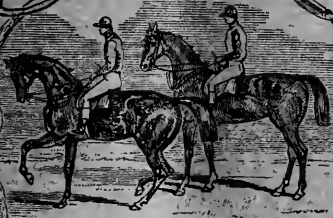


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JUNE.

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## Sports and Pastimes,

AND

## Turf Guide



1864



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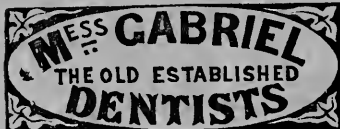
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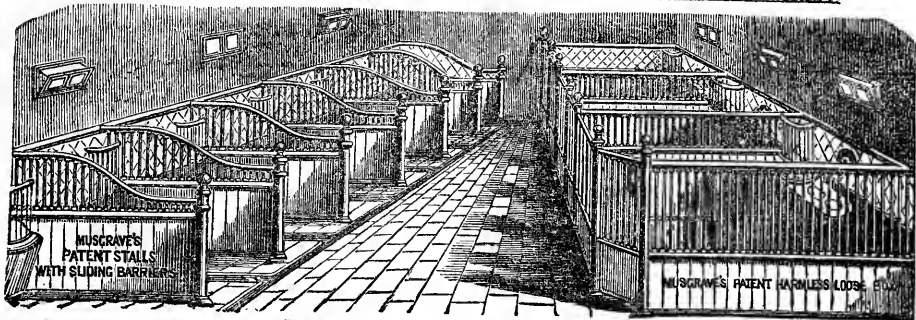
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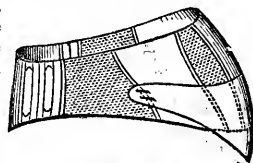
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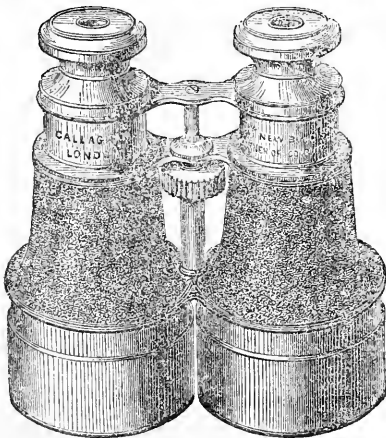
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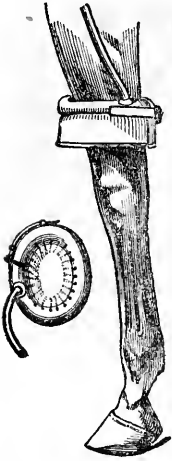
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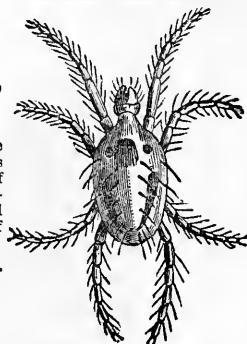
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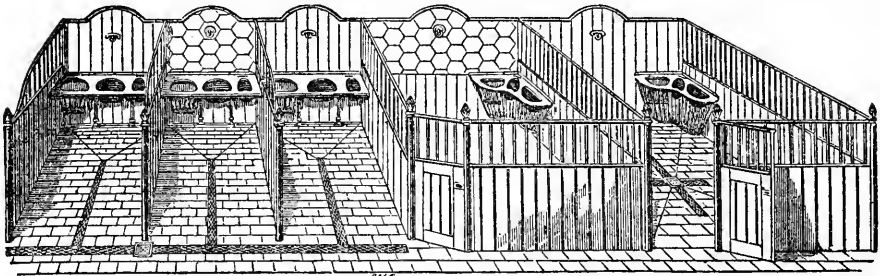


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BAILY'S  
Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes,  
and Turf Guide.

No. 52.

JUNE, 1864.

VOL. VIII.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. FRANCIS POPHAM.

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LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1864.

DIARY FOR JUNE, 1864.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	W	Wilkie died 1841. Prince of Wales Yacht Club Match.
2	TH	Benjamin Aislable (Hon. Sec. M. C. C.) died 1842.
3	F	Maidstone Races. [A.M.]
4	S	Royal Thames Yacht Club Ocean Match. New Moon 11.40
5	§	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
6	M	Jeremy Bentham died 1832.
7	TU	Ascot Races commence.
8	W	
9	TH	Ascot Cup Day. [X. AND XXIV.]
10	F	GENERAL MEETING OF MARYLEBONE CLUB TO LEGISLATE ON LAWS
11	S	London Rowing Club. Eights.
12	§	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
13	M	
14	TU	Royal London Yacht Club (2nd and 3rd Class) Match.
15	W	Hampton and Newton Races commence.
16	TH	Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match. Duke of Marl-
17	F	[borough died 1722.]
18	S	Battle of Waterloo 1815.
19	§	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Magna Charta signed 1215.
20	M	Accession of Queen Victoria 1837.
21	TU	Odiham Races. Royal Western Yacht Club (Ireland) Regatta.
22	W	Bibury Club and Beverley Races.
23	TH	Stockbridge Races.
24	F	MIDSUMMER DAY.
25	S	Thames Rowing Club, Senior Sculls.
26	§	FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
27	M	[Newcastle Races commence.]
28	TU	Queen Victoria crowned 1838. Chelmsford, Curragh, and
29	W	Prince of Wales visited Ireland 1861. [tear cricketer, died 1849.]
30	TH	Worcester and Ipswich Races. Mr. W. Ward, the celebrated ama-

CRICKET.—THE JUNE MATCHES.

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB.

2nd, At Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Gntl. of Devon.  
 6th, At Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Cambridge University, Return.  
 9th, At Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Oxford University, Return.  
 13th, At Lord's, OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.  
 16th, At Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Civ. Serv. Club.  
 20th, At Lord's, Harlequins v. Quidnuncs.  
 22nd, At Rickling, M.C.C. and G. v. Rickling Green.  
 23rd, At Lord's, I Zingari v. Household Brigade.  
 27th, At Lord's, The Gentlemen v. The Players.  
 30th, At Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Rugby School.

THE SURREY CLUB.

2nd, At the Oval, Surrey v. Sussex.  
 9th, At the Oval, Surrey v. Cambridge Un iv.  
 13th, At the Oval, Surrey v. Yorkshire.  
 16th, At the Oval, Surrey v. Oxford University.  
 23rd, At the Oval, The Gtmen. v. The Players.  
 30th, At the Oval, Gentlemen v. Players of the South.

THE MIDDLESEX CLUB.

2nd, At Newport Pagnell, Middlesex v. Bucks.  
 6th, At Islington, Middlesex v. Sussex.  
 16th, At Maidstone, Gentlemen of Middlesex v. Gentlemen of Kent.

OTHER MATCHES.

6th, At Southampton, Willsher and H. H. Stephenson's Eleven v. Twenty-two.  
 13th, At Nottingham, Kent v. Notts.  
 15th, At Woolwich, Royal Artillery v. Royal Engineers.  
 16th, At Broughton, Willsher and H. H. Stephenson's Eleven v. Eighteen.  
 17th, At Woolwich, Royal Artillery v. Quidnuncs.  
 20th, At Islington, United Eleven v. Twenty-two.  
 20th, At Brighton, Kent v. Sussex.  
 24th, At Woolwich, Royal Artillery v. Harlequins.  
 30th, At Nottingham, Yorkshire v. Notts.





They were so kind

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

Sports and Pastimes

LONDON, ALBANY & CO.

1864.



# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### MR. FRANCIS POPHAM.

MR. FRANCIS POPHAM, whose career on the Turf, though brief was brilliant—having won the Derby with Wild Dayrell—belongs to one of the oldest families in England, and is descended from the celebrated Lord Chief Justice Popham, whose abilities as a Judge have been handed down to us by the most celebrated legal historians.

Mr. Francis Popham was born in October, 1809, and is the second son of Lieutenant-General Edward Popham, of Littlecote. For many years Mr. Popham pursued the life of a country gentleman of fortune, passing his time in the pursuit of field sports, and those occupations peculiar to his position in life. Although fond of racing, he never kept a stud, but had one or two brood mares at Littlecote to experimentalize with. In 1850 Mr. Popham purchased Ellen Middleton of Lord Zetland, and sent her to Ion. The produce was Wild Dayrell, who was sold when a yearling to Lord Henry Lennox for 100 guineas, with the condition that if he won the Derby he was to receive 500 more. The Duke of Richmond's stud being broken up, and Lord Henry Lennox retiring at the same time, Wild Dayrell went up with the Goodwood horses to Tattersall's, and as no bidder could be found for him, the secret treasure was taken back by Mr. Popham, and put into training at Ashdown Park, where, under the care of Rickaby, the stud groom of Mr. Popham, he took his breathings. Rumours that he was a nice colt were occasionally floating about in the South of England, by those who knew the district, but he was never seen until the First October Meeting, at Newmarket, in 1854, when, ridden by Marlow, he won a Two-Year Old Sweepstakes in a canter, Para and Hasel running a dead heat for second. The impression he then created was so favourable, that inquiries as to his being in the Derby were made, and these being answered in the affirmative, the gentlemen who back horses from a knowledge of their make and shape, and are judges of action, at once determined to throw away a

pony or fifty on him. And from that time until after the Derby, the name of Wild Dayrell was rarely absent from the Derby quotations. In the Spring, the fame of his prowess began to extend itself, and Lord Craven's friends at Ashdown returned to London with the most flattering accounts of his progress. To find a horse to lead him in his work was a matter of great difficulty. Lord Zetland was to have lent Hospodar; but as he was required for Fandango, there was nothing to be done but to give sixteen hundred guineas for Jack Sheppard; and in his trial with him he gave him eight pounds, and Gamelad twenty-one. This spin, it will be admitted, gave him a great chance; and Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire literally piled its money on him. Still, he never improved his position in the market; and certain operators never ceased laying against him under any circumstances. This naturally alarmed the suspicions of his friends, who considered there could not be smoke without fire; and Mr. Popham was entreated to remove him from the care of Rickaby, and change his jockey, Robert Sherwood, who had been specially engaged to ride him in his exercise, and also in the Derby. But he most firmly refused the request, and stated he had entire confidence in the integrity and ability of his servants; and his estimate of them was not overrated or abused. Every design that villany could suggest was had recourse to in the hopes of nobbling Wild Dayrell; but never being left for an hour by either his trainer or jockey, he escaped the intended 'coopering,' even when the lynchpins of the wheels of his van had been tampered with.

To get out now of the large sums that had been laid against him was impossible; and as Rifleman and De Clare had both broken down on the Sunday previous to the race, his prospect of winning became so great he was almost backed against the field. Since West Australian and The Flying Dutchman no horse created so great a sensation in the paddock, particularly when it transpired Mr. Popham had been offered 5,000 guineas not to run him. Old John Day followed him about with delight and wonderment, and said he would be beggared if he would not have a monkey on at any price, for he could not lose. How he won in a canter is notorious; but it was only just in time, for the hard ground told on his legs with such a carcass to carry, and the following morning he was lame. By his victory the nobblers were routed, and a good service done to the racing community by Mr. Popham, who felt so keenly the anxiety he had to endure during the last few months of Wild Dayrell's preparation that he said nothing on earth would ever induce him to have another Derby horse. Wild Dayrell's next appearance was at York August Meeting, where he beat the 6,000 guinea Oulston in the commonest of canters. His third and last effort as a racehorse was at Doncaster, where he came out for The Cup with horse-cloth bandages on his front legs to face Rataplan. But all was of no avail; for although he had the assistance of two aide-de-camps in Indian Warrior and Little Harry, as they came

round the bend of the T.Y.C. Wells found something going, and Wild Dayrell never troubled another bookmaker or entered another enclosure. The Yorkshiremen mourned his sorrows as much as the Southrons, and said, 'He's a vast deal more down in his sinews 'than ever Maid of Masham was.' In his four races, in each of which he was ridden by a different jockey, he won 5,575*l.*; and as Mr. Popham won a nice stake over him for the Derby, he has proved almost worth his weight in gold to him, if we take into consideration his earnings at the stud, wherein he has acquired as high a reputation as on the Turf. For the information of breeders, we should say Wild Dayrell stands sixteen hands and an inch high; has a lean, blood-like head, strong arched neck, good oblique shoulders, great depth of girth, and good back and ribs. He has likewise strong muscular quarters and thighs, and immense arms; is a little in at the elbows, and turns out his toes, but is altogether a magnificent specimen of a Sire. Among the best of his stock may be mentioned Avalanche, Hurricane, Buccaneer, Wildman, Dusk, Investment, The Roe, Becky Sharpe, Tornado, Molly Carew, and Sea King; and he will doubtless add to their numbers before long.

Wild Dayrell was named after a species of Palmer who originally owned Littlecote, and committed a series of atrocities which, if Miss Braddon had been alive, would have furnished materials for a romance which in interest might have rivalled 'Lady Audley's Secret.' Accused of having committed pretty nearly every crime in the Decalogue, by a slice of luck equalled only by that of the modern Smethurst, he escaped the penalty due to his crimes. And persons were not wanting at the time to assert that he 'got at' Judge Popham, and squared him by making over Littlecote to him. Like many criminals of the deepest dye Wild Dayrell could be a saint if it suited his purpose; and Sir Walter, in 'Rokeby,' thus sings of him:—

' If Prince or Peer cross Dayrell's way,  
He'll beard him in his pride;  
If he meet a Friar of orders grey,  
He weeps and turns aside.'

His good luck, however, did not benefit him long, for a few months afterwards he was killed by a fall he got from his horse in attempting to force him over a stile in Littlecote Park.

The mansion at Littlecote is now leased by Mr. Padwick, so well known on the Turf; and although weak-minded persons still persist in the belief that the ghost of Wild Dayrell haunts its galleries and bedchambers, other visitors, whose minds are of a more practical character, and who have partaken of the hospitality of the new lessee, have never been troubled with such qualms, and have escaped without any such midnight visitations. But if their dreams have been disturbed, it has arisen more from stereoscopic views of Paris, Prince Arthur, Birch Broom, and Scottish Chief, than from any other cause.

Mr. R. Popham is married to Miss Brock, and has by her several

children. In all the relations of life Mr. Popham has preserved an undimmed reputation. As a follower of the Chase he has been well known for years with the Craven Hounds; and the streams with which his estates are surrounded have contributed to his fame as a fisherman. In short, no man can fulfil the duties of his station better; and in his sphere of life he is an eminently useful member of society.

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## THE NATIONAL SPORT AND THE NATIONAL TASTE.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

‘*Quot homines, tot sententiæ.*’ This aphorism, like many others, is not true; and a close examination of proverbial expressions will only confirm the sentiment of David, that ‘all men are liars.’ Had the royal Psalmist said so after considerable deliberation rather than in haste, it would have been but a more necessary result of longer and deeper thought, and have added weight to the assertion. The greatest virtue of modern days, because the rarest, is truth: and perhaps there are not a dozen men in Europe who are capable of discarding all temptation to exaggerate, and whose conversation can be characterized by ‘yea, yea,’ and ‘nay, nay,’ and nothing beyond it.

It is not true that there are as many opinions as there are men. There are quite opinions enough, and sufficiently opposite sentiments to produce discussion, and something more; but the increase of population has put the witty author of this trite piece of Latinity entirely out of court on the score of fact. He might almost as well have said there are as many race-courses as men; an expression which serves well to illustrate one of the prevailing fashions of the day. There are so many, that it is no exaggeration to say that every class of racing man has his own course: that the true sportsman, the idler, the sporting-man, the aristocrat, the ring-man, the nibbler, and the nobbler have each ground on which they can operate with greater facility than elsewhere. Even the Welsher is not without his small county meeting of third and fourth class horses and provincial talent, incognizant of the policeman, and far from the haunts of his lynx-eyed victims, where he can gather fresh laurels for his brow,—shall we say crowns for his pocket? The *insouciant* dandyism of Goodwood is as far removed from the business-like air of Newmarket, as the First Spring Meeting is from the 27th of July; and Royal Ascot has features as distinct from the noisy cork-drawing of a Derby Day, as a well-ordered fight is dissimilar from a street row.

This is the 23rd of May; two days before the Derby of 1864. If I were a prophet, which, thank goodness, I am not, seeing how singularly wrong they usually are, I should certainly back my foreknowledge at once instead of selling it. It seems to me a remark-



able piece of disinterestedness, that these gentlemen should present such very valuable information to the readers of 'Bell,' or the 'Field,' or any other journal, or should even offer it to strangers for half a crown's worth of stamps, before they have secured to themselves the very handsome fortune, which would inevitably follow a practical outlay in accordance with the exercise of their prescience. I fear on this day I should have been employed otherwise than in endeavouring to amuse the readers of 'Baily's Magazine.' But let us return to our muttuns; or rather let us take the first slice out of them. We will begin with Epsom.

The cockney's first holiday is the Derby. Your true and genuine cockney turfite cares nothing at all about the earlier meetings. Northampton is too far off, Epsom Spring is too cold, Newmarket has no booths or flags; and he has nothing to learn from York, Bath, or Harpenden, full of instruction as these places are. He looks forward to the Derby as the day that is to inaugurate his season of racing; and considering the manner in which his mind has for weeks been occupied in arrangements decorative and appetitive, it is wonderful how much he knows about the horses that are going to start. The General, Cambuscan, Birchbroom; he talks of them all as if they were intimate acquaintance, as, indeed, he does of Glasgow, John White, and Westmorland, as though he would pay them a compliment by making 'household words' of them, like Shakespeare's heroes on the fields of Shrewsbury or Agincourt. His book is an instructive one. He is quite sure to have to pay gloves, bonnets, and scarves to the extent of a quarter's salary; and he has discovered only to-day that he cannot possibly win anything, and will probably lose two pounds five. All that, however, goes into the day; it is a pure holiday—in Young Metropolitan's opinion not intended for making money, but only for spending it. The new clothes which are to come home, the lemon-coloured or lavender gloves, the thin paletot, quite unfitted for our Siberian spring (the last ten days being only an exception to the rule), rival the glossy bonnet and the startling novelty in shawls, fresh importations from Paris *viâ* Regent Street and Madame Elise. Fortnum and Mason are *au desespoir*. If such great people can be said ever to have had any wit, they are now at their wit's end. Multifarious, indeed, are the orders, and blank are the looks of the domestic cuisine: shades of lamb and salad so lately eating, the one the other, in the green fields and on suburban pastures, now to be devoured together; what state of mind are you producing among the good plain cooks? Startled policemen slink away from the area railings, feeling that the season for caterwauling is not now. Higher pleasures than those of love are taxing the energies of the lower regions, and the Proserpines of Tyburnia are engaged in seasoning their pigeon pies instead of their flirtations.

By the way, no one has asked after Banting about this time. Is he contemplating suicide? Will he bear his disappointments like a man at the universal disregard of his advice? or will he be found,

for once, transgressing his own rules, and laying on pounds of flesh in a self-indulgence which merits praise if only for its rarity? Surely plovers' eggs and iced champagne will find favour in his sight for the one glorious holiday, to which our friends have looked forward ever since they came up from the shires.

Of course racing men—*i.e.*, the few thousands who profess to know anything about the business, who lay the odds or take the odds, who disregard the pleasures of personal gratification, voting the crowd an insufferable nuisance, and the only refreshment necessary to clear their throats for 'laying against Combustion or the Broom,' a ham sandwich and a bottle of stout—will go down sulkily and mysteriously by the rail. Perhaps they will, have taken a lodging in the town, or a villa in the neighbourhood, according to their late successes (which ought to have been great) or reverses. But our true Derbyite will be satisfied with nothing but Newman's fours—greys if he can have them, and a yellow barouche packed inside and outside with creature comforts of all kinds. This is the true road to the Derby; any other is spurious, and unfitted to the great occasion. He will turn a deaf ear to the weatherwise: he will not believe in rain, though a stormy petrel settle on his bolster the night before; at least not more than enough to lay the dust. To all offers of laying any other dust, or of taking it, he is equally and happily impervious. The little of the leg that he has in his composition, as an Englishman, is now absorbed in his personal get-up, his attention to his *alter ego*, or 'better-half,' or 'temporary helpmate,' or whatever his name for the ladies of the party may be, and in his anticipations of that glorious luncheon, to whose promise he has stifled the calls of to-day's breakfast, and by whose fulfilment he will as certainly settle the pretensions of the same meal to-morrow. Not to disappoint the critics, nor to hurt the feelings of the general reader, I exclude from this category all the regular frequenters of the Turf, and only desire to exhibit in its true colours the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the frequenter of the hill on the Derby Day.

He is the pink of propriety as far as the course, where he joins a motley group of drags, omnibuses, carriages, on four-wheels and two, donkey carts, provision merchants, and that numerous class of pedestrians whose duties appear to lie between the Stand and the Warren, but who palpably belong to neither. Once in position, and brushed down by the united services of an ex-pickpocket and a sportsman in scarlet, but without shoes, his business begins. The first races pass without even a pretended notice; for he watches the Epsom Town Plate and the race for the Bentinck with his head and shoulders in a brougham, or in unearthing the pigeon pies and salad from the boot of his carriage. A walk to the Warren before the race of the day fills him with secret alarm for his patent leathers, when some too kindly officious friend proposes to show him the horses which are to contend for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. What cares he for horses on the Derby Day? He is satisfied with a *coup d'œil*, which is not to be beaten in the world, from the top

of a friend's drag, or the box of his own landau, at a distance of two furlongs. He has no more idea of the colours of the riders than he has of the pretensions of the horses, and the whole passes by him as a vision of an intermittent rainbow. Roars of 'The General, Cambuscan, and Blair Athol,' fill the air; enthusiastic friends who have spotted the winner, shout and dance; hats fly here and there; and in the midst of an unreal enthusiasm, he takes his seat in a plateful of salad, and the Derby is over for him.

And now his day begins. 'Thank goodness, that is over,' says he; 'now let us lunch.' And to it he goes, with some thousands more, to enjoy the pleasure of the greatest race of the year. This is the Englishman, whose love of a horse and whose knowledge of horseflesh is applauded by admiring, or rather envious, foreigners. This is one of the Public, who insist upon right being done by them, and who determine upon knowing why this horse or that is scratched or run, according to the will of the owner, instead of in accordance with the convenience of thousands, who are as fond of racing, and know as much about it, as our metropolitan type. During the rest of the day he is immersed in iced champagne, claret cup (thanks to Mr. Gladstone), knock-'em-downs, Aunt Sally, the Christy minstrels, fighting boys, the ancient doll trick, real Havannahs from Covent Garden, fortune-telling, and sherry and seltzer water. He resumes his journey when the postboys assure him that the last race has been run. His equanimity is not disturbed by chaff or pin-cushions, sawdust or gingerbread, nor his temper ruffled by all he has undergone, though he has lost his gloves and a rather severe walking-cane, until he is compelled, after long altercation, to repay the Sutton Gate, because he has *mis-laid* his ticket. He reaches Grosvenor Place about half-past ten, if lucky, without having broken the pole, or somebody else's pole having broken his back; and although it takes him a week to recover the effects of his love for the national sport, he vows there is nothing like it, and intends to do the same thing again at the Derby in '65. The national taste must be supported!

This is not your true parasite who lives upon the turf; and who, doubtless, is thought, like the sheep, to benefit it immensely by feeding from it: but he is one of the representatives of it in England, and we have to thank him, to a certain extent, for the enormous reputation we enjoy as a great racing people.

As the season advances, and *fêtes champêtres* are more in vogue, when laced parasols, charitable institutions, and the flimsiest of bonnets have obtained during the day, and when about four weeks of opera, concert, heavy dinners, and *petits soupers* have had a somewhat unlimited run, London dissipation is again intruded upon by the second popular exhibition of the national sport. Royal Ascot invites the attention of the racing man. This time, the *venue* being further removed from London, the company may be expected to be of a more exclusive class; and it is so. The rail affords vast facilities to many; but the privileged classes will prefer to locate themselves

in the neighbourhood. Neither beauty of scenery nor convenience of situation is deficient. From the humble cottage or villa, which is not unfrequently to be tenanted at the moderate sum of from thirty to fifty guineas a week, to the large and handsome house at from one to two hundred, there is no lack of accommodation. The notion of a man who intends to refresh himself with some country air in the middle of the season, being hurried backwards and forwards to and from town, is an absurdity. That it has struck men so appears certain from the admirable hotel which has been built at the top of the course, and which seems to combine the advantages of purity of atmosphere with proximity to a race-course; a combination so seldom to be met with, that it merits a trial.

Let me assure the stranger or the foreigner that this is another of those national *réunions* which may be ascribed to our love of racing, but which has as much to do with that love of a bonnet, and the pleasures of a fashionable squeeze. It boots not to sing of days when Ascot, unapproached by rail, and unconscious of a Grand Stand, stood conspicuously forward as the meeting of the season. Then on either side of the course were carriages filled with such beauty as only an English aristocracy can produce, and which even those brilliant toilettes could not enhance. There was a pageant to be seen. The Royal Family came in their carriages of state; and Davis, the finest horseman in the country, himself a sight worth the journey, rode in front of them, up the centre of the course. Between the acts, there was a promenade of striking beauty, in which the peer and the peasant played a part. All men could see and be seen; and as the horses walked down the course to start, and the bell rang out its warning, the ladies retired again to their carriages, to repeat the walk, according to strength or inclination.

Such, of course, could not be the case now. But Ascot has preserved many of its ancient privileges. It is neither so noisy, so dusty, so crowded, nor so drunken as the Derby. It is pre-eminently a lady's race-course: and whether she venture among the pink bonnets and parasols which crowd the Stand, and render breathing a difficulty, and seeing an impossibility, or whether she confine herself to the more healthy and convenient shelter of the carriage, she has nothing to dread in the shape of the hill. The gipsies are better behaved, the Christy minstrels less noxious, a harp and violin, out of tune, to be candid, is substituted for the not edifying spectacle of a street fight, and Aunt Sally and the cocoa-nuts are kept out of sight. In a word there is no hill. The betting ring is as diabolical as elsewhere, but it is an exceptional case, no more a feature of one course than of another; and not less honest, or less earnest, or more grimy than in other places.

Though professional vagabondism musters strongly, very strongly since the opening of the railway, as it always will within twenty-five miles of London, it is here not so much on its own ground. Like ruffianism in the precincts of a court of justice, it recognizes the *genius loci* to some extent. Trade has its representatives among

only its upper classes ; wealthy Jews abound. These are no votaries of the national sport, but followers of fashion, and pretenders to a sort of suburban elegance. Their holiday is among their betters. The villas round London throw out their inhabitants ; and the cockney element is no less present, but it is less prominent, than in its rival. Its mirth is not so boisterous ; and it borrows less from its subordinates, more from its superiors. There is an element of county society, less marked than at Goodwood, and wholly wanting at Epsom. There is not that utter *abandon* to the pleasures of sense ; and the sports of the day force themselves more prominently upon public notice. From local causes, most men, and women too, see some races besides the Cup at Ascot. Thousands at Epsom never see a horse, excepting the jaded cattle that drag them back wearied to their homes. Broken glass is in less profusion, and incapable postboys fewer, and, oh ! considerations of safety ! further between. Distance cannot be accomplished but by relays, and few costermongers enjoy a change of horses on the road. Vanity Fair assumes a more graceful aspect within reach of royalty, and if it furnishes less excitement, Ascot leaves fewer stings behind.

Goodwood presents us with no marks for criticism. If Boccaccio could have sung, and Watteau could have painted, horseflesh, we would have sent him to the hills of Goodwood for his lesson. It is there only that we can forget that on the left-hand side of the Stand is a clamorous throng of thirsting mendicants. What peace, what beauty, what harmony ! Beneath the shadows of those beautiful trees, on a lawn dry with the warmth of a whole summer, and soft with a verdure entirely its own, there seems to be spread one universal pic-nic. Racing !—heaven save the mark ! Who ever thinks of such a thing, excepting that vast throng which I reserve for future mention, and which here condescends to mingle some pleasure with its severer duties. Noise, dirt, dust, and champagne fail on the Derby Day to extract aught but a sigh of regret from the speculator. Ascot enjoys her own without alloy ; but Goodwood infuses into the hardest crust of self-interest some sort of sentiment for its beauties, apart from professional attendance. Pandemonium feels the influence of its graces. The London season is over, and Goodwood looks like the first step back to the innocence of rural life. We have left the metropolis far behind, and few are hardy enough to have brought its demoralizing tendencies on to the Sussex downs. There is a semblance of goodness, at all events, in a people who can enjoy their luncheon *al fresco*. Dress yourself well, behave yourself decently, and you may eat with the Duchess of A——, and share the somewhat spacious table of the Countess of B——. You are under the same bright blue canopy ; the same glorious foliage is your curtain : fear not to bask in the same sunlight. I hope it may make you happier—it ought to make you a better man. Goodwood, that is to say the right-hand side of the Stand, always quiets my conscience. If Ascot is a lady's race-course, childhood itself might play about the lawn at Goodwood. If vice is more dangerous as it loses

its coarseness, Goodwood, if vicious, must be perilous in the extreme. The syrens who lured Ulysses would have led him directly to his fate. Their very charms and embraces were what he had to fear. That race-course never leads me beyond a speculation on primæval innocence, and its beauties shut the door to an entrance on its less healthy enjoyments.

Thus three of the greatest meetings in England are made up of a society which, in the main, cares nothing or little about the ostensible sport. There is an enormous element in England of speculation, and the race-course gives the pleasantest, easiest, and readiest return for the outlay. But no man, unless prejudiced in its favour, would give it the preference at either of the three great Southern Meetings of the year. It might be a question as to how far the southerners are influenced, as a people, by the race-course at all; and whether the crowd would be smaller or the dissipation less, if any other announcement were made by the officials than a Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, to be run for by three-year olds, distance one mile and a half. Anything in the world that man can render fashionable may be made certainly to bring together a mixed crowd of well-dressed people to a spot like Ascot Heath; and even a Volunteer review and a sham fight created ten times the attention, and brought together a greater crowd of respectable persons, than Brighton races. As to Goodwood, the predominant feature has no more to do with racing than the Lords of the Admiralty have to do with fighting. It is a mere adjournment of the aristocracy from their summer quarters, with a rest on the road, before they dive into temporary obscurity for the autumn; and its outskirts are made up of the more wealthy and respectable of the middle classes, who, very naturally, like the opportunity of seeing and being seen. There is not a bazaar in the country, if fashionably conducted, and having a good strong religious element at the bottom (that is a great point with us all), that will not bring together precisely the same people, and, taking into consideration the absence of pigeon-pies and iced champagne, in quite as great numbers.

But if there were anything to add to the pleasures of this latter meeting, it might be found in the simple viridity of the country people who assemble to see the 'foine folks' on the Sussex hills. We cannot say that in these days of progress there still remain the scarlet neckcloth, white smock-frock, and hobnailed boots of Hodge: these, like Virgil's mariners, are 'nantes in gurgite rari.' The labourer has his beard and his broad cloth, and an ungainly beast he looks in his Sunday clothes. But there are to be seen the Sussex farmers with their handsome daughters, laughing and flirting outside of the rails: remnants, it is true, of a generation now passing away, with their drab breeches and mahogany-topped boots. There are the quiet, acute tradesmen of the small towns on the coasts, who usually have a pound or two upon something for the Cup; while the rural population inspects the company through the iron railings, and points out the celebrities that have arrived from the Duke's, from

Bognor, Chichester, and the houses in the vicinity. Along the line, too, Paterfamilias in the family barouche, somewhat lower down, brings the whole of his party, foregoing the additional expense of a Stand ticket for each, and quite sure of a pleasant visit from his neighbours, who have known where to find him any time these thirty years.

All this is excitement, and a great deal of it pleasure—real, substantial pleasure, made up of sunshine, gay bonnets, and feasting; but it has nothing to do with racing, which appears to go on in spite of a dead set against it. If anybody will compare with this the northern Tyke, with his cunning, leary look, and his hands in his pocket, not for show, but to see that nothing gets out of it without his knowledge: if any one will see him examining the horses with a critical eye, and watch the visible interest he really takes in the day's proceedings, he will pronounce Doncaster and York, notwithstanding their fashion and provincial grandeur, to be far more of race-courses than any in the south. Every Englishman is a gambler; almost every man is a speculator; all the chances of life and its most important events are the subjects of as much calculation as a betting book; but the Yorkshireman is a gambler upon horse-flesh. The veriest yokel cannot resist the temptation of a 'stable' or the seductions of 'private information;' and his half-crown follows in the wake of his convictions, as naturally as his master's team succeeds to his master's horses. Even the northern aristocracy, though they have forgotten something of their former state, their carriages and four and their outriders, have not forgotten their enthusiastic admiration of the Turf; and there is more heart follows the fortunes of the Leger and the 'Coop' in one year, than is invested on the southern courses during a quarter of a century.

But if pleasure has its votaries, to the exclusion of sport, at Epsom, Ascot, or Goodwood, there is a place which for true love of racing beats the world. It is not for the instruction of Admiral Rous and the racing world that I suggest Newmarket, the headquarters of the Turf, as fulfilling every condition of our national pastime. I fear no contradiction when I say that there alone is to be seen, in all its beauty and vigour, the full development of that sport which has gained for Englishmen a prestige which the woful errors of the system have not yet shaken. Foreigners may wonder at the crowds, the eccentricities, the vulgarities of a Derby, as parts of a saturnalia which they cannot comprehend; or they may admire, in the beauties of Ascot and Goodwood, an extension of continental notions on the same point; but they must see Newmarket fully to understand an Englishman's sentiments on the subject of horse-racing. The most beautiful sight in the world to a lover of the animal is to be found on a fine spring morning on the ground called the Lime Kilns, and the most attractive to the speculator in the afternoon on the other side of the town. Miles of magnificent turf, unimpeded by trees or habitation of man, stretch before him, marked only by the different courses and the place known as the Ring.

Carriages are counted by tens, hacks by hundreds. Bleak and barren, it is no holiday love-making scene, but a severe trial in a north-easter, recompensed by the very best and fullest enjoyment of a race. Then comes a gallop back to the Ring, when nothing but business is the order of the day. Your pleasure-seeker may go elsewhere. The few carriages which draw up in its neighbourhood between the races keep their commissioners in full occupation; and the lovely women on horseback are those of the *haute volée*, who share with their lords the pains and pleasures of their taste. Others, if there, sink into the profundity of an abyss, compared to which the hill at Epsom is positive celebrity. Men who want to bet can do so in comfort; men who want to see the horses are neither jostled nor insulted. A glass or two of sherry and a biscuit or sandwich give a rational relief to the calls of hunger. If it snows, or hails, or rains; if the sun broils or the wind blows, there is no shelter, no escape. You must bear it—grin, if you like—but you came to Newmarket for racing, and that you can have. You may be ridden over, too; but that is your own fault. A hack or a fly is indispensable. You can see the start or the finish; and you will be able to do anything you like in the way of a book at the market-price; but you will find neither sticks to throw at, booths in which to drink, gipsies, Aunt Sallys, conjurors, gingerbread nuts, nor patent-leather boots. The only thing, indeed, to be found there irreconcilable with my ideas of Newmarket is Joey Jones—perhaps I ought to say his costume.

Further than this, on the subject of Newmarket Heath, I am not called upon by my subject to express myself. Many of the readers of 'Baily' know quite as much as I do about it; and my only object is to point out the peculiarities of our race-courses, and the motives which impel men to the same end. I contend that racing, so called, at Newmarket influences everybody. That business, which I assert with pain and grief racing has become, is the very soul of the place: that a man interested in the sport, and desirous of seeing the thing he professes to have in view, cannot do better than take an annual tenement in Newmarket. But I should as soon think of recommending the Houghton or the First Spring Meeting to a mere champagne and lobster-salad pretender, as I should advise an empty house in Capel Court for a bachelor's ball. Let them stick to the Derby, or Ascot, or Goodwood, according to their circumstances and tastes: they may be happy in the exhilarating pleasure which each offers in its peculiar form, and may fancy they have been racing. There are men racing at all three; and a very pretty exhibition the twenty-fifth is likely to make of some of them. But these racing and betting people are mere spots on the sun, mere accidents of a Derby Day, not to be at all taken into account except at Tattersall's. The Derby is one thing, but the Derby Day is another. In the first they are all-powerful, because but for their horses and their money the affair must change its name. As to the second, the Abbot of Unreason is the presiding divinity, and feasting



and fumigation the great business of the day. St. Hubert is a quiet, orderly, rather abstemious liver; and a good digestion always presides over sport; the god of the Campus Martius and the Palæstra delights not in pastry, and abhors bottled beer; but the deities who preside over fashion and folly may build their temples on the Surrey hills, the Berkshire heath, or the Sussex downs, and the names of the worshippers will be legion. The temples on Newmarket Heath will be devoted to sport alone.

May the 25th.—The Derby is won. I, for one, regret exceedingly that the best horse has won. It would have given me infinitely more pleasure to have heard that Lord Glasgow or Lord Westmorland, or some man of approved position, should have carried off the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. However, there is an end of it. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong; but it seems, in this case, that a horse which has been regarded occasionally as a dead one has proved lively enough to beat the winner of the Two Thousand. That Blair Athol is an extraordinary horse there can be no doubt: and we refer our readers to the daily journals for those details which we have neither time nor inclination to furnish.

May the 27th.—I hope the British public like the performances of the French mare on the English turf. Whether this is an exhibition of native talent, or adopted from our own practices, I cannot say. I trust it may not become general; it might give racing a bad appearance in the eyes of honest men.

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### THE GRAND MILITARY STEEPLE-CHASES NEAR VERSAILLES.

FOR some weeks past placards of extraordinary colour and dimensions have been posted on the walls in and around Versailles, and in every village and town within fifty miles of Paris. The warning of Défense d'afficher, side by side with the bills, seems to have been utterly disregarded in the anxiety to give a wide notice of the above popular meeting. The programme is inviting, as well as amusing, and runs thus:—

‘ Lundi de la Pentecôte 16 mai 1864, grand steeple-chase annuel  
 ‘ military (gentlemen-riders).—5,000 fr. dont 2,000 fr. offerts par  
 ‘ l’administration des haras pour tous chevaux. Entrée, 250 fr.,  
 ‘ moitié forfait. Le second doublera son entrée, le troisième sauvera  
 ‘ sa mise. Poids, 70 kil. Le gagnant d’un steeple-chase de 2,500 fr.  
 ‘ portera 2 kil. de surcharge; de deux prix de cette valeur ou d’un  
 ‘ steeple-chase de 5,000 fr., 5 kil. Le gagnant d’un steeple-chase  
 ‘ de 7,500 fr. portera 7 kil. de surcharge; d’un steeple-chase de  
 ‘ cette valeur (en Angleterre) ou de 10,000 fr. et au-dessus, 10 kil.  
 ‘ Les gentlemen n’ayant jamais gagné un steeple-chase de 1,000 fr.  
 ‘ recevront une décharge de 3 kil. Distance, 6,000 mètres environ.  
 ‘ Sont admis à monter: MM. les officiers français ou étrangers

‘ en activité de service, les officiers des haras impériaux ou toute personne, sur la présentation et sous la responsabilité de deux membres du Jockey-Club de Paris ou de celui de Berlin.’

So on Monday, May 16th, the park of de la Marche, within two miles of Versailles, was thrown open to the expectant world; and long before the appointed hour, the rank, fashion, and beauty of the metropolis and its neighbourhood poured into the grounds in one continuous stream. The main road almost reminded one of a Derby Day in the olden time, so gay, and so well appointed were the equipages, and so charming were the fair occupants who came to visit this Olympic scene. There was, however, no element in the crowd at all akin to the ruffianism that marks our high meetings; no thimble-rigs, no gipsies, no gladiators, no roughs. The touts might have been equally vicious; but with a few exceptions, in which the Anglo-Saxon type of countenance could not be mistaken, the outward features did not bear that expression of low cunning and flagrant vice written in such strong letters on the face of the English ruffian. The price of admission to the grounds helped, doubtless, to sift the company: three francs ahead stared the blousers in the face, and evidently scared them: whereas, to the British public our downs are as open and free as the winds which blow over them. But in spite of the watering and culture given to the racing-tree by such men as De Morny, Lagrange, Count Talon, and even the Emperor himself, it has not as yet taken, nor is it probable that it will soon take as deep root in France as it has in our own British soil. Still, matters are mending every year; cultivation will tell—the tree will gain vigour and bring forth fruit in due season. Within the park the military uniforms of every imaginable hue and pattern, from the cocked hat of the giant Gendarmes to the turban of the square Turcos, dotted and diversified the verdant landscape so picturesquely, that one could scarcely conceive a more attractive scene. Horace Vernet would have done it justice, and so would Rosa Bonheur, if she understood the points of a thorough-bred as well as she understands those of a Normandy cart-horse.

But, to the business of the day: the course lay in a pleasant hollow meadow, fringed on all sides by extensive woodlands: near the water-jump was the pavilion of the Emperor, in which, however, he did not make his appearance; and near the winning-post no less than five grand stands were erected, from which a good view of the course could be obtained when the trees did not interfere. The jumps chiefly consisted of faggots stuck on end with squire-traps on the off-side, into which many a horse and its rider fell incontinently.

In the first race, termed ‘The Grand Steeple-chase *Annuel* Military Gentlemen Riders,’ five horses started. One soon came to grief; and the rest, hanging together, took their several jumps steadily until the last round, when the pace improved, and L’Africain, M. Vaillant’s horse, admirably ridden by Lieut. Roques, went ahead and won cleverly by two lengths. Our old friend Yaller Gal

was second, and the Vicomte de Namur's horse, The Colonel, third. The second race, a handicap, was won by Comte d'Osmont's Amaranthe, beating Latakia by four lengths.

For the third and last race no less than nine horses started, five of which were soon placed *hors-de-combat*: the other four fought out the battle gallantly; it was, however, won by Vicomte de Merlemont, who rode his own mare, Miss Margaret, in very spirited style.

The sport was fair and the weather charming; flower-girls did duty for the gipsies, not by offering cards of the races, but bouquets of beautiful flowers. Ladies in fashionable carriages and very fashionable attire, with an extensive male acquaintance, fluttered gaily in the park; champagne flowed in streams; 'Bordeaux, Madeira, and cakes' was the only cry, save that of the horses, that disturbed the ear; and altogether the races at La Marche proved to be a most delightful holiday.

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## PAUL PENDRIL.

### CHAPTER IV.

WHETHER it was the pleasant, smiling, neat-looking hostess that induced our travellers to adopt the Hotel Paoli as their head-quarters during their stay at Corte, or the high respect they felt for the great patriot's name that figured so conspicuously over the entrance door, it is hardly worth while now to inquire; suffice it to say, Madame Fiore's comely person and trim appearance were true indications of the comfort within. The beds were fresh, the linen white, and the table well supplied, if not with luxuries, at least with excellent food; in fact, the whole *ménage* was unexceptionable. From the isolation of Corte the difficulty of obtaining the mere necessities of life had been so exaggerated at Ajaccio that our friends, fully prepared for the worst, were agreeably surprised to find not only fair accommodation at the Hotel Paoli, but ample stores in the town for the supply of all customers.

To call on General de Leseleuc, the military governor of Corte, and to present his letters of introduction, was the first duty to which Pendril devoted himself on the following day. At his particular request, both Temple and M. Tennyson accompanied him to the citadel, while Will sallied forth with the dogs in the direction of the Tavignano for the purpose, as he said, of giving them a swim in that limpid stream. The citadel overhangs the town, and seems to watch over its safety as an eagle over her brood of young; and the idea of clambering to an eyrie not unfrequently crossed our friends' minds as they mounted the steep street and rugged path leading to its walls. This fortress is veritably founded on a rock, and is said to have been built by Vincentello d'Istria in the fourteenth century. But, whatever may be its early history, it still bears on its battered

front the record of hard times and the scars of many a fierce fray. Tales of surpassing interest are told in Corsica of the battles fought on every yard of ground within and without these walls by the patriots on one side and the Genoese on the other. To an ordinary beholder it would appear to be impregnable; it has, however, been taken and re-taken by slow siege, by storm, and by treachery; but more frequently by the last than by any other means.

As the gentlemen entered the room which the General was accustomed to occupy for the transaction of business, they found him seated at the end of a long table covered with papers, books, and maps, in the examination of which he and several officers seemed at that moment to be fully occupied. Two orderlies stood at the door waiting his commands, while a secretary on his left hand was busily engaged in transcribing a letter, the substance of which the General dictated aloud. 'Tell him,' said he, before he perceived the entrance of our friends or their cards, which had preceded them, 'that he shall have a troop of picked gendarmes for the service, and that if they don't capture Galofaro alive or dead, they shall be tried every man of them by a court-martial.'

As he spoke out with much energy and clear enunciation every word rivetted the attention of his visitors before they could advance sufficiently near to apprise him of their immediate presence.

However, in another instant his eye caught Pendril's, and, rapidly scanning him and his companions, he arose at once and saluted them in the most friendly and cordial manner.

'You are welcome,' said he, 'gentlemen hunters, to the land of the mouflon; and if you carry, as I've no doubt you do, the straight powder for which England is so famous, you will find plenty of sport in these rugged mountains. An express received last night from Monsieur the Préfet of Ajaccio apprises us, among other things, of the object of your visit to Corsica. But I believe you bring an especial letter from my good friend on the subject,' he added, pointedly addressing Pendril.

'I have that honour, General,' said Pendril with a respectful bow, as he placed the letter in his hands; but he felt, at the same time, a little puzzled to account for the readiness with which the General pitched on him as the bearer of the letter. The General, however, did not keep him long in suspense.

'Your identity, Mr. Pendril,' said he, 'needs no written credentials for me; not only your name, but every feature of your face reminds me of your father so strongly that I can scarcely believe forty years have elapsed since I last enjoyed his boundless hospitality——'

'I am proud to be thought like so good a man, General; but permit me to inquire what fortune brought you into each other's company?'

'The fortune of war, sir; I was a prisoner at Wincanton for five years. Your father was then a Captain in the D—— militia, and guarded us so vigilantly that, whenever he went on short leave to

‘ his country-house, he generally managed to take one of his prisoners with him—a dangerous experiment for both, it must be owned;— nevertheless, many’s the happy hour I’ve spent at Goodwell, hunting, shooting, or fishing every day in the week; but for my country, sir, I could have wished that such captivity had never ceased; and now tell me what can I do to serve my old friend’s son?’

Before Pendril could express his thanks or surprise at this unexpected announcement, and before he could find words to confirm the accuracy of the General’s slap-dash assumption that Paul Pendril of Goodwell was indeed his father, the General brought the conversation to a close by saying :

‘ But pray come and dine with me to-day, you and your two friends punctually at six : I have now a little business on hand, a mere bagatelle, it is true, but it requires immediate attention; when that is arranged I shall have ample time for the enjoyment of your society.’

The General’s invitation was, of course, tantamount to a command; but the kindly manner in which it was made drew at once from Pendril and Tennyson a prompt and hearty acceptance; Temple, however, bowed his assent with a cold reserve, which Pendril thought the keen eye of the General could not fail to detect. They then withdrew from the citadel.

In three hours from that time Temple was on the high road for Ajaccio; and, as Tennyson and Pendril had been for some time conscious that their society was anything but courted by him, they had strolled out together in search of Will, leaving Temple in his room, apparently engaged in letter-writing. The torrent of the Tavignano attracted them irresistibly to its banks; and, although in tranquil condition, it reminded Pendril not a little of the wild Garry; it now tumbled along, however, gently humming its summer song, while echo slumbered in the rocks, and the peace of the valley was as yet undisturbed. Pendril could fancy himself hooking a twenty-pound salmon and guiding him, as well as the huge granite boulders would permit, from one pool into another, until after many fierce flings, and many a sharp struggle for life, he kicks himself high and dry upon the sandy shore. While this pleasant picture was presenting itself for a moment to Pendril’s imagination, the well-known sound of Charon’s note suddenly rung on his ear; the hound, too, was doubling his tongue and evidently running on moved game.

‘ What on earth can that mean, Tennyson?’ said he. ‘ If the old vagabond has got upon a deer it will cost us some trouble to recover him; let’s get on and see what he is about.’

A few short notes, however, as if the hound was at mark, soon convinced Pendril it was no deer; so, waiting for Tennyson, who was scrambling after him through the dense scrub and over masses of granite with infinite discomfort to his battered shins, he gave a rattling cheer to the good hound, and then listened with all his ears for his next note. Again, it was a deep short roar, an unmistakeable

mark ; the hound's game was close to his nose, either at bay or at ground. Then, as they cleared a promontory of broken rocks that hung in fantastic and menacing form over the very bed of the river, they could plainly see Charon plunging into a deep pool and striking down stream with all the energy of a hound in chase.

'Have at him, my lad!' shouted Pendril with as wild and cheering a note as ever was heard on that river ; 'by St. Hubert, it's an otter, and the old hound is working him bravely. Oh, for six or eight more couples to join chorus ! what exquisite harmony we should have in this hollow ravine ! But, as that cannot be, let us hasten to the scene of action and see how nobly the old hound can work him single-handed.'

So down they hastened towards the river, and there a sight greeted them which, as Pendril said, made his bones shiver with delight. At the very tail of the pool in which Charon was so actively engaged, stood Will in mid-channel, up to his coat-tails in water. No heron ever gazed more intently into the sparkling shallows than Will into the depths of that rushing tide. The otter did not dare to pass him ; for every time he attempted to do so Will brandished a long stick, and lunged at him so fiercely that he was glad to turn tail and escape again into the pool above. There Charon took up the running, and by his close pursuit and fiery ardour kept the otter perpetually on the strain. Then, as the bubbles rose and glistened on the surface like a string of pearls, Pendril perceived the animal must land soon or inevitably be drowned. In vain he sought the lowest depths of the Tavignano ; in vain the darkest nooks of the granite shore ; Charon was hard at him at every turn : the only spot, indeed, in the whole pool, from which the hound could not readily dislodge him, was under the arch of a tiny cascade formed by an overhanging boulder. Behind this transparent screen he managed to keep his head above water and to catch fresh wind ; but it was only a short respite ; for, ever as the hound discovered him, he dashed through the spray and drove him headlong into the depths below.

Tennyson was in ecstasies ; he had never yet seen an otter-hunt ; and it was with some difficulty that Pendril dissuaded him from jumping in and joining Will in the shallow. Wildfire and the two spaniels sat motionless on a rock hard by, watching every move in the game, and ready, if the otter landed, to chase and worry him to the death.

'We've been at him for an hour and a half,' cried Will to his master ; 'and brought him a mile down stream before I could head him in this pool ; and now, sir, he'll beat us after all if you don't get in and keep him away from that fall.'

'That's just what I'm about to do,' shouted Pendril ; and suiting the action to the word, he plunged waist-deep into the tide within arms' length of the boiling cascade. The otter, finding that point no longer tenable, landed at once in the very face of his enemy, and sought the jungle in precipitous flight. Now then, Wildfire, the turn you have so patiently waited for has come at last ! and away he goes,

like a bolt from a cross-bow, head-foremost into the thicket; and away goes Charon on the line, spaniels and all, in mad pursuit; such a storm at his heels never yet followed that otter. But the wild cry that scared the valley was not that of the hounds alone: five or six French soldiers, and as many Corsican peasants, had joined the pack, and raised such a din as might have been heard at High Olympus. Notwithstanding, the otter did not escape; Charon was too steady on his line to be baffled by the hubbub, and, with a terrible purpose, was running for blood. Suddenly, however, the cry ceased, a deadly tussle ensued, and in a few minutes the otter rolled lifeless in the dust. Poor Brush yelped a sad requiem over his remains, he had lost nearly half an ear in the fray; and Wildfire's leg was so wounded, luckily above the knee-joint, that he hobbled about on three legs for the whole of that day.

On their return towards the suburbs of Corte, after this lively and exhilarating bit of sport, Pendril and Tennyson had but one regret, and that was that Temple had not been present to share it. 'Had he but seen,' said Pendril, 'the old hound in the pool, and heard that thrilling note of his every time he fresh-marked the otter, it might possibly have diverted his thoughts, at least for a time, from the all-engrossing passion which now rules him, body and soul.'

'It certainly has been a charming divertissement,' said Tennyson, 'and must have delighted Temple had he been there to see it: but its impression on him would have been as lasting as that of the summer wind on the waving corn.'

'At all events he will have a stirring time of it for the next month; the mouflon are shy, and the gorges of Monte Rotondo deep and declivitous; and if he follow the game like a man over that country, the occupation will need his best energy. Reverie is the oil that feeds the fire—the current that keeps the mill going; exclude the supply by active and wholesome work, and you will soon check the flame and bring the machinery to a dead standstill.'

As the party approached the Hotel Paoli, Madame Fiore stood at the threshold, apparently awaiting their return. Bland and profuse were the words of greeting with which the comely hostess received her guests; but Pendril could not help remarking, as she handed him Temple's note, that something had occurred to disturb the usual bright and happy expression of her pleasant face.

'Mr. Temple,' she said, 'requested me to give you this note, and at the same time informed me his bedchamber would be no longer required. I should grieve to hear that he did not find my house comfortable: he came, as I understood, for a month, and has left in a day; my guests, in general, reverse this proceeding, by coming for a day and staying a month. It is my pleasure, as well as my interest, to maintain the character of the great name by which my hotel is known; and this can only be done by making my guests happy.'

While the fair hostess was proceeding, with some volubility, to

descant on the great and hospitable character of Pascal Paoli, Pendril tore open the envelope, and, with profound surprise and vexation, read the following note :—

‘ DEAR PENDRIL,

‘ On the old principle that all stratagems are fair in love and war, you will, I am sure, have no objection to endorse my departure with a *béne decessit*. I would gladly have gone to the front with you ; but, as I am bound to own, a stronger fancy for game in the rear drags me in an opposite direction. I have little compunction in falling back and deserting the mouflon for sport at present more congenial to my taste.

‘ If you write to your people, have the goodness not to include my name in the correspondence ; for, I need scarcely say, that letters received at Goodwell travel from the Hall to the Rectory, and from the Rectory to the Hall with telegraphic rapidity. My father’s views sometimes clash with mine, and then there’s a row ; a result that usually leads to homilies and other less convenient inflictions.

‘ If any letters arrive for me, pray forward them to the hotel at Ajaccio, from which point I hope to join you on your return to England. Commend me to Tennyson, and say all that is proper to the General on my account : he really seems one of whom it might be said, *Janua patet, cœr magis*.

‘ Ever yours,

‘ GODFREY TEMPLE.’

‘ Poor fellow ! ’ cried Pendril, gravely, as he folded up the cool note ; ‘ this is a sad step indeed ! Would that my influence had been more successful, and his temptation less potent ! Passion, however, has prevailed over reason, and trampled out the spark of light in his better nature,—a tyrant inexorable as Pluto, and cruel as the vulture that fed on the vitals of Prometheus. Can nothing be done to rescue him from this impending evil ? I’ll consult the General ; and what cannot be effected by my counsel, may be controlled by his power.’

So, strong in this resolve, he turned to the fair hostess, over whose brow the cloud of disappointment was still hanging, and expressed a cheering hope that it would not be long ere Temple was back again in his comfortable quarters at the Hotel Paoli ; a reassurance which soon brought out the sunny smile on her bright face again.

While Pendril and Tennyson were engaged in dressing themselves for dinner, Will was amusing himself and a large party of admiring peasants by stripping off the otter’s skin, which he managed to do in the most adroit manner. The animal hung in an open doorway, by a strong hook, firmly fixed into the inside of his upper jaw. With the aid of a sharp knife, the lips first, and then the skin of the head were inverted and drawn back, until the whole body, up to the very tip of the tail, passed through the mouth ; by which process, as Will



demonstrated, the valuable skin was obtained 'as sound as a new 'glove.' Poor Brush, too, no longer of merry mood, but apparently anticipating with downcast looks the fate that awaited him, was coupled up to a post to undergo a sharp operation at Will's hands. After carefully rounding off the jagged edge of the dog's ear with a sharp scissors, Will's tender mercies had well-nigh mastered him, as he proceeded to apply the cruel red-hot iron to the bleeding wound. However, it was soon done; and then, remembering that, under the frizzled and hard cicatrix formed by the actual cautery, the ear would thenceforth be case-hardened against gangrene and thorns, Will's conscience was quickly reconciled to the severe but useful operation. As to Wildfire's wound, it was wisely left to the sole care of his own tongue, which, by its cleansing and therapeutic power, soon effected a perfect cure. 'The dog wants no doctor,' said Will, 'if he can only reach the wound with his own tongue;' and then he proceeded to moralize, and to draw between the hound's tongue and that of the human being a comparison by no means flattering to the latter. 'St. Paul was quite right when he called 'it an "unruly member :"' even a dog's will heal a sore; but the 'too frequent use of a man's tongue is to rip it up.'

Before we follow Temple to the banks of the Gravone, and reveal the delirium of love, which led him in a state of moral blindness to the very brink of a precipice, let us accompany our two friends to the General's private residence, and bear testimony to the cordial welcome they received from their gallant and genial host. He regretted, he said, Temple's sudden departure for Ajaccio (Pendril had assigned no reason for it), but hoped soon to see him again at Corte.

General de Lesleuc was not only a commander of high reputation in the French army, but had gained, by his courteous bearing and straightforward policy in diplomatic service, the respect and esteem of many a foreign potentate. At that very time he was expecting, and soon after received, the highest military honour which his king could confer on him, namely, that of a Marshal's bâton. A perfect blaze of orders, among which those of his own country were not the least conspicuous, decorated the veteran's breast as he sat at the head of his table, and did its honours with the ease, suavity, and dignity of a thorough gentleman.

The banquet, consisting of a great variety of dishes, the names of which are scarcely to be found by a reference even to *Véfour's* carte or that of the *Trois Frères*, boasted of one, however, a *pièce de résistance* to which the General invited his guests' particular attention. This was nothing more nor less than a glorious haunch of mouffon venison, roasted *à merveille*, and served up with a delicate sweet sauce, indicating the highest flight of culinary art.

'That mouffon,' said the General, 'was killed by my piqueur, 'after a chase which lasted two days, in the forest of Asco. A wild 'thyme of peculiar sweetness grows on the porphyry cliffs of Monte 'Cinto, and imparts a fine flavour to the mouffon of that district.

‘In the absence of roast beef and Southdown mutton,’ continued he, jokingly, ‘you, M. Pendril, may find a fair substitute in our wild mouflon; so pray let me help you.’

Pendril’s appreciation of a substantial dish was equal to that of his countrymen in general; and he frequently maintained that a handsome, well-fed joint, smoking on the board, and suggesting a land of plenty, gratified the eye and the anticipation almost as much as the palate itself. Besides, he rather liked to know what food he was eating, a point of information not always attainable when an Englishman dines on the wrong side of his herring-pool; so he readily exchanged his empty plate for that proffered by the General.

‘Worthy of the gods, General! The Hampshire downs never fed mutton equal to this; in fact, it resembles in flavour the Castle-hill venison, but is far superior even to it in the juicy and fine quality of its fibre.’

‘We always dignify it,’ replied the General, ‘with the title of venison, inasmuch as it is the meat of a wild animal, bearing a far stronger affinity in habits, if not in appearance, to the chamois and red-deer, than to any breed of sheep known.’

‘The argali of the Caucasus is own brother to the mouflon,’ said Tennyson; ‘but, strange to say, the Cossacks and Calmucks have the bad taste to despise the meat of that mountain sheep, and to value it for its skin and fleece alone: indeed, the carcase of their domestic sheep is rarely eaten, and is usually considered by them as unfit for human food.’

‘The same in Spain,’ said General de Leseleuc. ‘Your grandee would as soon dine on a boiled donkey, or a raw sausage, as on one of his own choice merinos; and even the poorest Spaniard prefers a dinner of herbs, stewed in oil, to the best mutton that his land produces.’

‘The weight of this haunch must have been at least twenty-eight pounds before it was cooked,’ remarked Pendril; ‘a good size for that of a well-fed fallow-deer. Have you any notion of the animal’s age, General?’

‘He must have been more than four years old, by his full mouth; but to judge by the rings at the base of his magnificent horns, I believe him to have been at least six or seven.’

Then the conversation fell on the best district for hunting the mouflon. An officer present, Captain de Grenier, who as yet, according to the General, had earned far more glory on the mountain-top than in the military camp, pronounced strongly in favour of the forests south of Monte Rotondo, in the gorges of which might be found the oldest and the fattest mouflon of the island. ‘Besides,’ added he, ‘by going into that district you penetrate the chain of mountains known by the names of Punta della Capella, Monte d’Oro, and dell Incudine, the most inaccessible and the least disturbed ground frequented by the mouflon.’

‘A grand, wild country certainly, and abounding with game,’ replied the General; ‘but how can you carry on a campaign, which

‘is no child’s play, at such a distance from your base? The peasant’s lone cot, or the yet more miserable hut of the goatherd, are the sole tenements of man in that desolate region; and they, you need scarcely be told, are utterly insufficient for even your necessary wants and accommodation. I quite understand your intention of roughing it; but after labour—and such labour as yours will be—you must have rest and good food, or the mouflon will soon be the victors. Four bare walls, with a single aperture to let you and the light in, and the smoke out, will try your mettle, gentlemen; and as for the fare, chiefly a coarse chestnut bread, and a sup of goat’s milk, it would puzzle an Esquimaux and his dog to subsist on it after a hard day’s chase.’

‘We have enlisted Madame Fióre’s good services in our behalf,’ said Pendril; ‘she has undertaken to send daily provisions to any given spot within ten leagues of Corte. Then we carry a small tent with us, which, so far as it goes, will serve us for rest and shelter.’

‘But one tent is not sufficient,’ observed the General; ‘you must take a second of larger dimensions; you shall have one of mine which has a curtain-partition and two tressle-beds in it: this will at least afford you and M. Tennyson clean quarters, and, by bringing you together, will probably protect you against the intrusion of a couple of brigands who have long infested that district.’

‘A thousand thanks, General; it would be a home in the wilderness for us; but how can so spacious a tent with its paraphernalia be conveyed to a region so rugged and devoid, as you say, of everything in the shape of a road, except a mere bridle-path?’

‘Easily enough, on the back of one of our ambulance horses. Leave that to me; I’ll undertake to send it to any point reached by Madame Fióre’s provisions. Then, you shall have my piqueur, a mouflon-hunter from his birth. There is not a brooklet that tumbles into the Tavignano or the Restonica, which old Piero has not traversed to its source; so you can depend on his knowledge of the country, and, what is of still greater use, his knowledge of the wild animals’ habits, as well.’

‘He will be a great acquisition, General, I feel sure; still I scarcely like to accept your kind offer, lest I should deprive you of his services.’

‘Oh, never mind that; if I take the field, which I hope to do some day in your company, I will adopt de Grenier in the double capacity of piqueur and aide-de-camp: what say you, my captain?’

‘That I should like to live and die in such service; the camp in the forest has far more charms for me than the dull routine of garrison duty.’

‘Fulfil your duty, de Grenier, to the utmost of your ability, whatever that duty may be; and then, depend upon it, your enjoyment of life, either in the forest or elsewhere, will be increased a thousand-fold.’

As no one seemed disposed to question the soundness of the General's doctrine, nor to doubt for one moment that he had practised it himself in all its comprehensiveness, de Grenier again drew Pendril's attention to the ravines lying south of Monte Rotondo, the numerous torrents of which feed the foaming Restonica, and pointed out the advantage of the narrow gorges over those of a wider character; and from the minute manner in which he entered into details respecting the nature of the country and the mode of pursuit best calculated to insure success, it was evident he had devoted no little time and observation to the engrossing subject.

Pendril and Tennyson, therefore, were by no means slack in booking the hints which this keen forester so readily bestowed on them; and when he had unfolded a small pocket map of the district, and marked out certain central points around which they were recommended to revolve, he handed the map to Pendril, and begged his acceptance of it as a small token of regard from a brother hunter. A more useful gift could scarcely have been made, for as it was a transcript from the government military map reduced by de Grenier's own hands, its accuracy was complete. The chase of the moufflon in these mountains, thought Pendril, must be no mean training for the sterner duties of a soldier's life; and if his profession calls him to hunt the wild Kabyl in the gorges of the Atlas range, who so likely to distinguish himself in the fierce pursuit and deadly encounter, who to detect and circumvent the panther-like approach of the wily savage, as the man whose powers of mind and body have been already invigorated and sharpened by the severe but welcome lesson taught by the mountain chase?

The great Duke of Wellington was wont to say that the hunting-field was a fine school for a soldier; Sir Hussey Vivian was a notable example; and the name of General Graham, who at forty years of age first adopted the military profession, and whose conduct in the Peninsula afterwards shed so glorious a lustre on the victories of the British armies, was another of the many instances to which he alluded in confirmation of that opinion. An ardent sportsman from his youth, General Graham had acquired his tactics on the mountain-side; and so well had he studied the game of 'mimic war,' on his own wild hills, before he engaged in that of giants in a foreign land, that Napier, speaking of the battle of Barrosa, pays the following tribute to his character as a general in these glowing words: 'The contemptible feebleness of Lapena furnished a surprising contrast to the heroic vigour of Graham, whose attack was an inspiration rather than a resolution,—so wise, so sudden was the decision,—so swift, so conclusive was the execution.'

The merits of the forests situated on the west side of Corte were then freely discussed; but the sources of the Golo in the region of Monte Tavolato seemed to be so little known by the majority of the officers present that the General strongly recommended our friends to adopt de Grenier's plan, and to bivouac in the valleys lying on the right bank of the Restonica. Accordingly it was finally arranged

that on the following morning the expedition should start, under Piero's escort, up the gorge of that river; that 'the corporal' bearing the smaller tent, and a mule the larger one provided by the General, should be accompanied by Madame Fióre's provisions and ascend to the very outskirts of the highest beechen forest.

In deference, perhaps, to English habits, the pleasant little dinner-party did not break up with the usual post-prandial despatch, but sat on to a late hour, the General and Pendril chatting of old times at Goodwell and of days with Newton Fellowes, John Ward, and Farquharson, when the countries of those heroes of the chase were enlivened by the spirits of such men as Billy Butler, Yeatman, Harry Biggs, and young John Russell, the last even then distinguished for his superior knowledge in all matters relating to sylvan craft.

Tennyson, on the other hand, was looking to the future, being attentively employed in listening to the stirring tales of the forest which de Grenier recounted, and in gleaning from them such local information as might be useful to the hunting party. When the 'good-night' at length came, de Grenier in an audible whisper, intended for the ears of the General, expressed his belief to the parting guests that in all probability he should drop in upon them before many days were past.

The General, however, thought otherwise, and put an extinguisher at once upon that hope: 'To-morrow,' said he, 'Capt. de Grenier goes on special service to the Gravone, by which duty he will gain more profit, though perhaps less glory, than in pursuit of the wild mouflon.' There was a dash of sarcasm unusual to the General in that last observation; but it really referred to the *service* in which de Grenier was to be employed, and not to any doubt as to the readiness and ability of that officer to undertake and execute any order entrusted to him by his General. In reality, de Grenier was an especial favourite of his; the old feeling of 'simile simili gaudet' influenced his heart; and no one knew better than he did, that, if de Grenier were required to head a charge or storm a breach in the very teeth of the enemy, it would be done with a chivalrous intrepidity worthy of the days of ancient Sparta. Still his devotion to the chase exceeded all other considerations; and, although the ordinary duties of his military profession were never left unfulfilled, yet was he prone to regard them as a kind of collar-work from which it was unmanly to flinch, or even as a penance imposed on him for the unbounded licence he took in the enjoyment of the chase, to which he gave his whole soul. The General thought it prudent, now and then, to put on the drag, and to restrain the impetuosity of his aide-de-camp's temper by special service, the nature of which might or might not be in strict accordance with that code which regulated the duties of a French soldier. On this occasion it certainly was a wide departure from it. But besides the salutary check on de Grenier, who, like many a man, was a poor judge of his own pace, the General had other good reasons for appointing him to a command

which required hardihood, quickness of thought, and the activity of a mountain-cat. De Grenier was the very man for the post; but it can scarcely be said he was flattered by the confidence with which, in this case, the General seemed disposed to honour him; no, he rather winced at the idea of being turned into a detective and sent to capture a mere smuggler and his cut-throat crew. If his prey was to be man he had no objection to a regular campaign; but to track and waylay a buccaneer, a pirate at sea and a bandit ashore, such as Galofaro was known to be, he could not reconcile that service with his own notions of military duty. His proud spirit chafed at the appointment; better a thousand times be summoned to a wolf-hunt by the Maire of one's commune, thought he, than be sent at the request of a cursed Préfect on such a mission as this. And, afterwards, doubly bitter was the draught proffered to his lips as, on his pillow, his fancy pictured the pleasant expedition now about to start in pursuit of forest game; he saw a noble-headed mouflon standing aloft on guard, and watching over the safety of a little herd that fed securely in the gorge below; and he saw, in his rear, Pendril on his hands and knees, winding up to him like a Red Indian through the tufts of grass and blocks of granite that lay between him and his prey; then, how far his imagination might have carried him it is hard to say; but at that point the sharp rattle of a kettle-drum roused him from his light slumber to the real business of the day; and in another hour he and a small troop of horsemen, lightly accoutred, swung into their saddles, and were off for the Gravone.

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## THE EARLY DAYS OF AN M. F. H.

### CHAPTER VIII.

THERE is no time of life more enjoyable than that when a youth, emancipated from the drudgery of school, let it be called by the less euphonious name of 'the birch,' considers himself absolved from compulsory tuition—beyond the restraint of play bounds, and to be at once thrust forth '*lancé*,' as the French have it, in the bright paths of the world. With what a jolly satisfaction he throws away his round jacket for the turkey-tailed coat or shooting-jacket—to tie a loud choker, and henceforward to have a chance of the wing and a slice of the breast of the '*gallinacci*' instead of that eternal tough drumstick! It is a time of great peril; and the more of assurance, in a right sense, and of confidence that he may possess, the surer will he acquire the power of resisting improper influences, and of bearing himself right royally in the tumultuous existence in which he will be compelled to take his part. A spice of devilry is virtue in a particular phasis of action. We bear in mind that Democritus Junior, otherwise good old Robert Burton of Lindley, in Leicestershire, and of Brasenose and Christ Church, has been 'tabooed' from the pages of 'Baily;' yet it must be allowed that an excellent

and practical caution directed to the juvenile fox-hunter, on the *insanum venandi studium*, may be found in Part I. sec. 2. of that quaint and profound work, from which both Bacon and Locke, and again Byron, have so largely borrowed. And the inferior doctors in ethics are indebted to him in the same ratio that are the superior and speculative philosophers to Baruch Spinoza. Even Butler did not disdain to make use of him in his Chapter on Virtue. The 'Anatomy' is a plum-pudding of knowledge, mixed up according to the receipt—and a savoury one—of a philosophic Mrs. Beeton—

'Heraclite fleas, misero sic convenit ævo,  
Nil nisi turpe vides, nil nisi triste vides.  
Ride etiam, quantumque lubet, Democrite ride,  
Non nisi vana vides, non nisi stulta vides.  
Nunc opus est'

to relate how that our revered parent, called familiarly 'the governor,' being a friend of Mr. Canning, was persuaded by him to send us to a private tutor for a twelvemonth before going to the University, and forthwith we wended our way to the kindest and most learned preceptor that a young Etonian could have—the author of the work on 'Human Motives,' then residing a mile from Lincoln. The parsonage was within a waik of the Osbaldeston kennels, thirty miles from the Brocklesby, and twenty-five from the Belvoir kennels. Besides, that most excellent sportsman, known formerly in Leicestershire as the 'Flying Parson,' was intimate with our tutor, and became our Mentor in *les menus plaisirs*, therefore on both scores we were particularly well served. As the lady maternal of the 'Flying Parson' resided at Lincoln, and a relative of our own was located near Newark, abutting upon the Vale of Belvoir, whenever we had a few days of liberty we had always a safe fixture with the range of Lincolnshire and the cream of Leicestershire for a chevy.

All that has been lately advanced in the House of Commons by the sciologists against classical education, and against boats and cricket as school recreations, is a weak invention, and only a *réchauffé* of what had already been said by Messrs. Bright and Cobden. The 'didicisse fideliter artes' is an accomplishment that those, who are shorn of that advantage in the House of Commons, feel full well the deficiency, and become persuaded, to their cost, that the satchel with Cocker on arithmetic, and the rudiments of ledger-keeping, cannot be equivalent in value for the substratum of education to the 'Propriâ quæ maribus,' and the 'As in præsentî' of the public schools. How is it, and why is it, that clergymen—almost all of them from public schools—invariably write correct grammar, are social authorities everywhere—accomplished gentlemen welcomed by all—excellent men of business, ride well to hounds, are captains of eleven in provincial cricket matches, and would speak better, if they were admitted into the House of Commons, than all the Manchester Radicals together? It is nothing more nor less than a cantankerous envy that would bring down the superior to the inferior. Look at the hungry non-classical

visages 'auri appetentes'—that never made a pilgrimage to the 'fons Blandusiæ,' and are not 'splendidiore vitro;' and contrast them with the smiling countenances of the bucolic senators, fresh from a run over Ashby pastures, and come up on purpose to vote in favour of Eton and Horace, and boating and cricket. And they laugh at the denunciations of fun, frolic, and the games of schoolboys by the 'duffers' and the factory masters—

' Whose minds  
Shape strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!  
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine  
Of the Orthyian goddess he bade flog  
The little Spartans—such as now chastise  
Our Cobdens and our Brights, their 'prentices.'—CANNING.

And hunting is regarded at Eton as the grand pastime of an English elysium. 'Fox-hounds' had always been a prime game with the lower boys, and a run over the flat by Chalvey ditch was a favourite line of chase. One or two duckings had caused some of the boys to stay out from feverish colds, and on a Sunday when we were up in school before evening chapel to hear the programme of the ensuing week, we were duly cautioned never to transgress bounds for a fox-chase over Chalvey ditch under severe pains and penalties. The next whole holiday, after four, we were at it as a matter of course; Mother Coker's chicks backing their materialities against Cartland the birchmaker, and the chance of the switch in the library. We were well in chase, running hard from the lower end of Dorney Common on to Chalvey, when, lo! there was Keate safe enough, cocked hat and all, on his grey mare, out for a ride, in expectation, and fit for a start. He was at the gate beyond the shooting-fields bridge, lying in wait by the clump of trees near old Maguire's house, at the extremity of the gravel walk leading across the fields to Chalvey. To be whipped off was inglorious; we had a fine plough before us, with the length of a large field, and the hedge as a screen, in our favour, for we were coming across the middle ground of Chalvey flat, and the doctor had calculated upon cutting us off. Villiers being the leading hound, was the first to descry danger and to come to a check. We knew that the proper line of our fox was ahead, and to cast back would have been to class ourselves with drivelling harriers. There was a stake and bound for the first fence after the gravel walk, a bit of plough again, and then for the Chalvey Whissendine. If we got over that we were safe, as the chance of the doctor charging it was out of the question. With our second wind well recovered, and carrying a good head—farrard away—farrard—not mute, like fashionable fox-hounds, but giving tongue loyally and lavishly—farrard away! The little doctor was 'cute enough in his generation, and, although not quite a Dick Christian, had plenty of pluck. He remained patiently until we were midway and without the possibility of a retreat, and then the grey mare was called upon to do her best. It had been well for him had he been a turn more horsey, for innocent of steeple-chase ex-



perience, he left the hard gravel, and put his old mare along, up to her houghs in the plough, with a loose rein. That might have been all very well for Sam Chifney, with his peculiar finger, in the rush on Zingaree, but this was another story; yet the Carthaginian, fat as a pig, and roaring like a grampus, struggled on gamely. We were at the stake and bound, well collected, with a fast fling and over, no tailing, and properly whipped up. The sharp eye of the doctor detected a low gap in the fence and he made for it. ‘Boys—stop boys—I’ll flog you—I’ll turn you down into the lower school—stop—I know you all—I’ll expel every one of you.’ ‘Nix my Dolly, pals, fake away.’ The grey mare plunged on, bellowing like a bull of Basan, with the doctor flogging hard and making his race, seeing that his oracular charming fared the fate of that to the deaf adder of Israel. The mare got to the gap and blundered, throwing the doctor on her neck, smashing his frontispiece, and, as they say in Devonshire, ‘he blid to the nos.’ Steady! now comes the still deeper plough, and we run the dry water furrow, luckily in our favour, up from the ditch, and then with a bright cheer and a run—a shooter—ha! ha! we are landed on the opposite bank, with a few splashes right and left, but out, *omnes*, and safe. On comes the enemy—the grey in grief across the deep furrow, and the doctor, red as a cardinal with passion, approaches the water. ‘Whoay—whoay—whoay!’—all in vain. The snaffle bridle was useless, as it always is in difficulty, and the mare, ill-tempered by the liberal use of the whip, floundered heavily on. Not having strength or inclination to swerve, she made a half jump, went bang into the middle of the water, and breasted with a groan the opposite bank, upon which the doctor was deposited with a loud crack of his nether garments, and with his cocked hat sailing down the stream. Great was the fall.

‘Your hat has got a hole in’t,  
So have your breeches.’

CANNING.

‘Sic transit gloria Doctoris,’ whilst the peccant pack was well in the middle of the next turnip-field, with knives out and munching the said vegetable deliciously—very indigestible, granny? Ask a fourteen-year old stomach whether it cannot beat Holloway, Cockle, and the whole lot. The grand crash of the scholastic finale, like that of Fidelio, was inspiriting, but the ‘Tourte’ bow of the orchestral fiddle was, in its fashion, like unto a birch rod, with the high-arm action of Costa for the conductor flagellant;—we caught it, and no mistake.

Our first introduction to the ‘real article’ of fox-hounds was at Dinsey Nook—with the hounds of Osbaldeston—a few miles from Lincoln, under the guardianship of Colonel King, the owner of Bessy Bedlam, who became responsible for our preservation. The murderer on the gibbet at the cross roads in that day was creaking in his iron framework. A hedge sparrow had built its nest, during the past season, in the skeleton jaws, and the birds were chirping gaily round their grinning home. Wildboy, by the Monson Wonder,

looked up with Tom Sebright, the first whip, at this exhilarating spectacle of civilization, and the old hound pondered perhaps on the future. The prospect of a halter as the reward for long service smacked of ingratitude; but man often does worse than that even to his best friend. The next time we saw Sebright was with the Fitzwilliam, in all the pride and glory of his successful career. Trickster, by the Belvoir Topper, was there, memorable for being the sire of Tarquin, the hound that caused Sebright to take his place amongst the Castalides line hunters, in a plaintive 'ad memoriam.'

' 'Tis here my favourite Tarquin lies,  
Turn away, sportsmen, and wipe your eyes.'

This is true pathos, and the climax of popular sympathy for the death of the Osbaldeston patriarch, so delicately expressed in this duolinear epic, is quite affecting. The Horatian laws 'de arte,' are carried out to the very letter. 'Difficile est propriè communia dicere,'—but here we have an example of the chastest diction, and the rule, 'publica materies privati juris erit,' is made absolute. Tennyson would never make 'bowld' in any hound simile, as a pendant to the 'sea blue bird of March,' to trench upon this hallowed ground,—never!

The Monson hounds, strongly ticked, coarse, and clever in their work, served the purpose for the moment, and were the foundation of that splendid pack, for a part of which, in 1840, Osbaldeston refused a hundred and thirty-five guineas a hound. They did not satisfy his eye, and the Middleton, Vernon, Vigilant, and Vanquisher were a great acquisition in giving a fashion and a grace to the working material. In his earliest day he took for his admonitory device, 'the race of Rutland, and the nose of Yarborough;' and in his subsequent operations he kept to this proposed standard of merit with unflinching constancy. It was always a day of rejoicing when we were enabled to meet the Belvoir at Newton toll-bar, under the tutelage of the 'Flying Parson,' during the last winter of Shaw. There was the stamp and type of the thoroughbred in their every movement—Belvoir itself. Light in action, graceful, and with a symmetrical substance that might have made 'Charley Grey' mingle their graceful outlines in his passionate dreams, with the rare beauties of Mary Brandling—the famed tans raced away with a unity of action that was a security for their belonging to one family—to their having been bred carefully to answer to one standard of excellence in form and deed. We were young in years, yet even then the reality of worth was self-evident to our unpractised capacity. Early impressions are lasting. Those of a pleasing nature, more welcome in after years than any others, cling to the retina of the imagination, and 'soft as the memory of buried love,' are never forgotten, and hold their supremacy to the last. Molesworth says in one of his early essays in a review on 'The Philosophy of Sleep' by McNish, that if a child had been trained to believe the jumping backwards and forwards over a stable broomstick to be an accep-

table act of devotion to a higher power, never afterwards, despite of reason and Rugby, would he be able to regard the sacrificial besom without an inner twinge of respectful recollection. And so says our quarto edition of the infidel Lucretius that Keate gave us on leaving Eton. And our young sense of animal beauty was gratified by the sparkling elegance of the Belvoir. The impression was ineffaceable; and never has that standard of perfection been obliterated; on the contrary, it has ever governed our tastes and inclinations in the kennel department as an M. F. H.; and we could detect the Belvoir tan and gait out of a hundred. What is a sense of beauty? It is the irresistible cognition of the fitness of a thing for a required purpose; and the primary source of all beauty is form, the immediate perception of which is called by Kant the phenomenon of intuition. Distinct from the artistic wisdom of experience, it flashes in all the brightness of reality on the untutored faculty of perception, and gladdens the sensory in the earliest stage, as it does the understanding in the later period of life. We will not dive into Hogarth's 'Analysis of Beauty,' or Alison on 'The Nature and Principle of Taste,' but ask the simple question, founded upon an argument of Burke on 'The Sublime and Beautiful,'—whether a child, on being shown a thoroughbred horse, in the silky bloom of condition, and a worn-out cart-horse, with coarse hair and gaunt ribs and hips, would hesitate in saying which gave most pleasure to his eye? And why should this be, except by the sympathy of an intuitive perception of natural beauty?

How little did we imagine, on seeing Rockwood, that he would have been the sire of Rosamond, who was the making of our little kennel in 1825, '26, '27, and '28. He was a fine hound; and a better than his daughter Rosamond, drafted for size, being under twenty-one inches, never went into the hunting-field. We were not insensible to the merits and commanding presence of the Brocklesby Ranters, Ringwoods, Redrose, Reveller, and the descendants of that renowned sort, which were cynosures to the eye of the 'Flying Parson,'—nevertheless we remained firm in our allegiance to the Belvoir. The famous Ranter of the Yarborough kennel was bred in 1796, by Dover, out of Redrose—sister to the not less famous Ringwood; and Dover, bred in 1786, was a descendant of the Fitzwilliam Ranger. The kennel was equally indebted to Milton for Truant, son of the Fitzwilliam Traitor, and bred in 1797. The Ranters at a later day were again crossed with the Saville Rallywood, and again the Fitzwilliam Druid appears to have been of service. The Osbaldeston Ranter went back to the Brocklesby Ranter, out of a Vernon bitch, by the Monson Wonder. The 'hunt' and 'stay' of these hounds was ever remarkable, and it must be borne in mind that the Belvoir Rallywood, one of the finest stud-hounds of his time, was by Sir R. Sutton's Basilisk, out of the Yarborough Rosebud, by Rector, of the Ranter sort, from Mr. Foljambe's Piper. He came direct from Brocklesby.

We believe that Mr. Osbaldeston, known for evermore, *par ex-*

*cellence*, as 'the Squire,' commenced his career as a Master of Hounds in Lincolnshire. Mrs. Osbaldeston, his mother, had taken a house in Lincoln, and, profuse of hospitality and every species of entertainment, managed to vivify the old cathedral town, and make its grey-stone houses, and sombre green on the top of the steep hill, for once assume an appearance of life. The county families, with their seats scattered 'longo intervallo,' opened their houses in the neighbourhood of the meets, and gave a zest and encouragement to the sport which materially contributed to the general enjoyment. Whether the head of a house and his belongings are or are not fox-hunters is not absolutely material; it is the public spirit with which the grand sport is upheld by one and all, even by those who are not participators in it, that gives an importance and adds an authority and value which go far to convert it into a national institution. Does not the fact of the Prince of Wales evincing a frank predilection for fox-hunting, and more—the power of crossing the country well—tend to, and has it not had the effect of popularising in a still greater degree the sport itself, and the Prince who rejoices in it? And the same argument holds good through the entire chain of the social grades, from the first to the last, from the Premier to Jerry Hawkins and Sam Laing, who join equally, and have a community of interest, then and there, in the national and exciting sport of fox-hunting. Together with racing it has found its way on the Continent, and if foreign localities are not quite calculated for its indulgence as in England, yet it has introduced a taste that will, in some shape, more or less favourable, bear its fruits. One of the few claims that 'Robin des bois' had upon the sympathies of his vivacious and unstable subjects was derived from his being fond of hunting and able to ride. The 2000*l.* that he spent in one season for drafts of the largest hounds that he could procure, were well laid out in other than a hunting sense. No surer mark, also, of an *entente cordiale*, no means more calculated to augment it could have been devised, than the visit of the Duke of Beaufort to France with his fox-hounds; and the generous cordiality of his reception was a happy earnest of the future. The success of Count Lagrange on the English Turf, and his personal popularity, are all steps in the right direction: and we may mention, last, though not least, that the Emperor is a subscriber to the English Cricket Club at Paris, and has become an honorary member.

The principal difficulty of continental hunting consists in the inveterate dislike which the petty *proprietaire* and the peasant entertain against having their ground trampled upon by a field of horses. They neither understand nor have they any gratification in the sport, and conceive that 'la grande chasse aux chiens courants,' ought to be confined to the forests, and the legitimate object of chase to be a stag. A fox, with them, belongs, properly, to the 'chasse à fusil;' and many a foreigner in a bygone time has come out to meet hounds in his own country with a gun slung at his back! We remember, once, in Hungary going over a fine wild waste beyond Buda-Pesth,

near Tapio Sczele, and running into the suburbs of a village, where the peasants rushed out, and seeing some of the hounds jumping over the fence into the gardens—for the fox had got into an out-house—drew their knives, and with pitchforks, fought savagely *pro aris et focis*. Many of the hounds were wounded, and the horse of one of the men was stabbed; yet the nobleman who had almost the power of life and death over his tenants was present, without saying a word; *il n'osoit pas se mêler*. A singular and lively episode, a kind of farcical entertainment, happened with these hounds as they were being brought to Vienna. The person who had charge of them judged that, as the summer sun was burning over the dry, sandy plains, it would be more agreeable to travel early in the morning, and in the cool of the afternoon. One evening, rather late, with a fine moonlight, they got into a glade of the forest, near a small stream of water, where the hares and chevreuil were just coming leisurely out to have a bite and a refreshing lap. The scent amounted to a steam. Away went the pack, in and out of couples, in every direction—impervious to a rate—now with a hare, now with a roebuck—with a rattling crash that rang through the woods, and brought back the time of the wild huntsman and his spectral hounds. Toot-toot-tooraloo-tooraloo went the horn; but that was of little purpose—the hounds were happy and had it all to themselves, going away and away, and round and round, chiefly in view, from one animal to another, for many a long hour, till the condition of the German black broth gave way, and they were fairly pumped out. The peasants of the forest were not of any assistance in effecting their recapture, and only crossed themselves in the most abject manner, thoroughly appalled—‘Miserere nostri, Domine! Ah! Jesu, Jesus Maria! misericordia!’ The hounds were got together by degrees before the next morning, and in future they were marched in couples, with a strong rope passing from the first couple on through the entire pack, like a chain-gang of galley slaves. The dryness of the atmosphere, generally, in central Europe is not favourable to a pad scent, and unless it be a wolf, or when underwood gives a side holding, the chase is reduced to short courses, affording little in the shape of legitimate sport. Those portions, however, bordering on the sea, and within the range of a salt wind, hold the best scent, and even in Italy, where the winter sun is all-absorbing, the maremma, both in the Roman and Tuscan territory, carries a sufficiency for hunting, as we may have to recount in a future page.

A young Master of Hounds, with large means, is certain to keep the ball moving, in an agreeable manner to himself and others, and it is in the matter of social distractions that lies the danger of his efficiency in the field being impaired, especially if he undertake the task of being his own huntsman. This was not the case with ‘the Squire.’ His constitution, which was one of iron, could stand any amount of fatigue, and he loved hunting for hunting’s sake, and not for riding only, with the other accessories, which to many form the principal charms. A dash of warmth and eagerness increases

the chance of success; for Locke himself tells us that nothing can be done without a tincture of enthusiasm, which in the end will overcome every obstacle, and carry us straight on the line to the finish. Early and late, in the kennel and out of it, this energetic sportsman worked at the minutæ of hunting, with a determination of mastering every detail; and how he successfully accomplished his object will be recorded in a time, perhaps, when fox-hunting, through the curse of nominal utilitarians and cotton-spinners, may belong to the past. He was fortunate in the pack that he first possessed, and in the servant that he had to assist him. The Monson hounds were of long standing in their country, large, powerful, with somewhat of lumber, of a fair pace, and undeniable in line hunting. They could do, what all hounds should be able to do—kill a fox without assistance—and their excellent working on a cold scent mainly conduced to give ‘the Squire,’ in his younger days, that knowledge of the ways of the wild animal he hunted—that patience, and perseverance, which, in after years, made him, as a gentleman huntsman, quite as capable in an indifferent as in a good country. He found his fox gaily and well, often chattering and chaffing in the most amusing manner at the same time, and his dog language was most cheery. This is not exactly a Latin and Greek accomplishment, and he was an Etonian; but let a *novus homo* at that work—albeit skilled in the ‘*θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας*’ and other tongues—try his parts of speech in the hunting-field, and prattle a little with ‘the dogs,’ and he will find himself in difficult and unbecoming latitudes. In a burst no man was more brilliant, with his eye on the leading hounds, watching, at the same time, the body of the pack—the fox-killers—making sure how far they had carried it, and at a check, encouraging them in their own efforts at recovery, with a ‘*Yoi doit, good hounds,*’ before catching hold of them and making his own cast. He was a most consummate judge of pace, and well knew what kind of a fox he had to deal with—the amount of dusting which he had had—when he was sinking, and the signs of it. And if the scent was not happy, no man would be steadier or more patient, giving hounds ample room to feel their own way, and not interfering with them until the dash and science of the huntsman is called upon to hold them on forward, ahead, on the line which the depending ones have indicated. A great authority has said, in ‘*The Life of a Fox-hound*’—‘There are foxes, and circumstances, that will beat the best huntsman that ever cheered a hound or blew a horn; but in nine cases out of ten the cause lies in not paying attention to the line hunters.’

We remember once, when these hounds had passed into the kennel of Mr. Harvey Combe, that ‘the Squire’ came down to see his old favourites at Devach Park. The scent was flashy and light, but they ran hard for a short time, and then came to cold hunting. The huntsman, wishing to get near his fox, abandoned the line, and made a wild cast at a gallop, quite at variance with the opinion of Harmony and others who held back. As the whip was going to

turn them, Osbaldeston stopped him, and with the permission of Harvey Combe, cheered them gently on the line, which they were feeling—held them steadily on, getting on better terms, and the body of the pack returning after the useless cast, they sat to and had a good hunting run with a kill. This was in the season before the arrival of Will Todd. It was an irregularity permissible by peculiar circumstances; but we shall never forget *the force* with which ‘the Squire’ gave his lecture on line hunting. It was the reverse with Assheton Smith, for many a fox that he had lost was recovered by Carter. In riding to hounds they were equally great; but as a huntsman, the superiority of Osbaldeston over ‘le grand chasseur Smit,’ was undoubted. Walking one day—years ago—into the counting-house of a well-known wine merchant at the West End, we were accosted with the usual salutation—‘What sport?’ and the conversation turned upon the hounds of Harvey Combe, and of Osbaldeston himself. Some allusion was made to the person known as ‘Craven’ Smith—and as a fox killer, in a rough way, perhaps no one was his superior—when we observed that Osbaldeston, starting with a pack of screws, would in six years produce a kennel of brilliant hounds; whereas the other, commencing with a superior lot, at the end of the same period of time would reduce them to a scratch pack. ‘Right, sir, right,’ exclaimed a stout person in the corner, discussing a glass of sherry and biscuit, and this was our introduction to the well-known ‘Sam Nichol.’

Although, as a rule, the scent lies well in Lincolnshire, there are broad roads on the headlands, dry and sandy, which the foxes—wise in the confidence of cunning—make use of for long distances, and therefore it is indispensable to have hounds handy at this work; and there were never any better than the Brocklesby. The Osbaldeston Rocket, by Vernon Rallywood, out of the Vernon Baroness, was notoriously great upon a road, and was a successful sire, and equally so was Ranter. Although the Squire has performed gallant feats of sporting prowess of every description, yet the main celebrity of this renowned sportsman will always rest upon his having bred and perfected one of the most brilliant packs of hounds that have ever appeared at the covert side. No matter to what county they were taken;—in Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Hampshire, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Hertfordshire, they equally preserved their acknowledged character of superiority. Confident in his own judgment, even as a young man, the Squire selected his own blood, and carefully crossing the stout and line hunting Monsons with the airy and graceful Middletons and Vernons—and these, again, with the Brocklesby and Belvoir, he succeeded in bringing before the rostrum of Tattersall’s, where they were ultimately disposed of, a pack of hounds that reached a price beyond all precedent; and yet which was not more than equivalent to their high blood and sterling merit.

The stud-hounds of notoriety that belonged to the kennel, were—Wildboy (Monson), Vaultier, Vigilant, Vanquisher, and Rocket of the Vernon sort; Ranter, uniting the Brocklesby to the Vernon

and Monson strain; Furrier, by Saladin, from Belvoir, and Falstaff, Foiler, Flourisher, Flasher, Ferryman, Flagrant, Castor, Random, and Merryman, all by Furrier. This famous stud-hound came either in an unentered draft from Belvoir, or at any rate in his first season, and was drafted on account of a crooked leg from an accident when at walk. He was a fine upstanding hound, black and white, of twenty-four inches—impatient—but with lasting qualities and pace that were very remarkable; and he seemed to take to line hunting better in the end than in the beginning of a long run. According to our judgment we have ridden by the side of some of his descendants, Castor, Foiler, Random, and Merryman, that we preferred to him; yet it is fair to add that we never saw him in his best day. For many a long hour have we chatted with Gardiner in Todd's snug little parlour at Rickmansworth, on the various episodes of the Osbaldeston kennel; but the brave old feeder always discoursed with most relish of the time when he was in Lincolnshire. His devotional attachment to his old master knew no bounds, and he would have backed him for the very shirt on his back, and his last pair of shoes, to do anything against anybody, 'no matter what.' It is pleasing to record that all the servants of the Squire that we have ever met—Shirley, Dick Burton, Sebright, Dick Sadler, and Jack Stevens, amongst others—invariably spoke of him with the most respectful regard, and with an acknowledgment of his ability as a huntsman that professional servants are not often apt to admit. The last time that we saw the Squire was at Tattersall's, when the unrivalled pack was being dispersed; and although time and severe accidents had left traces on his strong frame, yet the same spirit and hardihood were not less evident than on the day when we first met him in his youth at Dinsey Nook.

Again we were on the wing. This time Lincolnshire and the private tutor were abandoned for the Continent, and the advice of another great authority caused us to be entrusted to the care of M. Etienne Dumont of Geneva, the friend of Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau and of Bentham. The sudden change from Surley Hall and Newton toll-bar to the lake Lemane was startling and rapid, but by no means disagreeable. We started, not unaccompanied, for we had a sharp little fox-terrier, Trim, just entered, which we had procured from Osbaldeston's kennel; and he was our trusty companion in many a wild adventure.

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### 'A BOX FOR THE SEASON.'

A SPORTING SKETCH, BY CHARLES CLARKE.

FAST and furious is the pace and taste of the present on all events, and the lighter literature of the day would seem compelled to succumb, by a unity of action, to the sensational exactitude of the more solidly concrete or volatile intellects for whose especial entertainment and instruction the gossamer pages are worked up and set in order. And the words entertainment and instruction, in good sooth, belong to the pages of 'A Box for the Season,' on the



which we purpose to hazard a few galloping remarks in mimic consonance with the prescribed unities.

Criticism, to be just and honest, must be composed of *agro-dolce* ingredients; and as the palate of the scientific gastronome is delicately acidulated, to be made more sensible of the relish of the after lusciousness of an abounding flavour, so is it meet to examine, first, the less perfect portion of a passing volume, before rushing into the vortex of those sensational scenes with which a Bluebeard public insists upon being supplied for the satisfaction of its insatiate craving.

The sporting story of 'A Box for the Season' first appeared in the pages of the old 'Sporting Magazine'—a fact that is not stated, but which should have been stated by the publishers in the title-page. This is a serious and reprehensible error, for which the author is not in any way responsible. The act is voluntary and intentional; for the work, in its present shape, comes before the public with the jaunty grace of a fresh and original novel, instead of stating the plain truth, that it is the reprint of a serial which had already appeared in the ancient periodical, made famous in a former time by the letters of 'Nimrod' and the 'Old Forester.' Looking at the names of the eminent publishers, it must cause both surprise and regret that such a sorry deception—for it is nothing less—should have been practised upon a public that has always reposed in their long course of catering for literary entertainment such a thorough confidence. The 'Box for the Season' possesses, in a certain degree, the imperfections of a serial when collected and published as a whole and entire work. The shaping of each chapter—and there are thirty-seven—exacts a different mode of treatment from that where a continuity of relation is not fettered by the repeated 'tops and bottoms' inseparable from the construction of a serial for monthly perusal. This defect can be traced in the most popular works of those authors who have resorted to the modern fashion of the French *feuilleton*. In 'Digby Grand' the process of the spinning machinery may be easily traced; and the more careful writing of 'Vanity Fair' is not entirely free from this inconvenience, which we can only compare, in its saltatorial abruptness, to the unpleasant jerkings of the physique on an American corduroy railroad.

Keep moving is the order of the day in this 'Sporting Sketch.' The nomenclature is happily adapted to scenes rapidly dashed off, and the varying incidents of flood, field, stable, and boudoir course each other at a pace that cannot admit of a minute detail, leaving the imaginative reader to fill up the vacancy *ad libitum*. It is an honest and pleasant race throughout, without roping, or tampering with the scales. The hunting particulars, as is the wont in these fashionable—let us say metropolitan itineraries—are brief, and avoid hound-detail. It is evident that the thirty-five minutes-up-wind authors, excepting always 'Scrutator' and Mr. Mills, are not thoroughly at home in the kennel or in matters touching the hound *quâ* hound. First and foremost of these defaulters was the mighty Nimrod himself, with whom we have conversed on the subject of hounds frequently, and are therefore competent to form an opinion on this point. These clever and amusing writers may be able to ride, without gainsay, and probably have caused the loss of many a fox, and maimed hounds possessing instinct and cleverness that might have put to shame their godlike intellect. We have handled the splendid creatures too long and fondly not to speak of them *con amore*. 'Scrimmager' and 'Bloody-nose' are jocose names; and although Mr. Mills has called his kennel hero by the ancient and not euphonious appellation of 'Trimbush,' yet he had the authority of the famous old Trimbush of the York and Ainsty, by the Badsworth Tickler, out

of the Yarborough Virgin, tracing down from Osbaldeston's Vanquisher, by the Vernon Vigilant. He was bred at Brocklesby, and was one of the most celebrated and best stud-hounds of his day.

'Yoick over, Scrimmager!'—'Get to him, Bloody-nose! and then were heard the "clash-clash" of the whips, and the "toot-toot" of the huntsman.' The best fox always goes away at the slightest warning, and is sure to be the old Hector. Whenever you have a customer on hand that has known persecution and objects to martyrdom, he never waits to be found. You cannot be too quiet: the old gentleman is wide awake; and at the first crash of the dry thorns on coming over a fence into covert, and before the first whip can get to the far side up wind, he is away for his point under the tallest hedge-row, often running the dry ditch out of sight before turning down wind, and leaving his helpmate to her fate. Horn and whip should be charily used until he be up, and then both have their proper signification for the hounds. What would Lord Portsmouth say if Dan Berkshire, on throwing into Rackenford Gorse, commenced a staccato voluntary on his horn, with an obligato accompaniment of crescendo cracking by Charley Littleworth and George Whitemore, without rhyme or reason? 'Presently one hound opened—then another; then a fine 'old melodious note, which set all doubt at defiance, and in a minute or two 'there was a regular huntsman's chorus from the whole pack.' (P. 22, vol. ii.) This is, indeed, joyful intelligence, for the Belvoir, Quorn, Fitzwilliam, Pytchley, Wynnstay, and others have been running mute, in and out of covert, for many a long day. Breed instantly from this fine old melodious piper that played before Moses—put every bitch-hound that you can to him. Our tastes, a Meltonian might say our prejudices, are entirely with our author, in agreeing that the 'huntsman's chorus' should be an imperative adjunct of the chase, both for pleasure and utility. Pace, to a certain extent only, renders a hound chary of tongue; but the moment a cunning one finds an advantage of it to himself, and gets the start of his fellows, the error becomes permanent through jealousy. The defect is hereditary, notwithstanding that all hounds, as a rule, are disposed to be free of tongue on their entry. But this particular subject, on which we may descant more fully on a future occasion, would lead us too far away from our 'Box' in the country.

We are pleased to be once more amongst gentlemen. Tom Crackenthorpe belongs to good society, and, whatever the amount of his fast failings, may well pass muster and take his place amidst the *haute volée* of sportsmen, or, more properly speaking, hard-riding men. Soapy Sponge was a low vagabond and sharper, commonly called a thief—one who at his very best had no pretensions to get beyond the butler's pantry, and then only provided that the plate-chest were locked—while in the meantime, and notwithstanding his remonstrance, we should have ushered Lucy Glitters into our sanctum with the same smiling alacrity which she would have evinced, and have provided her with five o'clock tea and a *petit verre* of rare curaçoa. Then, again, John Standish Sawyer—an unadorned snob—feeding upon beef-steak pudding and cheese and beer, with a plentiful supply of hot stopping, is permitted with impunity, if not laudation, to swindle the Honourable Crasher in the Marathon affair after the fashion of a North American Secretary of State—an act of rascality that would have insured his being kicked out of every club, not excepting the Refuge for the Destitute. And yet these ragamuffins are trotted out for popular sympathy, and exhibited as types of an ordinary class of modern fox-hunters. We should hope *extraordinary* would be a more correctly characteristic adjective. The authors of these sporting narratives are warranted and well-bred gentlemen in every sense of the word; and it is not easy to divine the

reason for the selection of their sporting heroes from out the purlieus of low life and infamy in thought, word, and deed,—and still worse that the villainies of the said unworthies, instead of being punished, should end in undeserved success and approval.

This objection—and it is one, be it observed, that has been of frequent notice amongst legitimate sportsmen, and already pointed out in 'Baily'—does not derogate from the racy interest of these sporting novelettes—of which 'Soapy Sponge' and 'Handley Cross' were the originals. 'Soapy Sponge' is to 'Market Harborough' what 'Le Juif Errant' was to 'Monte Christo'; and the public must be grateful that the brown-booted lover of Lucy Glitters should have paternised the conception of Buffer Standish and Cissy Dove of the long eyelashes. The instalment that has been given of 'Facey Romford and his Hounds' affords evidence that fresh laurels were in store for the clever and lamented author; and it is sad to know that the inevitable decree should have changed, at such an early time, the bright wreath of bays into a mournful chaplet of 'immortelles.'

The writer of the present work takes a far more correct line. His precepts and admonitions, racily given, possess a high and manly tone, whilst he weaves them artistically with credit to himself and amusement to his readers. The errors of the *jeûnesse dorée* are firmly but not ill-naturedly depicted, and the pitfalls that surround the fox-hunting tyro with more money than brains, 'Voluptatis appetens, stultitiæ profusus' should be carefully noted by that young minion of fortune and unwary creature of impulse. The money-lender from Palestine, escaped from being cast into the river by the order of Pharaoh, and turned loose upon Christendom, in judgment, and to let out shooting manors at an extravagant premium, in which there is neither feather nor flax—the bland scrivener of Pumpington, with hungry daughters seeking for coverture—and a pretty horsebreaker who has obtained such coverture illegitimately, take their proper share in the drama, and point a moral whilst adorning the tale. It has been asked by a prurient critic, 'Is this a book for a drawing-room table, and for the perusal of our wives and daughters?' There is nothing in any part of the story of an objectionable character, beyond the common occurrences of every-day life, which are fairly within the scope of an ordinary relation. When contrasted with the sensational novels—lavish of murder, bigamy, trigamy, seduction, and 'barren honour,' which would mean that virtue does not pay, that, although a winner, the stakes are not paid over, and that the race of life is not on the square—these sketches may come out of the ordeal with far greater credit than many of their neighbours. There cannot be a more serious injury to the good cause than an over-sensitiveness which borders on the ridiculous, and the Cockswain and Night-cap of America ought to be a beacon and a guard against similar absurdities.

It is in the common nature of things that the galled jades, who have been the lay figures for the work of revelation, should wince upon being punished, and call out loudly and piteously to those of their gang, cunning of fence, for justification and protection.

'And lest some prudish readers should grow skittish,  
I've bribed my grandmother's Review, the "British,"'

is an old dodge of antediluvian history, and we marvel not at any attempt of Barabbas to obfuscate the uninitiated and to whitewash the foul amongst those of his generation—'and Barabbas was a robber.' Wives and mothers may indeed listen to the following with profit:—'She was not an "Anonyma," nor a pretty horsebreaker, nor any one of those very curious things which

'seem to be talked about in a language which has no advantage beyond ceasing vice, and which affords an opportunity for women to talk on subjects which ought to be a closed book to the mothers and daughters of England. "Slang" is bad enough; "pace" is almost disreputable in a woman; but it is a thousand times better that they should call certain things and persons by their right names than that they should gloss over startling vices by employing wrong terms.'—A proper rebuke and perfectly to the point. An indelicacy of subject, however silvered over, is more than presumption; it is direct evidence of a tainted mind that only wants opportunity and security to indulge its caprices.

It is well known that some twenty years ago an intent was dictatorially expressed to Germanize England. High art was told to behold the glories of the brush and palette in Winterhalter, and to disregard Cattermole; and it was asserted that sticking grunTERS within a paled park was a more noble and exhilarating pastime than fox-hunting. Fashion, supported by the *ames damnées* of the higher circles, aided and essayed to convert the youth of England into a smoking, beer-swilling, and slovenly cohort, with unshaven beards and tainted breath. They abjured the drawing-room after dinner, adjourned to the tobacco den, and there, with long cherry-tubed pipes, drinking malt, gin, and brandy, and surrounded with a cloacina of spittoons, they sat themselves down to ape with all their might and main the low, vulgar, and foul German. He stinks, you stink, they stink, is the correct mode of conjugating a German—man, woman, and child; and we have had a certain experience all round the Teuton wrekin. We do not cheer that same wrekin, or its memories—not at all. Our dander rises rather at *his* sight.

'And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.'

But our glorious and beautiful women, pure and undefiled in person and mind, made war against the pseudo-German, and denied him access, pipe in hand, to their more proper manors, driving him to the baths of Ostend—where the savoury fraus come once a year to wash off a ten months' accumulation of impurities—there to dance quadrilles in the sea, 'in mixes'—we like an honest fox-hunting term—with those swinking delicacies of the Vaterland.

'Simplici myrto nihil allabores  
Sedulus curo'

—and the leaf of the Horatian myrtle is less ample than that of the 'ficus carica' of Genesis and Linnæus—by a long chalk.

Listen to our author. 'Did you ever see a German student? Of course they *are* of all sorts; yet they are all the same. Pipes, beer, flaxen hair, scarlet, blue, or yellow caps convey no idea of the individual. *En masse* they do look something like that. But we smoke at our Universities' (*proh pudor!*) 'and drink beer, and wear hair in all sorts of places, and caps of all shapes and colours, and have adopted the most unmanly and unbecoming habits of mind and body at those celebrated seats of classic learning. Our young men are nearly a disgrace to the British Isles. Thank goodness! we have not quite arrived at "that lowest German pitch" yet in Oxford and Cambridge—a pitch that defiles whoever handles it.' (P. 214, vol. i.)

But, alas! the pitch of filth which has been repudiated in the flesh by the University men of England has, in a doctrinal and materialistic sense, been fostered and encouraged by their very pastors and masters—by those who have been apostolically commissioned to instruct their higher natures, in order to corrupt and damnify their spiritual intelligences. They have had presented to them by these traitors a *consommé* of the 'Philosophical Dictionary' of Voltaire,

without its wit, and of the 'Vestiges of Creation' without their research; and the new version of the 'Te Deum laudamus, et verbum tuum in seculum, et 'in seculum seculorum,' has been thus rendered—

'And when those fables strange, our hirelings teach,  
I saw by genuine learning cast aside,—  
Even like Linnæus kneeling on the sod,  
For faith from falsehood severed thank I God.\*'

Julian the Apostate was a gentleman, and a sportsman, who hunted boar 'in the happy plains of Ionia,' and kept a kennel of hounds on the island of the Seine at Paris; but this fellow is a recalcitrant Judas for the thirty pieces of silver which he pockets as the fruits of the most blinding infamy. He would have been expelled from Eton for the sentiment, after having been flogged in the library for the worthless versification. Shelley was driven from Oxford for much less.

To return to our author. The fox-hunters of England are largely indebted to him, and likewise to the 'Gentleman in Black,' for boldly attacking the attempt to denationalize and Germanize the youth of England. 'Mens sana in corpore sano,' in reference to this truly serious question, is a choice and apt text that will serve for more than one lecture from the same judicious and stern teacher. Let that manly boat-race which we have lately witnessed, under the auspices of the heir to the throne of England, be taken as a sample of the tastes and capabilities of English youth in their hour of glad recreation. That was an exhibition of aristocratic prowess, in its peculiar and Anglican form, that does not come within the range of the Durchlaughts and Erlaughts of a crass Teutonism either to understand or to imitate. Prince, peer, commoner, and artisan went forth to see a trial of hardy dexterity in which all were interested, in which all delighted, and by which a unity of feeling was made perfect betwixt all ranks that had a value beyond a mere participation in the mere amusement of the hour. Let, then, the young athlete of honour abjure a mimicry of foreign bestialities; let the Germans revel in dirt temporal and rejoice in atheism spiritual—but let not Englishmen, first flight men in every sense, brave, patriotic, and devout, consent to betray the Word of Life, and abjure their own nationality, to become the followers of Teutonic dirt and impiety.

Tom Crackenthorpe receives a fitting reward for the abandonment of the short cuts to a grass Paradise; but the angel of light whom the Sisters of Providence have provided for his delectation is as shadowy and impalpable as the vision of Astarte:—

'Appear!—appear!—appear!'  
Who sent thee there, requires thee here.'

A most sensible command preliminary to the first act of a 'Baily' pastime, but as Emily Gladwish declines to appear in the carnality, we must accept the 'pretty horsebreaker' in her stead. 'She was of fair complexion—good red and white, with fine hazel eyes and straight features. Her mouth was full and bold, but clearly enough defined; her hair was light-brown, and well dressed—not a lock out of place. She wore a hat of the most practical, unromantic shape, and her habit of dark-blue was short, plain, and admirably fitted a rather full form. The lady sat well back on her horse, and held her head up as if she were not ashamed of it.' And who would be?

Her husband—an intense scoundrel—does not prove his case against her very substantially, although premeditated bigamy, with a view to extort a round

\* 'The Anglican Clergy and the Bible.'—*Bunsen*.

sum, does sound rather queer. He convicts himself without reluctance; and it may be fairly said—

‘Arcades ambo  
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.’

He, the swindler, bribed and paid for his repentance, and pensioned for his dishonour, is made comfortable and rewarded, whilst the other and the better portion is lost sight of; and the land of milk and honey knoweth her no more. This is all wrong. We must find out her Pariah cell, even if we fee the husband largely for the act of decent benignity, and we will convey her to the Magdalen of whitebait and Lenten fasting, heavy with the weight of Shaftesbury tracts and the Liturgical emendations of the pious Ebury. We will order the dark-green brougham from Tilbury, and proceed incognito to the cell of that most perfect of penitentials Nell Gwynne, and peruse those Ebury tracts, and digest them, together with water ‘souchêts,’ ‘cotelettes de saumon,’ ‘fichés à la Maintenon,’ ‘petits puits d’amour de homard,’ diluted with ‘ponch à la Romaine,’ and a bottle of ‘la Veuve Clicquot bien frappée.’

‘Don’t say nay, charming Judy Callaghan,  
Don’t say nay.’

Leaving the penitent and the confessional, we come back to the moving accidents of flood and field. Steeple-chasing is on the increase, and the desired object in supporting this amusement is to give a premium to those who breed horses that may be fit to carry weight over a country, and also to provide a ready market for their disposal. For farmers, especially, who train and ride their own horses, these meetings are intended to be an opportunity of remuneration to them as sellers, and a convenience to those who may be buyers. Whether these objects are likely to be attained, unless stringent rules are made to prevent practices that may directly defeat them, shall be shown by the following quotation:—

Run a horse! and what sort of a horse am I to run? I’ve nothing fit, but a thorough-bred one; and he’s a hack!

‘Can he gallop, sir?’

‘O yes!’

‘I presume he is not in the “Stud Book?”’

‘No; but he can’t jump, I should think. He’s quite unfit for a hunter.

‘He can’t carry anything; or I suppose we could teach him to jump.

‘They’ll jump, sir; between ourselves, there’s nothing big enough here to upset a donkey; we’ve made it fit for the gallopers. So if you’ve anything that can stay four miles, and carry a fair weight—

‘And what should you call a fair weight?’

‘Well, now, h—u—u—um, that depends so much upon circumstances.

‘The top weight of course is nominal; the real beginning is at about eleven stone; and if you go for the stakes, you understand, why, of course, the weight ought to be there or thereabouts; if not, why, of course, it makes all the difference.

‘I don’t quite see that,’ said Tom, somewhat puzzled. ‘What difference can it make whether I go for the stakes or not?’

‘You see, sir, the stakes are worth six or seven hundred pound, and if your horse is good enough to run for that sum—well, we can’t throw him in; if you don’t want the stakes, why, then, you see, sir, we could afford to give him a chance?’

‘What do you say to 8st. 7lb.? I suppose a pretty good one couldn’t lose?’

‘Not very easily, unless there happens to be one equally good, put in at 7st. 8lb.’ Tom began rather to see his way through the mist.

But what becomes of the stakes? Doesn’t the winner take them?

‘Not if he wins under such circumstances as that. Never thinks of asking for ’em; indeed, he’d be quite ashamed to ask such a thing. And if he don’t win, the next time he’s handicapped his horse goes in for nothing. So, you see, any how, it’s a good thing.

‘It’s not a bad idea; but I never heard it before.’—(Vol. ii. p. 118.)

Once, and once only, we had a hunter in a steeple-chase, and a robbery was perpetrated against us, of a nature still more dishonest than that in the foregoing quotation. Had it not been for a disinclination to be mixed up in a steeple-chase wrangle with persons of disrepute, certain parties in that day, would have had to pay a sharp penalty.

‘All’s well that ends well.’ Virtue meets its reward, despite of the caution of ‘Barren Honour.’ Vice and Mrs. Bransby retire from the scene, and even Bob Munster, after having been well dosed, derives profit from having tasted the bitters of money lenders, Jews, and blacklegs.

We lay down the ‘Box for the Season,’ with many thanks to the author for the amusement derived from its perusal, and confident that its disclosures, like ‘Stable Secrets’ by Mr. Mills, will have a healthy tendency in guarding the inexperienced and unwary from becoming an easy prey to those who live, move, and have their being through the polluted sources of knavery and crim.

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## ROWING.

THE London watermen, who have during the last few years been a most disunited body, have at last made a move in the right direction; and with the view, let us hope, of preventing further inroads into their glory and profit on the part of the Newcastle men, formed themselves into a club. The Pride of the Thames Rowing Club consists entirely of professionals, and Kelley is the captain. Under such auspices it ought to prosper, and we feel sure it has the good wishes of the rowing world; for strictly just as we may be, and virtuously anxious for the best crew to win, it becomes somewhat aggravating to our vanity as Southrons that the best crew should always come from such a very long distance, and carry off the best prizes of the Thames National whenever they put in an appearance.

The wordy war between Chambers and Kelley has been going on by fits and starts for some time, but with no result; and we are beginning to get tired of the subject in the newspapers. It seems to us that, if either were very anxious to row, they would make a slight concession, and force the other to make a match; but no such favourable symptoms appear, and the affair will probably end in talk. Cole and Hoare, two promising youngsters, have entered into negotiations with a much more satisfactory result, and are matched to row on the 21st. The match was talked of last year, but Cole’s friends did not then think him good enough: he has, however, now greatly improved, and, if well on the day, will have a fair chance. Whoever wins, the race ought to be a splendid one. The only event of interest among professionals hitherto has been between Kilsby and Biffen. They met last year, when Biffen won, and having done some wonderful trials, he was made a hot favourite at

2 and 3 to 1. The talent were, however, quite in the wrong; for Kilsby never gave him a chance, and won any distance. If they row for 'the rubber,' we should advise Biffen's friends not to work him so hard just before the race, as he came to the post quite stale, and seemed to have lost all the energy and dash he showed in his practice. Kilsby, on the other hand, had been prudently eased for the last day or two, and was as lively as a kitten. He trained at the 'Feathers,' under Horace Cole, and, with Harry Salter to look after him, was of course in splendid trim.

The amateur rowing clubs have been very industrious during the last few weeks. The London have had an eight-oared race, junior fours, senior sculls, for Mr. Clifford's cup, and the 'trial eights,' which were started two years ago, with the idea of testing the capabilities of aspirants for Henley honours. The race was this year scarcely up to L. R. C. form, as, though the crews may have contained a deal of good rowing material, it is at present in such a raw state as to be likely to be more available for next year than this year's Henley. The West London have had a couple of races, eights and fours. The latter showed some good rowing on the part of the winning crew, though the others did not appear to great advantage. The Leander, Ariel, Corsair, Twickenham, and the other clubs have also been hard at work, and will no doubt put in an appearance at the forthcoming regattas. We are glad to see several junior clubs arranging matches with each other, as men display more enthusiasm, and devote themselves more thoroughly to these contests than to mere club races. Last year the Ariel and Corsair and Corsair and Excelsior Clubs rowed some capital matches. This year these are to be repeated, also a match between the Excelsior and the Thames, a very rising club. There was a capital race on the 23rd between the University College and Guy's Hospital Clubs. The former, going from the worst station, had a hard race for some distance, but at the point got a length in hand, and afterwards increased it to two, the rowing of the losers being all through very lively and determined. We hope to see many more of these races during the season.

The College eight-oared races at the Universities have begun and ended during the past month. The racing at Oxford commenced on the 4th, and after some hard rowing, Trinity maintained its position as head of the river. The Cambridge races began a week later, Third Trinity starting at the top of the tree with a host of confident partisans: they, however, had to succumb to Trinity Hall, who held the place of honour with great ease during the week. They will probably go to Henley, as will the Trinity (Oxford) boat, and if they meet, we fancy the dark blue will repeat their Mortlake victory of last March. The Henley meeting is fixed for the 23rd and 24th June; it is a long while to look forward to, but as it will be all over before our next number is in print, we must give our crude ideas as to who will put in an appearance. For the Grand Challenge Cup, the London and Kingston Clubs are already at



work; the London crew, under Mr. Playford's tutelage, have had Mat Taylor rowing stroke in their twelve, and it is a treat to see him row a spurt with a fine strong crew to back him up; but we fancy the Londoners will not be good enough to bring the big prize to Putney this year. For the Stewards' Cup, they will have three out of last year's four, Mr. Hood's place being now filled by Mr. May, and if they do not train all the strength out of themselves as they did last year, they will be pretty well up at the finish. At present nothing is done about the second four, so we cannot say whether the London Rowing Club will be represented in the Wyfold, and they will leave the Diamond Sculls to the Universities. The Kingston Club will, no doubt, get a good eight out of the University men for the great race, and do their utmost to keep the Wyfold Cup at Kingston, with what success we cannot say at present, though, if their crew is as good as last year's, they have a great chance of beating their London antagonists for the great race. The Diamond Sculls will bring together Messrs. Woodgate and Parker from Oxford, and, we hope, Lawes of Cambridge. Mr. Michell, of Magdalen, Oxford, too, having won the University sculls in Mr. Parker's absence, may be disposed to try his luck, as it is a shorter course than the Putney one where Parker beat him last year. If this lot meet it will be a most interesting race, and no gift to either; but if all's well with each, we expect to see the present amateur champion lead the way at the finish. The Pairs and other minor events of the Regatta we cannot say anything about at present.

Close after Henley comes Walton Regatta, on the 2nd July, which is always a most agreeable day's sport, and will, no doubt, bring crews from the London, Kingston, and West London Clubs, and, let us hope, several others. Barnes Regatta, which, from the character of the racing, and the splendid Challenge Cup offered for fours, is justly considered the chief Metropolitan Regatta, is fixed for the 30th July, and will doubtless show good entries, all styles of rowing men, from gigs upwards, being anxious to score a win at Barnes. Kingston and Kew Regattas are, we believe, not yet fixed, but we hope to see good days' sports at both these pleasant places. Bedford and a host of provincial regattas are also fixed, but these are, no doubt, of less general interest to our readers.

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### THE OTTER KING.

MACGILLIVRAY informs us that in Scotland, the white or the spotted otter is considered to be the King of the Otters. The former is doubtless an albino, or *lusus naturæ*; but the latter is usually an old otter dotted by ticks, to which the animal is very liable. Of these the writer of the following lines has killed many specimens, beautifully marked, like a flea-bitten grey horse, while of the former he has only killed one, which he found on the river Dart, in the Forest of Dartmoor.

Bowhays is the owner of a well-known pack of otter hounds in

East Devon. Pisciculturists, fishermen, and the public at large owe him at least a tribute of thanks for the energy, ability, and success with which, for so many years, he has pursued the salmon's greatest enemy.

Now winding, wandering pensively,  
The flowery meads among,  
The Exe has left his forest home  
And trolls his summer song,

And downwards as he gently glides,  
So dreamily and slow,  
The golden catkins stoop to kiss  
His waters as they flow.

But list, ye gods! a sound is heard  
That makes the welkin ring;  
Bowhays is come with hound and horn  
To seek the Otter King.

In vain, in vain the finny tribe  
Their nightly doom deplore;  
Not harder fate the race await  
Upon a Stygian shore.

Ah! long upon that blighted stream  
The Nereid's note is still;  
And patient anglers labour long  
Their empty creels to fill.

But now the hounds are trailing on,  
The otter need be bold;  
For, if he hear Bowhays' cheer,  
'Twill make his blood run cold.

Louder and fuller swells the peal  
That greets the felon grim;  
Sweet music to Bowhays' ears,  
A mourning peal to him.

But down beneath a gnarled oak-tree,  
A fathom deep or more;  
Above his head the turf is spread,  
And water bars the door.

He scents, he hears the coming strife  
That gathers o'er his head;  
The thunder seems to swell around  
And shake his old-oak bed.

As Hercules on Cacus closed,  
The gallant 'Prince' goes in;  
The hero of a hundred fights,  
That dog is safe to win.

A muffled, rumbling, earthquake  
sound,  
And then a stifled cry,  
Down in the roots a fathom deep,  
Quivers the oak hard by.

'Hold on! hold on! thou true Black  
Prince!'

The ardent Owen cries;  
While close at hand he takes his  
stand,  
To view him as he flies.

Then suddenly Bowhays' cheer  
The hollow valley fills;  
The wild dun-deer the sound might  
hear

On distant Winscombe hills.

He's down the stream; away, away;  
The Otter King is gone;  
And on his track the plunging pack  
Are madly pouring on.

Oh! 'twas a glorious sight to see  
Those mottled things in chase;  
The water dashed in silver spray,  
And every hound in place.

'Now steady all!' cried stern Do-  
whays,

'Now steady, hounds and men;  
Old Charmer's nose was never wrong,  
She winds him back again!'

And now the song-birds cease to sing  
Upon that frightened shore;  
The miller, too, has stopped his mill  
To join the sylvan roar.

Through many a dark and gurgling  
pool

The deadly strife prevails;  
And many a drop of blood is spilled  
Before that otter fails.

Though tunelessly he leads the choir  
On peaceful Sabbath morning;  
Bowhays has sworn a dreadful oath  
Upon his bugle horn:

'Good hounds,' said he, 'be true  
to me,

I'll never eat of bread;  
Nor climb into my couch, until  
The Otter King is dead.'

Then striding out in rough mid-  
stream,

With bugle-horn in hand;  
'No rest, I trow, the game shall  
know,  
While here I take my stand.'

Breathless at length, and pressed full  
sore,

The otter seems to fail;  
And, as he lands, the hounds rush on  
Just like a storm of hail.

Then, once again, that mighty cheer  
Shakes water, sky, and plain;  
And fishers on the Barle might hear  
The Otter King was slain.

## 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—The May Meetings and Mortality.

MAY may have been a merry month to the general public, but to the general backers of favourites it has been quite the reverse; and the frequenters of the Meetings in Exeter Hall could not have had longer faces than some of those we have seen at the Corner on Mondays and Thursdays. The Metropolis is now in the full swing of its gaiety, and the Sporting man's hours and energies are taxed as severely as those of the 'little busy bee,' but we fear with scarcely the same moral result.

Chester—

'Where nags are squared on principles  
That very seldom fail,  
Till the public's grown so weary,  
It declines to fill the pail,'

was the first place on our circuit; but 'the Cause list' was so poor, that very few of the 'great guns' went down, unless they had 'special retainers' in the neighbourhood. Nor can they be blamed for the course they adopted; for the racing being sacrificed entirely to the Victualling interest an afternoon on the Rhodée has become as tedious and irksome as waiting for bail in a spunging-house. The minor dishes, most of the good judges left untouched; but many of them found in the Cup as deadly a draught as Socrates in olden times. In fact, the number of horses that crossed 'The Herring Pond' had never been exceeded; and it would have required a Kensal-Green sexton, of many years' standing, to have enumerated the corpses, and a most experienced racing surgeon to have detected the living from the dead. The dread of contracting contagion kept the general public off until the last moment, when they poured in their supplies, and allayed the grumbling of the book-makers. Since Macaroni's Derby Day, we never saw so many raintraps hoisted on a race-course before, and the Rhodée looked as if covered over by one gigantic umbrella. With the ground as heavy as on the Pontine Marshes, it is not surprising the young'uns should have had to succumb to the old'uns, and the veteran Flash in the Pan, flashed by every horse as the winner, to the astonishment of the whole world, with the exception of the Epsom folks, who had been warned in the morning that in all probability plenty of employment would be furnished to the milliners of the place, by the silk dresses that would be given away on the occasion. As throughout the season, the Prophets were floored to a man, with the exception of those great amateurs 'John of Malton' and 'John of Middleham,' who sent Flash in the Pan to their respective friends, wholly irrespective of remuneration either in postage stamps or commission. Thus, Mr. Hughes's long-expected good thing, for which his followers waited, as ardently and patiently as the disciples in the belief of the Millennium, came off at last. And many who thought old Flash was destined to give increased speed to Mr. Arthur Heathcote's Stag-hounds, were not a little surprised to find him turn up in a new character. John Day's pair found their way, like Scotchmen in England, into 'good places,' for which he received a vote of thanks from the House of Lords. Immediately after the race, the swells retreated in great force upon the Metropolis, leaving the quaint old City completely in possession of the Book-makers, who having only themselves to prey upon, could do little execution with their pencils, and had to employ themselves in counting up the killed and wounded. Next year, we are glad to learn that the delay between the acts will be curtailed in their

proper dimensions, and the convenience of the supporters of the Turf consulted before that of the proprietors of the canvas hotels, who have hitherto reigned omnipotent, and would hear of no reform. From the Rhodée to the Knavesmire was the next move of the Pilgrims of the Ring, who mustered in good force to watch the movements relative to the Yorkshire Derby horses. The first day opened with the Rawcliffe sale, and such an unhealthy feeling against General Peel, that in the evening Mr. Payne went over to Middleham for Lord Glasgow to inquire into it, and returned with a clean bill of health. The Rawcliffe private view was as numerous and fashionably attended as that of the Royal Academy; and strolling through the paddocks, we came across both Lords and Commons. All bore testimony to the excellent condition of the Yearlings; and could they have been kept another month, Mr. Tattersall's commissions would have been much larger. In most instances our views as to the prices were realized; and the growing predilection for Leamington, who has always been a special favourite of ours, is worth noting. The racing on Knavesmire was as good as we see in the Spring; and the Great Northern Handicap furnished another Flash in the Pan in East Lancashire; but Mr. Rich, to whom he belongs, was not so acquainted with his 'good thing' as Mr. Hughes; for he only backed it for a triple, believing the Major was too formidable to be beaten. It seems, however, the Metropolitan field must have been horribly rotten, by the subsequent running and trials of those in the front rank; and we cannot come to any other conclusion than that the number of bad horses in training is rapidly increasing, and only one in a thousand a real clinker. On the morning of the second day, the new Lord of Fairfield gave a public breakfast to his friends, prior to an inspection by them of his breeding establishment, which is well designed, and has been well patronised since he has taken to it. The *déjeuner* comprised the delicacies of the season, which were partaken of with a zest, which led us to remark, as they do on board ship, that we would rather keep some of the guests a week than a fortnight. Among the latest visitors was old John Osborne, who was in great force, retailing anecdotes of his Nursery days, when Johnny was little more than a feather, and the pride of Manchester. Like the rest of the party, his buttonhole was adorned with a bouquet of geraniums which would not have disgraced Covent Garden; and during the process of fastening it, the veteran blushed like 'a maiden of bashful fifteen.' Among the Sires at Fairfield, worthy of attention, are Zetland, who is growing into a nice horse; Neptunus, or 'Little Nep,' as his owner was wont to term him, who only wants a little more furniture to attract mares to him; and a long low powerful horse, called Scandal, who from an accident has never run, but who from his proportions and blood, should not be passed over by breeders, for he will bear both meeting and following.

From York to Salisbury is a long run, but as the Broadway Swells of the South were to be met with, the gold-hunters followed them, as in Australia, when a new vein of gold has been discovered. That something generally goes at Salisbury is a received axiom among the Ring; and hence the desire to improve the occasion. Now, however, there was but little mischief done, although the attack on Scottish Chief was fiercely maintained until some of his staunchest followers could not be done out of the belief that it was 'a case.' In the meanwhile Mr. Merry, wholly unconscious of the movement, was quietly doing his duty to his constituents of the Falkirk Burghs in the House of Commons, when an Irish Member rushed in with the intelligence. A verbal assurance that all was right, as far as the owner knew, sent the fond backer

home rejoicing. And how such an idea could have got abroad as to her having met with an accident is unaccountable. Prince Arthur having got the dust inside his boot, and chafed his leg, was also the subject of hostility; but General Peel, supported as he ought to have been by British Steel, was as firm as a rock; and it looked as if he could never be supplanted. Bath had a fair list of company horses and favourites, and the weather was as hot as the latter, the temperature being a trifle warmer than that in which Sergeant-Major Lilley and his wife were baked for so many days by Colonel Crawley. Strong men gave way under it, and fell out of the ranks of the ring, as soldiers in a marching regiment; and those who, on leaving the city of Beau Nash, started with black hats, found on their return they had been changed to white, so thick was the dust. John Day was in great force during the two days, and he proved that his Teneriffe was worth tasting after 'the Stakes,' even by the most fastidious tippler. Lansdowne is a favourite rendezvous for Mr. Sutton's two-year olds; and on this occasion Jezebel proved her right to have her name changed, for she told him 'the truth,' which was not the original characteristic of the dame from whom she took her sponsorial appellation. On our return, we were startled by an announcement which appeared in a daily paper that General Peel had been placed in the hands of the police by Lord Glasgow, who had applied to Sergeant Tanner, of Scotland Yard, to send him down two experienced detectives, and they had departed for Middleham, and had the General in close custody. Now, considering the long and intimate friendship which had subsisted between Lord Glasgow and General Peel, we confess we were quite taken aback when we read the statement in question, more especially as the General did not imitate the conduct of M. Moequat in his letter to the editor of 'The Owl,' and state to the public through the same source in which the original statement appeared that the General Peel now in custody before being brought to trial at Epsom was not the General Peel, Member for Huntingdon. Knowing, also, how that gallant sportsman applies himself to his official duties, the addenda to the paragraph 'that he was doing strong work,' tended to confirm the intelligence, which the following day was dispelled by the General appearing in the House of Commons as usual, and no honourable Member putting to him any question on the subject.

Monday took a distinguished party to Leatherhead to see the Whitehall team put through their facings; and so much was Baragah liked, that a Noble Lord, one of our best Gentlemen Jockeys, declared he should not hedge a shilling, as he had seen quite enough to satisfy him. Mr. Bowes also declined to hedge, and the Wizard said he cared nothing for those tremendous trials which certain horses had had, but he knew his own were fit, and certain to get home. The absence of Mr. Rudston Read, generally the life and soul of the party, and the *fidus Achates* of Mr. Bowes, was much felt; as from his fall, which broke the tendons of his knee, he has been thrown on his beam ends for we fear some time to come. However, if the sympathy of his friends can aid in promoting his recovery, he will soon be about again, for the knocker of his lodgings in Wells' Street has been worn as thin as a sixpence in inquiries for him. Blair Athol, about whom there was as much mystery as with the late Mr. Dunkeld, arrived at Sherwood, and passed his first examination with credit to all concerned with him. Mr. P'Anson, however, moved about so sedately, and maintained such an air of reserve about his horse, that not a trainer dare question him about his chance, and he seemed to have found himself in a false position. Tom Oliver was as lively as 'a Cricket on the Hearth' about Ely, whom he declared would be as loving and troublesome to the cracks at the

distance as a certain insect in a London bedstead. And had he won, all, we believe, Tom required, was an estate of five hundred per annum, with excellent pheasant-shooting. Paris was not fancied by the professional critics, who did not like his going so wide behind, and breathless whispers were dropped about his having 'a heel,' a phrase which, for the benefit of those who have not been pupils of Professors Spooner or Field, we must translate as meaning a sandcrack. But the favourite of the whole lot was The Scottish Chief, with whom every trainer was taken, and we heard no more of last year's constant phrase 'of a neck from Midnight Mass,' which grave men would firmly maintain to be his real form. And the intelligence that Jemmy Adams was to ride him instead of Edwards did not prejudice his chance. No doubt it was a hard fling for Edwards to be taken off such a mount, but at the same time it was perhaps better for his own interests, as from the horse beaten there could be no grounds for blaming him, and he escaped the remarks which he had to endure after the Two Thousand, from the extraordinary performance of Fille de l'Air.

Two wet Derby days in succession would have been too much for human nature to have endured; and the Clerk of the Weather, as if heartily ashamed of his conduct last year, when he indulged in too much 'heavy wet,' satisfied everybody.

The Prince of Wales, who was received by Mr. Dorling, as he is at Covent Garden by Mr. Gye, went at once to his stall, and seemed not a little pleased to find he could look at the horses in the paddock without being crushed by the mob. This abstinence from annoyance arose, perhaps, not so much from a desire to consult his personal convenience as from the superior attraction of the Derby horses themselves, so engrossed are the million with their fancies. Birch Broom was the first nag that presented himself to our notice as we made our way through the wooden labyrinth that leads to the paddock. Very tall on the leg, light in his barrel, and with a coat as dry as a chip, he walked like a man with tight boots; and, as Tom Oliver once remarked in our hearing of a similar style of animal, 'One might have read "Bell's Life in London" through 'him.' This, no doubt, accounted for the hostility latterly shown to him in the Ring, which no money could allay. Captain Little superintended his toilette, taking especial care of the girths. Planet followed the Broom as his aide-de-camp, but the superior officer enjoyed all the gape-seed. Prince Arthur was as full of muscle as a statue in the Vatican; but there were marks of a blister on his fore-legs that convinced us John had better have hedged his 10,000 to 100 which he had taken about him the year before. Moreover, he was scarcely bigger than a cob; and a second Daniel O'Rourke a trainer will find very difficult to meet with. By his side stood Cathedral, tall as his name, and with a great deal of very bad 'architecture' about him. It is no flattery to the head of Woodyeates to say that Historian looked magnificent; and he was just the sort of animal that an Heiress hunter in Rotten Row would like to have for the season; but, like Prince Arthur, he wanted a larger frame. By the coat of Ackworth a man might have shaved himself without cutting, so brilliant had John Day got it; and his last remark to his friend was that if he did not win the Derby, he should at all events get before The Scottish Chief. His enemies, however, poured in such a deadly fire upon him that he could never rally under it; and the doom of Fazzoletto's son seemed to be decreed. Oran on Welcome headed the Whitewall pair, Jem Perren leading Baragah according to etiquette, and Hollyfox being consigned to the second in command. Both had had justice done them at home; and those

who recollected St. Alban's traced a strong family likeness to him in Mr. Bowes's horse. Cambuscan held his levee in the field adjoining, and, as the Court Newsman would say, it was numerous and fashionably attended. 'Very handsome and blood-like, but too delicate for so tough a job,' was the common verdict of the special jury before whom he was tried, and their conviction was confirmed by the Court of Appeal. The Warrior was nothing but a slashing grey hunter up to sixteen stone to hounds. Ely, with the Olivers, *père et fils*, at his head, had been done very well, but had not grown since last year, which is generally fatal to a would-be Derby winner. Coast Guard might readily be discerned from his coarseness, as well as from his bandages; and however Godding could have been so eat up with him is an Asiatic mystery. Superior to Drummer Boy at even weights last year was given out to be his form, but then he did not look or run like it; and were the pair matched to run in public in the July Meeting, we have little doubt but the old 'un would be made the favourite: so in this instance the trainers proved themselves better judges than the gentlemen. For Appenine's appearance some allowance should be made, as he had been amiss three weeks before. Bold as Curtius, Mr. Brayley sent Rappell and Outlaw into the paddock, so that the world should not accuse him of being too mysterious with the pair; and perhaps he is the only owner of racehorses in modern times who can boast of having obtained the liberal offer of ten thousand to a tenner about a pair for the Derby. It is needless to add that the layer was no more nervous than the taker; but it would have been a glorious bet to have landed. Tom Dawson, with a scarlet and white neck-scarf, heading an enormous crowd, told us General Peel and Strafford were coming on parade. Whether from the mob pressing on him too closely, or from being a little above himself, the General did not exhibit the quiet demeanour of his namesake, and kicked and lashed out in all directions. With time he will make a magnificent horse, for he stands on nice short legs; and next year, when fully developed and furnished, he may be shown against anything in training.

Strafford was handsome as paint, but a fearful hock at once convinced us that if Lord Glasgow's first barrel failed him his second would be of no use. In the condition of Paris no one could pick a hole; and Mr. Ten Broeck thought he could not be beaten. If General Peel's parade was well attended the Scottish Chief was greeted with quite 'a gathering of the clans,' who gave him a highland hearty welcome. Lord Coventry, who had given up his jockey to him, seemed to take the greatest interest in his saddling; and Mat Dawson looked as confident as if all was over. Never did a horse take the public more by surprise than the Chief, for he was very different to the shelly colt of last year. In the meanwhile nothing had been seen of Blair Athol, although the paddock had been scoured for him, like the Limerick Mountains for Hayes the murderer. A rumour, however, was in circulation that Lord Glasgow and General Peel had been taken into his stable to see him, and that he was as right as the mail.

By degrees the paddock is emptied, and the boxes of the Stand have not even standing room left in them. Glasses are arranged, some quiet hedging proceeded with, and all wait to see what Mr. Clarke has to say about it, and whose fortune he will have made; when, lo and behold, a startling chesnut with a white blaze on his forehead, and going like a cricket ball, led by young P'Anson on Caller Ou, was discerned in the offing, and at once made out to be Blair Athol. 'What a goer!' was the general remark; and revived corpse caused a thrill to pass through the system of those who had potted him, in the

belief he was as dead as George the Third. Nothing but the annual black dog, which, we suppose, is bred and trained for the occasion, and which, as usual, raced before the Stand, kept the spectators from complaining of the delay at the post. But when they were sent away nothing could have been better; and if we say that General Peel made nearly the whole of the running, waited upon by Blair Athol, until the hill in front of the Stand, where he went up and beat him, our readers will know all that is necessary for all useful purposes. Scottish Chief was right in front of the others, and Knight of Snowdon struggled up fourth. Had Mr. P'Anson been less mysterious about his horse his victory would have been better received; but the reception which was given to Blair Athol was more the result of admiration of the son of Blink Bonny than of her owner, who, from some cause or another, does not seem to understand the British public. It was the same with Blink Bonny and with Caller Ou; and yet we believe a better intentioned man does not exist than Mr. P'Anson. But, added to a natural reticence of disposition, there is a want of confidence in his own judgment which prevents him assisting his friends as he might do. As might have been expected, from War Dance having been lent for the trial, the Whitewall stable would have known the issue and benefited by it. But not a member of it won a shilling, and from being such neighbours the circumstance of course was an irritating one. To Lord Glasgow the defeat of General Peel was a bitter pill to swallow; and he felt it more when he saw the chief backer of his horse leading in the winner. That the General wanted time there could be no two opinions, for he had the marks of an over-reach on one of his legs. And how Aldcroft, who is usually accused of laying too far from his horses, should have made running with him is quite unintelligible, for he not only cut his own throat but those of all the others, with the exception of Blair Athol, who won by the proceeding. Being 'a fancy horse' the public were his chief supporters; and the bulk of the Ring money goes to them. As a proof of the estimation in which he was held, we may instance that last year a subscription was made by two cavalry regiments to back him; and the result is they have won some twelve thousand in each corps. And so ended the eventful Derby of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty Four. Nearly all the prophets were floored, for they feared the metallics about him. 'Trou-  
'badour,' however, in a weekly contemporary, did not make a bad hit when he sang at the end of his lay—

' In short, if you'd summer in clover,  
And send to the devil the Jews,  
Believe me, the Derby is over,  
Blair Athol can't possibly lose.'

If the Derby had its sensation horse, the Oaks had its sensation mare; and for the first time in the memory of man the winner had to be escorted back by the lowest ruffians of the prize ring and a squadron of mounted police. At one time the populace were so infuriated to obtain possession of the saddle, so as to destroy it and prevent Edwards weighing in, that the police had to draw their sabres; and for a moment we were on the eve as it were of a second Peterloo. Custance, whose cap and jacket closely resembled that of Edwards, was very nearly becoming a victim; but with great coolness and self-possession he addressed the mob, saying, 'It's not me; I did not ride her 'at Newmarket'—it is believed a piece of information for which his companion in arms will be very grateful. How Edwards escaped was a miracle; and henceforth we trust to find no English jockey ever crossing Fille de l'Air again. As it was, the saddle would have been smashed in pieces but for Mr.



Payne, who rescued it at the gate; and Captain White, who went to his aid, we regret to state, received a severe blow on the arm with a large stick.

In the Stand the excitement was equally great, the Ring calling loudly for vengeance on Jennings and his party, while the amateurs hissed the mare as they would an unsuccessful piece at a theatre. Count La Grange fled, and Jennings was locked up for three-quarters of an hour in a room at the back of the Stand, to save his life. Nine thousand is said to be the amount that was got out of her for the Two Thousand, and bills for that amount are said to have been transmitted to Paris. As yet the Stewards of the Club have made no sign of investigating the case, but surely, after the Tarragona and Michelgrove Court of Inquiry, they are bound to do so. Because a few legs fancy they see something in the betting on a wretched match at Newmarket, all the machinery of the Club is put in motion against the owners, and the west end of London thrown into a complete conflagration, by the correspondence of parties connected with it, both male and female. Why, then, do they not bestir themselves now, when they would have all England on their side, as well as the Continent, for France having bled, cries equally loud for an investigation. Perhaps Crump then might make a better use of certain parties' books than he did of the Guardsmen, and if a conviction could be obtained, public opinion would support the infliction of the punishment that would naturally follow. Well as Fille de l'Air ran, but for the accident which occurred to Saragossa we believe she would have been beaten by her, and then the foreigners would have witnessed a demonstration of another kind, in which public and private worth would have been recognised in a manner peculiar to our nation, and which being unbought is still more welcome to the object of it. Count La Grange, it is stated, fled before the race was run, but we trust this statement will be contradicted, and all we can say with pride is that such a circumstance never occurred to an English winner of the Oaks. Whether an investigation will take place into the circumstances remains to be seen, but were we in the Count's position we should demand one. If he is innocent, he has nothing to fear from it, and if guilty, he must take the consequences of it.

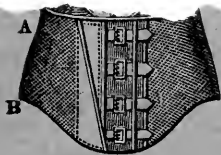
Our monthly mortality includes the name of one who for many years occupied a most conspicuous position on the Turf as a better; we mean the late Major Brabason, who soon followed in the wake of Mr. Fitzroy Stanhope and Mr. Magennis. The Major, who was better known by his old name of Higgins, belonged to a good Mayo family in Ireland, and served for many years in the 15th Hussars, spending some time with that regiment in India. On quitting the service he took to the Turf, and became one of the heaviest bookmakers of the day, standing invariably on the field; and when the long Captain, as he was called, took a favourite in hand, he generally made short work of him. Of course, like other people, he made mistakes at times, and Surplice was a heavy blow and great discouragement to him. When the Emperor gave him Dervish to lay against, as being the safest of all Scott's lot, he also got into trouble for having betted a fabulous sum against him through others, and the Commissioners, as the horse had come to 6 to 1, getting nervous, and expressing a hope he would be prepared for an emergency, he soon quieted their fears; for stepping across the room to Davis, he returned in a minute to them, and said they were perfectly right in mentioning the matter, and he had got them out as he had just backed Dervish back for four thousand in one line. On a great settlement day at Tattersall's, he was always conspicuous by the large black japanned tin box in which he carried his money to the Corner. In his habits he was very temperate, and he scarcely ever

wore a great coat. Of his honour he was very querulous, and many years back, being a witness in a case in the Queen's Bench, the late Sir John Jervis, who was opposed to him, told the jury, with the license of counsel, to discard from their mind every syllable of the evidence that Captain Higgins had given. This was too much for the gallant Irishman, who, the next day, sent the late Sir Challoner Ogle to him to demand an apology. Sir John replied the Bar would not permit him to retract the observations he had made in his speech, when he was informed that the honour of Captain Higgins was as dear to his brother officers as that of Sir John Jervis to the Bar. And Sir Challoner stated he was instructed to inform the Solicitor-General unless he apologised, Captain Higgins would assuredly horsewhip him. This intimation had the desired effect, and the same evening Captain Higgins received a satisfactory communication from the learned counsel. Latterly his health gave way, but he was full of vigour until the tidings of the murder of his son in China reached him, when the blow smote him almost to the ground, for he was an officer of the highest promise. As soon as he could collect himself together, he made his mind up to proceed to China, and offer a reward of twenty thousand pounds for his recovery, as a strange fancy took possession of his mind that he was alive and treated as a slave. The fact of his departure having been noised abroad, and it having incidentally transpired that there was some little delay in preparing the securities for raising the sum in question, Messrs. Padwick and Hill presented him with a letter of credit on Dent's at Hong-Kong, in the most delicate manner, thus expressing the confidence they had in his honour. The act was one which reflected highly on both parties, and only among racing men could such mutual reliance be found to exist. On his return from China, Major Brabason was unfortunately knocked down by an omnibus in Oxford Street, and compelled to use crutches for the remainder of his life. If at times he was irritable in his temper, he was easily appeased, for his heart was in the right place, and he retained his friends to the end: and he will be regarded by all who knew him as one of the most remarkable men of a very remarkable period of the Turf.

Mr. Wilson, who died so suddenly on the first day of Epsom, where he was staying with Mr. Cathcart, the owner of Prince Arthur, was well known in Yorkshire as an attaché to John Osborne's stables, having managed the late Mr. Harland's horses for him. Latterly, through the death of that gentleman, he had come into an accession of fortune, and joined what is called 'The Young Yorkshire Party.' A constant frequenter of the northern meetings, he was a close observer of character, and the fund of anecdotes he had acquired rendered him a pleasant dinner-table companion.

Among the new Sporting books which have just made their appearance, the most conspicuous for its utility is 'Cecil's Hunting Tours,' from which the old school may revive their recollections of the past, and the young ones be able to put themselves on a level with their seniors. Cecil is not one of the fast school of writers, but he travels by a steady train, which brings his readers safe to the end of a pleasant journey amidst scenes that must possess a fund of interest for them. 'The Fisherman's Magazine,' which is now in its infancy, promises, if nourished by the same treatment as is visible in the conduct of the first two months, to arrive at a degree of healthy maturity. The plates are excellent; that which adorns the first number is a pike, which, to say the least, is 'to the manner born;' and the second is a sketch after the frontispiece of 'London Society,' of a gentleman rowing a lady in a boat, with the motto 'Dum capimus, capimur,' attached to it.

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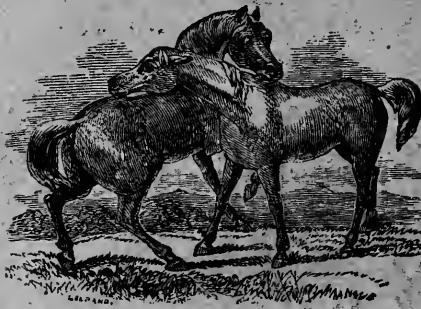
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