

THE LOWESTOFT REGATTA—MATCH WITH LATTEEN AND CUTTER RIGGED BOATS.

This event took place on the 22d of July, and proved a source of much enjoyment to all who witnessed it. The following started at 3 hour 5 minutes 40 seconds:

YACHT.	RIG.	FEET.	YACHT.	RIG.	FEET.	YACHT.	RIG.	FEET.	YACHT.	RIG.	FEET.	YACHT.	RIG.	FEET.
ENCHANTRESS.....	latteen.....	19	KESTREL.....	cutter.....	28	SHANNON.....	latteen.....	16	ALMA.....	latteen.....	16	IRIS.....	cutter.....	27
The Enchantress took a decided lead, and it was evident she would be winner. We are informed that she carried one of the largest foresails ever seen on a boat of her size. The following was the time of arrival in the first round:														
YACHT.	H. M. S.	YACHT.	H. M. S.	YACHT.	H. M. S.	YACHT.	H. M. S.	YACHT.	H. M. S.	YACHT.	H. M. S.	YACHT.	H. M. S.	YACHT.
ENCHANTRESS.....	4 47 50	KESTREL.....	4 45 48	SHANNON.....	4 56 15	ALMA.....	5 1 38	IRIS.....	5 7 25					

REMINISCENCES OF A THESPIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY SIM W.—

If the Thane of Fife don't misse soon, I'll change his life to another tune.—MACBETH (new version.)

We remember long ago, "so long ago 'tis like a dream," of witnessing the performance of Macbeth. It had excited but little expectation, if one might judge from the thin appearance of the house. Some of our anxious friends around us deplored the "beggary account of empty boxes," but, for ourselves, after the tragedy was over, we deemed the "slim array" an extremely fortunate occurrence, both for the managers and the public. The performers (hence, and quit my sight!) had an opportunity to disappoint only a small portion of those who, if anticipation had been on tip-toe, would have witnessed the representation, and who, I verily believe, would have eschewed theatres for the rest of their lives—unless, however, they possessed a liking for burlesque. If, so, I promise them they would have met with a rich and rare treat. The supernumeraries of that evening, exposed either the peculiar taste, or selfish generosity of the conductors of the stage. Ye Gods! such an assemblage of incongruous and grotesque appearances! Here a little fellow, with arms and legs and head constantly vibrating like a pendulum; there a tall fellow, with arms akimbo, a la Tom Hyer, or else "immeasurably spread, seemed lengthening" as he spoke. One "lily livered loon" showed his "baby face" and disappeared; "another and another then succeeds," and the line, for ought we can tell, "will stretch out to the crack of doom." In short, with the exception of a few performers of "noble presence and of high bred hope," a review of that company, as appeared on the stage that night, would offer to the gaze of the observing, such a group of laughter provoking taterdemilians, that the Roman people under the dominion of the Tribunes could scarcely match it.

But having mentioned the lower grades of theatrical economy, (utility) we will ascend a little and arrive at

the Duncan of the evening. This part was hit off to perfection; where the managers got him it is impossible for us to say; at any rate, we never laid eyes on him before. The jewel may be found on a dung-hill, let us not therefore despise it. Truly, this Duncan was actually done brown. Such gestures! such *suaviter in modo!* such affecting bursts of sentiment! But we forbear. Future ages would not believe, even if it was recorded, that such a king of Scotland, "this Duncan" who had been "so clear in his great office," should suffer the want of a recorder "trumpet tongued," to tell "the deep damnation of his taking off." Allow us to have the extreme felicity to bring this flower, "born to blush unseem," into the general rays of public sunshine. Alas poor Duncan! But we turn to the Malcolm of the play. What shall we say of him. Why, he "would roar you like any sucking dove, he would roar you like a nightingale." With feelings of awe and pity, we speak of Macduff, the patriotic, the brave, the loyal.

"With arms and legs and fists, this man so stout
So well his evolutions did perform!
His groans, those Thespian small shot, flew about;
It seem'd as if he took Macbeth by storm."

When he asks, "Stand Scotland where she did?" he talked as if he were laying down the law. A description of his manner of receiving the account of the slaughter of his wife and children, as it will give the reader a fair example of his performance, will be far better than anything "criticism could say in a thousand words." When Rosse tells him this distressing fact, Macduff gave a prodigious strut across the stage, "in his mantle muffling up his face;" this was followed by a loud groan, which gave some hope that the words of the author would soon follow. But no such thing! for utterly declining to be trammelled by any rules of diction, or efforts of recollection, he, without uttering a word more than "hell-kite," and "give me, oh Heaven, to meet this fiend of Scotland," "Heavens, oh! oh!" made his exit in great huff: not so much as deigning to listen to his "liege lord and master," who had begun to speak.

The "heavyman" of the company, for size and weight, could be classed, with propriety, among the "light weights." To see him and Macbeth (a large brawny fellow) together, reminded one of the fable of the ox and frog. But comparisons are odious, and we desist. The "heavyman's" puny dimensions, however, unfitted him altogether for such a character as Banquo; for though he might swell and swell and swell, yet the edge of the Thane of Cawdor's shoulder, was the *ne plus ultra* of his attainment; besides, his voice bore a striking resemblance to his body—it was very small. Macbeth, last though not least, was performed respectably well; and, but for one unfortunate disaster, the actor would, undoubtedly, have received merited encomiums. But ah, strange things will happen in the best of families; and as fortune, or misfortune would have it, the sublime tragedy of Macbeth, which should have filled our soul with awe, and "communicated vibrations to the heart," was metamorphosed into a slide splitting burlesque. It was during the "banquet scene" (which was well got up) that Macbeth was going through several actions indicative of fear, horror, and surprise; and as he was crossing the stage in a violent manner, just as bloody Banquo is gliding along, he accidentally caught his foot in the carpet, lost his equilibrium, and was precipitated headlong against poor Banquo, knocking him completely over the "float" into the orchestra. Ye Gods, what a "scene!" The audience roared, the Dutchman was almost driven through the "big fiddle," the company formed an excellent "picture of surprise," mingled with laughter, and jokes, and flashes of rude wit among the tickled audience, was the order of the night. Poor Banquo "picked himself up," and, muttering "curses, both loud and deep," disappeared under the stage by the way of the orchestra door, with, if not "twenty," at any rate three or four "trenched gashes on his head." Macbeth, as he gradually recovered his equilibrium, was most ironically "applauded to the very echo that should applaud again," and cries of "Come here old feller, till I pick ye up" resounded from all portions of the pit. But he "put on manly readiness" and quickly made his

exit, followed by the rest of the Banqueters, who "stood not on the order of going, but went at once," amid a shower of hisses, groans, and roars of laughter. But we fear we are tiring the reader's patient; so, passing Lady Macbeth's imperfections by (by lack of apprehension of the sense of the author is one, and bad enunciation another), we will close by relating a little funny incident which occurred. When Malcolm was lamenting the murder of his father—that most unworthy Duncan, whose gestures and actions on that eventful evening reminded one of the ludicrous gyrations of a bear—a gentleman occupying one of the boxes, and rendered desperate by the management of affairs, cried out, "Well, you recast, if Macbeth murdered your father, your father murdered the play; and so the odds are even."

THE BIRDS, "GOD BLESS 'EM."

A GENTLEMAN observed in the thicket of bushes near his dwelling a collection of brown thrushes several days attracted his attention by their peculiar and strange movements. At length, much excited that he determined to examine the cause of the excitement. On examining the bushes he found a female bird whose wing was caught in a limb in such a manner that she could not escape. Near by was her nest, containing several half-grown birds. On retiring to his room, a party of thrushes appeared, with their bills open, as if in supplication, and then to her young ones, cheering them in their labor of love and devotion. After watching the interesting scene with curiosity satisfied, the gentleman returned to his bird, when she flew to her nest with her deliverer, and her charitable neighbors, their several abodes, singing as they went.

She that marries a man because he is rich, must not be surprised if he turns out "a fool."

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QUEEN & JONES, PROPRIETORS, No. 102 Nassau Street, Third Floor, Room No. 11.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. FERGUSON, London, Eng.—A dispute took place on the 6th of August, (brought about by the news of Sullivan's death,) between myself and a number of English sporting friends, respecting the fight between Hyer and Sullivan. They asserted that the fight took place on the 17th of February, 1849. This I denied, and a wager (\$100) was the consequence. To decide the bet, a copy of Fitziana was procured, and, sure enough, there it was in black and white, as my friends had stated, Feb. 17th. I still was doubtful, and it was proposed that the New York CLIPPER should be appealed to, and on its decision the money should be handed over to the winning party. Will you, therefore, oblige a number of your friends by giving the exact day and date of the fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan? The fight in question took place on WEDNESDAY, the SEVENTH (7th) day of February, 1849. Fitziana is in error as regards this event. We send you by the mail that carries this paper to you, a colored engraving of the fight, with a full report of the same appended thereto.

A POINTER.—BILLIARDS.—I in stringing for the lead, the player who—after striking his ball to the bottom cushion—brings it nearest to the cushion at the upper end of the table, takes the choice of lead and balls. 2. No person has a right to take up or remove a ball without the permission of his opponent. 3. Mr. Michael Phelan will give the points noted. If you call upon him at his rooms, No. 59 Chambers street.

ADMIRER OF NAPOLEON, Boston.—We suspect your given "real name" to be fictitious, and that you are some boarding-school Poconatus among bread and butter. Marshal Ney was not tried by a court-martial, but by the French Chamber of Peers, and all your romantic reading ought not to have left you ignorant of such an important fact. Romantic writers may flourish as much as they please, but military men will tell you that the sentence was correct. The vote was 19 to 17, near midnight, Dec. 6, 1815, and Marshal Ney (brave as he undoubtedly was) was shot at nine o'clock next morning.

P. S.—I. Mr. George Jordan is a native of Baltimore, where he made his first appearance. 2. We presume he is engaged for Laura Keane's theatre, now in course of erection. 3. We are unable to state when the Broadway Theatre is to be re-opened.

J. W. HAVEN, Pottsville, Pa.—I. Was George W. Mattell expelled from the office of Chief of Police? 2. Is he Chief of Police now? By answering these questions, you will decide a bet. 3. Mr. Mattell was not expelled. 2. Mr. Mattell is still the Chief of Police.

JOHNNY IN AMERICA, Wheeling, Va.—Please inform me, if within your power, of the names of the Derby winners of 1813 and 1837. In 1813 the Derby was won by Sir C. Bunbury's "Smolenko," and in 1837 by Lord Berners' "Phosphorus."

J. S.—1. What is the fighting weight of Harry Gribbin? 2. Also, of Patsy Flynn? 3. What is the age of the Tipton Slasher? You stated lately that John Grindell was born in this country—allow me to correct you, by stating that he was born on English territory, the Island of Newfoundland. 1. Gribbin's weight is about 155 lbs. 2. Patsy Flynn's weight, 145 lbs. 3. The Slasher is 27 years of age. In these days of political excitement, when our Presidential candidates don't know where they were born, it is not surprising that we should err, but as Mr. Grindell informed us that he was born in the city of New York, we must believe that it is as we stated; Mr. Grindell being present at the time the event came off, in good authority.

PHILADELPHIA SUB.—Is Matt Peel's troupe the original or the only Campbell Minstrels? The "Original Campbell Minstrels" were first organized in 1847, by Mr. John Campbell, and the company consisted of W. B. Donaldson, John Bea, Jerry Bryant, J. Carter, H. Metayer, and D. Raymond. Shortly after its organization Messrs. Bea and Donaldson retired from the company, and the lamented Luke West took the place of the latter. Matt Peel and Luke West afterwards associated themselves together, and on the death of the latter, Peel continued the business. We judge, therefore, that Peel's company originated from the "Original Campbell." One or two other companies style themselves the "Campbell Minstrels," but Matt's company is, we believe, the "Original Jacobs."

REICHSADT, Cincinnati.—The mutineers among the British fleet at Malta in 1807 were not executed. The mutiny began on the 4th of April. Eight days afterwards, the mutineers, knowing that detection and punishment were inevitable, blew themselves up on shore, by firing a magazine containing about 480 barrels of gunpowder.

M. L. B., Boston.—It is stated in your Pictorial that the Collins steamer Baltic made the passage from Liverpool to New York in 9 days, 23 hours, and 31 minutes. Now, in the last number of Bell's Life (July 27) is the following paragraph: "The quickest trip prior to that of the Perla, made by the Arabia in 1853, in 9 days, 17 hours." If you can tell me which is correct, you will oblige an old subscriber. Both are correct, you have not given the extract as it really appeared in Bell's Life. Here it is: "The quickest passage from New York, prior to the voyage of the Perla, was made in 1853 by the Arabia, in 9 days 17 hours." We have italicized the word from which the difficulty originated. The Arabia made the quickest passage from New York to Liverpool, but the Baltic made the time we have given, in a trip from Liverpool to New York.

FRADER, New Haven.—Can you inform me whether any of the New York engines intend taking part in the approaching firemen's celebration in New Haven? It was supposed, at one time, that New York would be represented, but the near approach of our own celebration will, we think, prevent any of our engines from entering the list. We are sorry for this, but have no doubt that the representatives from other cities will make up for New York's absence.

W. H. T.—1. Mr. Bradley fought Sloan, a couple of years since, and the names of a few teachers when we see you. 2. See elsewhere for a report of Saturday's proceedings.

O. St. Mary's, Ga.—Will reserve the Nos. for you. Will send the names of a few teachers when we see you.

W. Wilwaukee.—Jackson ran more than eleven miles in Warren, O.—Thanks. Let us hear from you again.

Albany.—The yellow fever has been fatally prevalent in Albany, since 1743, 1781, 1793, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1803, 1805, 1811, 1814, 1818, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000.

Philadelphia.—I. Decide a bet by stating if Hyer was not among the parties meet on the 23d? 1. No.—Mr. Hyer was not among the proceedings until after they took place. 2. At the house of Mr. Haatin's.

Albany.—Please give the names of the New York crew in the coming match with St. John. We are unable to give the names at present.

J. A. W., Philadelphia.—You can have the new volume bound for \$1.25 and upwards, according to style of binding.

HENRY, Newburg, N. Y.—I. The duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton occurred July 11, 1804. 2. The challenge came from Burr.

SWIPER.—"The Fashionable Coat" does not exactly suit us. JOHN MACKIE—Where are you? A letter from the old country is awaiting your order.

ELIZUR, Myria.—All right now. Have you received the No. of July 12?

MONSIEUR TOMSON, Philad'a.—We do not care how often you "come again," for we like to win the favor of amiable and useful correspondents. The old Lafayette Theatre, in this city, was destroyed by fire on the 10th of April, 1855.

SCOTT.—We really don't know the greatest distance ever made in three successive jumps. Perhaps some of our readers can give us the information.

P. J. M.—Wishes to know why Horne & Co., have not answered his letter. We had to pay postage to Swarts for the letter before us—probably, P. J. M. also forgot to pay postage on his letter to Horne.

APPRENTICE, Cleveland, O.—The first Lodge of Free Masons in America was opened at Boston, July 30, 1733.

GREYHOUND.—"That's so," is only a scant portion of the original. Why not make words enough to fit the whole tune?

JOHN BUCKLEY, Buffalo.—Can any of our friends inform us whether Nancy ever won the Great Yorkshire Stakes? We have not a record of the meetings.

ROBIN THE BOW.—I. We believe Barney Williams never appeared on the stage in the old country, until recently. 2. We cannot say how long he has been in this country, but it is recorded in Wemyss' Chronology that he first appeared on the stage here, in a small part of ten lines, when he was 12 years of age. 3. Bill Neat fought three prize battles, two of which he won, and the last, with Tom Spring he lost.

DODGER, Norfolk, Va.—All right. If not too much trouble, let us hear from you when any sporting event turns up your way.

PROSPER FERRARI, Cincinnati.—I. You will find full particulars of the Hyer and Bradley affair in this and last week's issues. 2. Don't know who was the tallest or heaviest man that ever fought. 3. A "stone" is 14 lbs.

RATTLE BRAIN MARY.—Notwithstanding the high regard we entertain for the "Bowery Boys," we think your poetic effusion piles it on rather too strong—consequently we omit the document.

B., Staten Island.—I. Ellington's winnings at the Derby amounted to £6,225. 2. Ellington's owner, Admiral Harcourt, never had but one racing color, and that is French gray.

QUIG, Warren, O.—Will endeavor to ascertain, and inform you of the whereabouts of the vessels referred to in our next.

T. O. S.—You cannot certainly expect us to denounce the man when you hesitate about giving us your name.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—According to all we have been able to learn, the Robert Emmet fairly won the race.

BOSTON STAR.—I. The age of Mr. Hyer is said to be, by those who ought to know, 37 years. 2. The best time on record, in running half a mile, is 1 minute 58 seconds.

FAUGH A' BALAGH, St. Louis.—The Ocean Bride is supposed to have been lost, not having been heard from in several months.

GAME, Bridgeport, Conn.—We consider that A. Loss, for the chick is not born until naturally clear of the shell. We have conversed with several farmers who agree with us on this point.

CURT.—1. The National Theatre, Philadelphia, is situated on Walnut, above Eighth street. 2. Don't know where the Turner's are.

J. B. Boston.—Ideas very good. Will give attention to the subject.

TAUNTON BOY.—Barlow made the quickest time in running a mile in this country, viz: 4:58.

HARRY GRIBBIN.—We have a letter for you.

A large number of queries are awaiting their turn—we shall endeavor to "put them through" in our next. Patience, friends, for we are crowded for space. Sports seem to be unusually lively the present season.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

CONTRIBUTORS to each and every department of the CLIPPER will confer a favor upon us by addressing their communications to the "Editor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER." By so doing, they will prevent confusion, and have their favors more speedily attended to. Will our friends please remember this?

THE RING.

THE HYER AND BRADLEY MEETING.—EXTRAORDINARY excitement.—Since our last issue, sporting circles have been in the highest state of excitement respecting the proposed meeting between Thomas Hyer and Dominick Bradley. Bets to a very large amount were made as to whether Bradley would appear, and also whether Hyer would make the match even providing Bradley did put in an appearance. Altogether we have seldom known more interest manifested in an event of the kind than that created by the rumors of a "big go for \$10,000 a side." Now that matters have quietly settled down to the point at which they stood before Mr. Bradley arrived in this city on the 11th, for the purpose of making a match with Mr. Gribbin, let us take a calm survey of events, and place before our readers a daguerreotype view of the entire scene, with the most prominent actors that have appeared upon the stage.

In regard to the proceedings connected with the affair under notice, there seem to have been wheels working within wheels. Let us lay the machinery bare. On or about the 1st of July, Mr. Thomas Stewart called upon us, and stated that he had been authorized by Mr. Dominick Bradley to challenge John Morrissey to fight a prize battle for \$2000 a side. The challenge appeared accordingly. The following week Mr. Harry Gribbin answered the challenge, and offered to take the match himself, it being hinted that Morrissey did not care to make a match at that time, for certain reasons best known to himself, and of no interest to the public. After a few paper bullets had been discharged on each side, Mr. Gribbin left \$20 in our hands to pay Bradley's expenses to New York to make a match. This was a clincher, from which there was no chance of a back out, and Bradley arrived here in good season, and on the afternoon of the 12th inst., the parties, with their friends, met and signed articles to fight, and \$50 a side were deposited, Bradley receiving the \$20, which had been left in our hands, for his expenses. At that meeting Mr. Morrissey appeared on behalf of Mr. Gribbin, and there seemed to be considerable feeling between Messrs. Bradley and Morrissey, hard words passing, although at parting all was quiet and orderly. It must be remembered that articles had been signed at this meeting, and everything betokened an earnestness on both sides. As we stated in our last, the stakeholder selected refused to act, and it was after this that it was agreed to draw the money down—because, as it is asserted, a stakeholder could not be agreed upon to hold the stakes of "\$4000."

Mark this.—Harry Gribbin seems to have been thus disposed of, for, he is remembered, Bradley would have outweighed Harry some 30 or 40 lbs., which, all will admit, is big odds. Gribbin, too, it must not be forgotten, knew nothing of the draw, he informs us, until two or three days afterwards.

The scene now changes. The dramatic personae assume new characters, and bring another important personage upon the stage with them. The opposing factions appear to be more friendly since Harry made his exit. At the meeting at Gooderson's, after each man had received his money back, Mr. —, a friend of Bradley's, stated that there was one man he would like to see Bradley fight, and that man was Tom Hyer, for, says he, "he is now wearing laurels which he never won—and there are Irishmen in the United States that can whip him." [Excitement on the rise.] Mr. Jas. Montgomery here stated that he would make a deposit on behalf of Hyer to fight Bradley. That's a go. It was agreed to meet that night at the house of Mr. Hastings, where, as we stated in our last, \$25 a side were staked to pay the expenses of the man who should have to travel to make the match. They then tossed, and it was settled that Mr. Bradley should come to New York, to make the match, and that a meeting should take place at the house of Mr. Hastings, on the 23d inst. It will be seen that no forfeit had been put up—the money up, \$25, was to pay Mr. B.'s travelling expenses. Should both parties meet, then a forfeit of \$500 a side was to have been made. Mr. Bradley returned home, and in a day or two he sent a telegraphic dispatch to Mr. Morrissey, informing that gentleman that he (Bradley) would certainly be in New York on Saturday. Messrs. Bradley and Morrissey seem to have forgotten their old feud, and were now, as it were, sleeping under the same blanket. Harry is still out of the meeting.

Well, Saturday, the eventful 23d, came—expectation was on tiptoe—bets were running high—some bet that Bradley would be here at 12 o'clock; a few persons went to Jersey City to meet the 7 o'clock train from Philadelphia—Bradley was not there—neither was he in the 10 o'clock train—but, it seems, he had started in the 6 o'clock line, by way of Camden and Amboy, and reached the city at the Battery between 11 and 12 o'clock, and, it also appears, he was taken quietly to the house of a friend in the upper part of the city, where he remained for some time. There was a little more betting going on all this time, too, we believe—there was a good chance for betting, the reader will say. Mr. Hastings' establishment had plenty of visitors on Saturday, but towards evening the crowd began to be uncomfortable. At dark, there were several hundred persons present, and the anxious countenances of many of them betokened that something unusual was looked for. The "fancy" were all alive when Mr. Bradley made his appearance with his friend Mr. Morrissey. But "where's Hyer?" "Why don't Hyer come?" were the questions asked here, there and everywhere throughout the room. Mr. Morrissey offered to bet \$100 that "the big loafer would not fight." Mr. Austin took the bet—"I'll go it again—done—once more—agreed,—and \$600 were wagered that the "big loafer" would not appear or make the match. We thought it a little strange that Mr. Austin should take these bets, for, in a conversation we had with him that same afternoon, he gave it as his opinion that Mr. Hyer would not make the match, and also gave good reasons for holding and expressing such opinion. The reader will say "it does appear strange."

Well, time sped on, and the "big loafer" did not appear. (It must be remembered that Hyer had authorized no one to make any match for him.) Mr. Montgomery was uneasy. He did not care for his \$25, but he had felt satisfied all along that Hyer would be "around." A gentleman was sent to find Hyer, and ascertain from him whether he intended to make the match or not. The "big loafer" was found, and on being informed of the object of the gentleman's errand, told him that "he did not wish to fight Mr. Bradley—neither did he wish to have anything to do with any of his crowd." The news was brought to Mr. Montgomery, at Hastings', and soon "spread itself" around. Curses, both loud and deep, were heaped upon the head of the offending "big loafer," who was not present to protect himself. Mr. Montgomery was wrathful—not at the loss of his \$25, but because "he had heard Hyer say he would fight any man for \$10,000, and now that he had a chance, backed down." In the meantime, the two brothers Hastings were dealing out refreshments, and hauling in the cash with a "perfect looseness." Everybody was doing something—those who were not cursing the "big loafer," were expressing their sentiments in a kind of language not to be misunderstood, but, generally, in opposition to the merits of the Champion. Those who did not talk, "took something;" those who did talk, "took something;" too. But, really, reader, had you been present, you would have been compelled to "talk fight," no matter how much of a non-resistor you might happen to be. So time wore on—the two friends, Morrissey and Bradley, had a little private talk—the former said as long as Bradley "had come here for a fight, he need not go away without one, and as long as Hyer would not fight him, he, Morrissey, would fight Bradley for \$10,000." But Mr. Bradley had been the recipient of much kindness from Mr. M., he said, and, therefore, did not wish to fight him as matters stood. A few more words passed, and Bradley thought something of accommodating Mr. Morrissey, but the friends of both interposed, and "drinks all 'round" made things all right again.

Gradually the numerous assemblage began to disperse—"Hyer's forfeit," could be heard in answer to interrogatories from outsiders as to "how the thing went," and the "big loafer" was looked upon as a "dead cock in the pit." The small hours of the following day found the spot deserted, for nearly all had retired to their "virtuous beds," to dream of the match for \$20,000 that did not take place. Mr. Bradley left for home at 6 o'clock on Sunday evening. He received his own \$25, and \$25 deposited by Mr. Montgomery to pay his expenses on here. We have received questions from several correspondents as to whether Mr. Bradley received a forfeit. We answer—no. There was no forfeit up—a forfeit of \$500 a side was to have been made in case Mr. Hyer made his appearance. He received no forfeit from Gribbin—he received no forfeit from Hyer. There are various rumors afloat as to the probability of a match resulting from this, but we can trace them to no reliable authority.

We have thus given a fair and impartial report of the principal facts connected with this contemplated match, and if we have reported matters which do not look well in print, it is the fault of those directly interested. Were we to report all that was said on Saturday, we believe many persons would regret that they had let their tongues run so loosely. A curious fact is noticeable, which we have been unable to fathom. It is this: Gribbin's match was broken off because a stakeholder could not be found to hold \$4,000. Immediately afterwards, however, it is proposed by the same parties to make a match for \$20,000, and yet nothing is said as to a difficulty to be encountered in finding a man to hold such a large amount. We leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Mr. Bradley may be anxious for a fight—he has offered to fight Gribbin, Morrissey, Gardner and Hyer. The three first he has replied to through the public press, and the latter at the meeting of the 23d. He has returned home without a match—he has "bluffed" New York's best men, and he has had his expenses paid for so doing. When next a match is talked of we hope Mr. Bradley will insist on having the preliminaries settled in Philadelphia.

Had Hyer made his appearance on Saturday night, he would have found those present who would have risked \$50,000 on his winning. Mr. Bradley had plenty of backers, also. Perhaps, all things considered, "all is for the best." Let us hope so, at all events.

We have stated the above facts as they occurred, without intending offence to any one, and we hope they will be so received. The public look to the CLIPPER for a straightforward report of such events, and we always endeavor to give them without fear or favor. As the affair has been alluded to by one or two of the daily journals, with names, &c., the interest to see our report of the proceedings has been increased, and we have given the above statement, which is correct to the best of our knowledge. If we have erred in any way, we shall be glad to make amends.

MATCH BETWEEN SCOTTY, OF BROOKLYN, AND MURPHY, OF PORTLAND.—Articles of Agreement entered into this 21st day of August, 1856, between William Murphy, of Portland, and Patrick Branigan, of Brooklyn (alias Scotty). The said William Murphy to fight the said Patrick Branigan a fair stand-up fight in a 24 foot rope ring, half-minute time, to be governed in all respects by the new rules of the London Ring. The fight to take place either in the State of Massachusetts, New Hampshire or Maine, in four weeks from date of first deposit, August 21st; choice of ground to be decided by the toss; either party winning said toss, shall duly notify the other party two days before the day of fighting. Umpires and Referee shall be chosen on the ground; ropes and stakes to be found by both parties. The first deposit to be made at the house of Patrick McGlincey August 21st; the second deposit of \$50 a side to be made at the house of Andrew McGlincey; the third deposit of \$50 a side to be made at the house of Charles Gallagher, Fare st., Portland; the fourth deposit to be made at the house of William Murphy. All deposits to be made weekly and at the time specified, or in 24 hours after, or either party failing to appear on the above specified time, shall forfeit the money down. Either party causing himself to be arrested in order to prevent a fight, shall forfeit the battle money. On making the last deposit, a stakeholder shall be chosen by Charles Gallagher and Patrick McGlincey, and a toss take place for choice of ground. To the above articles we hereby subscribe our names.

PATRICK BRANIGAN, (alias Scotty.)
WILLIAM MURPHY.
Witnesses—John Roberts,
Robert Wilson.

CARD.—FRANK QUEEN.—I am sorry to have to trouble you so much in regard to the state of things between Mr. Monaghan and myself. I do not like to hold newspaper controversy, especially when it does not prove effectual. When Mr. Monaghan was in New York before, and on the eve of having a benefit (which no doubt was his reason) he said he could raise \$500 at any moment, but, when he came to Boston he could not raise \$25. It is just the same now, and, I hope it will be the means of giving him a good benefit. Before making my last match I told him I would fight right off for any sum no matter how small, or, would fight him to prove who was the better man. This he would not do; and, therefore, the match was made to suit him, as was the case with my first one. Now, if he will come to my terms this time, and stake the amount viz: \$500 or \$1000, on the terms specified in the CLIPPER two weeks since, I will accommodate him. I want to have the affair one worthy of some little notice, and wish to state that time cannot be spent for nothing, so long as business would have to be neglected. These are my sentiments, and if they are not acceded to I wish for no more parleying.

Boston, Aug. 25, 1856. JAMES HART.

MATCH BETWEEN LYNCH AND KELLY.—A meeting of the friends of Charley Lynch and Andy Kelly was held at the house of the former on the evening of the 21st inst., when articles were signed by Lynch and Kelly, to fight in Canada, on the 18th of September, for \$300. As an earnest that both men meant business and no mistake, \$100 were deposited in the hands of the stakeholder. A more quiet and orderly meeting we never before witnessed—may we have many more of the same sort. Kelly, under the care of Young Aaron, is training at Mr. George Kenett's, Fordham, near this city.

ANOTHER FORFEIT.—We stated in a previous number that \$10 a side had been deposited for the purpose of making a match between Barney Lunney and Young Barney Aaron. On the 21st Aaron declared forfeit, and the money was handed over to Lunney. Aaron, it seems, found it rather a difficult matter to raise the needful; hence the forfeit.

CHALLENGE TO FITZGERALD.—I hereby challenge Con Fitzgerald to fight me a fair ring fight, according to the latest rules, for \$500 a side, at catch weight; the fight to take place in three or four weeks from the first deposit. As Mr. Fitzgerald received forfeit on a former occasion, through a misunderstanding on the part of my friends, I hope he will be as ready to make a match now as he was then.

KENTUCKY STRIKES OUT.—Samuel Hoggetts will fight Enoch Brereton, of Portsmouth, for \$500. Man to be seen at the Foster House, Covington, Ky.

WILLIAM CHRISTIE will fight Wm. Craig, a fair stand-up fight, dollar for dollar; I can be found at Mr. Blair's, Market street, west of 19th street, Philadelphia, on the 30th inst.

JUST FOR FUN.—Robert Wilson is surprised at being challenged to fight Mr. Murphy, of Portland, for \$300 or \$500, inasmuch as he, Wilson, is not a fighting man, but as Mr. Murphy seems anxious, he will fight him for the fun of it; after his meeting with Scotty, he can have a chance to try himself—with one of Mollineux's 12 lesson pupils.

CHARLES W. MASON will fight Robert Collins, of Lowell, for from \$10 to \$50, in four weeks from the first deposit. A match can be made at my house, No. 3 Ray street, New Bedford, or, if it will suit Mr. Collins better, I will go to Lowell to make the match.

TO COBURN AND PRICE.—Mr. Jas. Hart requests us to state that he has a man, Mr. Gibbony, who will fight either Joe Coburn or Ed. Price for from 5 cents to \$100, of his own money. If these men mean fighting, here is a chance. An answer is early requested.

BOSTON, Aug. 25, 1856.
TO THOSE INTERESTED.—I suppose it is unnecessary to state again that my terms are in the CLIPPER, (which was issued some three or four weeks since,) and on those terms I am ready to fight Mr. Monaghan or any other man. The terms are very simple, viz., from 50 cents to \$1,000. Money and other requirements at James Hart's, 210 North street. JAMES LAFFARTY.

SPARRING.

INTERESTING EXHIBITION IN WORCESTER.—Worcester, August 23.—Dear Clipper: A Sparring and Gymnastic Exhibition was recently given for the benefit of Mr. E. Lindsay, who undertook the task of walking one hundred and six consecutive hours, without sleep or rest, but failed to accomplish it. I might perhaps state that Mr. L. was taken delirious after walking fifty-seven hours, and through suspicion that there was some foul play about the affair will attempt the feat again. Ten minutes previous to his being taken from the stage, he was in possession of full health and strength.

The exhibition was opened by the gymnasts under the direction of Professor Mollineux. All the performances in this line were carried through in a manner highly creditable to the Professor. The next thing on the docket was a set-to between Sam Scranton, the young 'un, and his pupil Phil Cook, in which the "boy" illustrated his style of laying them out. Cook showed himself a ripe scholar and no novice in the manly art, though his nob often felt the extremities of the boy's arm. Ed King and Charley Tew then put on the mits and showed good science, though their blows lacked straightness, which is necessary for effect. Mons. Huff and Meyerberger next showed their proficiency in the broad sword exercise, and acquitted themselves in a handsome manner. After the above, Professor Mollineux entered the ring, and in a short, neat speech, explained the advantages to be gained from a thorough knowledge of the manly art, and, with Mons. Huff, his pupil, gave a practical illustration of his style of teaching. Tom Warnis and Young Mann next made their bows to the audience, and commenced their set-to in a scientific manner. Mann, feeling that he was getting the worst of it, tried the rough and tumble, but got jobbed for his pains, and both retired from the ring with the claret running pretty freely. Lastly, came the wind-up between Professor Mollineux and Sam Scranton. The well-known capabilities of both men, as well as the fact of their being rival teachers in our city, made this set-to one of more than usual importance. After shaking hands, Moll made play to draw the boy out, but he found him armed at all points; though young in years, still he was old in experience. Some mutual exchanges were given without advantage to either side, and the first round was closed. In the second round the "broth of a boy" had it all his own way, playing a perfect tattoo on Moll's head. Moll tried the cross-counter, but it was no go. The third round was in favor of Mollineux, who got in two straight ones; he also tried the back buttock, but the boy was not to be caught napping. The set-to lasted about twenty-five minutes, the remaining rounds being about equal on both sides. Mollineux showed himself a master of the art, and Scranton a boy not easily whipped into obedience. The perfect command which Scranton had of his legs saved him from many a dangerous upper-cut; and in the use of his left hand, he is a brilliant of the first water. He is young, and should he take proper care to strengthen himself and develop his muscles, the best of them who don the mits will have to look well to their laurels. At the conclusion of this scientific display three cheers were given by the audience for Professor Mollineux and Sam Scranton, after which Mollineux danced his celebrated decanter dance, much to the satisfaction of the audience. The Professor then closed the exhibition by thanking those who had so generously seconded him in his endeavor to aid Mr. Lindsay. A SUBSCRIBER.

SPARRING EXHIBITION.—BENEFIT OF JAMES LAVERTY.—On Monday evening, Aug. 18, the National Varieties Hall, Boston, was filled to overflowing, and the receipts of the evening must have made for Mr. L. a light heart and a heavy pocket. We were glad to see such a large turnout for he is a very deserving young man. The "meeting" was called to order by "our Ed," who announced three set-to's for boys, which were of no account, and could have been dispensed with without regret, but the audience kept their humor in anticipation of what was to come between Young Harrington and Biffin, which was a good display, and merited the warm approbation it received.

Young Regan and Jerry Sullivan next donned the gloves and caused much merriment by their fictitious display.

Young Horrigan and Turner's set-to was a good thing, and well received. The sparring of the former was excellent, and no one (not even his opponent) doubted that he "knew his business well."

Next came John Roberts, of Chicago, and James Laverty, a couple of "bricks," who went at it in good shape, and gave the audience to understand that "some things can be done as well as others." The sparring fraternity have reason to be proud of these acquisitions to their circle, for aside from their well known gentlemanly character, they possess as thorough a knowledge of "give and take" as any two of this class in the city.

Next came Young Ed. Price and Isaac Grant; everybody knows "Ed," and to attempt to "give him a character" is unnecessary; but Grant, well, "six foot three," and four-yard arms are about his dimensions, and for such a "tall figure" it was surprising how Ed. managed to "cover" it, but he did it in his usual neat manner.

The next was a wrestling match between two young men, which was pretty fair and well received.

Young Colbert and John Roberts then appeared and both did credit to themselves by their scientific displays. The N. Y. Chicken and Finegas then appeared, both showing to good advantage.

The wind-up was between John Roberts and Laverty, and was done in their usual good style, both men doing their best to merit the approbation of the audience, which judging from the "three cheers for Laverty and Roberts," which they obtained at the close, was sufficient proof of the satisfaction of the spectators.

body, we feel confident that the sparrers and all lovers of the sport will turn out willingly to lend him a hand.

During the evening, a match dance will take place between Micky Warren and the Washington Market Pet for a Silver Goblet.

Young Wallace and McIntyre will give the wind-up, when the latter will be prepared to make a match to fight Barney Aaron, or any other 125 lb. man, for \$300 or \$500 a side.

Friday evening of this week, 29th inst., is the time selected by Messrs. Wallace and McIntyre for this exhibition, and, from all we can learn, the display will be really worth witnessing. Ticket, only 25 cents, may be had at the various sporting houses, and at the door on the evening of the exhibition.

KELLY'S EXHIBITION, at the Chelsea Manor House, on the 19th, was fairly attended, and the sparring good. Among those who set to were Pat O'Donnell and Hugh Maclean, Pat Farrell and Costello, Dick Nolan and pupil, Hunter of Brooklyn and Belfast Boy, Dwyer and Mack, and others. The wind-up was given by Young Barney Aaron and Andy Kelly, and was a set-to of a superior order.

MONAGHAN'S EXHIBITION, at Korrigan's, on Monday evening last, was a stunner, the house being crowded. We have not time to say more, inasmuch as we are terribly pressed for room. Monaghan and Young Barney Aaron gave the wind-up. Mr. M. has good reason to be proud of the attendance at his benefit.

BOXING IN NORFOLK.—We understand that a gentleman of Norfolk, Va., is making arrangements for opening a Boxing School in that place. We have no doubt that if such a school is started, it will prove successful.

ON A TOUR.—Prof. W. G. Taylor, of Boston, and Joe Coburn are on a sparring tour, and will visit New Bedford, Providence, Fall River, and other places.

PEDESTRIANISM.

STETSON'S MAMMOTH PEDESTRIAN HIPPODROME.—STETSON IN A GREAT HEICULEAN UNDERTAKING.—THE TENT BLOWN DOWN.—STETSON UPON THE GO-HEAD.—Every day brings forth something new, and as the song goes "The world gets wiser every day." We must exclaim "that's so," when we are informed that John Stetson, the well-known pedestrian, recently erected a Mammoth Pedestrian Hippodrome, measuring 200 feet in length and 100 feet wide, in which to perform the wonderful feat of travelling sixty miles in twelve hours, and continue the same for six successive days; likewise having several grand foot races advertised to take place during the week. Stetson started upon his undertaking on Monday, August 18th, and proceeded finely until Thursday evening, August 22d, when a sudden gust of wind blew the tent to the ground, and he was compelled to give up his task. We must say that John has struck a "streak of hard luck" lately, and it seems as though he was trying to waddle through it. No one can say but that he is a smart, shrewd, calculating young man, and that he is a go-ahead sort of fellow in every sense of the word. The Hippodrome arrangement is a good idea as there are cities where the pedestrian business would be patronized, where there are now no race tracks, and the Hippodrome would be the thing to take well. Let it be tried, John.

TEN MILE FOOT RACE.—The race between Mat Cassidy, and the Newark Chicken, for \$200, came off upon the Union Course, L. I., on Monday last, and turned out to be a well-contested affair, both men running the entire distance without faltering in the least. The Chicken took and kept a lead of about two yards the entire distance, until within about 300 yards of the score, when Mat made a brush, but the Chicken was not to be had, and the latter got ahead three yards. In this manner they ran 25 yards, when Cassidy made another brush, but finding the Chicken was well up to his work, was forced to give it up. The time occupied in running the 10 miles was 57 min. 30 sec., as follows:

Miles.	M. S.	Total.	Miles.	M. S.	Total.
1	5 00	5 00	6	5 40	34 30
2	5 20	10 20	7	5 20	39 50
3	5 37	15 57	8	6 00	45 54
4	5 50	21 50	9	5 50	51 44
5	5 38	27 34	10	5 26	57 30

Mr. Cassidy not being altogether willing to give it up so, will run the Chicken the same distance, for \$300 a side, the race to take place in two months from the first deposit.

Mat Cassidy also offers to make a match to run Barlow one mile, in two weeks from the first deposit, for \$50.

FOOT RACE OF THE LOWELL FIREMEN.—On Monday, Sept. 1st, a Firemen's Foot Race takes place at the Lowell Trotting Park, Lowell, Mass.; distance, one mile; prize, a valuable silver trumpet. John Stetson, the well-known pedestrian, has charge of the race. During the afternoon several minor races will take place, among which will be a grand race for Amateurs, open to all who never ran for money or prize, and a splendid silver cup will be given to the winner, distance one mile.

DASH OF SIX MILES.—A foot race, for a purse of \$50, was decided on Stoneham turnpike, on the 16th inst. The race was between Rowe and Hilton, and the former was the favorite at 2 to 1. Rowe took the lead immediately on getting away and kept it through the race, closely pressed by Hilton. Rowe proved the winner—time, said to be 34.17.

SPIN OF 100 YARDS.—A spin of 100 yards is to come off at Mr. Thomas Watkins', in East Newark, on the 2d of September, between T. Haggerty and Mr. Morningstern, for \$25 a side. There will probably be some other sports at the same time.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—TWENTY MILES TO BE DONE INSIDE OF TWO HOURS!—John Grindell, the Champion Pedestrian of America, has been matched for \$500, to run twenty miles inside of two hours—to come off sometime in September, over the Lynn race track. Mr. Grindell has taken up his abode, for the present, at Mr. Bedford's Naumkuk House, South Danvers, which is about two miles from the track, where he is to take his exercise.

GRINDELL AND BECK'S FIVE MILE RACE POSTPONED.—A five mile race between John Grindell and Beck, which was to have come off Thursday, Aug. 31st, has been postponed, on account of the severe rain that day, until Thursday, Aug. 28. Pedestrians start at 4 o'clock, precisely. In our next we shall give the result.

WHERE ARE THEY?—A gentleman called upon us a few days since, and stated that he will give \$100, to be walked for at Newark in September. Free says he does not want the money until he has walked 105 hours, on a plank, without rest. Messrs. Hughes and all others are invited to stake \$100, and the winner to take the whole amount. The odds are 100 to 1.

FEMALE PEDESTRIANISM.—Don't forget that Miss Free's wife performs a novel pedestrian feat at Newark on Saturday evening. There will be a great turnout to witness this performance.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856.

SPORTING MATTERS ABROAD.

LIVERPOOL, August 8, 1856. F. QUEEN, Esq.—This day week (Friday) was the last day of the Goodwood Races, consequently I could not do more than generalize my remarks at that time.

The events of the last day at Goodwood were the Nassau Stakes, (50 sovs. each), won by Mr. H. Hill's Minicopie, the "winner of the Hoaks," including 9lb. extra, according to terms.

Mr. Harris, the Duke of Richmond's steward, kept "open house," and secured the services of a large detachment of the Metropolitan Police, so that the arrangements were as perfect as those of an evening party.

Mr. W. S. S. Crawford is the owner of the 1800-guinea yearling, Lord of the Hills, and this very fine horse won the Molecomb Stakes on Thursday, showing properties as a racer which must put him in the first rank.

Mr. Ten Broeck's horses have arrived by the City of Edinburgh steamer at Glasgow, but they are kept very "shady," I understand; at least, we knew nothing of their whereabouts when I left London this morning.

The following are the most noted horses heretofore taken out to America by breeders or fancy purchasers—Priam, Zingare, Cetus, Rowton, Chateau Margaux, Riddiesworth, Margrave, Buzzard, and Glencoe, with many others not just now in my mind.

Coming down here in the cars, I happened to meet with a gentleman who had in his possession an early copy of the "Illustrated News" for this week. He very politely called my attention to the portrait and memoir of Colonel Fremont, the Republican (oh!) candidate for the presidency.

I remember your instructions to me that I must avoid politics, but these jokes (or specimens of jokes) are only fair samples of the ridiculous ignorance of everything "IlamERICAN" in this country. But I must say that in Liverpool we are better known and understood.

"Little Vic." has been having a gay week at Osborne, so that the Isle of Wight has had its own and the neighboring ports enlivened with Her Majesty's visits by land or by water.

Mr. Peabody, the American banker in London, after an absence from home of twenty years, will leave for New York, in the Collins steamer of the 3d September.

certificate required before being allowed to row in boats. Remember that this is only one of the Oxford colleges. From a French paper I learn that a very laughable wager has lately been decided on the Rhone.

An interesting little affair on the Isis, near Oxford, was made out of a punt race lately. Mr. F. Greenwood, the landlord of the Maidenhead Hotel, and Mr. James Quelch, a tanner in Oxford, having had some conversation about rowing punts with rapidly, concluded to make a match with each other, and row from Long Bridge to the King's Barge.

At the Great Yarmouth Regatta the other day, some of the vessels entered for racing had not arrived. At the conclusion of the regular programme, the Committee of Arrangements therefore offered a prize for the latest and cutter yachts, in the style of that at Lowestoft last week.

Another very interesting feature was a variety of experiments, (a sort of racing so to speak,) on the efficiency of the life-boats, life-buoys, mortar apparatus, and other means intended to save life from shipwreck.

The Royal Belgian Yacht Club is to come off at Antwerp, on the 18th and 19th instant, under the patronage of the Duke of Brabant and the Count of Flanders.

Among the cricketers, Canterbury seems to enjoy the most sport just now. The matches was so numerous this season that any description must appear tedious, I fear. One sport we must miss this year, and it is probably owing to the "spread of intelligence" or else the "advance of woman's rights."

The Ripon Races occupied Monday and Tuesday, and Saunterer showed himself the bully of the two-year-old. Skirmisher also showed out well, but did not win anything.

There is an English fashion of "change ringing" on church bells here, as performed by the campanile clubs, which I should much like to see adopted in the United States.

A stroll around to Ben Caunt's, at the "Co-cluin-osses" (Coach and Horses) in St. Martin's Lane, if you could accompany me, Mr. Editor, would be "eyely hedifying."

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London, Thomas Baring, M. P., presiding, the worthy chairman announced that the Emperor had presented a silver medal to Mr. James Hoghen, the coxswain of the Ramsgate Harbor life-boat, and to Mr. Reading, the master of the Ramsgate Harbor steamer, for their noble exertions in saving the crew of the French vessel Maria Roche lately wrecked.

The Exhibition of Poultry and Pigeons at the Anerley Arms Tavern, on the Surrey side, has been repeated this year with increased popular favor, and kept up for three days. There were more than 700 contributors of poultry alone.

I forgot to mention a "nautical steeple-chase" which took place at La Marche, on Sunday, July 27, and was attended by the Empress of France.

The start was made from a hill to the stream, and the whole ruck took to the water in fine style, led by Mr. Byrne's Forester and Mr. Flood's The Tout, leaving the Frenchmen floundering until much behind.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday Morning.—This city is all alive, I can tell you. Been to see Dr. Hunter, and the other boys on the Associated Press. All right.

CRICKET.

GREENFIELD, Mass., August 9, 1856. EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: You are already aware of the challenge that was given through the CLIPPER by the Roxbury Cricket Club to play any Club in Massachusetts a home and home game, which was taken up by a few old players at Greenfield, who organized a new Club and accepted their challenge.

The return match (if the match was ever intended to be played out without the Roxbury was sure to win) was agreed to be played at Greenfield on the 1st of August. The play commenced apparently with the best of feeling on both sides, until one of the Roxbury men was given out leg before wicket by the Greenfield umpire, which was objected to by the Roxbury umpire; this caused considerable chaffing.

Now, Mr. Editor, as cricketers who love the game and have seen a great deal of it, we have played matches and seen a great many played, but never yet saw the umpire at the contrary end interfere with the duties of the other umpire, as the umpire of the Roxbury Club did at Greenfield, or did I ever see fair and honorable cricketers uphold an umpire in such unfair proceedings as they did him; he is a man totally ignorant of the game; he neither knows the duties of an umpire or the behavior of a man.

Now, was this fair and manly after their challenge? Well, after the dispute they agreed to play the match out next morning, to meet at 7 o'clock. We got them teams ready to take them to the play ground, but some of them refused to play after agreeing to do so the night before.

Ed. CLIPPER.] We are very sorry to hear of such a sad disagreement in this match; we should advise you to play it over again, as the best way of settling any dispute, but be sure to obtain as umpires men who are thoroughly versed in the game of Cricket; they should also be men of good moral character, or the same unpleasantness may occur again. Of course you can refuse to play the match until your opponents feel disposed to obtain such an umpire.

was played in Paris; the result being, as in the former game, unfavorable to Hamilton. Play commenced at 10 a. m. punctually, with the United Eleven in the field; and although the bowling was not up to the mark, and the fielding in some cases execrable, only 61 runs were put on paper, of which Dykes contributed more than a third.

After lunch (which was provided in his usual substantial style by the caterer of the Paris Club, Mr. Chase, of the Depot,) Beasley, Madison, Dykes, and Sharp, aided materially in breaking the quiet of a long and unusually slow innings of about 30 overs, increased the Hamilton score by 57, leaving 80 to win; a long figure, truly, when the smallness of the previous innings is considered.

The game throughout, but more especially within half an hour of its termination (at half-past 6,) attracted considerable attention. We were pleased to see the booth well filled with the fair sex; and among the numerous spectators we noticed cricketers from Woodstock, Guelph, Galt, Brantford, and Hamilton.

Table with 2 columns: First Innings and Second Innings. Lists players and scores for the Hamilton vs. Guelph match.

PARIS AND GUELPH UNITED.

Table with 2 columns: First Innings and Second Innings. Lists players and scores for the Paris and Guelph United match.

MECHANIC VS. NEWARK.

A match between the "Mechanics' Club," and the "Second Eleven" of the "Newark Club," was played at Newark on the 12th, and resulted in favor of the Mechanics by 48 runs. It was a very interesting game throughout, both parties "putting their best foot foremost."

MECHANIC'S CLUB.

Table with 2 columns: First Innings and Second Innings. Lists players and scores for the Mechanic's Club match.

NEWARK CLUB.

Table with 2 columns: First Innings and Second Innings. Lists players and scores for the Newark Club match.

UNION VS. JOHNSTOWN.

A match between the Union Club of Amsterdam, and the Johnstown Club, was to have been played on the ground of the latter Club, on the 27th.

MILWAUKIE AND LEON CLUBS VS. GRANVILLE AND RIPON.

A friendly match between the above clubs was played at Milwaukee on the 12th and 13th inst. The former were the victors by 48 runs. Cricket is becoming a popular game in Wisconsin.

A MATCH BETWEEN THE CHICAGO AND MILWAUKIE CRICKET CLUBS.

A challenge, too, is looked for from the Cleveland Clubs, who have now quite a reputation as Cricketers. When shall we hear from them?

The way to make water taste better than champagne is to eat salt fish about six hours previous to imbibing it.

FOREIGN SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From Bell's Life in London, Aug. 3, 1866.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

- Aug. 11.—Tweedle and Connor—£25 a side, Newcastle and Leeds.
12.—Edwards and Hall—£100 a side, London.
19.—Bob Travis and Job Cobley—£50 a side, London.
20.—Brookes and Langham's Novice—£25 a side, London.
Sept. 23.—Collins and Daly—£30 to £25, London.
Nov. 25.—Paddock and the Tipton Slasher—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt, London.

The Ring and the Ipswich Magistrates and Police.

THE QUEEN ON THE PROSECUTION OF HAYES, MASSEY AND OTHERS.—This case, which has excited so much interest in sporting circles throughout England, and especially in the neighborhood of Ipswich, where the matter was brought to a final issue on Tuesday last, was heard in the Crown Court, before Lord Campbell. As our readers are aware, the matter arose out of the battle that took place at Bentley between Hayes and Massey, who were charged in the indictment as principals, and Thos. Sayers, Daniel Dismore, and Robert Travers, as their accomplices in committing a breach of the peace. The other count in the indictment was common assault. There were several other defendants, including Nat Langham and Jemmy Welsh, who had not yet surrendered. The five prisoners who appeared had been incarcerated in the county gaol for several days, having been taken from London and subjected to the degradation of being publicly handcuffed, but were subsequently released upon heavy bail. It may be remembered that at the hearing before the bench of magistrates, which occupied nearly seven hours, Mr. Bury Hutchinson, who was engaged to defend all the prisoners except Dismore, satisfied the court that if they were determined to send the case to the assizes, they could only do so upon the ground that a common assault had been committed, the bench desiring to commit upon all sorts of counts. Mr. Wm. Gurdon, Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, who is said to have taken the most active part in this prosecution, did not appear at any of the examinations, not even to hear the dictum of the Lord Chief Justice of England, which occasioned some surprise after the speech delivered by that learned functionary at the recent Quarter Sessions meeting in his address to the grand jury. After a few prefatory observations on that occasion upon the nature of the cases they would have to try, Mr. Gurdon observed, "I am sorry to say there has recently been in this county more than one serious breach of the peace. Most unquestionable breaches of the peace. You will readily imagine that I allude to those disgraceful prize fights which have within the last few weeks taken place a short distance from this town. Perhaps it will be wrong for me to attempt to implicate any one, inasmuch as the matter is not regularly before the court; but I am glad to inform you that the case is now undergoing investigation by the magistrates, and I am sure you will trust most implicitly to them that they will take care as far as possible, in the discharge of their duties, that this county shall not in future be made the arena of these disgraceful breaches of the peace—disgraceful and discreditable to all concerned. There were times when these prize fights were countenanced by men in a high station and position, which gave a character and support to them, and made it exceedingly difficult for those who saw such things in a better light to put them down; but the intelligence of civilized men has long looked at such exhibitions as a species of demoralisation which ought to be extinguished. I think it will be the least of your wish that we should have the minds of our rural and comparatively primitive population inoculated by these vagabonds from London, for such are the parties who came down to propagate these fights. I trust that if any countenance has been given by any body amongst us that he will shortly be taught that the law must not be infringed in this way in this county. The Lord Chief Justice of England will be here soon, and he will lay down the law better than I can, and the public will have the benefit of the learned judge's opinion." Mr. Gurdon then proceeded to denounce in the most unmeasured terms the London boxers and their patrons.

On Tuesday, Mr. Power, with whom was Mr. Stevenson, appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Keane, instructed by Mr. Bury Hutchinson, defended the five prisoners; and Mr. Tozer attended for the two railway officials, namely, Mr. Doring and Mr. Yarminski.

Hayes, Massey, Sayers, and Dismore, on being arraigned at the bar, pleaded not guilty. The other parties, including Bob Travers, not appearing, an application was made for their apprehension, on bench warrants, which were granted by the court.

Mr. Power then opened the case to the jury, for the prosecution, as follows:—May it please your lordship, and gentlemen of the jury: The defendants, in this case, are indicted, as you have heard, on one count for committing an assault, and the other for assembling together unlawfully, and committing a breach of the peace. Now, I may say, on the part of those whom I represent in this case, that their only anxiety is, that it should go forth to the world that so far as this county is concerned, fights for money, which in themselves are most brutal things, shall not be allowed to take place. As far as these men are concerned, the prize fight took place without any attempt on their part to resist the police when they came forward to put a stop to the proceeding; and, in truth, the real parties to blame, and most to blame, are the railway authorities, one of whom, the district superintendent of the line, gave these parties the utmost facilities in the transaction. On the 19th of May a fight took place for the championship of England, and, within a month afterwards, Dismore the man who stands here, went to the Eastern Counties Railway and obtained a special train, for which he engaged to pay £100, for conveying the parties, upon this occasion, into Suffolk. They had tried other railway companies, but they had been refused. The Eastern Counties Company received a hundred pounds, and they were the means of bringing down, in this way, some 200 persons, for the purpose of witnessing the fight between Massey and Hayes. Under those circumstances what the magistrates have felt is, that the company are the persons who are far more deeply culpable than any of these men, and they are determined, as far as they can, to prevent anything of this kind occurring again in their county. These men went down to Bentley, where after fighting about 36 rounds, the interruption took place. The special train was there all ready waiting, and everything, the ring with stakes, &c., were immediately put into a very convenient apparatus, which appeared to have been brought down for the purpose. A removal took place, and they renewed the fight within a few miles from that place, one of the superintendants of the line being the person who went with them, so that the Eastern Counties Railway Company took the most active part in this most illegal transaction. And of these men who conducted the fight, two, it appears, are brought up to this profession of pugilism, which I should not think a very agreeable one, but however, they did not do anything in the shape of obstructing the police of the county, and therefore those who instruct me do not wish to press any punishment further than your lordship will think necessary to determine upon, and I will leave the case in your lordships hands to decide what course shall be pursued with the parties.

Lord Campbell: This has been a very properly conducted case, and I have no doubt that the defendants have received very proper advice from their professional advisers: and now, if they will withdraw the plea of "not guilty" and admit that the law has been offended then they must receive such sentence as the law would impose; and I should think the object of the prosecution will be obtained by these men solemnly declaring that these proceedings will not take place again. The magistrates of the county have conducted themselves with the greatest propriety. They did what was quite right in using their efforts to disperse this assemblage, and in preventing anything of the kind in future. It was the duty of the magistrates to disperse this unlawful assembly, and therefore they only did what the law requires by so dispersing them. However, under all the circumstances, I think the case is one in which the defendants may be discharged upon their recognizances to appear and receive the judgment of the court when called upon.

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Mr. Power then suggested that each man should enter into his own recognizance in the sum of £100.—Mr. Keane, for the defendants, thought that £50 each would be sufficient; but the Lord Chief Justice, after some consideration, appeared to think even this sum was more than necessary, and directed that the defendants should enter into their own recognizance of £20 each to appear when called upon.

In the course of the day Robert Travers surrendered, and was discharged on entering into a similar bond.

Fight for Tuesday Next.

HAMMERSLEY AND PERKS, £25 A SIDE.—The final deposit of £5 a side between these men was made on Tuesday. They fight in the Potteries, at catch weight, on Tuesday next.

The Championship.

PADDOCK AND THE SLASHER.—The third deposit of £10 a side for this event was made good at Alec Keane's, Three Tuns, Moor-street, Soho, on Thursday last. Touching this match we have received a communication from Mr. Honeywell, a backer of Aaron Jones, and also of Paddock in his late match with Harry Broome, to the effect that Paddock has not accounted for certain sums advanced by him on Tom's behalf for the match with Broome, and that if he does not do so he (Mr. Honeywell) will effectually prevent Paddock from meeting his engagement. We hope that this will not be necessary.

Catastrophe at Goodwood.

DETAILED REPORT OF THE RACE AND THE ACCIDENT. The race for the Goodwood Stakes, of which a brief report was given in our last, took place on Wednesday, July 30th. Below we give full particulars:

THE RACE.

The Goodwood Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 f., and only 5 f. if declared; winners of any public handicap of 100 sovs. subsequent to the declaration of weights 3lb. of a 500 sovs. handicap 7lb extra; weights accumulative up to 10lb; the second to receive 100 sovs. from the stakes, and the winner to pay 15 to the judge; two miles and a half; 118 subs, 69 of whom pay 5 sovs. forfeit.

- Mr. Barber's Pretty Boy, by Idle Boy, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb [inc 10lb ex] Aldcroft 1
Mr. Howard's Sandboy, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb Fordham 2
Mr. Jackson's Lady Tatton, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb J. Oxborn 3
Mr. Seewing's Polestar, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb [inc 3lb ex] Flatman 4
Mr. Brown's Speed the Plough, 6 yrs, 8st 10lb [inc 3lb ex] Ashmall 0
Baron Rothschild's Hungerford, aged, 8st 7lb Bartholomew 0
Lord Keston's ch f Homily, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb Wakefield 0
Sir C. Monck's Pua, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb Creswell 0
Miss Annand's Vend d'Espoir, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb Bates 0
Mr. J. Merry's Lundyfoot, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb Hall 0
Mr. Edwards's Jolly Marine, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb Mandy 0
Baron Rothschild's Gomey, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb J. Steggle 0
Mr. J. Day's Diana, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb Grouch 0
Mr. J. White's High Priest, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb Salter 0
Mr. Gully's Enchanter, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb J. Forster 0
Mr. Mathers's St. Clair, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb [inc 3lb ex] J. Forster 0
Lord Zealand's Zeta, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb [inc 7lb ex] Chaloner 0
Mr. Stone's Fair Geraldine, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb Bray 0
Mr. T. Parr's Goldhill, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb [inc 6lb ex] Quindon 0
Lord Keston's Benke, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb Edwards 0
Mr. T. Parr's Van Eyck, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb Bullock 0
Mr. Walker's King Cob, 8 yrs, 8st 7lb Bundy 0
Lord Glasgow's ch c Birdcatcher out of Maid of Masham, 8 yrs, 8st 6lb Hibberd 0
Capt. Christie's Bandolore, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb Pritchard 0
Sir R. Pigot's b Chevy Chase, by Venison, out of Belle Sauvage, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb [carried 4st 11lb] Harden 0

Betting: 5 to 1 agst Zeta (offered), 7 to 1 each agst Sandboy and Godhill, 8 to 1 agst Homily, 10 to 1 agst Bandalore, 12 to 1 each agst Vandal and Lady Tatton, 20 to 1 each agst Van Eyck and Pretty Boy, 25 to 1 each agst the Maid of Masham colt, Fair Geraldine, Jolly Marine, Lundyfoot, and Polestar, 30 to 1 agst Hungerford, 33 to 1 agst Comedy, and 50 to 1 agst Speed the Plough. Owing to the eagerness of several of the light weights, the start, one of the best ever seen, was not effected without two or three failures. The lot got away in a body, the first division on passing the Stand comprising the Maid of Masham colt, High Priest, Diana, Zeta, King Cob, Bandalore, St. Clair, and Chevy Chase (the latter rather wide on the outside); the heavy weights with Sandboy and Goldhill lying in about the middle, and Pretty Boy, Vandal, and Homily in the rear, the latter several lengths behind everything. After running a quarter of a mile, King Cob took a slight lead, and at the bend of the course was joined by Chevy Chase, who ran level with him for about a dozen strides, and then dropped back into the fifth or sixth place, leaving the Maid of Masham colt, Bandalore, High Priest, and St. Clair abreast at the leader's heels. Next to them as they proceeded along the brow of the hill, was Diana, and close in her wake followed Zeta, the Jolly Marine, Speed the Plough, Sandboy, Peu d'Espoir, Fair Geraldine, and one or two others, whose colors it was impossible to distinguish owing to the compact order in which they were clustered together. From this cause there was a good deal of confusion, and collision amongst the middle division, and strange to say Flatman who was alongside of Bartholomew had scarcely remarked to the latter that they would have "a roughish time of it at the turn" when no fewer than eight horses "went down like ninespins." The catastrophe was caused by Chevy Chase, who got so close to the bank that she slipped up and rolled backwards under the feet of Jolly Marine, who instantly fell. Speed the Plough was the next down, and in less time than it has taken us to write these lines, Hungerford, Comedy, Enchanter, Vandal, and Lundyfoot, were all straggling together on the ground. The injuries sustained by the jockeys are referred to elsewhere. The panic that ensued was dreadful, especially amongst those who happened to be in the rear, many of whom only escaped a similar fate by jumping over both horses and jockeys as they lay upon the ground, or taking a wide sweep round them. The phase of the race was now quite changed.—King Cob, the Maid of Masham colt, and High Priest, the former of whom broke down and disappeared from the front, the running being taken up by Diana, with Bandalore in close attendance. Zeta going on third, Goldhill fourth, Fair Geraldine fifth, and St. Clair, Sandboy, High Priest, and Polestar next; Lady Tatton and Pretty Boy succeeding them. In pretty nearly this order they reappeared in eight and remained so until rising the hill for the last turn, when Fair Geraldine, St. Clair, and High Priest, began to drop off, and Sandboy, Lady Tatton, Pretty Boy, and Polestar obtained more forward positions. After rounding the turn, Sandboy ran through his horses into the second place, and Bandalore dropping off in descending the hill, the former was joined at the bottom by Lady Tatton, who deprived Diana of the lead about the commencement of the rails, at which point Goldhill was third, and Zeta fourth, with Pretty Boy and Polestar in close attendance at their heels. Before reaching the distance Lord Zealand's filly and Goldhill were in difficulties, and their places were taken by Pretty Boy and Polestar, who followed the two leaders until half-way up, when Aldcroft, taking advantage of an opening between them, sent Pretty Boy through it with a rush, and Sandboy running out towards the chair the instant Fordham

called upon him, Pretty boy was landed the winner after a severe struggle by half a length, Lady Tatton finishing as far behind Sandboy. Polestar was beaten three lengths from the mare; and a similar interval separated Goldhill, Zeta, and Besika, who were fifth, sixth, and seventh, the latter, by persevering to the end, having passed a lot of beaten horses inside the distance. The last lot were High Priest, Van Eyck, Homily, Diana, and King Cob, the latter of whom walked in. Run in 4min 45sec.

THE CATASTROPHE.

Immediately the race was over the weighing room was besieged, by those anxious to learn the names and fate of the jockeys that had fallen, and foremost amongst the inquirers was the Duke of Richmond, who ever ready to render assistance on such occasions, despatched his private break and some other vehicles, with medical aid to the sufferers. In the meantime, a great many people had hastened to the spot, and every attention was shown to the poor fellows, some of whom we regret to state have received such frightful injuries that it is doubtful if they will be able to ride again this year. The catastrophe, which threw a gloom over all, was caused by Chevy Chase, who, getting the best of her "feather"—that curse of racing!—ran up the bank, and rolled over backwards into the middle of the rack, upsetting Jolly Marine and Speed the Plough, over whom fell Hungerford, Comedy, Enchanter, Vandal, and Lundyfoot. The scene of confusion at the moment, as described to us by eye witnesses, was frightful in the extreme, the seven horses and their maimed jockeys lying on the ground "all of a heap." Fortunately all the horses instantly jumped up and galloped away except Chevy Chase, whose fore leg was smashed, as if by a hammer, all the way down from the knee to the hoof. The poor beast sat upon her haunches, moaning fearfully, but was soon put out of her misery by being shot. Of the unfortunate jockeys Steggle and Ashmall were the first to come to, and though the latter was suffering from a broken collar-bone, he proceeded with Steggle to the assistance of the others. Bartholomew lay on his face, apparently dead, and Salter partly upon poor Ben's shoulder, in a state of insensibility; but Ashmall and Steggle succeeded in turning them over on to their backs, and then went to little Heuruden and Munday, the former of whom was lying under the bank, Munday, in addition to his collar-bone, having 'is thigh broken in two places! Creswell received severe contusions on his legs and arm, but Hall escaped with a shaking only, and both speedily recovered. Upon the arrival of medical assistance Bartholomew was placed in the break, Ashmall and Salter in one fly, and Munday in another, and despatched to the Royal Sussex Infirmary at Chichester. Hall returned to the stand in a vehicle, and Creswell and Steggle on horseback, whilst little Heuruden, looking the picture of death, was placed across Tom Taylor's lap, and conveyed on his pony to the Stand, where he was instantly attended by Dr. Grestorax and Dr. Maudsley of Hanover-square, who, after applying restoratives, recommended his being sent to the Infirmary at Chichester, whither he was subsequently removed. Creswell (though suffering a good deal), Hall, and Steggle, were able, it will be seen, to ride in the Stewards' Cup an hour afterwards. The greatest anxiety was felt and expressed on all sides for Bartholomew, whose case, it was feared, might prove fatal, owing to his not having spoken or moved up to the moment of his removal. Poor Munday, though suffering the most excruciating agony, bore up manfully under the circumstances, as did Ashmall, whose casualty was of less importance. Much sympathy was expressed on all sides for the unfortunate sufferers, and a delay of upwards of an hour occurred before the racing was resumed. It was at first supposed that two or three of the horses that fell had met with broken legs or backs, but fortunately those fears turned out unfounded, Chevy Chase alone meeting with that fatality; though it is not unlikely that one or two of them may have received sufficient injury to prevent their re-appearance on the Turf for some time to come. Baron Rothschild's two, we believe, ran loose after the others in the race; but Enchanter, Speed the Plough, Jolly Marine, and Vandal jumped the post and rails at the side of the course, and the three latter commenced fighting in the wood close by. Speed the Plough and Vandal got Jolly Marine down, and attacked him most furiously until a gipsy boy with great courage of mind seized the former by the bridle and separated them, whereupon the old horse galloped off to a pond and indulged in a cold bath. In the enjoyment of which he was captured. Vandal had a large piece of flesh torn off his shoulder, and the Jolly Marine, in addition to his bridle being bent and torn, received a similar injury, besides a deep wound in the hip, which had the appearance of being inflicted with a knife or some sharp instrument. Enchanter, who is a very savage brute, fortunately did not join in the melee, but tried his hand at steepie-chasing, and was eventually secured at a small village nearly three miles off.

Exciting Cricket Match.

MARYLEBONE CLUB AND GROUND VS. ENGLAND.—Monday, July 28.—This interesting match was commenced, at Lord's, on Monday last, and in consequence of the talent engaged, it drew together a very large assemblage of spectators. The weather was beautifully fine, and the wickets in pretty good order, although the ground was very hard from previous fine weather. The betting at starting was 5 to 4 on England, and Marylebone found plenty of backers. At five minutes past twelve o'clock the bell sounded for play, and Cesar and Mr. Marsham were seen at the wickets, Martingell starting to bowl, and Grundy taking the ball at the other end. Mr. Marsham made a good leg-hit from Grundy for three and six singles, and attempted too short a run. Cesar was caught in the slip, making a cut and a drive from Martingell for four, a drive from Grundy for two, &c; the first wicket fell for 16, and the second for 23. When George Parr had scored 9, he received a severe blow from Grundy on the finger, cutting open an old wound, which caused him to retire, and after the seventh (Mr. Marsham's) he again made his appearance; seven wickets down for 62 runs. Willsher, Stephenson, Tingley and Mr. Marsham, all fell for minor scores. Bell and Parr made "a hold," and caused some changes in the bowling; the former at last played a ball against his leg, which glided it on to the wicket; he played a merry innings of 14, obtained by a four (cut from Dean) two threes (drive and a square leg-hit from Grundy), three twos, &c. Parr followed him, being cleverly stumped by Lockyer, having added 22 more, notwithstanding his injured finger; his figures were a four (leg-hit from Martingell), three threes (two good leg-hits from Dean and Caffyn), three twos, &c. Mr. Perkins rattled away, and soon put together 11, by a leg-hit from Dean for four, and a cut from Dean and Martingell for three, and brought out his bat, the innings closing at five minutes to four o'clock for 130. The bowling of Dean and Grundy was first-rate, the former, it will be seen, getting six wickets; the fielding and wicket-keeping were also quite up to the mark. The Marylebone Club and Ground now entered upon their innings, and the wickets went down pretty fast, one falling for 9, two for 14, three and four for 15, five for 26. Messrs. Tredcroft and Broughton then got in, and changed the game, running up the score to 58, when Mr. Broughton had to succumb to Wisden—hitting at a straight one. His innings, indeed, was a merry one, and comprised a drive to the pavillion from Wisden for four, three two (drives and a leg-hit from Wisden), &c. Mr. Tredcroft was bowled by Willsher, having played a splendid innings of 21, composed of a five (a magnificent drive from Willsher), a four (quick), a three (drive from Wisden), a two (cut from Wisden), &c. His (the seventh) wicket fell for 98 runs. Lockyer and Dean then made a stand, and kept possession of the wickets until time had arrived to draw the stumps, Lockyer being (not out) 49, and Dean (not out) 10—total eight wickets for 133 runs (three on.)

TUESDAY.—The morning was again everything that a cricketer could desire. Lockyer scored but three more and was caught in the slip—his brilliant hitting innings comprised a five (a splendid drive from Willsher, hitting from the pavillion end and sending the ball to the pile of bats in the corner), three fours (two leg-hits and a drive on top of the pavillion), three threes (drives from Sherman, Willsher, and Wisden), four twos, &c. Dean added two more singles, making 12, composed of three twos (a cut, a drive, leg-hit) and singles. With the enormous number of 16 for extras, the innings terminated at ten minutes past twelve o'clock for 140, being 10 in majority. Betting 5 to 4 on England. Wisden and Willsher were almost always "on the spot," and very great credit is due to those who obtained runs. Martingell had no opportunity of scoring, and therefore brought out his bat. England commenced their second innings, and before Cesar and Mr. R. Marsham could be separated, 57 runs were announced, of which the former had contributed 38, exhibiting a masterly display; his figures were a five (leg-hit), a four (cut), two threes (cut and a leg-hit), three twos, &c. Mr. R. Marsham, as usual, played the game thoroughly, making a very steady innings of 25, composed of a four (drive), three threes (two drives and a leg-hit), a two, and singles; two wickets down for 70 runs. Parr joined Wisden, but Lillywhite, whose second ball got Mr. Marsham, also in the next ball got Parr caught; but he had to play with a basket to protect his finger. Willsher contributed 18 by a five (drive from Lilly), a four (drive from Grundy), a two, and singles; four wickets for 99 runs. Wisden was the next to go, but not before the bowling had been well "collared;" his figures were two fours (a square leg-hit and a drive), four threes (a cut and two leg-hits), two twos, &c. Several changes were made during his innings. Stephenson and Tingley then got in, and, by way of a "taster," tried the field and bowlers pretty well; Tingley put 50 upon paper in one hour and five minutes; it was, indeed, as fine an innings as we ever saw, his figures being two fives (drives from Caffyn), five fours (drives, cut, and leg-hits), a three, four twos, &c; his [the sixth] wicket fell for 219. Mr. C. D. Marsham made a splendid drive from Grundy for six, also a leg-hit from him for three, &c. &c; his [the seventh] wicket fell for 240; the eighth, Bell, fell for 260; and Stephenson had then to give way, being caught in the slip. A finer 45 was never witnessed. He has a masterly style of defence, and hits tremendously if the ball is off the spot. His figures were three fours [two leg-hits and an overthrow], two threes, five twos, and singles. Mr. Perkins very quickly put upon paper an innings of 24, made by a leg-hit from Martingell for five, two fours [cuts from Martingell], two threes, &c. Sherman played well for 12, made by a good cut from Grundy for four, a drive from Lilly for three, &c. The innings closed at 20 minutes past six o'clock for 298! leaving the M. C. C. and Grundy 289 to get to win; towards this they scored 79, John Lillywhite playing a fine innings of 26, composed of a four [drive from Wisden], a three [drive from Marsham], four twos, &c. &c. He was in with Mr. Nicholson on Tuesday evening, each having scored 11. On Wednesday Mr. Nicholson added two singles, and drove the ball back to the bowler; his figures were a four [drive from Willsher], a two [drive from Willsher] and singles. The bowling of Willsher and Wisden prevented any further scores being made, and the match terminated in favor of England, on Wednesday morning, by 209 runs! Score:

ALL ENGLAND.

Table with columns for First Innings and Second Innings, listing players and scores.

M. C. C. AND GROUND.

Table with columns for First Innings and Second Innings, listing players and scores.

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

Table with columns for ENGLAND—First Innings and Second Innings, listing bowlers, balls, runs, maidens, wickets, and no balls.

SUNDAY OF CUMMER THE CRICKETER.—On Saturday week, Mr. Wakely held an inquiry at the Admiral Nelson, Aland road, Kentish Town, on Mr. John Taylor Crummer, the well-known cricketer, and late cashier to the Messrs. Holfair and Home, aged 47, who committed suicide with a lancet, under the following circumstances. The deceased resided with his wife at 15 Carlton terrace, and although a man of a very temperate habits, yet the least stimulant of any kind was apt to produce delirium. A few days before he joined in another with his club during the week, he was greatly excited him, and as was conjectured, led to a sudden attack of delirium. Mrs. Crummer immediately placed the strictest surveillance upon the sufferer, notwithstanding this, he managed suddenly to escape, and with a lancet opened the trachea, severing the leading arteries of the arm. Mr. Walters was immediately called in, but the bleeding, in the course of a few minutes, was so profuse, that the blood deluged the room and soaked through the flooring, staining the ceiling beneath. The man died in the course of five minutes. The jury returned a verdict of Insanity.

ROYAL THAMES NATIONAL REGATTA.—Although nearly three weeks will have to elapse before this national regatta will take place, the frequenter of the Thames will

MY CHESS MATCH.

A Tale of the Last Century.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CONTINUED.

Two seats were standing at one side of the board, but only one at the other; the first were evidently intended for myself and friend. It was then I first began to think of my companion, and to wonder at his non-arrival; it was full time; it was even past the hour. I grew anxious concerning him, confused surmising began to arise.

At once a most horrible thought presented itself to my awakened fancy, too ready to entertain any idea that was fearful. I felt that my friend had been murdered, the better to ensure victory to my adversary. I strove to shake off the feeling—in vain—it still recurred, and in my mind I saw the body of my companion lying dead in one of the dark lanes of London. I shrank from the thought, "it must not, cannot be so," I exclaimed mentally. I left the couch and paced the room violently in my agitation; that instant that tall form entered from an opening in the ceiling, it appeared, though I perceived none. As I noticed him I abruptly ceased my walking, much embarrassed at being thus surprised.

He saluted me with a bow, his lips wearing a frigid smile. He spoke:

"I am your antagonist; when I informed you of one who would be your adversary, I but offered myself."

My only reply was a formal bow. A pause ensued. He resumed:

"Your friend, it seems, is late."

How frightfully those words sounded; they echoed my fears of Granger's safety. He proceeded to the Chess table, and while occupied in that quarter I scrutinized him closely. From his general attire and aspect I would have decided that he had not been subjected to the inclemency of the weather; his whole appearance tended to confirm my doubts as to the existence of the roadside adventure, as I have described it; I looked upon them as a species of nightmare, and with an effort I dismissed all as the immediate consequences of my idle apprehensions at the time.

My cogitations were interrupted by the tones of my adversary:

"We will not wait for your colleague. He does not design to be present in all probability; we will proceed."

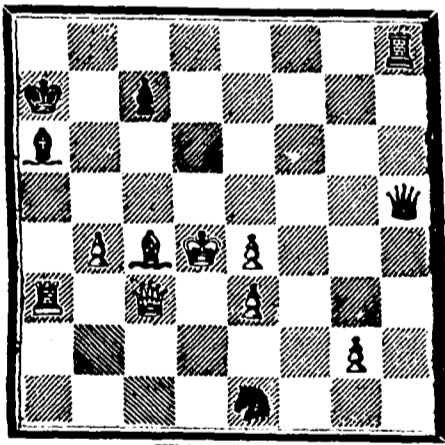
As he spoke he motioned me into the chair before the white pieces. Chance gave me the first move. I selected a close opening. My choice was prompted by prudent and well calculated motives. I wished to escape the rapid onslaught, with the accompanying perils and snares which attended the open games, in which I shrewdly guessed my antagonist would be in his element. I was correct. His opening moves were characterized by an utter disregard for the formation of a defence; he seemed to brave and beckon on the formidable phalanx which I was gradually forming. It was obvious he was determined upon an attack. He flew from point to point in his onsets with surprising facility, now assaulting this wing, and then unexpectedly causing a division in the other. I was totally unaccustomed to this mode of warfare; but this was not all. Whenever I threatened his pieces instead of a retreat or a direct parry, his reply bore on another portion of the game, apparently leaving them to their fate, but to take the exposed men would be certain destruction.

I was startled and alarmed at this novel species of counterplay, and that I should be thus, even in close games, surrounded by all the wiles and artifices with which the gambits are fraught. I felt myself among pitfalls into which I might easily fall at any instant; the consciousness of this inspired me with the greatest caution, all my manoeuvres were weighed and analyzed with the profoundest care. Not so with my opponent, his play was unaccountably rapid; he seemed to be indifferent as to the result; scarcely would my fingers leave the piece I had moved when his coup was also executed.

All his efforts at an attack had thus far been completely frustrated. I had met them with a steady repulse. Neither King had Castled; mine had marched along to the centre, contributing additional strength; his had moved over to the queen's side, seemingly exposed, but a careful examination proving that I had no power to take advantage of it.

At the 45th move the game was brought to the following position:

Black—GLAMORD.



White—MYSELF.

I was minus a piece, but he had but one pawn, while I remained with four; the position was also, I thought, immensely in my favor. By peculiar manoeuvring one of his Knights had penetrated into the heart of my game, but I feared no danger in that quarter, as it must soon retreat, or be lost, there being no protection near. My hopes were revived. I was confident of a favorable issue.

The move was his; he had paused unusually long; I imagined he sought to find means to extricate himself from his difficulty; I inwardly rejoiced, as I thought the resources must be few indeed, if he was not able to discover any.

I looked up—he was gazing at me with fiendish pleasure. His unearthly tones re-echoed through the apartment.

"Sir," said he, his hand touching the piece he was about to play, while I instinctively shrank from his glance; "Sir, you are mated in seven moves."

The words came like a shock to my expectations. I started from my chair; in my perturbation drops of cold sweat standing on my brow. It was momentary—I quickly recovered my self-possession and resumed my place, deeply ashamed of the disquietude I had exhibited.

Not a word was spoken. In silence the pieces were replaced for the second game. He opened with the King's Gambit, and conducted the attack in the most masterly manner. I played the authorized moves up to a certain point correctly, but he suddenly abandoned the usual routine of play, and I was left to choose such defenses as I deemed best. The result was, that at the 12th move the gambit pawn was untenable, and I was compelled to surrender it at once. The superiority of his position was woefully apparent; every piece on his side was in action, while the half of mine remained either confined and crowded or still unmoved.

I struggled obstinately against this constraint; extremity made me alert, and I brought the most unthought-of resources to my relief. In vain, his formidable pawns marched unexorably on into the centre of my game—my King was uncovered and bared for checkmate, and I was about to resign the partie as indefensible.

At this moment, however, my antagonist began to relax in the assault. He failed to avail himself of advantages in his power; he seemed to overlook the most obvious



THE RIDING PARTY.

Scarcely any accomplishment so well rewards its acquirement as that of riding well on horseback. The most illiterate stable boy and the most fastidious artist agree that one of the most noble and inspiring sights in existence is presented when we see a delicate lady governing a spirited horse—beauty controlling power. "A woman on horseback" is proverbially a fine sight. Then, with barking dogs, snuffing the morning breeze in an ecstasy

paths to victory—he allowed me, without any pretension of resistance, to place my king in safety—to throw my pawns into the centre, and break up his own. I soon possessed thus the better game.

I looked up from the board to ascertain the effects my escape produced upon him. I was transfixed at the sight I beheld. He had the semblance of a man writhing violently under the power of some supernatural agency; he appeared as if contending against some occult agency which controlled his actions; (here was the explanation of his weakness in the latter portion of the game.)

He sprang from his seat, and strode the apartment in his nervous agony, his eyes protruding wildly from their sockets. He broke forth:

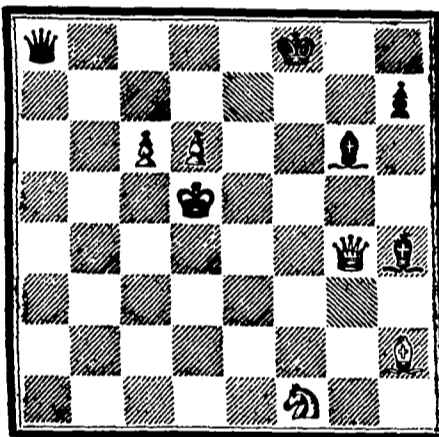
"Begone bloody spirit, and trouble me not. Semiazas! Semiazas! help me!"

On the utterance of these words, containing both a command and an invocation, the influence left him—but his features reflected a still different aspect—his countenance became animated as if by infernal fire—the wicked, malignant expression of a fiend lurked in his eye.

He resumed the game. He was endowed with a new strength; the game was conducted with treble his former vigor, and his moves were marked by a still greater depth and profundity than he had exhibited at first. The evil one certainly inspired him.

By a series of masterly moves he had forced my King to his Queen's fourth, where he evidently desired to consummate some unknown project. The position is appended:

Black—GLAMORD.



White—MYSELF.

I had just completed my last move. A hellish laugh broke forth from his lips.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Glamord never loses, M—! your queen is forced in six moves."

Unexpected as was the announcement. I did not exhibit any evidence of concern, but quietly examined the position, and found it a stern reality.

"And now," said Glamord, "for your last chance—if you lose the would-be pride of the King's colonies is fallen."

I was deeply irritated at his jeering laugh and this bantering speech, but I checked the angry reply I would have given, and prepared myself for the final encounter.

As before, I avoided the attacking openings. The experience of the two preceding games had taught me discretion. I therefore began immediately to form a formidable defence around my king, in order to be ready to meet his impetuous onsets. I resolved not to depart from these operations, as long as he had the semblance of an attack on my monarch's side, but to manoeuvre my men quietly, as circumstances required in the vicinity of my own encampment, and await the assault.

Glamord evidently disliked these tactics; he used his utmost endeavors to draw me from stronghold into combat in the open field, but without success. Then, as if irritated at his defeat in this project, he quickly threw his pieces behind his pawns, and marched the latter suddenly into the front of the battle. I was then obliged to advance mine also, and encounter them half way, as their approach would have seriously obstructed my pieces.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A WONDERFUL HORSE.

THE Milwaukee Wisconsin tells of a horse that recently died in Oregon. He was very ugly, and would not be harnessed except with saddle, and could make extraordinary time. He could pass over 112 miles in 12 hours. His usual time from Oregon to Rookford (25 miles) was two hours. The doctor who owned him, and who alone could ride him, has been heard to say that during six years past he has ridden him upward of twenty thousand miles, and that during all this time he was never known to trip or stumble so as to arrest the rider's attention. He was savage, because he was formerly a wild horse on the plains of Arkansas.

"ALL OF A TWIST"

THERE is an old gray cat in Newark, New Jersey, who has recently had an addition to her family of six kittens, all of which are joined together near the hind legs. In lifting one up you raise the whole, like a bunch of bananas. This interesting group seems to live very harmoniously together, with the exception that "neither one can tell which is its own tail!" These latter appendages are so twisted and intertwined that even the grave and staid mother cat herself cannot unravel the mystery, and hence the kittens quarrel occasionally.

of existence, how delightful to amble or canter along with a trusty friend or two, while "Young Master John" puts his pony to a gallop and dashes ahead, ambitious to show off his early familiarity with the ways and habits of man's best friend—the horse. Our artist has here given a scene where sound health and a good breakfast are evidently among the prospects ahead.

ICE WATER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY CRESCENT.

I AM a storekeeper of moderate means, and in my counting-room stands a refrigerator, in which is ice-water. I take a sufficient quantity of ice to satisfy the wants of me and mine, also my customers as they chance to require it. But very often, of late, my jar has run dry, in consequence of a number of my neighbors, storekeepers like myself, just dropping in and making repeated demands upon it. Here comes one now for the sixth time to-day.

"I must have another drink of your ice-water, B.—awfully warm, isn't it?"

"Yes, help yourself," my modesty makes me say; at the same time I think he ought to possess a little of that article himself. Six times in a morning, and his two clerks I really don't know how often, for it would take up too much of my time to count; and then comes C. D. and E.—why they keep up a constant stream. I wish they would not keep up such a constant stream on my ice-jar; not that I care for the cost of the material, for it is very trifling, but it is often very inconvenient and sometimes almost provoking. For instance, yesterday I was tired and sleepy, having been kept up most of the night before by sickness in my family; so I thought I would take a little nap in one corner of my counting-room, and had just settled myself down and got into a little doze, when in came A.

"How are you, B.; by George this is a hot day—I don't know what we would do in such weather without ice-water. (Why in the mischief don't he take ice himself I thought; he can afford it better than I can, I know.)

"I do think I have drank a gallon to-day."

I felt certain he had. And then he helped himself to at least another quart.

"Ah! that's delightful, it's so cool."

I said it was cool, very. And then he sat down and commenced conversation. I thought that was much cooler.

I didn't absolutely hate that man, but I believe I wished him anywhere else but where he then was.

At last a customer came in, and I was relieved of his presence. Again I sat down in my chair, and, thanks to my good star, I got into dreamland, or rather Iceland, for I thought I was in that country of ice and snow, (a very pleasant dream when the thermometer stands at 98 in the shade, certainly.) I didn't feel cold though, for I thought I was surrounded by boiling springs. I stood alongside of the great Geyser; I placed my finger in the pool beneath, and found the water quite as hot as it is represented to be; but what astonished me the most was the natives, who were all ice, solid ice, coming and going constantly with pails, &c., for water; and ever and anon they would swallow a cupful of the boiling liquid with a gusto that made me stare. What throats they must have! What a wonder they do not melt, I thought; when suddenly I received a slap on the back from some one behind me and I awoke, and there before me stood C.

"Ah! B., sorry to disturb you. (I wish he only knew how much more sorrowful I felt.) Is this hot enough for you. (I groaned to him it was.) I will take another glass of your ice-water and then I'm off."

Do so, said I. (I meant be off,) with a horrid attempt at a smile, for I felt gratified to think he was going. But he didn't go so soon as I anticipated. Ye gods, he sat down and took out his cigar case; he would trouble me for a match; of course I politely handed him one, and he lighted a cigar, without so much as offering me one; he puffed away. I like the smell of a genuine Havana, but the stench of that cigar was intolerable. And then came for the fiftieth time that day the question: "that was a dreadful accident on the Railroad yesterday, wasn't it?" My modesty was so severely put to the test, that I replied only in monosyllables. Confound him, he wouldn't take a hint; couldn't he see that his company was anything but agreeable? couldn't he see that I wanted to finish my nap? No! he wouldn't. At last I became desperate and jumped up, put on my hat and coat, and excusing myself on the plea of having an engagement, walked out, he following after me. When I saw him safe in his own store, I returned, and tried it for the third time, but sleep had fled. But I must break off short now, for here comes D., the greatest bore of all. Farewell to another vexatious hour, and farewell to another quart of my ice-water. I'll do it—I'll go right off (as soon as I get rid of D.) and buy one of the cards on which is written, "Call upon men of business in hours of business, only on business—transact your business and go about your business," and place it right over my ice jar, and if they take offense at it, why—I'll be obliged to them.

A PROPER DISCRIMINATION.—"Mother," said a little boy the other day, "I've got such a bad headache and sore throat too."

"Have you, my dear?" asked the mother; "well, you shall have some medicine."

"It's no matter," retorted the shrewd urchin, "I've got 'em, but they don't hurt me."

ANCESTRY.—The boast of those who have nothing else to boast of.

The sieve through which the man "strained every nerve," is for sale at half the first cost.

Why is a fly one of the tallest of insects? Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

GOETHE once complained that a certain writer "put too much water in his ink."

Why is a joiner less handsome than his wife? Kaze he is a deal plainer.

THE LION GROWN OLD.

TRANSLATED FROM LA FONTAINE, FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY SIM W.—

THE monarch of the forests helpless lay,
Burden'd with years, and lingering away,
Mourning the memory of his youthful strength,
By his own subjects was attack'd at length.
Around their monarch came the trait'rous throng,
Bold as he droop'd, and in his weakness strong;
The horse approach'd to kick him as he died,
The ox to gore, the wolf to tear his side.
The wretch'd lion languish'd sore,
His age scarce suffer'd him to roar:
His fate he wait'd without murm'ring, when
He spied an ass come prancing to his den;
"Away," he cried, "at death I don't repine,
But 'twould be double death from hoofs like thine."

MESMERISING A LION.

Says C. A. B., I heard an anecdote the other day, which amused me very much. I will give it to you. It is on good authority—an officer who was at the mess when the conversation occurred.

A brother officer (noted as a "Munchausen") was entertaining a mixed company with several stories of his exploits, a la "Gordon Cumming," amongst the lions and tigers of India. Once he was out lion-hunting, and had spent all his ammunition, when an old lion came up.

"At first," said the narrator, "I thought to fly—but on second thoughts, I remembered it had been said to be possible to mesmerize an animal; whereupon I concentrated my forces, and brought my eye to bear upon him. Presently his tail drooped, and he retired backward, leaving me master of the field. Proud of my victory, I went unarm'd the next day, and met the same lion; and again tried mesmeric influence; he was preparing to give way, when a rustle in the jungle caused me to waver; and in an instant he would have sprung on me, before I could mesmerize him again, if the officer who had moved in the jungle had not shot him dead."

An old officer who was laughing at the boldness of the fib, carelessly said:

"I was the man who fired the rifle."
In no way dismayed, the other, walked across the room with much *empressement*, saying:

"Give me your hand, I owe you my life!"

My friend says it was one of the most admirable farces he ever saw; the lion-hunter not being thrown off his centre for one moment.

CLEANLINESS OF PERSON.

SAYS Dr. Hall in his Journal of Health: cleanliness of person—the strictest cleanliness—should be among the earliest and most imperative of our teachings to our children; not external cleanliness, but that which is most promotive of health, cleanliness of the skin and the garments which are nearest to it. With what contempt would we look on the best dressed and handsomest person on the street, if we could know that the feet had not been washed for a week, nor the inner garments for a month; and yet it is undeniable that many persons are satisfied that the outer garment should be unexceptionably clean; if that be whole and without a rent, it matters not how soiled and tattered those out of sight are. No such mind can be pure; it implies a deceptiousness of heart which it is impossible to admire. Let mothers especially charge it upon their daughters from earliest life that it is actually as discreditable to have a hole in the stocking as in the silk dress; that a splotch or stain, or grease spot on an inner garment, is not less unpardonable than if found on a shawl, or cloak or bonnet. Let every mother feel that cleanliness, temperance and thrift are the antipodes of filth, bestiality and improvidence; and that spotless cleanliness of person and purity of mind are absolutely inseparable.

SAM PATCH RIVALRY.—DARING EXPLOIT.

Three young men of this city, Messrs. Rogers, Tilden, and Cushing, having more pluck than prudence, performed a feat last Saturday afternoon that it would not be safe to repeat. They had been exercising a row-boat in the waters of the Merrimack above the falls, and concluded to wind up the enjoyment of the occasion by a grand "epurge." The waters of the river were pouring furiously over the dam. Here was a first-rate chance to immortalize themselves and get their skulls cracked, so they turned the boat's prow to the falls and "went it" for luck. The swift current swept them down the river—over the falls they dashed—and the boat, filling in the descent, was whirled under the bridge and capsized. Rogers and Tilden came up and straddled her, but Mr. Cushing, not being an expert swimmer, remained for some time under the boat, and it was with great difficulty that he boarded her. However, they all made the shore in safety; but it is an experiment that will not bear repeating. The last seen of the adventurers they were "putting it" down Pawtucket-street in a sorry plight, bootless, hatless, wet to the skin, one hand rubbing open the eyes and the other hanging on to matters and things in general.—[Lowell Vox Populi.]

THE FLY CATCHER.

THE last Yankee invention is a patent fly-trap, got up by a couple of that ilk, and which is "all that the most fastidious could desire." It is a wire cage about a foot square, with a revolving cylinder covered with cloth, and on which a little molasses is rubbed as a bait. The flies (like poor humans, intent on the present good without a thought for the future), light upon the cylinder, which, moving by a species of clock-work, slowly carries them under and up into a trap from which there is no escape, where thousands of them are soon collected and disposed of. It is a very ingenious affair and will prove highly useful.

A good story is told of "Bishop," who was sent down to New York with one of these machines, as a "specimen number." A butcher was very desirous he should set it agoing in his shop, and in the course of half an hour something less than a peck of flies had been "hived." The butcher was pleased, but concluded, as his flies were "all trapped," he "didn't want the machine." "Very well," said Bishop, "I'm a Yankee, and I won't be mean, and as you don't want my trap, won't take any advantage of you by carrying off your flies," and drawing the slide he liberated the whole swarm about the butcher's ears, and beat a retreat under cover of a little the loudest buzzing over heard in that vicinity.

WATER FOR BIRDS.—Mr. Stevens, in his *Incidents of Travel*, mentions that the tomb-stones in the Turkish burying grounds are all flat, and contain little hollow which hold the water after a rain, and attract the birds who resort thither to slake their thirst and sing among the trees.

KILLED.—George Johnson, a hand belonging to Spalding & Co's circus, was killed instantly at Ottawa, St. Lawrence county, on the 3d inst. He was exercising one of the ring horses, and received a kick which broke his neck. He was 22 years of age.

LARGE BASS.—We learn from undoubted authority that, Mr. William Marble took in his seine a few days since, near Cattyhunk, seven bass that weighed in the aggregate 290 pounds. The largest of these ponderous denizens of the deep weighed 62 pounds.—[New-Bedford Mercury.]

There is a lady in Boston that is habitually so sleepy that her curiosity cannot be awakened.

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