and *Revoke*, which was obviously won easy by the former by a length and a half.

Time,—3m. 31s.

2ND RACE.—The Welter. A Purse of 20 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., H. F.—1 mile. 10st. 7lbs. each.—4 Subscribers.

Mr Francis'	g. a. h.	<i>Holdfast</i> ,	..	Capt. Percy	1
Mr Fox's	b. a. h.	<i>Chance</i> ,	..	Mr Fairlie	2

Won easy,—1m. 59s.

3RD RACE.—The Consolation Purse of 10 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. each. Weight for valuation. ¼ mile heats.

Mr Williams'	c. a. h.	<i>Sir Jasper Dick</i> ,	..	William	2	1	1
Mr Macleod's	b. c.b. m.	<i>Modesty</i> ,	..	West	1	2	2
Mr Ryves's	g. c.b. m.	<i>Dissipation</i> ,	..	Browne	3	3	dr.

1st Heat.—A good race, though won rather easily by the Mare in 58s.

2nd Heat.—Won easy by *Sir Jasper* in 1m.

3rd Heat.—A good Race, though apparently a very easy one—1m. 3s.

THIRD DAY, Saturday, March 18.

1ST RACE.—The Allyghur Cup—value 1,000 Rupees, on its terms. 2 mile heats.—9 Subscribers.

The Major's	b. a. h.	<i>Revoke</i> ,	..	..	walked over.
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2ND RACE.—A Purse of 15 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M., ¼ forfeit—for all horses, to be handicapped by G. Blunt, Esq., C. S. ¼ mile.

The Major's	b. a. h.	<i>Revoke</i> ,	9st. 2lbs.	Browne	1
Mr Francis'	g. a. h.	<i>Holdfast</i> ,	9st 7lbs.	William	2
Mr James'	g. a. h.	<i>Revenge</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Dewan	3
Mr Fox's	b. a. h.	<i>Chance</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	West	4
Mr Goodridge's	b. a. h.	<i>Dominie Skelp</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	..	dr.

*Chance* drew the inside and made the running at a fair pace—going out the 1st ¼ of a mile in 1m. 29s. *Revoke* lying 2nd—*Holdfast* 3rd—and *Revenge* 4th—all well together: no change took place till a quarter of a mile from home, where *Chance* fell back giving place to *Holdfast*, with whom and *Revoke* a good race ensued—the weight was however too much for the old horse, who ran right well but could not snatch the victory from *Revoke*, who won by a head and neck cleverly. *Revenge* well up; *Chance* not persevered with. *Dominie Skelp* was drawn for want of a rider, or we might have had a better race even than it was.

Time,—2m. 59s.

3RD RACE.—The Hack Stakes of 2 G. M. with 5 added, for all untrained horses— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats—was won in 3 heats by Mr Weston's g. c. b. m. *Jenny Lind*, Bowne, beating *Lola Montez* and *Modesty*—the Bavarian Lady won the 1st heat.

The Pony Purse was won by Mr West's g. p. *Konkar* (Owner) beating *Silent Friend* and half a dozen others who entered but did not start.

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FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, March 21.

1ST RACE.—Match for 50 G. M. H. F.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr Goodridge's	g. a. h.	<i>Fusileer</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	..	received.
The Major's	b. a. h.	<i>Renegade</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	..	forfeit.

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2ND RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of 25 G. M. on its terms.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles.—8 Subscribers.

The Major's b. a. h. *Revoke* walked over for the forfeits.

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3RD RACE.—A Forced Handicap for all horses, when started during the Meeting, (optional to Hacks and Ponies) with a Purse of 20 Rs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M., 2 forfeit, for horses not standing the Handicap.

Mr James'	g. a. h.	<i>Revenge</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	Dewan	1
The Major's	b. a. h.	<i>Revoke</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	Browne	2
Mr Fox's	b. a. h.	<i>Chance</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	West	3
Mr Francis'	g. a. h.	<i>Holdfast</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	..	ft.
Mr Goodridge's	b. a. h.	<i>Dominie Skelp</i> ,	..	..	ft.
„	g. a. h.	<i>Fusileer</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	..	ft.
Mr Fox's	g. a. h.	<i>Cardinal</i> ,	7st. 0lb.	..	ft.

*Revoke* the favourite, but *Revenge* had a few fanciers, and some backed *Chance* for a certainty. The pace out was good, *Revenge* leading—*Revoke* 2nd—*Chance* holding 2 or 3 lengths behind—they continued in this order all the way round—*Revenge* winning cleverly by 2 lengths.

Times,—R. C. and distance, 3m. 10s.

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4TH RACE.—A Purse for all Hacks—11st. each. G. R.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

Mr Macleod's	c. a. h.	<i>Sir Jasper Dick</i> ,	..	Mr Goodridge	1	1
Mr Weston's	g. cb. m.	<i>Jenny Lind</i> ,	..	Owner	2	2
Mr Fulton's	b. cb. m.	<i>My Mary</i> ,	..	Owner	3	0

Both heats won very easily.

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A Pony Race wound up a meeting which promised to have been one of the best in Upper India, spite however many unfortunate accidents, some very fair sport was shown.

## JULLUNDUR RACES.

Length of Course one and a quarter mile and one hundred and forty-five yards.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, April 4, 1848.

1ST RACE.—The Jullundur Derby of 15 G. M. for all Maiden Arabs. 9st. 7lbs. each. R. C. and a distance. Entrance 5 G. M. Second horse to save his stake.

Mr Rawlins'	g. a. h.	<i>Tancred</i> ,	..	Mr Ward	1
The Confederates'	g. a. h.	<i>Hotspur</i> ,	..	Mr Machell	2
Mr X. X's	g. a. h.	<i>Abdel Kader</i> ,	..	Mr Roberts	3
Capt. John's	g. a. h.	<i>Bastard</i> ,	..	Mr Couper	4

*Tancred*, *Hotspur* and *Abdel Kader* ran well together to the distance, when the former came away and won easily. *Abdel Kader* might have saved his stakes had he been persevered with. *Bastard*, who was as fat as a prize ox, hardly saved his distance.

Time,—2m. 59s.

2ND RACE.—A Purse of 5 G. M. for all Hacks.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. G. R. 10st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G. M. Winner to be sold for 400 Rs.

Mr Hunter's	b. a. h.	<i>Comus</i> ,	Mr Waddington	0	0	1	1	
Mr X X's	b. cb. gcl.	<i>The Castor</i> ,	Mr Roberts	1	2	0	2	
Mr Parrott's	c. a. h.	<i>Diamond</i> ,	Owner	..	2	1	0	3
Mr Frederick's	c. cb. m.	<i>Marchioness</i> ,	..	..	3	3	0	0
Mr Devilskin's	b. a. h.	<i>Cicero</i> ,	..	..	4	4	2	0
Mr Harrison's	g. a. h.	<i>Do let him go</i> ,	..	..	0	drawn		

1st Heat—A Capital race between *The Castor*, *Diamond* and *Marchioness*.

2d Heat.—After a beautiful race *Diamond* won on the post by a head.

3d Heat.—To the surprise of all *Comus* who had been laying by came out and won the heat.

4th Heat—Won in a canter by *Comus*.

Time,—1st heat, 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; 2d heat, 58s.; 3d heat, 59s.; 4th heat, 1m. 1s.

3RD RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each with 10 G. M. added from the Fund, for all horses. R. C. Arabs and C. B. 9st. 7lbs. Colonial 10 stone. English 11 stone.

Mr Villiers'	b. eng. h.	<i>Etonian</i> ,	11st. 3lbs.	Mr Parrott	1
Mr Devilskin's	g. a. h.	<i>Ironsides</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Mr Machell	2
Mr Rawlins'	b. a. h.	<i>Gauntlet</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Mr Waddington	3
Mr Warde's	b. a. h.	<i>Tripoli</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Mr Ward	4
Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Unique</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Mr Couper	6
Mr Pratt's	c. n.s.w. g.	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	9st. 11lbs.	Capt. Hicks	0
The Confederates'	g. a. h.	<i>Hotspur</i> ,	..	..	dr.

The Englishman the favourite although quite untrained. A very bad start. *Ironsides*, *Gauntlet* and the Britisher getting away first, *Tripoli* and *Unique* lost at least a dozen lengths, however they all closed at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile out, *Ironsides* then made the running followed by the Englishman, who lay on his quarter to the distance post, when Mr Parrott let him out and won easily by a length. *Hotspur* had too much of a bucketing in the first race and was drawn. *Kangaroo* turned rusty and would not come to the post.

Time,—2m. 40.—*Etonian* declared 2lbs.

## SECOND DAY, Thursday, April 6.

1ST RACE.—The Welter Stakes of 5 G. M. each, with 15 added from the Fund, for all horses. R. Course and a distance G. R. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Winner of the Derby to carry 3lbs. extra. Arabs and C. B. 11 stone. Colonial 11st. 8lbs. English 12st. 7lbs.

Mr Rawlins'	g. a. h.	<i>Tancred</i> ,	10st. 12lbs.	Mr Ward	1
Mr Devilskin's	g. a. h.	<i>Ironsides</i> ,	11st. 0lbs.	Mr Machell	2

↳ good race round the Course, but *Tancred* won easily at the end.

Time,—2m. 58s.

2ND RACE.—The Galloway Purse of 10 G. M. 1 mile heats. 9st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Entrance 50 Rupees.

Capt. Frederick's	g. a. h.	<i>Pam</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Mr Machell	1 1
Mr Fetlock's	g. a. gel.	<i>Firefly</i> ,	8st. 13lbs.	Mr Gardiner	2 dr.

*Pam* went away with the lead, was never headed and won in a trot. *Firefly* was drawn in the second heat, which showed his owner's judgment: the beautiful little *Pam* could have given his opponent a couple of stone and then beaten him.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 3½s.

3RD RACE.—The Consolation Purse of 100 Rupees for all horses. Weight for valuation. R. C. Horses to be sold for 500 Rupees, to carry 9st. 7lbs. and 4lbs. extra for every 100 Rupees. Entrance 3 G. M.

Mr Rawlins'	g. a. h.	<i>Bug-a-boo</i> ,	10st. 11lbs.	Mr Ward	1 2 1
Mr Devilskin's	c. cb. m.	<i>Our old Friend</i> ,	9st. 13lbs.	Mr Couper	3 1 2
Mr D'Israeli's	c. a. gel.	<i>Rory</i> ,	10st. 5lbs.	Mr Parrott	2 3 3
Mr Hunter's	b. a. h.	<i>Comus</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Mr Nembhard	4 4 4

1st Heat.—A good race and won by half a length.

2d Heat.—A beautiful race, *Our old Friend* won by a head, after a splendid rush, by Mr Couper, who showed us a real good bit of riding.

3d Heat.—Won easily by Mr Ward.

## THIRD DAY, Saturday, April 8.

1ST RACE.—Dooab Purse of 10 G. M. Entrance 5 G. M. 1¼ mile. N. N. T. Club Standard. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 3lbs. Winner of the Derby excepted. Second horse to save his stake. To close on 20th March.

Mr Rawlins'	g. a. h.	<i>Tancred</i> ,	9st. 2lbs.	Mr Machell	1
Mr Villiers'	b. eng. h.	<i>Etonian</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	Mr Couper	2

Mr X X.

Mr Lloyd.

The Confederates.

} paid 5 G. M. each.

The Englishman was backed to win. *Tancred* drew the inside: both went away together, the Britisher going on the outside track, making the runing for half a mile; the two ran together to the half mile from home, the Englishman then led to the distance, when Mr Machell touched *Tancred* with the whip and well did he answer to it, but to the surprise of all the Englishman stopped, and *Tancred* won by a length. Both pulled up footsore.

Time,—2m. 59s.



2D RACE.—A Purse of 100 Rupees for all horses.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. Arabs and C B. 11 stone; Colonial 11st. 7lbs.; English 12 stone. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Entrance 5 G. M.

Mr Pratt's	c. n.s.w. gel.	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Mr Shepherd	1 1
Mr Devilskin's	g. a. h.	<i>Ironsides</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Mr Parrott	0 2
Capt. Roberts'	b. a. h.	<i>Ganymede</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Mr McKinnon	2 3
Mr Lloyd's	b. a. h.	<i>Massaroni</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Mr Couper	3 0
Mr Bailey's	g. a. h.	<i>Bastard</i> ,	10st. 9lbs.	Mr Bailey	0 0

1st Heat.—The Waler won easily.

2d Heat.—Won by a length, the Waler *Kangaroo* should have been distanced as he declared 1lb. over weight the first heat and came in without it.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 30s; 2d, 1m. 27s.

3D RACE.—Handicap of 5 Gold Mohurs each, with 10 G. M. added, for all horses R C and distance.

Mr X X's	g. a. gal.	<i>Ellenborough</i> ,	6st. 7lbs.	Owner	1
Mr Rawlins'	b. a. h.	<i>Gauntlet</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	Mr Machell	2
Capt. Frederick's	g. a. gal.	<i>Pam</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Capt. Hicks	3
The Confederates'	g. a. h.	<i>Bundler</i> ,	9st. 8lbs.	Mr Couper	0
Mr Lloyd's	c. a. h.	<i>Rufus</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	Mr Bloomfield	0
Mr Ward's	b. a. h.	<i>Tripoli</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Mr Ward	0

The Handicap was a very good one and did the Stewards great credit considering many of the horses had never met before. *Ellenborough* (the handsomest little galloway ever seen) made the running, was never headed and won by three lengths in a canter.

Time,—2m. 56s.

4TH RACE.—Match 25 G. M. P. P 9st. 7lbs.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile.

Mr Machell names	c. pony.	<i>If you Please</i> ,	..	Machell	1
Mr Harrison's	c. pony.	<i>Ruby</i> ,	..	Massey	2

Time,—1m. won easily.

FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, April 11.

1ST RACE.—Mounted Cup valued at 25 G. M. (real value 15 G M.) for all horses. Heats R. C. Arabs 9st. 7lbs.; Colonial 10st.; English 11st. Entrance 5 G M. To close 1st March, and name the day before the race. Second horse to save his stake.

Mr Rawlins'	g. a. h.	<i>Tancred</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Couper	1 1
Mr Pratt's	c.n.s.w. g.	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	9st. 11lbs.	Ward	2 3
Mr Devilskin's	g. a. h.	<i>Ironsides</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Machell	4 2
Mr Lloyd's	g. a. h.	<i>Rufus</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Wilkinson	3 4
The Confederates'	g. a. h.	<i>Hotspur</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Nembhardt	0 0
Mr X X's	g. a. h.	<i>Abdel, Kadir</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Hicks	0 dr.
Mr Villiers'	b. c b. h.	<i>Castor</i> ,	9st. 4lbs.	Garstin	0 dr.

1st Heat.—The *Castor* drew the outside. At the word "off," all went away, the *Castor* leading and took the inside place, followed by *Rufus*, at  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from home the Waler showed in front with *Tancred* close to him, the *Castor* and *Hotspur* beaten off. Half way up the distance *Tancred* shot a-head and won easy.

2d Heat.—*Rufus* went off with the lead, but neither he nor the Waler had a chance as *Tancred* won as he liked. *Hotspur* beaten off. *Ironsides* saved his stake.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 45s.; 2d heat, 2m. 42s.

2D RACE.—Give and Take of 10 G. M.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. 14 hands to carry 10st. ; Maidens allowed 8lbs. Entrance Rs. 50.

Capt. Roberts'	b. a. g.	<i>Ganymede</i> ,	9st. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.	Capt. Hicks	1 1
Mr X X's	g. a. g.	<i>Ellenborough</i> ,	9st. 2lbs.	Owner	2 2

*Ganymede* won both heats easily.

3D RACE.—Pony Race of 5 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. 13 hands to carry 9st. Entrance 2 G. M.

Mr Black's	c. p.	<i>If you Please</i> ,	.. ..	walked over.
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Mr Lloyd entered his pony *Fairy* thinking the race was  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, but the Stewards decided that it was to be  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. *Fairy* who was too fat for the longer distance, returned to her stable quite disappointed, I dare say at not getting a gallop.

FIFTH DAY, Thursday, April 13.

1ST RACE.—Forced Handicap of 8 G. M. for which all winners must enter (Hacks and Ponies excepted) optional to losers. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Entrance 5 G. M.

Mr Rawlins'	g. a. h.	<i>Tancred</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	Machell	1
Mr X X's	g. a. g.	<i>Ellenborough</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.		2
Mr Pratt's	c. n.s.w. g.	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	9st. 10lbs.	Ward	3
Mr Rawlins'	b. a. h.	<i>Gauntlet</i> ,	9st. 10lbs.		0
Capt. Roberts'	b. a. g.	<i>Ganymede</i> ,	9st. 0lb.		dr.
The Confederates'	g. a. g.	<i>Bundler</i> ,	8st 13lbs.		0
Mr Rawlins'	g. a. h.	<i>Buy-a-boo</i> ,	8st. 12lbs.		0
Mr Frederick's	g. a. g.	<i>Pam</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.		0
Mr Villiers'	b. eng. h.	<i>Etonian</i> ,	11st. 3lbs.	..	dr.

*Ellenborough* made the running waited on by *Tancred*, who won easily—the rest beaten off. The winner astonished all.

Time,—3m. 4s.

2ND RACE.—Losers' Handicap of 10 G. M. Entrance 5 G. M. 1 mile heat.

Mr Lloyd's	c. a. h.	<i>Rufus</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Buckle	1 1
Mr Barley's	g. a. h.	<i>Bastard</i> ,	8st. 12lbs.	..	3 2
Mr Devilskin's	b. a. g.	<i>Cicero</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	..	4 3
Mr Ward's	b. a. h.	<i>Tripoli</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	..	2 4

Won easily by *Rufus*, the riding of the Native boys was truly wonderful; you saw one or two flogging after they had passed the post, evidently intent upon going the two miles at once instead of waiting half an hour between the heats. Buckle by far the best rider of the three.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 3s. ; 2d heat, 2m. 2s.

3RD RACE.—The Shorts.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. 9st. 7lbs. each. Entrance 3 G. M. with 5 G. M. added from the Fund.

Mr Roberts'	b. a. g.	<i>Ganymede</i> ,	..	walked over.
Mr Pratt's	c. n.s.w. g.	<i>Kangaroo</i> ,	..	drawn.

Thus ended the Jullundur Spring Meeting.





# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES.

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<p style="text-align: center;">A.</p> <p>Alycune, 88, 91 Avon, 89, 90 91</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">H.</p> <p>Holdfast, 104, 105</p>	<p>Plover, 81, 88, 93, 96 Priam, 92, 93</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">B.</p> <p>Banham, 99, 101 Be Easy, 97, Bedford, 84 Boston, 82 Bug-a-boo, 108</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">I.</p> <p>If-you-please, 109, 110 Infidel, 90</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">R.</p> <p>Reality, 98, 99, 100 Red Robin, 89, 92 Refund, 99 Revenge, 106 Revoke, 105, 106 Rufus, 110</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">C.</p> <p>Cassandra, 85 Comus, 107</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">J.</p> <p>Jerry, 102 Jorrocks, 83, 96</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">S.</p> <p>Sam Slick, 87, 94 Septimus, 83 Sir Jasper Dick, 105, 106 Sir Walter, 86 St. Patrick, 98, 104</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">D.</p> <p>Dessert Horn, 89 Dominie Skelp, 104 Donizetti, 85 Doris, 89</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">K.</p> <p>Kangaroo, 109 Kate, 87 Konkur, 106</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">T.</p> <p>Tancred, 107, 108, 109, 110 Tickle-me-asy, 102 Tomandar, 101, 102, 103 Tommy Tickle, 93, 95</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">E.</p> <p>Ellenborough, 109 Etonian, 107</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">L.</p> <p>Lady Morgan, 83 Lloyds, 91, 92</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">V.</p> <p>Volumnia, 98, 103</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">F.</p> <p>Foig-a-Ballah, 87 Forrester, 81 Fusileer, 105, 106</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">M.</p> <p>Middleton, 88</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">W.</p> <p>Wallaby, 94 Whalebone, 86 Wildfire, 89, 90</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">G.</p> <p>Ganymede, 110 Glendarnel, 90, 91</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">N.</p> <p>Nimrod, 95 Nonsense, 99, 101</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Z.</p> <p>Zaccho, 88</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">O.</p> <p>Old Port, 99</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">P.</p> <p>Paddy Whack, 97 Pam, 108 Pearl, 98, 100, 101, 103</p>	



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 ainforth, H, (C S), Sylhet  
 alker, Lieut-Col, Rajcote  
 ———, Capt R, 16th N I, Grends.  
 Barrackpore  
 ewart, Dr James, 1st Nizam's Ca-  
 valry, Mominabad  
 tothert, Ens R, 4th Regt N I, Delhie  
 tubbs, Lieut W H, 33d Regt N I, Nee-  
 much  
 utherland, Lieut Col J, Ajmeer  
  
 HOMPSON, George Powny, Agra Sud-  
 dur Board  
 Yckell, Capt S R, Prin Asst to Commr,  
 Arracan  
 mbrell, Lieut Charles, Horse Arty,  
 Meerut  
 odd, George (C S), Mirzapore  
 oogood, Octavius (C S), Arrah  
  
 Torrens, n, (C S), Berhampore  
 Berhampore  
 Travers, Lieut J, 2d in Command Bhopal  
 Contingent, Schore  
 Trotter, T C, (C S), Mozufferpore  
 ———, W T (C S), Rungpore  
 ———, R A, 43d Regt Bengal Lt In-  
 fantry, Shajehanpore [Meerut  
 Trower, Lieut F<sup>3</sup> C, 9th Lancers,  
 Tulloh, Lieut R H, 39th Regt, Saugor  
 Turnbull, G D, (C S), Azimghur  
 Tyler, Edward F, (C S), Allyghur  
  
 URQUHART, W H, Mozufferpore  
  
 VANSITTART, H, (C S), Landour  
  
 WALLACE, J G, Calcutta  
 Wagentreiber, G, Calcutta  
 Welchman, Major, London  
 Wheelwright, Lieut C A, Artillery,  
 Umballah  
 Williams, Major S, 8th Regt N I,  
 Lahore  
 Wilson, D & Co, Calcutta  
 Wollen, Capt W R, 19th Regt N I,  
 Wyatt, G W, Peeprah, Tirhoot  
 Wynyard W (C S), Simla  
  
 YOUNG, Lieut H. E, 64th Regt N I,  
 Allahabad.