

(missing page)

(missing page)

THE OAKS DAY.

I send you the particulars of the racing on Thursday, but I did not go down myself, the events being of minor importance, and your correspondent being entirely used up with the novelty and excitement of the previous day, that he required rest and renovation for Friday, the day on which "the Oaks" is run.

This same Friday of the Epsom meeting they call "the Ladies' Day," for two reasons, the first of which is, that the great Oaks stake is for fillies only, and the second, that there are always three times the number of ladies present on this day, to that of the Derby; which may be accounted for by the fact, that it is not such an all-absorbing race with the million as the Derby; hence, there is not so much crowding, inconvenience, and fear of danger. Again, husbands, fathers, and "engaged young men," who have speculations on Wednesday's event, desire to go alone, in order to attend to their sporting business, and get let off on promises of taking wives, daughters and sweethearts down to see the Oaks run for, added to which, there are hundreds of winners on the former, who, in the exuberance of cash and good nature, think they can do no less than invite their lady friends to make up a party on the Friday.

The fact of Blink Bonny being in the Oaks, as well as the Derby, deprived the race of any sporting excitement. Her victory seemed to be regarded as next akin to a certainty, the odds being 5 to 4 on her against the field, which mustered thirteen starters; Imperieuse being the next favorite, at odds of 3 to 1; 10 to 1 being laid against Sneezey; 12 to 1 against Mæstissima; 25 to 1 against Vigil, and any price you chose to ask about the rest.

THE RACE FOR THE OAKS.—The moment the flag fell, Vigil took the lead; but, being pulled back, allowed Hegira to make the running with Sneezey, Tricolore and Orianda in close attendance, whilst Blink Bonny kept with the rest in the rear. On coming to Tattenham corner, Vigil went a-head, and opened a gap, followed by Imperieuse and Aspasia; the latter soon, however, gave way, when Blink Bonny, being let go, dashed to the front, took a clear lead, was never afterwards caught or approached, and cantered in the easiest of winners by eight lengths, half that distance separating the second and third, and third and fourth, whilst the rest dropped in at such intervals as enabled the judge to place every filly in the race; a more "tailing" one, or one accomplished with less effort on the part of the winner, I never witnessed.

RECAPITULATION.—The Oaks Stakes, of \$250 each, h. ft.; for 3 year old fillies, 119 lbs. each. The second to receive \$500 out of the stakes, and the winner to pay \$500 towards the police and regulations of the course, and \$150 to the judge. One mile and a half, to be run on the New Course. 130 subs.

Table listing names of horses and their owners for the Oaks Stakes, including Mr. W. Anson's Blink Bonny, Mr. Jackson's Sneezey, Lord John Scott's Mæstissima, etc.

Net value of the stakes, clear of all deductions, and the winner's own stake, \$18,325.

Thus, in one week, in two races, and in stake alone, Blink Bonny has won \$46,575. This is the only time (with one exception) the Derby has ever been won by a filly, and, consequently, the only time, but one, the same animal ever won these two great Epsom events—the Derby, and the Oaks. The previous instance was in 1801, when Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor accomplished the double victory. The Derby of that year had only 31 subscribers, and eleven starters; the Oaks 18 subscribers, and six starters. Saunders rode Eleanor, as did Charlton Blink Bonny, for both races. The latter filly is in the great Saint Leger, at Doncaster (ran in September); and, immediately after the race, 2 to 1 was the top price offered against her for that event. Should she win it, she will achieve a triple victory, never yet accomplished by any animal since these three stakes were first instituted.

I will send you an account of the settling at Tattersalls for these two great races, which comes off on Tuesday, by next steamer. Royal Ascot, as Touchstone calls it, is the next great meeting, and commences on Tuesday, the 9th of June. You may depend upon it, "I shall be there." Meanwhile, believe me yours, DON JOHN.

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf 20; a fox 14 or 16; lions are long-lived. Pompey lived to the age of 70. The average of cats is 14 years; a squirrel and hare 7 or 8 years; rabbits 7. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter, had dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found 354 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20. A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 20 to 25. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10. Cows live about 15 years; Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of a 1000. The dolphin and porpoises attain the age of 30. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years. Ravens have frequently reached the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 360 years. Mr. Maller-ton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 290 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

LIST OF AMERICANS

Registered at the Banking Office of the American-European Express and Exchange Company, Paris, from May 14 to May 28, 1857.

- List of names including J. A. Middleton, John Colvill, J. B. Laury, E. C. Hall, J. M. Fiske and lady, E. Fiske and lady, Dr. Moderno, G. H. Tucker, M. D., Dr. D. C. Peters, A. Wetter and lady, C. Ferrero, C. Widdifield, A. C. Hudson, M. Y. Beach, L. Neglar, Mrs. C. Vanderbilt, W. H. Allen, H. G. V. Auth, H. Raynor, W. T. Patterson, W. P. Talboys, A. P. Garcia, H. Hopkins and lady, E. Hastings, P. V. Mandon, J. H. Ward, Rev. Dr. Cummings, F. Colburn, G. W. Throp and lady, Mrs. J. C. Tucker, J. B. Andrews, G. E. Munford, J. B. Walsh, P. L. Freneau, Mrs. A. A. Smith, Mrs. W. G. Lambert and family, A. Gardner, S. L. Haven, E. M. Hartley and lady, G. N. Cleveland, W. M. Tleston, J. P. Baker, E. Flies, B. Day, E. Dillon, A. Kendall, E. C. Caran-ing, Dr. H. Black, Wm. Lawrence, George Fox, C. D. Smith and lady, D. Mc Dougall, A. C. Fargis, B. Ullman, John J. Townsend, C. A. Lord, C. W. Mc Cune, E. H. Dixey, A. Blumenthal, J. L. Banks, M. Pengeket, M. D., S. M. Giddings, Rev. J. P. Labagh and lady, C. O. Mercliant, J. B. Hall, W. Wil-garratt, Dr. J. C. McComb, W. M. Lumanus, D. Garrison, New York. A. C. Swamby, John Chandler, Massachusetts. H. Karsten, H. P. Leland, E. M. Needles, E. Ferris, A. Ritter, jun., J. Faulke, M. D., J. B. Everhart, J. A. Swain, C. H. Clark and lady, C. B. Keen and lady, D. Gans and nephew, Easter, W. Callon, Maryland. A. J. Beach, J. G. Washington, J. E. Miller, W. Wiswell, jr., W. H. Davis, Ohio. V. de Botsawbri, M. Fallon, C. Speck, Maine.

WRITTEN FOR "PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER SISTERS.

BY A LADY.

COULD we withdraw the veil, and thus lay bare—not the future, but the sufferings of some of the noblest of human kind—we should be startled by the revelation; yea, even a few of the thoughtless, giddy throng would pause, and wonder at some of the noble virtues of their own sex: the almost stoic fortitude of Charlotte Brontë and her sisters is a striking instance.

It is seldom we meet, in one family, so many incidents of melancholy interest, as are related by Mrs. Gaskell, in her biography of Charlotte Brontë, who, with her sisters, has long been known to the public by the name of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

David Brontë, the father, a native of Ireland, was a man of gloomy, violent passions. Though of low origin, he raised himself by his own exertions, and after studying at St. John's College, Cambridge, took his degree as Bachelor of Arts. Obtaining a curacy at Thornton, in Yorkshire, he married a Cornish lady, and during their residence at this place their six children were born, consisting of one son and five daughters.

Shortly after the birth of Anne, the youngest, they removed to Haworth, a still more dreary, wild, and barren part of the same cold county, where Mrs. Brontë, a small, delicate, sensitive woman, soon fell a victim to the surrounding influences. And what wonder? Her husband, unsocial and moody, would roam about the wild, bleak moors alone, leaving her with the little ones in their dismal, tomb-like home. The parsonage, a stone building, stood on the summit of a hill. From one side, they looked over the bleak and dreary country, and from the other three, the grave-yard attached to the church. Such chilling objects were not calculated to cheer her—and the violence her husband occasionally indulged in—tearing dresses, burning or breaking the furniture, letting off a pistol at midnight, to relieve his pent-up passions—was too much for her nerves, and she died. What must have been the feelings of that mother, when she knew she must leave her little ones to such a father?

Left so early, without the tender, soothing care of a mother to guide them, they naturally inherited many of the father's peculiarities, though they, at the same time, inherited the delicacy of the mother.

Like the father, they would, in the summer, roam hand-in-hand over the wild moors, where no tree or flower would grow, save a few of the very hardiest. Then, in the winter, they would sit closeted in the little room set apart for their use—a room destitute of fire place, and with stone floor, uncarpeted—and here form plans for the future, or amuse themselves by writing, and then acting, little plays. Maria, the eldest, would, at the age of six, read the debates in Parliament. She, with her two sisters, Elizabeth and Charlotte, were sent to a school, where they were exposed to great sufferings and privations, to which Maria—the Helen Burns, of Jane Eyre—fell a sacrifice, and was taken home to die: her sister Elizabeth lived but one short month after her.

To Charlotte, now the eldest, was left, at the early age of ten, many of the responsibilities of the family; for an aunt, who had resided with them since the mother's death, was so great an invalid, that she rarely quitted her room, leaving the children to the care of an old, and faithful servant—a Yorkshire woman—who entertained them by recounting to them the wild and superstitious legends of the neighborhood.

Thus were bred, three gifted, and highly imaginative girls, ambitious for literary distinction, but who, instead of pursuing their favorite object, prepared to take situations as governesses, that they might be enabled to forward their brother's views—fondly and proudly picturing a bright career for one possessing his great talents. But, alas! he disappointed all these bright hopes, and, by his dissipated, reckless conduct, squandered their hard earnings, and the surplus of their father's salary.

Finding he was likely to prove a constant drain upon their resources, Charlotte and Emily determined to go to Brussels, and perfect themselves in French and German, preparatory to opening a school. Here they pursued unceasingly their studies, in addition to their labors as teachers. Emily soon returned home, but Charlotte persisted in her labors for two years. When she returned, she found her aunt had died, leaving them a few hundred pounds; with this they hoped to establish a school, but disappointment again awaited them. After many unavailing efforts, they were compelled to relinquish the idea.

It was about this time they published a small volume of poems, but with little success.

Shortly after, their brother returned home, to become a burthen on them, his excesses having impaired his health beyond hope of recovery. The father's sight had almost entirely failed him, and their faithful servant Tabby, from an accident, was not only incapable of assisting them, but required their attention; still these three heroic women, pursued with patience their self-imposed tasks; for, in addition to the nursing and household duties, which now devolved on them, they resorted to shirt-making, as a means of support; and—listen ye idlers—they also each wrote a romance! Charlotte's was entitled the "Professor;" Emily's, "Wuthering Heights;" Anne's, "Agnes Gray." These they forwarded to publishers in London, and after repeated trials, the two last named were accepted, Charlotte's rejected. Notwithstanding her disappointment, she went vigorously to work, and wrote her well-known novel, "Jane Eyre." So immediate and decided was its success, that she flattered herself her dreams of happiness were to be realized. These fond visions were soon blighted, for her brother Branwell, who had for some time been ill, died—a victim to delirium tremens. His fond and loving sister writes: "He is in God's hand, and the All-Power-

ful is likewise All-Merciful. A deep conviction that he rests at last—rests well, after his brief, erring, suffering, feverish life—fill and quiets my mind. Till the last hour comes, we never know how much we can forgive, pity, and regret. All his virtues were and are nothing now. We remember only his woes."

Emily survived but a few short months. She was an extraordinary being; peculiarly sensitive, capable of the deepest affection, yet apparently cold, stern, and reserved, possessing an indomitable will, which sustained her to the last, rendering her sister's position a most painful one; for although her health was rapidly and visibly sinking, she would see no doctor, nor receive sympathy or assistance from them. To the last she pursued her accustomed duties, and not till she was unable to speak but in whispers, would she consent to see a physician; it was then too late—but a few short hours, and she died, in December, 1848.

Yet another trial awaits the afflicted Charlotte—the gentle, loving Anne, her youngest sister, now needs all her soothing care. She, too, had imposed on herself a task, which it required all her womanly fortitude to fulfill; but do it she must, and faithfully. The sad and fearful ruin of her brother had been to her gentle spirit so frightful a spectacle, that as a warning to others, she felt she must give it to the world; and in the "Tenant of Wildfell Hall," we find his character depicted in Huntingdon.

Every effort for the restoration of her health was made, but consumption was too deeply rooted—slowly but surely did it do its work. Still Charlotte clung to hope, and trusting change of air might benefit her, took her to Scarborough. She, however, survived but four days, and on the 28th of May her gentle spirit departed, calm and serene. Her last words were: "Take courage, Charlotte; take courage."

We pass over the agony of this bereaved sister—it being too painful to dwell upon—and find she has resumed her work, "Shirley," which she had commenced some months previous, must now be completed. Unable to rest at night, she paced the room where, in former days, she had sat with her sisters. There and then she finished it; and also wrote her last work, "Villette." On their publication, that fame she had so long desired, was awarded her, but too late—her sorrows had been too many, and had sunk too deeply, for her to value what had been so long withheld. She was also indifferent to society, so completely were her nerves shattered. To the persuasions of some friends, she at length reluctantly yielded, and in 1852 visited London and one or two other great towns. But, desolate as was now her home, she was anxious to return to it—even the painful memories by which it was surrounded, had for her a charm.

She was petite in figure, and having fine, expressive eyes, her tout ensemble was most prepossessing—though she was under the impression her personal defects were great.

We learn that three gentlemen sought her hand in marriage, but in vain. One of whom was a young Irish clergyman, who had passed but one evening in her society, and was so much attracted by her fascinating manners. The fourth, Mr. Nichols, was not accepted at first, in consequence of her father's opposition. He was her father's curate, consequently thrown much into her society, which tended to deepen the affection he had long entertained for her. A year passed, when he renewed his suit, and was accepted, and they were united in June, 1854.

The happiness that now dawned upon her was to be but of short duration. In the November following, she took cold, her appetite completely failed, and too weak and ill to sit up, she took to her bed. After many days and nights of suffering, borne with her usual patience and fortitude, delirium ensued; and when she awoke to consciousness, she became aware of her perilous state, and said to her agonized husband, who was bending over her: "Oh! I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us; we have been so happy." And on Easter Sunday, 1855, the sufferings of this great woman terminated.

Of this extraordinary family, the father alone remains to ponder over the past, which had been fraught with so much suffering. Severely as we censure the cold, stern parent, still our sympathies are touched, when we behold the blind and aged man, sitting by his desolate hearth, deprived of all. Not one remains, of all his household, to soothe the last hours of his existence.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "PORTER'S SPIRIT."

THE HILLS.

BY OLARA AUGUSTA.

LET Idleness dote on a sofa,
And Laziness rest at her ease;
Let Riches sit languid and dreamy,
'Neath curtains upheld by gold frieze.
I love the bold air of the mountains,
Rich—white from the free gushing rills;
Ho! ho! for the wild-rolling highlands!
Hurrah! for the dark-rising hills!

I like not the closeness—the limit—
Of tapestry-carpeted halls;
I like not the grand candelabras,
Flashing light all over the walls.
But give me the path o'er the mountains,
Illumed by the eyes of the stars,
And the hills, whose old stormy summits
Are chained in the cloud's thunder-bars!
Where, at sunrise, the light rests in crimson
On rocks, like grim castles of old,
Frowning down on the dales and the valleys,
Reigning monarchs o'er meadow and wood;
And the wind in rich gushes of music,
The depth of the pine forest fills.
Hurrah! for thee—towers of my country!
Hurrah for great Liberty's hills!

YARMINGTON, STAFFORD CO., N. H.

Out-Door Sports.

AQUATICS.

ANOTHER YACHT RACE ON THE EAST RIVER.—On Monday afternoon, the Harlem boys and their friends residing along the East side of the city, had a very exciting race for three prizes.

- 1. The Pride, 13 feet.....by John Willis.
2. Emma Beche, 15 feet 6 inches.....by J. Beche, Jr.
3. F. E. Speight, 16 feet 4 inches.....by Peter Kniffin.

A minute and a half to the foot was allowed in favor of the smaller boats. The boats started from the foot of Thirty-fourth street, East river, down and round a stake-boat anchored off Tenth street; thence up the river round another stake-boat off Hunter's Point, and thence round another stake-boat near the starting point, three times, comprising a distance of about 11 miles.

WRECK OF THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH'S YACHT.—This vessel, called the Zoa, became a total wreck, on the night of the 26th of May, on the Halsborough sand bank, on the coast of Norfolk, England.

CRICKET.

CRICKET ON LONG ISLAND.—A match was played at Bedford, L. I., on Tuesday, the 16th inst., between the "Long Island" and "Brooklyn" Clubs, which was easily won by the latter, with 7 wickets to go down.

Table with columns for First Innings and Second Innings, listing players and runs for Long Island Club and Brooklyn Club.

Table with columns for First Innings and Second Innings, listing players and runs for Ripon and Granville Cricket Clubs.

A cricket match was played at Hoboken on Wednesday last, the 24th inst., between the Second Eleven of the Newark Club and the Manhattan Club of this city.

CRICKET IN WISCONSIN.—The first match between the Ripon and Granville (Wis.) Cricket Clubs, was played upon the grounds at Ripon, on the 20th of May, and after a close and spirited contest, in which not a little good play was shown, was won by the Granville Club by 5 runs.

Table with columns for First Innings and Second Innings, listing players and runs for Ripon and Granville Cricket Clubs.

Table with columns for First Innings and Second Innings, listing players and runs for Ripon and Granville Cricket Clubs.

CRICKET IN CANADA.—On Monday last, a match was played at Ottawa, between an 11 of the Ottawa, and 15 of the Rideau Clubs of this city, which terminated in favor of the former by 9 wickets.

MATCH BETWEEN THE ST. GEORGE AND PHILADELPHIA CLUBS.—A match between the St. George Club, of New York, and the Philadelphia Club, was commenced at Camden on Friday, the 19th inst., and continued until Saturday evening, when the darkness compelled them to draw the game unfinished.

Table with columns for First Innings and Second Innings, listing players and runs for St. George and Philadelphia Clubs.

PHILADELPHIA CLUB.

Table with columns for First Innings, Second Innings, and Total, listing players and runs for Philadelphia Club.

The Philadelphia Evening Journal, in speaking of the above match, says "Had it continued, it is probable the Philadelphia, who had but 70 runs to get out and 7 men to spare, would have obtained a victory."

CRICKET MATCH AT NEWARK.—A return match was played at Newark, on Thursday afternoon of last week, between the Newark Club and the Second Eleven of the New York Club, which resulted in a handsome victory for the Newarkers.

CRICKET IN ENGLAND.

THE ELEVEN OF ALL ENGLAND vs. THE UNITED ELEVEN OF ALL ENGLAND.—Last week, we gave a brief notice of the first day's play of this great contest, which appears to have created universal excitement among cricketers and others, as upwards of 10,000 spectators attended on the third day.

Table with columns for 1st Innings and 2d Innings, listing players and runs for United and All England teams.

ALL ENGLAND.

Table with columns for 1st Innings and 2d Innings, listing players and runs for All England team.

BASE BALL.

EMPIRE BASE BALL CLUB.—This Club was organized October 28d, 1854. They play on the grounds at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, on every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, P. M. (weather permitting).

THE TRI-MOUNTAIN CLUB OF BOSTON.—This Club was organized and instructed in the game this spring, by Edward G. Satzman, President, formerly a member of the Gotham Club of this city.

THE NEWARK AND THE ADRIATIC.—These two clubs met on Monday at Newark, and commenced a game which promised to afford some very interesting features.

THE PUTNAM BASE BALL CLUB OF BROOKLYN.—The new ground of this Club was inaugurated this season. It is well located; between Bedford and Lee Avenues; and its roll includes 86 members.

A MATCH BETWEEN THE ENTERPRISE AND ASHLAND BASE BALL CLUBS.—The first nine of these two clubs, both belonging to New York, are to play a match upon the grounds of the former, at Bedford, L. I., on Saturday (today), 27th inst.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN WISCONSIN.—Dear Spirit: Noticing that you occasionally give the result of pigeon shooting among your sporting items, I have sent you the following, by which your readers will observe that we know something about a double-barrel out here in Wisconsin.

Thursday, June 11, was the day set apart for the sport; several of the "boys" from Milwaukee were on hand, and Van Cott had provided about 500 pigeons for the sport, and taken care that the inner man did not suffer through lack of food or "moisture."

PIGEON SHOOTING IN ST. LOUIS.

FRIEND SPIRIT:—Yesterday, a shooting match came off on the Mound City Track, for probably the finest gun that was ever brought into the United States. The gun is the one which took the first premium at the Crystal Palace, and was made by Wm. Greenet, of England, expressly for the Exhibition.

Table with columns for 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and Total killed, listing names and scores for a pigeon shooting match.

You will see, by the above, that Mr. Folsom, Mr. White, and Mr. Carr, each shot two chances. We have a very good shooting club here, and if any of your New York sportsmen should be coming this way, we would be glad to see them.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—[We publish the following, in order to request the writer, and others who send similar communications, in future to be more particular in specifying localities and dates.]

"DEAR SPIRIT:—An interesting match came off on Mill Creek Bottoms last week. 8 single, 8 double birds; for a deer, 100 yards bounds; 21 yards rise to single, 18 yards to double birds.

FISTIANA.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND. (From Bell's Life, May 30th, 1854.)

THE first champion of whom we have any record, is Figg, who flourished in 1719; but who, from all accounts, was more noted as a foil and cudgel player than as a boxer. He it was, however, who first attempted to establish anything like a scientific method of contending with "nature's weapon."

Peter Corcoran, a native of the Emerald Isle, who, after practicing as a black diamond merchant in London, and subsequently as a pressed man at sea, took a fancy to the magic circle, is the next person we find putting forth claims to the championship.

THE NEWARK AND THE ADRIATIC.—These two clubs met on Monday at Newark, and commenced a game which promised to afford some very interesting features.

THE PUTNAM BASE BALL CLUB OF BROOKLYN.—The new ground of this Club was inaugurated this season. It is well located; between Bedford and Lee Avenues; and its roll includes 86 members.

A MATCH BETWEEN THE ENTERPRISE AND ASHLAND BASE BALL CLUBS.—The first nine of these two clubs, both belonging to New York, are to play a match upon the grounds of the former, at Bedford, L. I., on Saturday (today), 27th inst.

At two o'clock, the sport commenced. The first round was for ten single birds each; distance, 21 yards to rise, 30 yards to fall. And let me tell you, the shooting was "some." Forty-six birds out of the sixty were killed within bounds, and J. W. Anderson, of Whitewater, killed his ten pigeons without a "break."

WRITTEN FOR "PORTER'S SPIRIT."

COL. JEEMS PIPES, OF PIPESVILLE, AMONG THE ISLANDERS OF THE PACIFIC.

Departure from San Francisco—Voyage—Danger on "Savage" Island—Native Trading—Scenes on Deck.

AT SEA, SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, OFF "SAVAGE ISLAND,"
LAT. 23 50, LONG. 179 10, THURSDAY, 20th Nov., 1856.

MY DEAR KURNAL:—Start not, nor deem my "spirit" fled, because I have not ere this congratulated you upon the first appearance of PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for my departure from San Francisco occurred about the time that I was possessed of the initial number. At a book store in San Francisco, I supplied myself with some dozen copies, intending to be the first to introduce your (don't blush) handsome phiz to the people of New South Wales; but when I tell you, that here, on one of the South Sea Islands, where the foot of a white man has seldom been seen, that here, folded up in a neat wrapper, and directed to — "Missionary," the first number of your spicy journal was sent, head and all, I think you will deem this sufficient, without any further assurances of my intentions, to spread its fame. But, "goodness gracious," what a beard! You ought to be a Mussulman! Well, it becomes you; and time seems to have dealt most lightly with you. But to the point, for I feel I must report myself, for though I have written you and the Governor many times of late, from different points in my tour through Oregon, I know not whether the letters have been received; and, therefore, at this present writing, am entirely in the dark as to whether I am by you or your readers remembered or cared for—but, hap-hazard, here, in my little "state room," on board the French ship *Nederis Arca*, right in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, I greet you with the fondest affection, and hope that we may be spared to hob-nob together at old Ned Windust's, in dear old Park Row, over one of his beefsteaks and pots of 'arf and 'arf!

On the 8th of last month, I left California, for a tour through Australia, the East Indies, and China, from which points I intend to chat with you and my old friends (excuse the writing, for the ship pitches into me). On the 20th of November, we stopped for a time at "Savage Island." Our captain was a little nervous about landing, or even sending a boat on shore; and, therefore, simply "hove-to," and left the communication entirely to the natives, who in great numbers swarmed upon us in their canoes. It was, indeed, a novel scene, and one certainly, by me, never to be forgotten. We were some forty-two days out, and this the first land seen—steerage passengers, as is universally the case, grumbling, growling, and swearing eternal vengeance against owners, agents, &c., and determining, at all hazards, to get some fresh provisions—when some half dozen boats were seen nearing our ship, which proved to be canoes filled with savages, bringing fowls and fruits. This was hailed with delight; and then commenced a system of trading that I am sure never before was heard of or seen. Shirts, sheets, old dresses, petticoats (we had three or four women on board), silk handkerchiefs, were tossed into the canoes, and exchanged for cocoa nuts, melons, and various other fruits; while some preferred instruments of war, such as spears, bows and arrows, lances, &c., in return for their dirty underclothes. The fruit consisted of bananas, plantains, oranges, bread fruit, mummy apples, sugar cane, &c. We have on board a New Zealander who speaks English, and from him I have endeavored to glean something of this place and people. The island is called *Eucoua*, or *Savage Island*, and has been seldom, if ever, visited by the whites. One of the natives (through the New Zealander, who acted as interpreter) expressed a strong wish to accompany us on the voyage, and finally the captain agreed to take him. The sight was extremely novel, when, after finding out the mate, he signified his wish by lying on the deck and kissing the officer's foot, and placing it on his head; and, then, when his companions prepared to leave, he (the native) commenced rubbing noses, and crying piteously. They were all perfectly nude, save a girdle of rushes round the middle, but, without exception, the handsomest faces I have ever seen—infinately superior, in point of looks, to the Sandwich Islanders.

From our "new passenger" we learn, that there are four native missionaries on the Island, sent there from Samoa, or the Navigator Islands, by the London Wesleyan Missionary Society, and this, together with the presence there of one or two Catholic priests, has been the means of subduing them greatly. The women are superbly handsome. Figures of wonderful symmetry and voluptuousness; and features of exquisite and really classic regularity, that in a white woman would indeed be envied. Their hair is very black, straight, and long, and from one of these "Danger Island" belles, I obtained some tresses, which are being made for me into watch chains by the natives, and one of which I will send you from Melbourne for your "New Year's!" Upon our nearing the Island, the Captain (a Frenchman) seeing so many canoes in chase, and having been apprized of the savage nature of many of them, he and the mate went below, both looking very pale, and came on deck with *one sword* and a *Coll's revolver!* I inwardly laughed, and thought of what little use, in case of an attack, these weapons would be. The Skipper asked me why I didn't get my "pistol!" but not knowing even how to load one, I excused myself by saying, that the barrels were rusty, and the "thing" wouldn't "go off!" The Captain allowed some dozen or so to climb on deck, but when he found they began to come in flocks, he, for security sake, stopped the "emigration," and motioned those on board to take their departure. The scene was most comical. Natives flying around among the passengers, with the remains of their articles of merchandize in their hands, jabbering and yelling at the top of their voices—some with cocks and hens tied up in matting, others with fruits, eggs, ornaments, spears, paddles, and curiosities of all sorts,

holding them up, and throwing them about, as they made their final "trade." We, on the other hand, let fly at them all the old rags we could muster, in the shape of dirty shirts, sheets, blankets, petticoats, chimises, &c. (pardon me, ladies!) One old Irishwoman, in the steerage, of about 60 years, sang out, "Here, Mister! I want another cock and a hin, and some aggs for this here ould shawl o' mine, and wescut o' my Pat's!" Another of our passengers got for a pair of dirty sheets four fowls and several bunches of bananas. The parting of the native with his companions was most touching; they kissed and cried, hugged and "rubbed noses," until parted by the mate, who was directed to "make sail," and when the canoes appeared in the dim distance as mere specks on the water, the native would stand and gaze at them, and the big tears roll down his handsome face; for days his grief was great, but at this writing he seems more reconciled to his fate. Though my letter is dated at "Danger" or "Savage Island" (for it on the chart has both names), over two weeks have passed since we were there, and some rough weather we have experienced, so much so, that I could not put pen to paper, neither had I indeed the inclination. To-day it is somewhat smoother, and I resume my "yarn." Our passengers are a strange set, truly. In the steerage there are 48, in the cabin 11; and we have had the usual amount of "rows," wranglings, disputes, and disagreements. If we present such an appearance upon our arrival in Melbourne as was presented on the deck of the ship on the 8th of October last, upon leaving Broadway wharf, San Francisco, they will think the "Vigilance Committee" has been at work, *sure!* My heart sank within me, as I looked in vain for some pleasant faces among those who were to be my companions for so long a time, and I went to my state-room, and buried my grief in a bottle o' porter!

In the cabin (about large enough for 4), there are 14, including the Captain and mate. Of these, two are females—one married, and "got a baby;" and the other a rare specimen, as I am told, of a Colonial woman, who drops her H's to perfection, and takes her beer! She says her "*ome, horiginally*," was near *Ampstead Eath*," and she "ates" the Americans. Of the male portion, there are 4 Englishmen, 2 Irishmen, 1 German, 1 Scotchman, and 1 American. We are now about 500 miles from Melbourne, and have been out 56 days. The distance, I believe, from San Francisco to the first mentioned city, is 7500 miles; and, therefore, taking into consideration a week or so of calms, we have had quite a fair passage. You will be pleased to learn that I left my valuable estate, known as Pipesville, in able hands, and that its rise and increase will be great. My trust-worthy German (exiled nobleman) retains his position as head-steward; and though the property is now leased at a very high rental to a distinguished American family, the probability is, that before the close of the rainy season, they may seek for quarters less exposed. My lawyers (an old eminent and established firm in S. F., at least, when I left they were), having my interest at heart; and finding, through their trust-worthy "searcher," and one of the firm at that, that my title came direct from Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden, to Alcalde Geary, now Governor of Kansas, advised me, by all means, to "hold on," and not to sell! And I was *Boy'd up* with the belief that it will be the selected spot for the Great Pacific Railroad Depot. Yes! just think of it—by the time I get through my journeyings, and marry that charming Vermont gal, or some half dozen more, that I'm engaged to—Spanish, English, and American—how glorious to enjoy my *otium cum dig.* with half a dozen "Pipestems" on my knee, and a bulgine in front of my door! But the future is a great blank, and I do not care, just now, to lift the curtain. All I do hope and trust is, that my life may be spared to greet once again those friends in New York who remember me; and that every success and happiness may be yours in your new undertaking, is my sincere wish. Believe me yours, truly, JEEMS PIPES, OF PIPESVILLE.

ENGAGEMENTS OF OUR HORSES IN ENGLAND.

PRIORISS, bay mare, by Imp. Sovereign, out of Imp. Reel, Gallopade, 4 years old. This mare is engaged in the Steward's Plate, at Stockbridge; a purse of \$500, added to a sweepstakes of \$50 each, half forfeit, to which there are 40 subscribers—distance, two miles. Three year olds to carry 94 lbs., 4 year olds 116 lbs., 5 year olds 123 lbs., 6 year olds and aged 126 lbs.; mares and geldings 3 lbs, certain penalties being attached to winners of specified races, which do not apply to Prioreas. This race is run on the 25th of June.

She is also entered for the Goodwood Cup, a weight for age race, with penalties and allowances, in which she carries 109 lbs., the latter including 14 lbs. as a foreign bred mare, and 4 lbs. on account of her sex. The Goodwood Cup is run for on Thursday, July 30th. Two and a half miles; 40 subscribers.

Her next engagement is for the Champagne Stakes, at Brighton; a purse of \$500, added to a sweepstakes of \$25 each. Three year olds 98 lbs., 4 year olds 119 lbs., 5 year olds and upwards 124 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs. Distance, one mile; 20 subscribers. This race is run August 6th.

At the York August Meeting, Prioreas is entered for the Chesterfield Handicap, a sweepstakes of \$50 each, half forfeit, with \$300 added from the fund, for horses of all ages. The winner of any handicap of \$1,000 value, after the declaration of weights, to carry 7 lbs. extra. The handicap to be made and weights declared on the Tuesday after the Goodwood Meeting. Twenty-two subs.; distance, one mile. Race run August 19th.

Her last engagement at present is in the great Ebor Handicap (same meeting), of \$1,000, added to a sweepstakes of \$100 each, half forfeit, and only \$25 if declared on the Tuesday of the Liverpool July Meeting. The winner of any handicap of \$500 value, subsequent to the declaration of weights, to carry 6 lbs.; of two such, 9 lbs.; of three, 14 lbs. extra. The winner of the Goodwood Stakes (not the cup) to carry 10 lbs. extra, but no horse to carry more than 14 lbs. extra. Weights to be published on the 29th June. Fifty-eight subscribers; distance, two miles. Race run August 20th.

PAYOR, bay horse, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Gypsy, is entered for the Goodwood Cup, in which race he carries 121 lbs. Distance, two miles and a half. For conditions, &c., see Prioreas.

The next, and at present only remaining engagement of this horse, is for the great Ebor Handicap, at the York August Meeting, for the terms and conditions of which, refer to the engagement of Prioreas in same stake.

LECOMTE, bay horse, half brother to Prioreas, by Boston out of Reel, by Glencoe out of Gallopade. The only engagement at present of this horse is in the Champagne Stakes, at Brighton for terms and conditions of which, see entry of Prioreas in same race.

A question then arose as to who ought to hold the Championship. Some thought Mr. Gully, who had been defeated by Pearce, but who had fought two terrific battles (winning both), with Gregson, was the fittest man, but that gentleman having no desire to continue his pugilistic career, declined the honor. Belcher was also mentioned; but while the disputes were going on, that celebrated boxer was matched with Tom Cribb, of glorious memory, who, like Gully, also easily defeated Gregson. Tom Cribb twice fought Jim Belcher, winning the first fight April 8, 1807, in 35 rounds, 41 minutes; and the second, Feb. 1, 1809, in 31 rounds, 40 minutes. Jim Belcher died July 20, 1811. Cribb, after his second battle with Belcher, appeared only twice in the P. R., the occasions being his celebrated and desperate encounters with Molineux the Black. Although the latest of these encounters took place in 1811, Tom retained his Championship until 1822, when he announced his retirement from the Ring, and introduced Tom Spring as a worthy successor. Cribb died in May, 1848. Tom Spring, not long prior to this time, had defeated the veteran Commissary in 25 rounds, and 55 minutes. He was not allowed to retain his claim to the mantle of Tom Cribb without a struggle; he was challenged by Bill Neat of Bristol, whom he fought for £200, May 20, 1823, and was declared the winner in 8 rounds, 37 minutes. Tom had twice more to vindicate his rights before his retirement in favor of Jim Ward, and his two battles with Jack Langan, which must be remembered by many old ring-goers, stamped him as one of the greatest boxers of the age. Spring died in August, 1851, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, beloved by all who knew him; a kinder-hearted, or more honest creature never entered the P. R. Spring retired almost immediately after his second fight with Langan, and Langan having also intimated that he had made his last appearance, the choice of a successor was, after a little time, decided in favor of Jim Ward, who defeated Josh Hudson and Tom Cannon, both of whom laid claim to the appointment. Jim Ward held his position until his defeat by Peter Crawley, in Jan., 1827; but that excellent boxer at once declining the Championship, and stating that he would fight no more, Jim still remained A. 1.

He subsequently defeated Jack Carter and Simon Byrne, and then, in 1831, retired from active life to Liverpool, where, after many years of successful practice as an hotel keeper, misfortunes came upon him, and he was compelled to give up his business. Through the kindness of his friends, however, he has since been installed at the Champion Stores, Oxford street, where, we trust, he may long flourish, and enjoy the patronage of his friends. Jim is the last champion of the old school of boxers, and has many a tale to tell of what boxers could do "when times was as they used to was." After Jim's retirement, Simon Byrne and the gallant old Deaf-un contended at No. Man's Land for the Championship. The battle was one of the greatest on record, lasting 8 hours 6 minutes, during which 99 rounds were fought. Burke was declared the winner, and poor Byrne did not survive more than three days, his death being attributed to excitement and improper treatment after the battle. There was a good deal of talk at this time of a match between Burke and Jim Ward, but the latter never swerved from his original intention of retiring from the Ring. The Deaf-un then went to America, where he remained starting it for some time, and defeated O'Rourke and O'Connell. During his absence the star of the hold Bendigo appeared on the horizon. That hero, in 1835, had defeated the gigantic Caunt in 23 rounds, and subsequently conquered Brassey, Young Langston, and Bill Looney, for the dates and particulars of which battles we must refer to *Fistiana*. Bendy was looked upon by all in the light of the coming Champion, but in April, 1838, he suffered defeat at the hands of Caunt, by falling without a blow. It was now that the Deaf-un returned from Yankee Land, and putting forth his anxious wish to meet all comers, Bendigo was the first to step forward to dispute his claims. A match was quickly made, the Deaf-un sacking £100 to £30, and on its coming off, February 12th, 1839, it was at once perceptible that the Deaf-un was no longer the formidable antagonist he had been, and after ten rounds occupying 24 minutes, in which Bendy did pretty well as he liked, the Deaf-un brought the battle and his career as Champion to a conclusion, by deliberately butting his antagonist.

The Deaf-un fought several battles after this, and died in 1845. Bendigo now received a champion's belt from Jim Ward, and was subsequently matched with Tass Parker, but forfeited £70, through the interference of his relations, who caused him to be bound over to keep the peace. After this, Bendy broke his knee cap while jumping, and retired from the Ring, his place being claimed at once by Jim Ward's brother, Nick, who had, like Bendigo, defeated Deaf Burke. Ben Caunt, who had defeated Bendigo himself, also put in his pretensions. Their rival claims led to a match, which came off Feb. 2, 1841, and was decided in favor of Ward, who, having resorted to Bendigo's tactics of dropping after delivering his blows, received a heavy one, two on the mug from his exasperated antagonist, while on his knees, at the end of the seventh round. Another match was, of course, the result, and this was easily won by Caunt, in 35 rounds, and 47 minutes, May 11, 1841. After this, Ben was proclaimed the Champion, and having waited some time in vain for an opponent more worthy of his fist, he went on a tour to America, whence he returned in 1842, bringing with him Freeman, the American Giant. For nearly three years more was Ben allowed to rest upon his laurels, when, Bendigo having recovered from the effects of his accident, came forward once more to reclaim his ancient position, and on the 9th of September, 1845, he and Caunt, for the third time, toed the scratch, for £200 a side. The battle, it will be remembered was awarded to Bendigo, on the ground that Caunt had fallen without a blow. The justice of the verdict has always been disputed by Caunt and his friends, and as it is not our wish to rip open old sores we shall not allude to the subject further than to say, that we had our opinion on the subject, an opinion, too, which was pretty freely expressed at the time. Caunt never more entered the P. R., but has continued successfully to cater for his friends at the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's lane. Bendigo's position was undisputed until 1850, when, on the 5th of June, Tom Paddock, attempted to wrest his title from him. Tom took the lead, and kept it for some time, his youth and freshness standing him in good stead, and could he but have restrained his temper, doubtless, might have won the battle, but, unfortunately for him, in the 49th round, at the end of the 59th minute, he delivered a heavy smack to the bold Bendy, while that shifty boxer was on his knees. This was Bendigo's last appearance. He saw that his day was gone by, and was wise enough to retire in time.

The Tipton Slaughter, who had defeated Tass Parker and others, now stood forward, and he and Paddock were matched for £100 a side. They fought Dec. 17, 1850, when Paddock once more lost his temper and his fight by a foul blow, in 27 rounds and 42 minutes; but whether he could *thas* have beaten the Slaughter, is a very questionable point, having weight, height, strength, and experience against him. The fistie crown did not long encircle the forehead of the Tipton Slaughter, as, in the following year, he and Harry Broome were matched, and met at Mildenhall, on the 29th of September, when the Slaughter unluckily let go his hand in the fifteenth round, when Broome was on his knees, and thus at once lost his claim to pugilistic honors. A good deal of shaft subsequently took place between these rival champions, but it did not lead to a fresh match. In 1853, the bold Harry Orme put forth a challenge to Broome, which the Champion was not slow in accepting. They fought, it will be remembered, for £200 a side, April 18, in that year, and, at the end of the 81st round, and 2 hours 15 minutes, Broome was declared the conqueror. Harry, on that occasion, was literally a mountain of meat, and anything but calculated for a fistie display, but he fought with coolness, courage, and determination, and, although heavily punished, proved his unquestionable superiority over the brave Orme. In August, the same year, Harry was matched the second time with the Tipton Slaughter, but forfeited after the first deposit, and retired from the Ring, going into business at Portsmouth. He subsequently changed his mind, however, and was matched with Tom Paddock, for £200 a side. This unfortunate affair ended in a forfeit of £100 to Paddock, Broome, through the intervention of a kind (?) friend and backer, being bound over to keep the peace. The circumstances connected with it must be still fresh in the minds of our readers, and call for no further remarks at our hands. Harry allowed the matter to rest for some time, but, towards the end of last year, when the subject of a subscription for a new belt was broached, issued a challenge to Paddock. The Slaughter, at the time, was engaged with Aaron Jones, and Paddock, nothing loth to try conclusions with Harry for another £200, found no difficulty in getting friends to back him in the present match.

ADDENDA.

The above remarks, from *Bell's Life*, being introductory to its description of the fight between Harry Broome and Tom Paddock, naturally stops here, and we must take up the record from that point and continue it down to the present time. There is, however, but little left for us to do. The fight between Broome and Paddock, for £400 and the now Champion's belt, took place on Monday 19th May, 1856, and was won by the former in 51 rounds, which occupied 1 hour and 8 minutes. The match between the Slaughter and Aaron Jones ended in a forfeit, and the Slaughter being thus left at liberty, turned his attention to Paddock, challenged him for the Championship and £200 (\$1,000) a side. The challenge was of course accepted, and both parties went into active training for the important contest. It so turned out, however, that Paddock, after making his deposits regularly for several weeks, forfeited early in October last, and the Slaughter became the rightful claimant of the belt. While thus holding it, Tom Sayres, a youth of 31, took up his fight with Aaron Jones, for £100 a side, and went through with 62 rounds, when darkness obliged them to postpone till the following month. The fight was then renewed, and won by Sayres in 56 rounds. He then turned his attention to the Slaughter. Hayes has fought several battles of great merit, and lost one, to Nat Langham, who is now matched to fight with Caunt. His fighting weight is 161 lbs., a rather light affair in comparison to the tower of strength which he is to confront, and much under the usual weight, that looks so high in the Championship.

We shall give a more particular description of Sayres in our next, and by the time, we may also have an account of his meeting with the Slaughter, as it was to have taken place on the 16th of the present month.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—There was an intense excitement throughout London and the other cities where the mainly art is patronized, at the date of our last advice. *Bell's Life*, of June 7th, says that it is impossible to give the date when the tourney will come off, but the fourteenth deposit had been duly posted, and betting was at 6 and 7 to 4 on the Tipton, who was in a better condition than he had been in for years, and Sayres was not far behind. The final deposit of £10 (\$200) was made on Thursday, the 12th instant. Both men were to show on the Monday previous to the fight at the benefit in aid of the funds of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association.

CAUNT AND NAT LANGHAM.—This match is progressing favorably, the snarl having been out, and the sixth deposit of \$50 a side has been made good. Caunt has commenced his training, by playing quoits in the sunshine every day.

WRITTEN FOR "PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

HUNTING A RAJAH :

A CHRONICLE OF NORTH INDIA.

BY A DISTINGUISHED OFFICIAL RESIDENT IN BRITISH INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGUM.

Our regiment was quartered at Sirdhuna, in the middle of the kingdom of Delhi, one of the northern provinces of British India. The headquarters were at Meerut, half a dozen miles to the southward—one of the largest military stations in northern India. The Meerut brigade consisted of two regiments of Sepoy horse, three of Madras infantry, and forty guns. Ever since the war which followed the attempt of Doorjun Sal to usurp the possessions of the Rajah of Bhurtpoor, a regiment of foot and a company of Sepoy cavalry had been, by the order of the Governor-General, constantly detached from the brigade, and kept in the field, to inspire suitable respect in the breasts of the disaffected natives.

Our regiment had been absent upon this duty for nearly a month, and having been relieved, we were now on our way to Meerut. We had reached Sirdhuna, and in an hour's march would have ended the expedition, when the order was given to halt and encamp. The tents were pitched, and the horses picquetted with alacrity, though there was not a man in the regiment but had expected that night to sleep at headquarters.

Sirdhuna is picturesquely situated upon a slight eminence, within ear-shot of the travelling music of the Jumna. It was at this time distinguished as being the residence of the only Catholic native Princess in all India—the Begum Sumroo. Her palace was discernible from the camp—a gray mass of irregular buildings—which, from its position, as well as from the gloomy blankness of its walls, presented the appearance of a neglected fortress. The old lady was noted for her hospitality, which was the more acceptable, as the leveés at her immense establishment were always graced by the presence of her daughter Alfina—a girl gloriously beautiful, educated in the creed of her mother, and a stranger to the zenanas of the Rajahs.

The fame of this peerless beauty had long since reached Meerut, and her loveliness was the unvarying theme of admiration among the officers of the brigade who had had the good fortune to be invited to her mother's palace. The native Rajahs also felt the bewitching power attributed to her; not one had visited the precincts of the pious Begum's enchanted castle, without experiencing either the raptures or the bitterness of love. Many of them, with Oriental impertinence, had threatened to storm the palace and abduct the houri; but a resort to the brigade at Meerut, whenever such war was intimated, filled the palace at once with a regiment of defenders. The Rajah of Beejnour, a despicable despot, and a most bitter leader in the war with Mysore, had conceived a passion for the brilliant Hindostanee, as intense on his part as it was hateful to her. Being a rich Mohammedan, he began his wooing in the approved Mussulman style, by presents of the most elegant jewels, and the costliest shawls, in the hope that the great truths of Islam, and the vehemence of his love, would be reflected in the brilliant bijouterie, or come home to her young bosom in the delicate folds of the cashmere. But the stout Princess spurned him from her palace, as her daughter did from her presence; for she despised his creed and detested his character. The Rajah of Beejnour was mad with conflicting hate and love, and swore terribly that the haughty young beauty of Sirdhuna should yet grace his zenana, and deign to hear the protestations of the proudest and richest Rajah of Delhi. It was no idle threat, though made vauntingly; for he possessed great local influence, and was more independent of British power than most Oriental princes. Up to this time, however, Alfina continued unmolested, and her pious mother peaceably heard mass every morning, at the little Catholic chapel which she had constructed in a grove near the palace—a tiny reproduction of St. Peter's at Rome.

I was sitting, after supper, in the marquée of Col. Cameron, our commanding officer. Tea was before us, in all its unspeakable fragrance; the duty of candlesticks was ably performed by half a dozen intelligent natives, and the silvery fumes of the narquillé hung lightly circling round us; glorious narquillé, whose slender tube conducts the willing fume in answer to the slightest sigh, each gentle inhalation soothing the sense, and filling the soul with utter contentment! Cameron had just been telling me the history of the religious Princess, when a messenger from her castle was announced, bearing a request from the old lady, that the officers of the regiment should pay her the compliment of a visit. Accompanying the invitation, was a present of the most luscious Eastern fruits.

Our preparations were made with extraordinary alacrity, and in less than half an hour, we had mounted our Arabs, and were ascending one of the many low hills of Sirdhuna, on the summit of which was perched the palace of the Begum. The aspect of the first court we entered, was that of a well-garrisoned fortress. A score of fierce-looking Assyrian horsemen were stationed at intervals around the enclosure; the moon, which had now got up, touching their glittering arms and tawny faces, with a light pale and mystic. We rode past this court and into another, where, quitting our horses, we were conducted through a massive white marble portal into an apartment on the ground floor. We were greeted at our entrance by half a dozen figures in oriental costume, who salaamed us with superhuman energy into the presence of Miladi. She was reclining in the middle of the room, upon a common European sofa, packed up in cashmeres, and a mass of indescribable and unintelligible white linen drapey. She rose as we entered, unpacking herself with difficulty, and after uttering a few words of formal welcome, remained

standing up to the full of her majestic height, perfectly still and motionless, until we had availed ourselves of the ottomans, which the obsequious functionaries disposed for our convenience. The woman before me looked like a Sibyl; her tall, gaunt figure raised to its utmost attitude, and the large, commanding features, expressive of rare energy and inflexible strength of purpose.

A bell tinkled, and a dozen black slave girls answered the signal, bringing coffee and tchiboques lighted. Each carried her tiny cup on a small metal stand, presenting it separately to each one of our party; and presently the pipe-bearers, first resting the bowls of the tchiboques at a measured distance upon the marble floor, and then wheeling round the cherry-sticks upon this axis, gracefully presented them on half-bended knee. The ready fumes rose up in graceful circlets from the smoker's mouths, loading the slow air with their aromatic perfume, and eddying round the turban of the pious Begum, till she looked like Juno in the midst of her clouds.

Nothing was said until this smoke-offering was fairly under way, when the old lady broke the pause, by inquiring of Col. Cameron, the state in which, during his expedition, he had found the province. She spoke English, and expressed herself greatly disgusted at the faithlessness of the Mahratta princes to their treaties with the British. But before Cameron could communicate much of the result of his march, the Princes launched into her favorite religious topics, dilating with fanatical vehemence upon her cherished tenets, until I was glad when the pipes were removed and the apartment purified, for the attendance at the levee of the matchless Alfina.

This event was preluded by the appearance of two turbaned Orientals salaaming with wonderful pertinacity, and backing into the middle of the room, followed by the young Princess, and a small train of attendants. A beautiful young Christian in this nest of Hindooism and Mohammedanism was a rare sight, indeed; but such beauty would have been a rare sight, even in a Christian country. With ineffable sweetness and grace, she welcomed each one of us in turn, and then took a seat upon a divan, by the side of her mother. For an instant, her large, timid eyes were upon Cameron—in an instant they were shrouded again, and then came a blush, so becoming, that I, for one, turned away, though I could have gazed for hours, conscious that my observation of her embarrassment was painful to her. An interpretation of the cause of our encamping in an open country, at the end of a tedious expedition, within an hour's march of head-quarters, suddenly flashed upon my mind.

At a pretty woman you can smile; at beauty, great enough to have dominion over you, you turn pale, and grow giddy. Gazing at those large, lustrous eyes shining upon your heart and soul, in all the pomp of perfect beauty, the instinctive impulse was that of adoration. It was not the changing and facile grace, which naturally entwines itself into one's being before he knows whether he is in love with a body or a soul, that dizzied my brain, for I did not yet know this Indian queen, but the loveliness that lives in the faultlessness of outline, and in the warm glow of generous color. You saw the richly abounding hair, catching a touch of light on its jetty surface; the large, luminous eyes, with their rich shadows of thought lying darkly around them; the thin, proud nostril, the exquisite line of the chin and throat, and the rare, womanly beauty of the sweetly turned lips—and you were ready to bow down and adore the young Cytherea—transcendent Queen of Beauty!

The bewitching power attributed to this brilliant creature, I no longer wondered at. Nor was it ascribable entirely to the perfect loveliness of her face. There was irresistible witchery in the wavy outlines of the shoulders, and in the symmetry of the slender waist—a high-souled meaning and expression in the elegance of figure—a seeming consciousness of gentle empire, which spoke as significantly, as if delineated by feature, or expression, or the warm glow of color. The costume was graciously beautiful—her robes gently, and sweetly imagined, fell, like Julia's cashmere, in soft, luxurious folds.

And this was the creature who had wiled their hearts from all the Rajahs of Delhi, and peace from the existence of the Rajah of Beejnour. Upon my soul, I pitied them, Hindoos and Mussulmen as they were, and pardoned their presumption. Though anguish of mind and body was the penance of admiring so much beauty, its admiration was the duty of manhood.

She spoke English fluently, and conversed with infinite *naïveté* with the officers of our party, some of whom she had met before. Her enunciation was pure and distinct, and her voice like the clear tinkling of water-drops in a fountain-basin. I thought there was a little hesitation, and I knew there was a warmer glow in the soft cheek, whenever the voice of Cameron addressed her, and she was obliged for a moment to fix her large eyes upon his handsome, sunburnt face. And there was a fire in the eyes of my companion-in-arms, and an unusual impetuosity in his tone and manner—assurance strong as Holy Writ, that the fate of the Rajahs had been shared by the gallant Colonel of the 92d foot. Another bell tinkled, and sweetmeats, and bonbons, and a basin of cold, glittering water were placed before each guest, and the saloon was thrown open to a delicious garden, vocal with the murmuring of rushing waters, and heavy with the damask breath of thousands of sweet-smelling flowers. The pale lustre of the moon, thus let in, fell in long beams upon the cold marble floor, and the rich inlaying of the walls, touching with light the wavy tresses of Alfina, and investing the turbaned Begum with a halo, so pale and mystic that you almost expected to see the contortions and inspirations, as you actually did see the mien and vesture, of the Sibyl. No people have the facility of the Orientals in deriving luxury from the simple fountain of Nature. There is nothing intricate in their magnificence; and yet, they are the most luxurious people in the world. Their delights are

drawn from the chaste handling of light and shade, and refined appliance of natural beauties to the gratification of the senses. Never, for a moment, can you separate their ideas of bliss from wild gardens, and loud, tumbling waters, the aroma of roses, the sweet sadness of tempered shade, and the cool, welcome air, freshly waving through darkened chambers. The refinements of upholstery, and the elaborations of carving and gilding, are not, to them, the acme of happiness; they have a subtle sense, which carefully distinguishes between the tawdry trappings of vulgar ostentation, and the delicate taste which dictates the appliances of genuine luxury.

Moonlight was never to me so soothing and grateful. The tchiboques were again lighted, the divans and settees moved up to the open side of the apartment, and with the amber at our lips, the coy smoke gracefully creeping out into the fragrant air, and dimming the moonbeams, we smoked and smoked, and conversed in low voices, till the firm and measured tones of the Begum rose above the standard octavo, and we all stopped and listened to what she was saying.

She was telling Colonel Cameron of the pertinacity and insolence of the Rajah of Beejnour, a subject upon which she always waxed warm, and in discussing which she exhibited all the masculine inflexibility and decision of her nature. She was strong and vehement in her invective, but there was a sober and patient attention to details in the expression of her wrath, which was infinitely more effective than her violence.

The Rajah had first made her a visit of ceremony, and the creed which she professed not inflicting upon her the necessity of caging her daughter behind bolts and padlocks, after the custom of the East, she presented her to him without reserve. Instantly the sensual Rajah became madly enamoured, and being a practical man, coolly proposed at once to make her the brightest ornament of his zenana. Such summary wooing was not at all to the taste of a haughty Begum, with a jughire of twelve lacs of rupees per annum, and she declined the proffer of the generous Rajah of Beejnour with characteristic warmth. But the love of the arrogant Mussulman was a curious passion, quite like that which his meanest slave might conceive for some dark beauty of his own condition.

He next applied to the young lady herself, and was abashed to find that his magnanimous proposition was viewed by the daughter through the same distorted medium as by the mother. But a rich Rajah of India has means and appliances for the prosecution of *la belle passion*, unprovided to ordinary suitors; besides, his *amour propre* had been wounded in the prosecution of his *amour de cœur*; two passions had been influenced, and were to be appeased. He brought her presents of India scarfs, ear-rings, and precious jewels; all of which were studiously sent back by faithful slaves, at the instance of the ungrateful Begum, and her fair daughter. After a while, the Rajah wisely decided that such commerce was unprofitable, and did not advance a jot his uxorious projects; and the ear-rings and cashmeres were suspended.

His diplomatic mind suggested another plan. Ambassadors were sent to the palace, with written schemes for large additions to the Begum's jaghire. Presents of additional territory to the amount of half a dozen lacs of rupees a year were proffered. But this was eminently a "bad shot." The Begum was already immensely wealthy, and the intimation that her influence could be augmented by one whom she professed to despise, and whose power she defied, tortured her haughty spirit a thousand times more terribly than anything which the Rajah's unfortunate flame had yet suggested.

Finally, the Rajah came with a large retinue, almost amounting to an army; and, boldly sitting down before the walls of the Begum's palace, formally demanded possession of the object of his desperate passion. The Princess delayed him with evasive answers, till the messenger whom she had dispatched to Meerut came back with a regiment of British foot, when she mounted the parapet, withdrew the turban which veiled the terrors of her countenance, and, with her hair streaming wildly in the wind, amid the yells of her assailants, waved her bared arm slowly and disdainfully, and pronounced a defiance, which none that heard it ever forgot.

The Rajah withdrew his forces, but not till he had answered the defiance, by a terrible oath, that it would be the sole object of his future life, to humble the pride of the Begum, and possess himself of Alfina.

The Princess told this part of the story with great spirit, rising from her reclining posture, and removing her turban, in the excitement of narration, presenting, I doubt not, very much the same picture as when the scene actually occurred. Since that day, she had kept the palace carefully guarded, by watchful and efficient soldiery, and had confined the young beauty within the precincts of its walls. The amorous Rajah had made no further demonstration; but that had not induced her to relax her vigilance; for none knew better than she, that the practices of Indian despots are as insidious as they are audacious, and that having, by supineness, lulled their victims into fancied security, their habit is to pounce upon them while they sleep.

The tchiboques had gone out; the Begum had relapsed into the taciturnity of the Sibyl, absorbed in the memories which her energetic narration had excited; the young moon was waning, and we prepared for our exodus. We bade farewell to the bright Alfina, each, as her sweet smile beamed upon his face, and the witchery of her lips breathed a thousand charms into the word of parting, pardoning half the errors of the Rajah of Beejnour. The Sibyl received our farewells, standing up to the full height of her majestic figure, and extending her giant arm in a motherly, protective way.

We were duly salaamed into the presence of our Arabs; and,

mounting, in a quarter of an hour were safely ensconced in camp. I repaired to my tent, and threw myself upon my mattress, with the deliberate intention of sleeping—sleeping!

CHAPTER II. THE START.

I was usually awakened by the réveillée, at day-break, and was somewhat surprised when my man Pewur, roused me up next morning, while it was still quite dark. I dressed hastily, and, going to the door of the marquise, looked out. Every tent was struck, with the exception of Cameron's and my own, and the companies were drawn up in marching order.

By the entrance to his marquise, stood an elephant, richly caparisoned, with housings of velvet, embroidered in gold and silver. Around the animal, was collected a small retinue of horsemen. Somebody was paying the camp an early, matutinal visit.

I penetrated into Cameron's quarters as speedily as possible; and, as I had half anticipated, found there the Begum Sumroo. Her usually hard, iron features were—could I believe it!—paying to Nature the tribute of a tear! A large drop stood tremulous upon the wasted eyelid, and the corrugated cheek was blistered, and soiled with frequent weeping.

Cameron was sitting with his elbow upon a table, his face anxious and perturbed, listening with all his senses absorbed, to the Begum's story. A few officers of the corps were standing around—intense listeners. The intelligence was awkward enough. Alfina had been stolen. It is a great shame, but nevertheless true, that all the fine things which are said and thought about women, are meant only for those who are tolerably good-looking—save only when allusion is made to the beautiful devotion of the mother to her child.

The household had gone to bed, after the usual fashion; the gates closed, and barred, and guarded by a dozen brown wardens. They had waked up, (those that were left of them), to find the gates unbarred and open, half the guard drugged to stupidity, the rest with their heads cut off, and Alfina's apartment vacant!

The perpetrator of this audacious villainy, no one seemed to doubt, was the Rajah of Beejnour, and indeed the old Sepoy, who stood deferentially behind his mistress, and who was the only one of the retinue left alive, or with brains enough to give a sensible account of the transaction, declared that the scoundrel rushed past him, as he was defending the door, with the lady in his arms; calling off his myrmidons, as he did so, doubtless, to the old veteran's infinite relief.

On learning the nature and extent of her misfortune, the Princess had despatched a few of her Assyrians upon the trail of the villainous Rajah, and mounting an elephant, betaken herself to our camp. She knew that there was one in it, who would fully sympathize in her great grief.

Ere her story was half heard, Cameron had dispatched a troop of horse to rummage the rascal's roost at Beejnour, and given the order for the tents to be struck, and the men to be drawn up in marching order. He was doubtless agitated internally, but after the first shock, seemed remarkably cool, I thought, for a man whose lady-love was scouring the country in the embrace of a licentious Mussulman Rajah.

The audience with the Begum was concluded, after an assurance on her part, that the result of the pursuit by her Assyrians should be at once announced at Meerut, and the regiment took up its march for headquarters. In two hours, the high steeples and flashing minarets of Meerut peered out against the glowing East, and we entered the town, just as half a dozen kettle-drums were summoning the soldiers to morning drill.

Cameron lost no time in reporting the result of his expedition to the general of division, and in giving a tolerably spirited account of the latest and most flagrant breach of the peace, that had come under his observation. His request for a detachment with which to hunt the thief of beauty and innocence, was readily accorded, with the further privilege of selecting his men from the entire brigade. The duty was set about at once;

by noon the arrangements for the expedition were completed, and we waited only for reports from the Begum's Assyrians and the party of horse sent to Beejnour in the morning.

Besides myself and Cameron, the party consisted of Major Duncombe—the incarnation of hilarity, and an inveterate Nimrod. He insisted on joining the expedition, to perfect his sportsmanship; for though his infirmity was a penchant for the chase, he had never hunted a Rajah. Besides him, there were Capt. Stebbins, a raw-boned, wiry, saffron-colored captain of native cavalry; Dr. Brooke, the surgeon of the Ninety-second; Mr. Dugan, a round, roistering, portrait and landscape painter, resident at Meerut, who joined us to catch the expression of Cameron's face at the moment when the Rajah was spitted, and a company of seventy-five men, all mounted.

The munitions of war and material for the march were upon a magnificent scale. We had a dozen elephants; the marquises were large and new, and provided with all the luxuries of camp life. The men were picked from the cavalry brigade, and were known for their temper, as their horses were for their blood: a finer set of men and horses could not have been selected from the armies of India. The leaders of the party were careful to supply plenty of tobacco, and a goodly store of latakæa, for the balmy evenings in the jungles around the Hyphasis.

About an hour after noon, the detachment came in from Beejnour. The palace of the Rajah at that place was entirely deserted, and there was no evidence that it had been inhabited for several days. His movements were so uncertain, and his visitings to his lairs made at such odd intervals, that his sensible subjects knew very little about him. Only one important and useful fact was winnowed from an abundance of chaffering with a sort of deputy-sub-acting-vice-consular dignitary of the town; and that was, that away beyond the Desert, to the northward, far past Lahore, the Rajah had an eyry, which he periodically visited for purposes unknown to the vice-consular dignitary. If the Begum's Assyrians should trace his flight in that direction, here was possibly a clue to the abductor's destination, and we waited impatiently for the tawny horsemen to arrive.

He had left his comrades still pursuing the chase. They had followed the trail together till they reached the banks of the Gharra, when the lot had fallen to him to return, and report to the Begum the result of the pursuit. The Rajah had made no effort to conceal his course, and the path of his flight was easily detected by fellows inured to the desert and the jungle.

There was nothing further to detain us, and though it was now mid-afternoon, we commenced the first march, with the intention of reaching Rhotuk, if possible, before evening. An Eastern sun coursed over our heads, blistering our backs with his fierce heat, and steeping the earth and the whole universe of sky in light and fire. I rejoiced that the fearful taskmaster was not to stand by my side, and remind me that a whole day's toil was before me, for I was weak and weary with the excitement and fatigue of the morning. At last he had compassed the heaven, and hiding behind the horizon, softly touched my bridle-arm, throwing a lank, gaunt shadow over the sand, and lighting with his last rays a sweet little valley, two miles this side of Rhotuk, the site of our first encampment.

We halted, and then came the clatter of tent-pegs, the jingle of camp-kettles, the rattle of arms stacked, the whinnying of hungry beasts, and last, though not least, of all, the steamy fragrance of the camp cuisine. In an instant, the canvas village had arisen, and the solitude was waked with the bustle of busy life.

The marquises were pitched in picturesque disorder over the little valley. The largest divided into three compartments by canvas partitions, composed the quarters of Cameron, Duncombe, Stebbins, the Doctor, Dugan, and myself. It formed the centre of the group, and was considerably more roomy than the others. The elephants were stripped of their howdahs and blankets, and ranged in an imposing row, along the edge of the encampment. They blinked their little mild eyes, and masticated the coarse fodder furnished by the mahouts, with an air of utter and abject contentment, for which I envied them. The horses were picketed at a short distance from camp, where they were guarded and well fed, either by their owners or their native groomers.

The camp-kettles, filled from a little tumbling brook, hummed dubiously for a while, and then bubbled bravely as the pointed flames clung tenaciously to their dark bottoms; cups clinked and rattled, and then the odorous steam rose up, and made the little circle in the wilderness as genial and inviting as the coziest corner of a French café. Then came the tobacco—great comforter of the weary and travel-worn campaigner—and, in a little knot at the entrance of Cameron's contingent of our large marquise, we smoked, and drank the delicious Lal Sherab, till the tired elephants, one by one, sank inert upon the earth, casting long, big shadows under the slanting moonbeams, and the dusty mahouts and native servants stretched their sleepy lengths upon the cold ground, with no covering but the deep blue mystery of the heavens, which hung over their benighted, heathen brows.

I went to bed upon my hard mattress, thinking of those of my fellow-creatures who were living in squares and brown-stone fronts, in a state of utter respectability, those who were "presenting their compliments," and "much regretting," and "having the honor;" people scrunched into supper-rooms, harlequining in ball-rooms, and cruelly stuck up in opera-boxes—all dwelling in a state of exorcising *comme il faut*; contrasting these with us poor devils in India, who gloried only in utter freedom of motion and thought, and chucking that now for a brief season at least, I should be compelled to give no thought to such follies.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

BY H. P. L.

PARIS, May 26, 1857.

DEAR SPIRIT:—It's too late in the day to enter into particulars relating to the voyage by the *Pulton*; so let us dismiss that, with the brief remark, that at its termination Deputy Marshal De Angelos, of your city, duly delivered up to the authorities at Havre, Charles Carpentier, formerly cashier of the Northern Railroad Company of France, and whose rendition occasioned no little excitement in the usually tranquil city of Havre.

A few hours' detention allowed me to make the tour of this town; to find out that the Hotel de l'Europe is the best place to stop at; to take a view of the Hotel de Ville, now being erected; to admire the profusion of flowers every where exposed for sale or ornament; to admire the laws allowing tom-tits and sparrows, swallows, and such small gear, the freedom of the city, with perfect immunity from bricks and other missiles; to admire a land where white drilling pantaloons can be worn on the 16th of May; and, finally, to end this long sentence, to go to the Bureau de Police, get my passport, attend to my portemanteau at the Douane, i. e., "Curst'em" House, and leave at 2 P. M. for Paris, by the omnibus or accommodation line.

The scenery from Havre to Paris was charming, to use the expression of a black-eyed (naturally so) young lady, a *vis-à-vis* in the car; and so far surpassed anything I had heard relating to it, that naturally the surprise added to my enjoyment. Field after field, in the highest state of cultivation—little thatched cottages, embowered among old trees; now the river Seine, green fields to its very edge; long avenues of healthy, verdant Lombardy poplars; groves of trees. It was enchanting; also the afternoon was quite warm. At Rouen, the old cathedral and a small glass of cognac, then a long sleep, then more landscape; then another sleep, then awaking to the fact that we were in the vicinity of a great city, by an unmistakable "noxious odor," at least five miles long—lights, buildings, signs in good French, and voila! we reached the dépôt, and were in Paris; time, 10 p.m.

"Monsieur has nothing to declare?" asked the Douanier. "Not a thing," answered Monsieur, and in two minutes that portemanteau was on board a voiture, alias one-horse chaise, and, with Monsieur, was duly landed at a hotel, none better, and provided with a room in the third story; where, it is needless to say, he slept as sleep those who have "railed" eight hours at one stretch.

On my way to the hotel, I knew that I was out of New York! whirled round a corner—crack, crack, crack! sounded the whip of the driver. I heard in it the air, from the postillion of Long Jumeau! I saw a man with a lantern, while he had on his back a large basket—he was picking over a heap of rubbish. Hurrah! it's a real "chiffonier," one of the rag pickers. Bright gleams the gas lights, "estam inet," in gilt letters, and under the lights, and out on the pavements, were little tables, with chairs filled with smokers, who drank beer, or coffee, or Cognac, or what-not, and never seem to worry their great souls about trifles. Something stops the way for a minute. Crack, crack, crack! goes the whip, and we dash full head into the lightness and brightness of the Boulevard des Italiens. "English Spoken Here," in gilt letters, and "Aqui se habla Espagnol," ditto, in front of a fancy store! Cafés, carriages, coaches, gens d'armes, and sergens de ville, "voulez vous, Monsieur?" in flowing silks and trailing garments—Bon soir! and the drive is over.

In a handsome store, in the Rue de Rich-lieu, in the left hand window as you enter, hang two small signs, one over the other, reading thus:

ENGLISH SPOKEN.

FIXED HERE.

Now, to the purely Anglo-Saxon mind, the latter sign may seem to need the word *PRICE*—it may also fail to convey the impression it does to one of the "savage Americans," who are neither so particular or so correct in their definition of words; but the observant Yankee, who has been "done for" a few times, will learn to associate the facts that he will be nicely "fixed," whenever "English Spoken" lures him from the native path.

"To pay 87½ cents for gloves, when I can get them in New York for a dollar! —!"

"Mais, Monsieur; zat ees grate deeferece, soixante centimes!" Perhaps you wont see the fun, the force of the contradiction.

Passing along the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, the other evening, I saw a woman sitting by the wall of a house, holding up a lantern with one hand, while in the other she held a piece of paper. Anxious to see everything, I stopped, and found that the paper was so cut out, that an admirable portrait, formed by the light slining through the open spaces, was thrown on the wall behind. And "12 views for 40 sous, the demitition total." Now, here is an honest way to get a living, and yet what American "hold hard," I don't know anything about political economy. Shall I speak of the men of the Pont-Neuf, who black boots for pedestrians, and who advise, by signs of dogs and cats, painted à la moyen-âge, that they also *tendent les chiens*, and *courent les chats*, the latter, à la maison!—of the lemonader, with a tower "of strength" at his back, and six plated goblets in his hands—of the ambulating bath-tubs, that walk up to the sixth story, if there is one, of your hotel, and you are in it?—of the grisettes? No, no, no! it has all been done to death; and, in a play called *La Canaille*, at the Théâtre des Variétés, you can see nearly all of them *mis en scène*.

Talking about scenery, that of the French Opera House, or Académie Impériale de Musique, counterfeits nature wonderfully; a sunset view in the Trouvère carried me up the Mississippi two thousand miles, and landed me into last year at this time. And yet I have no idea that the artist ever visited America, or saw that sunset, that sky. I don't speak of mountains, &c.; what's the use?

The voitures of Paris are a blessing; think of riding round New York inside the walls! for 1 franc 75 centimes, alias 38 cents an hour. "What is the use of walking on two legs, when four will carry you so much better!" remarks a philosophical friend of mine, and lacking ability to answer such brilliant questioning, I remain "mute at his eloquence."

Chocolate shops, glove ditto, wine ditto, seegar ditto, jewelry ditto, and cafés; really I believe this is Paris, of course one embraces the French ladies in all these, and never neglects the "Spectacle" which is a substitute for family dinners and tea-fights. "We" will write you again, my friends. H. P. L.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G. T. E."—According to rule 14 of the Fashion Jockey Club, "horses that win a heat, shall be considered better than those which do not; and those that win two heats, better than those which win one, provided they are not distanced in the race." In some of the old rules it is decided, that distanced horses are equal, which is an absurdity. A horse which was distanced in the second or third heat is surely better than one distanced in the first. By the old Virginia rules, a horse coming in second on the last heat, beat a horse that won a heat, and saved his distance, hence the betting "by Virginia rules." Here, a horse that wins a heat and saves his distance, is better than the horse who places himself second in the final heat.

"A. R."—The cabbage-seed sent for by Mr. A. R., of Lewiston, Maine, will be forwarded soon. The delay in filling his order arose from the fact that we had none on hand at the date of the receipt of his letter. Since then Colonel Veritact has supplied us with a quantity, and the parties to whom it is sent, will find it enclosed in small skin bag, said to be (and we have no doubt of the fact) genuine cauls of the leopard, many of which were brought over by the Colonel. The cauls are used in Africa for the cure of rheumatism. They should be boiled first for four hours, and the residuum used as a tonic before breakfast. Our valued correspondent, John Trueman, has tried one of them, and finds it invaluable in cases of sprain and shortness of breath.

"S."—Sebastopol not having been sufficiently "taken" to drive the Russians out of more than one half, or one division of it, was not sufficiently taken to win the whole of a bet. Until the fortifications of the north side should be reduced and occupied by the allies, even the south side could not be said to be in full possession.

"G. H."—We execute commissions, not only in the horse, harness, and sporting line, but for every conceivable thing which can be obtained in this market. Send along your order for seeds and agricultural implements, and the same judgment will be brought to bear in their selection, as in articles more directly in our line.

"A. A. B."—We had great pleasure in furnishing your young friend with various late English papers for your brothers officers at Aspinwall. Shall ever be happy to serve our friends in both services—the Army and Navy—as you may well believe.

"T. R. P. L. (Cynthiana, Ohio).—Do you want a sulkey for use on the road, or the race track? What weight? Write particulars. Track sulkey will cost from \$55 to \$90; road sulkey, from \$90 to \$120, according to quality.

"JAMES E. EASTER."—We sometime since received a remittance of \$3, with request to forward paper to James E. Easter. No post-office address was given. Do us the favor to transmit it, that we may fill your order.

"A. W."—If you wish rooms engaged for you at a hotel, and a passage taken for Europe, at any specified time, we shall be pleased to serve you. We have a reliable assistant to attend to such affairs.

"P. D. S., (Ogdensburg).—If it was expressed in the making of the match, that it was to be governed by the Rules of the Union Course, L. L., the jockey is bound to carry 145 lbs.

"G. W. A."—The article to which you refer will be very acceptable, doubtless. We would like to see it, though, before we promise to give it to our readers.

"NED."—If you will address a note to Luther Tucker, Esq., at Albany, the editor of the *Critic*, he will cheerfully furnish the information desired.

"H. L. P."—Address the Secretaries of the N. Y., or St. George C. C.'s of this city, either of whom will doubtless furnish copies of the Rules.

"G."—Snowball doubtless could run half a mile at the rate of 1:36 to the mile, but we can find no positive record of the fact.

"M. B. L."—A notice of "Verse Memorials" is unavoidably omitted. It will appear in our next.

"CHARLIE."—Under the circumstances stated, the \$100 forfeit is all that can be demanded.

"J. T. B."—Will publish next week your note in regard to B., for which we are much obliged.

"J. P. E." (Albany).—Perfectly proper. It is often done in this country, as well as in England.

"J. C. B."—Yes, plenty of them.



Porter's Spirit of the Times.

NEW YORK, JUNE 27, 1857.

BLOOD STOCK AND SPORTING ARTICLES.—Any of our readers wishing to obtain thoroughbred stock, carriages, harness, time-watches, or any sporting articles which require experience or judgment in their selection, are requested to send in their orders, and they will be fulfilled with care, promptitude, and dispatch. Letters on this subject should be directed to GEORGE WILKES & CO.

IMPORTANT TO COUNTRY NEWSMEN.—All who were disappointed in not getting PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES of June 6, can hereafter get their regular supply from DEXTER & BROTHER, SAMUEL YATES, or any other wholesale newsagent in New York—except BOSS & TOUSSET.

TO CLERKS OF COURSES, SECRETARIES OF YACHTING, CRICKET, AND BASE BALL CLUBS.—We shall at all times feel greatly indebted to those gentlemen who will take the trouble to forward us authentic returns of the meetings, which may come off under their authority.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEEK.

We are pleased to be able to commence our summary this week with the statement, that the outbreak which threatened the city when we last went to press, has passed safely off, and that the town has been more tranquil, through the effects of the alarm, than for several weeks before. The fact is, both parties became frightened at the storm which began to gather among the excited People, and out of a real concern for the public welfare, as well as from reasonable apprehension for themselves, concluded to draw the game in the way of physical contention, and fall back to maneuvering with the courts. As the contest stood when it relapsed into this natural condition, it may be said that Mayor Wood had the best of the affray. In retaliation, however, for his determined defence of the City Hall against the Albany invasion, the Metropolitan Commissioners have overwhelmed him with writs and prosecutions; and in that respect the game has become more complicated than before. Meantime, the main matter in dispute has been heard before the Court of Appeals, and the whole City holds its breath for the decision. All sorts of surmises are indulged in, and conflicting rumors set on foot, as to what that decision will be; and in the heat of adverse anticipation, bets have occasionally run with fluctuating odds on either side. No reliable information, however, can be looked for on that subject, in advance of the decision of itself; and as a betting point, the result remains as gloriously uncertain as the fairest mind could wish a betting point to be. The decision has been looked for every day since

the argument was closed; but we are not disposed to hope for it too soon. The question is one of the most profound importance, and even though the judges may be prepared to vote upon it, the preparation of the important paper which gives it to the public, will require patient care and time.

The Excise Commissioners sat again last Saturday, and granted seventeen licenses. The Astor, New York, and Everett Hotels, were among the number. The great body of the liquor venders of the city will refuse to make any application under the old law. We understand that there is some difference of opinion among the Commissioners—Mr. HASKETT insisting upon the most liberal construction of the law, while his associates are in favor of applying the maximum prices for licenses.

The general local news of the week is of but little interest. The BURDELL investigation before the Surrogate, is to be continued until the 30th, in order to give one of the lady witnesses an opportunity to relieve her character of certain imputations cast upon it by the witnesses of Mrs. CUNNINGHAM. We shall congratulate our readers, when this dreadful matter is disposed of.

A new anti-rent outrage has taken place at Berne, near Albany, and a sheriff shot at, while attempting to sell some property under execution. The person was detected, and proved to be the defendant's son.

General WALKER still remains in town, and now and then goes to one of the theatres, and makes a speech. It is said that some of his friends contemplate giving him a public dinner. Meantime, the followers he left behind in Nicaragua have not yet arrived. Perhaps the General intends to wait till they come. It is said, in a dispatch from Washington, that the claims of Costa Rica to the Transit Route is not to be admitted by our Government; but what our Government has to do with a domestic arrangement in regard to property, between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, we do not exactly see. Washington correspondents sometimes travel over the ground pretty fast. In this connection, we may mention, however, a much more reliable fact, and that is, that the Government have put in commission an exploring expedition, which will start from here in October, with the view of making a survey on the Isthmus of Darien for a ship canal.

The contracts have not yet been given out, nor the precise routes located by the Post-Master General, for the mail-wagon roads to the Pacific.

General SCOTT has been sent for by the President, to assist him with advice, in the arrangements for the despatch of troops to Utah. It is the design of the President to send out the new territorial officers with the military force, as a posse comitatus. No attempt will be made to interfere with the religious or social institutions of the Mormons, but the Federal laws will be rigidly enforced. Large bodies of the troops are already on their way. We shall have some interesting news from Utah in the fall.

Our new Minister to China partook of a public dinner a few days ago in Philadelphia. He will take his departure for the scene of his duties about the 1st.

In Mexico, active preparations are being made for the election, and the liberals are sanguine that COMONFORT will be returned. While this is going on, however, SANTA ANNA is making an appeal to the Catholic prejudices against him, and is ready, it is said, to make a descent, backed by Spain, at the instigation of the Pope, upon the contumacious Republican, with a view of returning the country to the condition of a vice-royalty or a monarchy. If this report be true, and such attempt be made, it will be about time for the United States to step in and say a word.

By the arrival of the *Persia*, we have Liverpool dates to the 13th. France was actively engaged in preparing for the elections vouchsafed her by the Emperor. These elections were to have taken place on the 21st, and their object is to renew the *Senatus Consultum*, which is now on the point of expiration. The Government, while adhering to its theory of the franchise, does not hesitate to openly influence the result, through all of its employées. General CAVIGNAC is said to be one of the candidates. In England, the Parliament was engaged in the consideration of a recent, and very formidable, revolt among the native troops in British India. This rebellion grew out of an attempt, on the part of the English officers, to force the Indian troops to use cartridges, which had been rendered "unclean," in their eyes, by being smeared with grease. They promptly refused to touch the forbidden abomination, and, on being required to do so, broke into open revolt. The mutiny began among the regiments in the Bengal Presidency, and was rapidly extending itself throughout the country, and a general rising of the native regiments was imminent. In treating this subject, the Earl of ELLENBOROUGH "warned the house, that if they allowed the Government of India to interfere with the religion of the People of India, they would see the most bloody revolt that had ever occurred—the English would be expelled from India, and would not leave a dozen sincere converts to Christianity behind." By the *Persia*, we have no special news from China.

THE YACHT AMERICA.—The inquiries which have recently been made to us of the whereabouts and condition of the celebrated Yacht America, with which we so gloriously distanced the combined yacht squadron of Great Britain, in the summer of 1851, are fully answered by the following extract from a recent article in a London journal on the steam frigate Niagara. The London journal says:—"While the monster American frigate is riding so proudly off Tilbury fort, there lies, almost within musket shot of her pennant, in a ship-builder's yard, and we deeply regret to say, completely destroyed with dry rot, the beautiful yacht America, that so enlightened our yachtsmen in the Solent." Alas, that we should so soon be called upon to record such a destiny for the "skimmer of the sea."

THE AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

THE NAMES AND CHARACTER OF THE COMPETITORS.

By the arrival of the *Persia*, we are enabled to present our readers with the full entry for "The Goodwood Cup," in which our horses, Pryor and Prioress, are included, together with the exact weights each horse has to carry, these weights being calculated up to the forenoon of Thursday, June 11th.

We have previously published in our editorial columns, the lengthened and innumerable conditions attached to this race, its penalties and allowances, as they affect both English and foreign-bred horses; whilst in the "Racing Recollections" and "Goodwood Sketches" of our correspondent TOUCHSTONE, the reader has been made acquainted with the peculiarities of the Goodwood Meeting, the statistics of the great race for which our horses are entered, and the length and description of the track on which they have to run.

The weight placed on the backs of Pryor and Prioress by the officials of the English Jockey Club, is exactly in accordance with the Cup conditions. The former's weight for age, as a 5 year old, would be 135 lbs., from which 14 lbs. is deducted on account of his being a foreign-bred horse, leaving him at 121 lbs. The weight of Prioress would be 127 lbs., deduct 14 lbs. for her American breed, and 4 lbs., her allowance as a mare, and she is left at 109 lbs. But it will be observed our horses are not the only foreign-bred ones in the race. There is Monarque, a 5 year old Frenchman, at exactly the same weight as Pryor. Last year this horse, carrying 113 lbs., was "a good third for the Cup." Rogerthorpe, 100 lbs., winning by three quarters of a length, from Yellow Jack, 108 lbs., the latter beating Monarque for second place by a head only. Pole Star (in again this year at 131 lbs.) was a wretched fifth last year, carrying 123 lbs. Fisherman, too, who appears this year with 127 lbs. on his back, did not show in front last year with 105 lbs.; hence we cannot see that either of these are likely to better their positions in the coming struggle. Rogerthorpe, the victor of 1856, has 29 lbs. more to carry for his additional year, which is 7 lbs. more than the conditional weight for age difference between a 3 and a 4 year old, the addition being made up of penalties for winning here and elsewhere. This is likely to exclude him from throwing in a second time. Florin and Potocki, two 3 year old Frenchmen, are the lowest weighted on the list, where they each appear at 91 lbs., or 8 lbs. more than Baroncino, the winner of 1855, carried; still, if they are good for anything, they have a most favorable chance afforded them of carrying the Cup across the English channel. It will be seen that Early Bird, 6 years old, has the top weight, 138 lbs., that being his exact weight for age. He ran twelve times last year, and won but one race, viz.: a Walter Cup at the Warwick Autumn Meeting (gentlemen riders and heavy weights), Goldhill and Poodle being the best public performers in the race; but in England no line can be drawn from the results of races ridden by unprofessional jockeys. He has, however, disposed of a lot of light weights in a mile race at Ascot. Mary, a 5 year old mare by Idle Boy, appears in the list with 131 lbs. on her back. She is a strong, second-rate racer, and is at the present time in good condition, as was evident by her recent race at Epsom, where she won the Queen's Plate for mares easily; but in good company she is out of place, as was evident by the race for the Gold Vase at Ascot, where she laid last from start to finish. Her chance may be looked upon as "out" for the Goodwood event.

Fazzoletto, 4 years, 127 lbs, has hitherto proved himself an indifferent horse. Pretty Boy and Artillery, each carrying 122 lbs, are favorably in. The former ran 23 races last year, and won eleven of them; whilst Artillery was out on eleven occasions, and won five times. Melissa, 118 lbs, is another good public mare, having won eight out of her sixteen races last season. Gemma di Vergi, 3 years, 105 lbs, has also shown good qualities—her position as second for the Ascot Cup being a good performance. If your readers will refer to the particulars for the Derby and the Oaks, at Epsom, they will be able to ascertain the probability of success which await Anton, Wardermarske, Arsenal, Sneez, Sprig of Shillelagh, Zuyder Zee, and Gaberlunzie, all 3 year olds, but varying in weight according to their performances. They were all cruelly beaten by Blink Bonny; but Arsenal, who was close up at the finish of the race for the Derby, has since retrieved his laurels by winning the gold vase at Ascot (a two mile race), and beating Strathnaver (the 4th in the Derby), Blink Bonny's stable companion, to a stand still; and subsequently obtaining influential support for the Doncaster Saint Leger, for which he may be reserved, and not be sent to Goodwood; but should he, we cannot but regard him as the most dangerous among the 3 year olds, as he is a strong game horse, with powerful hindquarters and great lasting properties. The next probably is Sir Colin, who, pulling double all the way, won the Epsom Cup, the other day, in a canter, beating Pretty Boy and Mince Pie, and two or three others, with the greatest facility. His owner, Mr. T. Parr (who is also the proprietor of Fisherman), is one of the slyest gentlemen, and best judges of a horse, as well as practical trainer in England, and whether he will try to win with either, few men but himself are likely to know prior to the day of running. We have now skimmed over the list; and, from a review of the public performances of the various candidates, our first impressions are confirmed; viz.: that our horses have an excellent chance of success; and that there is asanguine probability, that the Goodwood Cup of 1857 will cross the Atlantic as a trophy, gallantly won by either Pryor or Prioress—health, condition, and good riding being alone required in our estimation to give the victory to one or the other of the American champions, and prove the superiority of the American system of breeding and training over that of England. If we are beaten, we shall, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that we have not been

defeated by "leather flappers," but race horses; whilst if the victory is ours, great will be the honor and credit we shall have achieved.

A full table of the entries and weights, as we extract it from the *English Racing Calendar*, will be found under the racing head.

THE MODERN GLADIATORIAL ARENA.—THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—We publish on another page, under the head of "Fistiana," an interesting history of the championship of England, from the earliest days of the Prize Ring down to the present time. It appeared originally in *Bell's Life in London*, as introductory matter to the great battle between Paddock and Harry Broome, which took place in May, a year ago, and we republish it now, with an addenda, as a proper prologue to the recent contest for the British championship, which was to have been fought between the formidable Tipton Slasher and Tom Sayres, near London, on the 16th of the present month, and the result of which will probably reach us by the next trans-atlantic steamer.

We are no advocates of prize-fighting; in this country there are too many avenues opened to intelligence and honest labor, to make such a practice tolerable; but in England the case is different, and we see no reason why we should omit to put on record one of those great periodical events, which serve, so largely, to mark the characteristics of a people. The imagination of mankind has always been peculiarly susceptible to impression by feats of bravery and prowess. In the olden times, that is to say, the early olden times, this leading propensity was fed by deeds of arms; and the kings and princesses, lords and ladies, and masses of the people who swarmed to the tourney, rejoiced to see triumph wield its bloody lance, or vanquished valor yield up its unlucky life. Now, however, things are changed, and instead of transfixing one's rival with a spear, or giving the final "stab of mercy," through the visor bars, the stout fellows of the time meet together in a twenty-four feet roped ring, and punch each other's heads for the supremacy.

We are not sure that the latter is not, in all respects, the preferable mode of contest of the two. It is much less objectionable in the way of danger, and it encourages among the rank and file of a people an emulation in strength and courage, which is of equal value, in the general press of battle, to the cultivated spirit of the knight. Indeed, it is the quiet conviction of this fact, which induces the English government to wink at the practice of prize-fighting among the lower orders, and which directs her judges of the courts, by the imposition of light fines, to treat it rather as a matter of decorum than of principle. It has been assumed by English journalists, that the cultivation of dogged courage and endurance, through their prize ring, (making pugilism a national inclination), has had no slight agency in giving British soldiers that personal superiority which has turned the tide of many a doubtful fight. Certain it is, that the offences of the Prize-ring, though placed under the serious ban of the English law, are very leniently treated by the courts, and in general seem rather to be protected than discouraged.

With us, a very different state of things exists. Fellows who aspire to fistic honors here, are, for the most part, ruffians of the most abandoned stamp, and they generally make their exploits at fisticuffs their claim to public office, or the basis of an influence and bearing which is offensive to every decent man. There are some praiseworthy exceptions to this deserved condemnation, it is true; but we have correctly characterized the majority of the class, and we hope to see them kept down to the low estimation they now hold in this country. There is something grand, however, in the spectacle of two first-class creatures, like Sayres and the Slasher, who have been physically refined and purified up to the highest mark of animal perfection, contending before an audience of the world, for a pre-eminence in prowess over thirty millions of people. It is a spectacle worthy of the observation of the best of minds, and in that view, we shall put it on the record when it comes; taking care only to keep our columns free from the slang and low details, which sometimes characterize the "rounds" in such reports. In the meantime, it will be time well employed to read the history of the Championship of England, as condensed on another page.

A LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.—In our last copy of the *Racing Calendar*, which is the official record of the English Jockey Club, we find a full table of the entries to the Stockbridge Plate. Among the list of horses, is the name of Prioress, by imp. Sovereign, out of imp. Reel; and, attached to the abbreviation "imp.," we find an asterisk, and the following note: "In this and other nominations of American horses, the abbreviation imp. stands for imperial." The compilers of the *Racing Calendar* could not have stirred their brains to any great depth for this conclusion, or they would have discovered that the abbreviation imp. stood for imported. The pride of John Bull alone, should have given their judgments that direction. Imp. for imperial is good; but it "ish not gooter as pest."

HUNTING A RAJAH.—We commend this admirable story, the opening of which will be found on our sixth page, to the attention of those who are fond of the gorgeous scenes and thrilling incidents of India. It is written expressly for this paper, by a distinguished official resident of the country of which it treats, and the future chapters will be elegantly illustrated by original Oriental scenes. This work is sent to us as a return compliment for the first month's issue of our paper, and we take this opportunity to thank the accomplished author for his politeness and attention.

DEATH OF COLUMBUS.—The well known stallion Columbus died at Detroit, a few days since. He was purchased, last Fall, for the sum of \$3,000.

BETTING ON THE AMERICAN HORSES.—There is already a great disposition evinced, on the part of our people, from all portions of the country, to wager something on the prospects of the American horses, in their grand contest for supremacy upon the English Turf, in the approaching race, for the Goodwood Cup. With a view to gratify this spirit, and, at the same time, to accommodate those who wish to back the English horses, we have directed a circular to be published in the leading Canada papers, to the effect that those in that quarter, who may desire to back the English horses against ours, in the Goodwood, or any of the other races for which they are engaged, may effect their object by forwarding their offers to the Editors of "Porter's Spirit of the Times," where, if they are made on proper terms, they will probably be closed with at once. The guide for these bets will be the rate of odds that may rule, from week to week, at the London Tattersall's, and regularly chronicled, like the rates of any other market, in *Bell's Life*. These rates will reach us by every English mail steamer, and as they will be kept up until the date of the great event (29th of July), the betting can be conducted here with the same facility that it could be made in London. Those, therefore, who would like to try their judgment in this matter, or to show their spirit, had better forward their desires at once, as a betting book for general accommodation will be made up at this office. No odds have yet been specified in the London market, but it is not difficult to approximate towards their true condition. There are forty entries for the Goodwood Cup of the present year, and two of these are the American horses Pryor (by Glencoe, out of Gipsey), and Prioress (by Sovereign, out of Reel). The natural odds against them, therefore, should be 19 to 1 against both, or 39 to 1 against either, appearing, as they do, as green or untried horses on the English Turf. The conditions under which they run will be found in another column, for the instruction of the uninitiated. We should be glad to see our Canadian friends come forward, and show a little of their boasted pluck in this matter. If the English horses can beat us, as easy as the English journals say they can, there is plenty of money here, if they will but send for it. As these wagers will be made here, mainly through the national sentiment excited by the contest, they will be conditioned to be "off," unless our horses start, or specifically made "play or pay." We mention this, because the Goodwood Cup race is a p. p. matter.

THE FIRST RACE OF THE AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.—The first race of any of the American horses in England, is the contest for the Stockbridge Plate, for which Prioress is entered. The time set for this race, was the 25th of the present month, consequently, it was run on Friday of the present week. But little interest has been expressed in relation to it in this country, however, since the entries to the Goodwood have been made known, as it is the common opinion here that Mr. Ten Broeck will not prejudice his chances in the great race, by running previously for any smaller one. There are forty entries for the Stockbridge, and it may be that the mare will go; so look out for the report.

SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.—We learn from the *Richmond Dispatch*, that Mr. Calvin Green, of that city, has just purchased from O. W. Swigert, of Frankfort, Ky., the use of two two year old fillies until five years old, when they are to be returned, for one thousand dollars each. They are both sired by Glencoe, and one is out of the Envoy mare, the other out of the Gray Eagle mare, both of which mares were out of Mary Morris, by Medoc and dam of Wild Irishman and Frankfort. They have been shipped for Richmond.

THE NEWSPAPER TRADE.—Our friends, Ross & Tousey, who conceived the plan of killing-off their rivals in the newspaper trade, by underselling them, and who refused to send off our paper, because we would not aid them in the scheme, have not succeeded either in setting the North River on fire, or making themselves masters of the market. On the contrary, the other wholesale dealers are getting along better than ever, while, as for ourselves, our circulation has greatly increased since we concluded to depend on those who were not working entirely for themselves. Ross & Tousey are very good fellows in their way, but they will hardly "make the trip" this time.

THE GREEK SLAVE, BY "THE POWERS."—This was an illustrated joke by John Brougham in the *Lantern*, now defunct, but the original Greek Slave, by the Powers, was this week brought to the hammer without a bit of a joke. We are sorry to say that she was rude, but for all that, Stewart, of dry goods celebrity, bid \$5500 for her possession. The Cosmopolitan Art Association of Cincinnati bid \$6000, and for the second time became possessors of the statue which enchants the world.

ONE OF THE PUNCH WRITERS GONE.—Douglas Jerrold, the author of many popular dramas, and one of the ablest contributors to *Punch*, has departed. He was well on Sunday, the 7th of June, and in the company of several of his friends—the next day he expired in the arms of his son. The popular drama of "Black Eye'd Susan," and the Caudle papers were from his pen.

LECOMTE NOT IN.—We find, by the last English mail, that Lecomte, the oldest of Mr. Ten Broeck's horses now in England, is not entered for the Goodwood Cup. Mr. Ten Broeck made three nominations, but has concluded to withhold Lecomte from other work. He is entered, however, for the Champagne Stakes, at Brighton, to come off August 5th, immediately after the Goodwood. Prioress is also entered with him in the same race.

AN UNEXPECTED PRIZE.—An Irishman, who was recently fishing in a small stream called the Hebron, says the *Willimantic Journal* (Maine), was alarmed by the appearance of a strange object moving towards him in the water, which was unlike in terrific form to anything he had ever seen before. He at first was about to take to his heels, but changing his mind, he commenced pelting it with stones as it approached the bank, and finally drawing his knife, went in and completed his victory. The animal, which the Irishman probably took to be the comet, turned out to be an alligator, six feet long. How such an animal found his way to that region was a wonder to all the admiring neighborhood.

A VIRTUOUS MOB.—We learn by telegraph from Detroit, that a mob of fifty or sixty persons made an onslaught, on the night of Saturday last, upon several houses of vile character, in the upper part of that city. They burned three, demolished two more, and drove the inmates from the sixth. One person was stabbed. As the work got warm, a large crowd gathered, and the rioters were compelled to desist. Vigilance committees are fine things. No one of course will dispute that this mob was governed by virtuous motives.

H. P. L. IN EUROPE.—The initial letter, of what may be expected to be a most racy continuation, of men, things, sights, and sensations in Europe, by the inimitable author of the "Gray Bay Mare," will be found in another column of this day's issue. It reaches us just as we go to press, and we present it as rapidly as it seems to have been written, with merely time to commend it to our reader, for the welcome due to an old and good acquaintance. Look out for the next.

JAMES PIPES, OF PIPESVILLE.—We congratulate our readers upon the fact, that our old friend and correspondent, James Pipes, of Pipesville, has again turned up, and reports himself in our columns. This time, James, who has heretofore dated his communications from almost every portion of the solid globe, now hails us from among the savages in the very centre of the great Pacific Ocean. From any place whatever, we are glad to hear from him.

TROTTING IN LONDON.—A trotting match, in harness, for \$500 a side, five miles, came off on the Warrington and Knutsford road, London, on the 26th of May, between a Mr. Cole's roan cob Tommy, and a Mr. De Costa's bay mare Jenny Lind. The cob was driven by Peter Paget, and won the match by fifteen yards. Time, 18 minutes. It is spoken of by the English papers as a spirited affair.

PARISIAN GALLANTRY.—The *Estafette* of Paris says, that crinoline dresses, having been largely employed to smuggle goods into Paris, without paying the octroi duties, women are about to be employed at the various offices of the barriers to make a personal examination of all females wearing crinoline.

AN EXTENSIVE PISCATORIAL OPERATION.—The *Albany Journal* says, that a fishing party, which set out recently from Utica to the northern part of the State, returned Tuesday week, after having taken nearly half a ton of lake and brook trout.

CROWDED OUT.—Touchstone's Goodwood Sketch for the present week, and other interesting communications are crowded out.

WRITTEN FOR "PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A VINOUS FERMENTATION.

BY "BILL."

The centuries moulder o'er Anacreon's tomb,
And Horace slumbers in the same sad gloom:
No more the one awakes his amorous lyre,
No more the other breathes his Orphean fire.
Alas! for them, and for the generous theme
That lent the blush-tint to their glowing dream.
Alas! the blood-red wine—the rich, the strong—
That gave the soul to all their gushing song.
No more it flashes in the mantling cup—
A paler vintage fills our goblets up.
Their jars of nectar, 'mid the jars of time,
Have perished, save to reverie and rhyme.
How gaily, in their sponges, the bowl went round,
While they, with myrtle and with vine leaves crowned,
Poured their libations upon classic ground;
Getting sublimely "tight," without abuse,
From solemn dogans slandering them as loose.

Then was your day of freedom; oh! ye vines,
In glorious freedom poured your joyous wines,
There was no Maine Law, police, watch, nor fines.
I can but sorrow o'er the sad decay
Of wine and freedom at the present day.
Our liquor now is not so good by half
As that which old Anacreon used to quaff—
"Logwood and water" does but mock the throat
Fired by the flavor of the Flean note.
Oh! for the flasks, green with the gathered mould
Of ripening years, in caverns dim and cold,
I dare not touch the Greek's long silent lyre,
Nor imitate the Roman's chaster fire;
But ere I finish this cigar of mine,
I'll join them in a song unto the vine.

How beautiful art thou, oh, wassail bowl!
Whose beaming billows round the crystal roll;
Yet fairest art thou, when thy ruby wave
The coral lips of bright-eyed beauty lave.
Oh! well I know that this thy sparkling tide,
Like that bright eye, unnumbered snares may hide
Thou smilest; but I know that in thy smile,
Even as in hera, lurks many a hidden wile.
Ah! fair and false, as woman, thou dost lend
Thy favors but to bind us in the end.

QUAIL'S NEST, May, 1857.

FUR, FIN, AND FEATHER.

A DESPERATE FIGHT WITH A GRIZZLY.—A HUNTER'S ARM BIT OFF.—James Wilburn, a packer, well-known about Bald Hills, says the Shasta Republican, had a most desperate encounter with a grizzly, on Hay Fork of Trinity river, one day last week. He was out hunting, about a mile and a half from his residence, when he came suddenly upon an immense grizzly. He at once put a large sized piece of cold lead into his bearship, which caused him to seek shelter in a dense thicket. Of course Jim followed him, and catching a glimpse of bruin's ugly countenance, again raised his rifle and pulled trigger, but the cap failed to do its work. At this moment the grizzly discovered his persecutor and started for him with terrible growls and murderous intent. Quick as lightning Jim brought a revolver to bear upon him, and put five balls in his carcass, and was in the act of administering the sixth, when the bear with his paw knocked the pistol out of his hands. However, the desperate hunter was not yet disarmed. He still had a large knife, which he drew, and then came the tug of war. They went at it knife and paw—struck over and under, and occasionally indulged in a "side-winder," that favorite stroke of bruin. At last the knife, which had been playing all about the vitals, proved the victor, and with a savage growl, this monarch of the California woods yielded up his life to the Maker of bears, and his carcass, which weighed about one thousand pounds, to the victorious hunter.

He did not die, however, without taking a horrible revenge, and Jim Wilburn's trigger finger will never endanger the life of another bear. He won the fight at a terrible cost. The bear bit off his arm above the elbow, and injured him severely otherwise. We are informed that he is lying in a very dangerous condition.—*San Francisco Herald.*

A BLIND ANGLER.—A remarkable feat, says the Dumfries Standard, occurred on the Nith, the other day, when a blind man played and landed a salmon, originally hooked by another person who was unequal to the task. The blind man threw his line, and hooked, played, and killed another salmon.

In publishing this feat, the editor of the Border Advertiser gives the following equally wonderful case:

"Our contemporary seems to think this an unparalleled feat, but we are aware of a far more extraordinary blind fisher in our neighborhood. Mr. W. Rankin, of St. Boswells, who has been stone blind for ten years, carries on the trade of linen draper and general merchant—is a fishing-tackle, fly, boot and rod maker, and is an excellent fisher, whether with fly, worm, or minnow. He is in the constant habit of going out to the Tweed on favorable fishing days, accompanied by his sagacious dog, which leads him to and from his favorite haunts. So well is he accustomed to the sport, that he knows every stone and every cast in the wide reaches of the river within a mile east and west of St. Boswells, and is generally a very successful angler, landing his fish (whether trout or salmon) without assistance from any one, even in the rockiest water."

THE CALF AND THE TERRIER DOG.—A friend, upon the correctness of whose statements we implicitly rely, relates the following incident, the scene of which is the vicinity of the town of Brighton. A calf, of about a year's age, and a terrier of unusual sagacity, have there formed a strong friendship for each other. Every day the dog proceeds to visit the calf, who exhibits upon his approach the most lively feeling of satisfaction. They engage in amicable sport together, and roll upon the ground, when the calf will thrust his large tongue from his mouth, which the dog will pretend to bite, with other similar demonstrations. After a while the dog will apparently start on his return home, whereupon the calf will set up a bellow of disapprobation. Apparently touched by the grief of his beloved friend, the dog will return and prolong his visit. This occurs daily, with great regularity, and the fact has gone noised abroad that people visit the spot from a considerable distance to witness the amusing proceeding.

RECOVERING CANARY BIRDS.—Many of our ladies, in the course of the summer, may have to lament the escape of their birds. The following, from the Hartford Times, indicates a possible way of recovering them:

"About a month since, a lady, who resides on the Windsor road, was hanging up her cage, containing a pair of canaries, upon the outside of her house, when the bottom of the cage fell off, and the birds flew away to a neighboring orchard. Great pains were taken to secure them, without avail, when a lady in the vicinity gave the information that, by wetting them they could be easily caught. A syringe and a bucket of water were taken to the orchard, and the little fellows were soon so wet, that they did not attempt to fly, and were easily taken. This plan may be of use to those whose birds may hereafter escape."

BIRDS.—Birds, in Galveston, are to be counted by thousands. Time was when none were to be seen. With man, came the blessings and beauties that adorn and cheer his home. Mocking birds are numerous; at day-light, the whole city is ringing with their songs, and late at night their thrilling notes break sweetly and strangely upon the dark stillness. Among others, large numbers of little yellow-breasted birds, said to be a species of the canary, build their nests in the China trees around the dwellings. What a pity that we have no city laws against the destruction of these beautiful ornaments of our homes, provided by Providence.—*Texas Advocate.*

THAT DUCK SHOOTING.—We stated, some weeks since, as an item of interest to the sporting fraternity, that a gentleman of this city killed twenty-one ducks at a shot. PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES inquires gravely, whether the weapon used, was "a double-barrel or a cannon." To which we as gravely answer, Friend PORTER, that it was a double-barrel fowling-piece, but we believe the execution was with a single barrel. A sportsman in Hannibal claims to have done still better, killing twenty-four ducks at a shot. We would inquire whether his "weapon was a double-barrel or a cannon?"—*Quincy (Ill.) Whig, 27th May.*

FISHING IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.—The amateur worshippers of Izaak Walton, are inconsolable. Several parties which have been absent from this city at the "Thousand Islands" and Redfield, came back empty, cursing the cold rains, and their ill luck. It seems to us, however, that the mere fact of having been a fishing were sufficient glory for one day, especially with the pleasant episode of a good "ducking." Nothing like sport, if you are obliged to suffer and die, in the effort to get it.—*Utica Telegraph, June 12.*

LUSUS NATURÆ.—We have been shown by Mr. David K. Belden, of this village, says the America Times, one of the most singular specimens of natural deformity that it has ever been our lot to witness, being a chicken of the common variety having four complete and perfectly formed legs. It is a native of the farm of Mr. Milton Andrews, of Washington, and is a decided curiosity. It was dead when we saw it, but the taxidermist, in whose hands it was to be placed, will give a perpetual preservation.

A HUNT.—The young men of West Danby have had a prize hunt, choose sides, 12 to a side, the winning party to eat a supper at the expense of the party beaten. The number of game killed was 3,860, consisting of crows, wood chucks, black birds, hawks, owls, &c. The supper was served at J. Underwood's, in Danby.—*Ithica Citizen, June 17th.*

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

ON SEEDING TIMOTHY WITH CLOVER.—*Mr. Editor.*—It is a very common complaint among farmers, that clover will run out in three years. I wish to give the result of my experience in seeding timothy with the clover. The usual way of seeding, and the way to have clover run out in three years, is to buy clean clover seed, and sow it, and wait, as the common saying is, "for the timothy to come in of itself." But, alas, the timothy does not always come in quick enough. On many farms, this season, the frost has drawn a great deal of clover out of the ground, and killed it, and there it has "run out," sure enough. On examining these fields, I find that the clover is most injured where there is no grass with it. I have land that has been seeded for two, three, five, and seven years. The land is oak openings, of varied kinds of soil; sand, gravel, and clay, and a mixture of all three. The surface is rolling, and the frost has not injured my clover to any extent, neither are there any signs of its running out.

My way of seeding, is to mix the clover and timothy seed together, half and half, and sow a bushel on the acre. I think the timothy indispensable, for this reason: that it forms a sod over the ground, and when the frost heaves up the ground, the sod being tough and strong, keeps the earth around the clover roots; and when it comes to thaw and settle, it keeps in a mass, so that the clover is set back into its place, and is not killed by the frosts. In case the clover is injured, the timothy will not winter-kill, and it will be found better than dead clover for hay or pasturage.

As it is necessary to sow the clover the year before, in order to have pasture in the early part of the season, my way to grow the best quality of hay, is to pasture my meadow in the spring with sheep, until the middle or twentieth of May; then the weather is warm, and the grass will start up much thicker, and will be of a finer quality, and will make a better quality of hay than a meadow without pasturing. The sheep manure that is left on the ground is a great help to the grass. After the sheep are taken off, I sow two or three bushels of plaster to ten acres.

I have often noticed clover that was not pastured in the spring. The stalks would be scattering, and they would be long and coarse, and would lie lopping and sprawling over the ground, making hard work for the mower. But the opposite is the case when managed as I have stated above. The stalks will grow up even, and be easily cut. I would like to have some of my brother farmers try this plan the coming season, and report the result to the Michigan Farmer.—*A. C. Briggs, in Michigan Farmer.*

EXPEDIENTS FOR INDUCING FRUITFULNESS IN TREES.—In consequence of the soil being too deep, or too rich, or the roots penetrating into the subsoil, or by some other means, causing over luxuriance from a superabundance of sap, trees become barren. Sometimes the cutting off the roots of trees has been the means of causing them to blossom. Removing the decayed, cracked bark from old trees, is said to have a good effect. The same end has been obtained by removing a narrow annular portion of the bark, which is termed ringing; in spring, this process is said both to improve the quality and precocity of the fruit. Ringing, when the blossoms are fully expanded, produces a similar effect by interrupting the descent of the sap.

Stripping off pieces of the bark from the stem and branches, checks luxuriance in pear trees. Renewal of the soil to the roots has often been resorted to with success; where the soil is too rich, a poorer kind may be substituted, and where too poor, a richer. Bending down the branches has also had the desired effect, and has been accounted for by its retarding the flow of the sap.

A good and judicious soil, on a firm, dry bottom, which will prevent the roots from penetrating too deep into the subsoil, with plenty of light and air, and proper pruning, is the only permanent and general mode of inducing fruitfulness. Stunted trees always produce worthless fruit, and should therefore be guarded against as much as possible.—*Ohio Farmer.*

HOW TO RAISE EARLY POTATOES.—Take a box or barrel (a box is best), and cover the bottom with equal parts of stable manure and earth, upon which place the potatoes two or three inches apart, and cover with six inches of the compost. Proceed in this manner until the box or barrel is filled. Next dig out a space in the side of your manure or compost heap, which is fermenting with a moderate heat, and insert the box, and cover with manure. The warmth will start the potatoes, and it is possible, too much so; in which case remove the manure from the top, and water if too dry. They will send out a mass of roots, which will so adhere to the compost in which they are planted, that when the land is prepared, and the temperature will warrant putting in the open ground, they may be taken out singly and transplanted with ease and safety, especially if the whole mass is previously wet. Potatoes started by this method, will be from two to three weeks earlier than those planted in the ordinary manner.—*American Agriculturist.*

SALT BARRELS FOR PRESERVING APPLES.—A correspondent of the Scientific American says: "He purchased five barrels of choice apples, taken from one pile, last autumn, and put them into his cellar. On the 1st of April last, when he came to examine them, those in four of the barrels were mostly all damaged, while those placed in the other barrel were sound—'fresh and good.' What was the cause of the preservation of the apples in this barrel?" Our correspondent says it was a Syracuse salt barrel, and had contained coarse salt, and he believes this was the cause of their immunity from rot. He, at least, can give no other reason. Neither can we.

DANGEROUS ADVICE.—The *Lady* lately stated that housekeepers should know that the acid in rhubarb, gooseberries, and currants may be neutralized by putting a third of a teaspoonful of soda in the fruit without affecting the flavor. All experience shows this information to be worse than useless; for, as the Pittsburgh Post says, fruit prepared in this way should be very carefully thrown out of the window. It is not fit for the table. The immense quantity of soda already used in the culinary department of our household is a serious detriment to the health, and we are sorry that any new use of this too popular alkali should have been suggested.

POTATO YEAST.—Pare, boil, and mash fine, twelve potatoes; stir into these one large cup of sugar, and one cup of boiling water; when cool, add one quart of boiling water, and half a pint or less of yeast; keep it in a warm place about twelve hours, when it will be ready for use. Shake it carefully before using. Always reserve a small quantity of old yeast for raising the new. Bread or cakes made with this yeast never need saleratus, and will rise very quickly. Housekeepers should adopt any new method that will dispense with the use of so unwholesome an article as saleratus.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CURING CLOVER HAY.—Those who have on hand a supply of old dry straw, will do well to use it freely while stowing away clover hay in the barn. By a liberal use of dry straw, the clover need only be partially cured in the field. Alternate layers of clover, hay, and straw, with an occasional sprinkle of salt, will render the whole admirable fodder. The straw, saturated with the juices of the clover, will be eaten with as much relish as the best timothy hay.

VETERINARIAN DEPARTMENT.

CASE OF MAL-FORMED LIMB IN A COLT.—*Dear Sir:* On the morning of April 30th, a valuable mare of mine gave birth to a colt at eleven and a half months. As this mare had, on two previous occasions, brought twins, the first time, when not well watched, saving one of them, and the second time, by being attended to, saved both. I deemed it advisable to look after her at the time of foaling.

On the delivery of the colt, in disengaging it from the membranes, or, as is frequently the termed, the blanks, I discovered that the right fore leg presented a deformity, by being bent at right angles at the pastern joint.

Feeling somewhat disappointed at the result, I gave myself no further trouble in assisting the new comer to obtain nourishment, saying to myself, as the mare appeared to be doing well, "Now, Mr. Colt, you may take your chances, if you can get up and suck, well; if not, all the better." As it was about two o'clock, on retiring to my bed, it occurred to me that this might be a case of what is termed in the human subject, "club foot," and that by the operation of tenotomy the limb might be straightened, and the appropriate means applied for keeping it in place. But, on my next visit in the morning, finding Colty up and smart, walking on the pastern joint, or rather the end of the metacarpal bone, the foot doubled square under towards the other limb; I perceived that, instead of this being caused by contraction of the tendons, it was in fact an ankylosed joint, entirely incapable of being straightened. What added to this *lusus* was, the attachment of a miniature hoof about half way between the pastern joint and true hoof. With this deformity, shortening as it did the limb, to the amount of three inches, still its locomotive powers were sufficient to enable it to follow the dam when walking about.

In every other respect, this was a promising colt, out of a son of Hale's Green Mountain Morgan. But as a specimen of the *genus equus* can hardly be worth preserving, without at least four tolerable legs, and as I have never been able to discover that the command, "Thou shalt not kill," referred to any thing else than one class of bipeds, I allowed there was but one alternative in this case.—Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., May 18th, 1857.—*B. E. Brown, to Am. Veterinary Journal.*

HEAVES IN HORSES.—EXEMPTION AT THE WEST.—The opinion, in this vicinity, is prevalent, that horses never have the heaves in Wisconsin or some other of the Western States, and also that horses taken from Canada or from the East, are perfectly cured in a short time. A friend informed me that the remedy was supposed to be a peculiar kind of weed, but could not state positively. If you or any of your numerous readers will inform me (through your columns) the facts, nature of the weed (if a weed), and whether or no it can be imported with same results, you will oblige me, as well as many other of your readers in Canada.—*Z. B. Lewis, Drummondville, C. W.*

Remarks.—The statements made to our correspondent we believe are correct. The heaves, we think, are unknown at the West. We sojourned several months in Illinois and other Western States last summer, and never saw a horse infected with this disease. A gentleman who raises a great number informed us that he would not consider a horse brought from the East with the heaves of any less value on that account, as pasturing for a month or so on the prairies would insure a cure. This is supposed to be effected by a weed which abounds on most of the prairies called the *Rosir Weed*. It is relished by both horses and cattle, and it is very evident from the manner in which they pick it out of their hay, that they prefer it to the prairie grass. We do not know that this weed has ever been tried here or in Canada. We intended last season to prepare and send home a bale, but circumstances prevented. Here is a fine opening for some enterprising genius to get up a patent horse medicine. We shall only claim five per cent. on the profits for the hint.

TO MANAGE A REARING HORSE.—In the *British Sportsman* we find the following hint respecting the management of a rearing horse, which strikes us as being worthy, as it is easy, of a trial. Whenever you perceive a horse's inclination to rear, separate your reins and prepare for him. The instant he is about to rise, slacken one hand, and bend or twist his head with the other, keeping your hands low. This bending compels him to move a hind leg, and of necessity brings his fore feet down. Instantly twist him completely round two or three times, which will confuse him very much, and completely throw him off his guard. The moment you have finished twisting him round, place his head in the direction you wish to proceed, apply the spurs and he will not fail to go forward. If the situation be convenient, press him into a gallop, and apply the spurs and whip two or three times severely. The horse will not, perhaps, be quite satisfied with the first defeat, but may feel disposed to try again for the mastery. Should this be the case, you have only to twist him, etc., as before, and you will find that in the second struggle he will be more easily subdued than on the former occasion; in fact, you will see him quail under the operation. It rarely happens that a rearing horse, after having been treated in the way described, will resort to this trick a third time.

BE KIND TO YOUR HORSES.—*Mr. Editor.*—I have in the course of my life seen a good many horses; some, too, that were called ugly horses. Now it is my opinion that there is no use of owning what might be called a real ugly horse. Use the whip and spur less, and in their place put kindness. Three grains of kindness are worth all the whips and spurs in the world, in breaking a colt. There are a great many horses injured for want of kindness. This, I am sure, no one will pretend to deny. For instance, a man has a colt to break. The colt has never been handled. The man, with several others to help him, drives the colt into the stable. He then forces a bit into his mouth, and if there is one among them that dares, he jumps upon his back, well armed with a stout whip, and very often a spur; these he does not forget to use. He chings to the colt's back as long as he is able, but is finally thrown off. He tries again, and again, until, completely exhausted, the colt is obliged to yield; that is, for the time being. Is this the way to break colts? No, to be sure it is not. The golden rule would apply as well here as anywhere. So be kind to your horses, my gentle friends.—*Ohio Cultivator.* W. H. L.

FOOT EVIL, OR "RUN ROUND," ON A HORSE'S FOOT.—*Editors Southern Cultivator:* Take soft soap and stir in fine salt, spread it on a rag three inches wide, and twelve inches long, and smear it on the hoof, so that the diseased part be covered, and over this sew a slip of osenburgh four inches wide, so as to be securely arranged. Put on fresh soap and salt, and clean legs every twenty-four hours. It is a never failing remedy. I have stepped the disease so quick, that it only extended an inch long. It will also cure the scratches. DICKLEBEE.

CHOLIC IN HORSES.—Dissolve, in a quart of pure water, as much salt as will thoroughly saturate the liquid, and drench the animal thoroughly until you discover symptoms of relief. This is a simple and successful remedy, and has been applied in case of bots.

The American Turf.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

NASHVILLE, TENN.....Match for \$5000, between Thos. G. Bacon's two year old Albion colt, and Wm. Roundtree's Kiffy Bynum, by Glencoe, mile heats.

KENTUCKY TURF.

LOUISVILLE RACES, OAKLAND COURSE.

THE RACES over the Oakland Course commenced on Tuesday of last week, and closed on Friday. We annex the results that have reached us:

FIRST DAY.

TUESDAY, June 2d. Two mile heats.

Col. Barton's Jack Gamble, 5 years old, by Wagner, dam by Teanby..... 1 1

SECOND DAY.

Mile heats for a purse of \$150.

J. C. Chinn's b c, 3 yrs old, by Yorkshire, dam by Glencoe..... 1 1

THIRD DAY.

THURSDAY, June 4th.—Purse \$150, mile heats, 3 in 5.

James Ford enters br h Charley Morehead, 5 yrs old, by Glencoe, dam by Sld Hamet..... 1 1 8 1

FOURTH DAY.

Purse \$400. Three mile heats.

Col. Campbell's Laura Spilman, 5 yrs old, by Wagner, dam Glorvina, by Industry..... 1 1

—Louisville Courier.

THE LATE RACES IN KY. AND ON LONG ISLAND.

BY OBSERVER.

Now that the spring campaign is over—concluded lately in Kentucky and at Long Island—it appears that "some of the same sort are left," as their illustrious predecessors, Lexington in one State, Fashion in the other.

7:40—7:43. equal 15:23, 1st race. 7:39—7:44. equal 15:23½, 2d race.

Engineer, by Revenue, out of Boston's dam (the renowned Andrewetta), has run the three mile heats in time believed to have been but twice surpassed on Long Island (and that by Boston, three miles in 5:36½, and by Blue Dick, also on the Union Course, in which the first heat was run in 5:38); has, with ease, won both three mile heats in 5:42½, and the next day won a race of two mile heats, again beating a fine field, in time unequalled on Long Island, whether for one or more heats—"3:42½ 3:43½—3:45½"—time rarely equalled either at New Orleans or Lexington, where the fastest races are now a days run.

In the stud, Glencoe still sways the sceptre, though threatened with dethronement by Sovereign or Revenue. It will be recollected Glencoe is a contemporary of the monarch of the Turf in England, the venerable and renowned Touchstone.

ITEMS.—Virginia has had her fair share of triumphs at the late Fashion meeting, Engineer, by Revenue, winning the 3 and 2 m. h., beating capital fields, in first-rate time, as was S. W.'s, also by Revenue, though beaten by N. 1st.

By the way, you have been very fair in your notice and conclusions about the great Eclipse match race. Only two days ago, the venerable Gen. Gibson, of the Army, told me that he saw that race, and that it was very close to the end, Henry carrying 112 lbs. the third heat, 4 lbs. over the weight thou, 8 lbs. now (though not quite, in fact, 4 yrs. old), as it was thought necessary to match Purdy with Arthur Taylor, who could ride no less weight.

If I understand the pedigree of Blink Bonny, it could scarcely be improved—with suitable crossing too—got by the great getter of winners, Melbourne (sire to the first-rate St. Leger and Derby winners, West Australian and Sir Tatton Sykes, also to Canozou, second to Surplice for the St. Leger, &c., &c.), dam by the renowned Gladiator (both on the Turf and in the stud, who ran second in the Derby to Bay Middleton, beating Venison), grand dam by another renowned Derby winner, Plenipotentiary, beating Glencoe, great grand dam Whalebone, a more famed Derby winner, on account of his great progeny.

I am not sure, however, that this is a correct pedigree—it is given at length in another column; but it seems Blink Bonny, the only winner of both Derby and Oaks, besides Eleanor, some thirty years since, is the best 3 yr. old of 1857.

TORONTO SPRING RACES.—These races will come off on the three days commencing with the 30th June. The Toronto course is now under the control of the new club, and active measures have been taken to make the meeting a good one.

TROTTING IN PHILADELPHIA.

STELLA AND GENERAL DARCY AT OXFORD PARK.

PHILADELPHIA, June 22d, 1857.

DEAR SPIRIT:—On Tuesday last I paid my first visit to the Oxford Park Association's grounds, it being an occasion of a trial of speed between those two New York celebrities, General Darcy and Stella, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for which the Association gave a handsome premium to the winner.

In the distribution of finances, Darcy had the call generally before the start at considerable advantages. In the toss he won the pole. About the time they were called up, the sun shone out beautifully, and the afternoon bid fair to be all that could be desired.

as they moved down the stretch to start for the

First Heat.—A beautiful start. Around the turn Darcy drew away about a length, and kept it to near the first quarter, when the mare rallied a little, and planted her nose at his saddle. In this position they went down the back side, but near the third quarter Stella broke badly, and Darcy turned into the stretch full five lengths ahead.

Second Heat.—To those who were not familiar with the recorded efforts of Stella, it seemed a sure thing for the horse, but a few of the knowing ones, who read PORTER'S SPIRIT regularly, felt very confident that all was not yet lost, and any little concessions that were offered by Darcy's friends, were freely embraced.

Third Heat.—A great change had now taken place in the condition of affairs, and what before seemed sparkling jewels, was now only rough sand stones. Stella's friends were jubilant, whilst Darcy's admirers clung to him with a tenacity which exhibited more of hope than confidence.

Fourth Heat.—There is a passage in one of the old songs sung by the "cullid persuasion," which says that "doubtful things are mighty onartin," and the truth of it was now especially manifest to the friends of Darcy. The admirers of Stella were excessively elated, and flocked around her like bees around a sugar hogshead.

Fifth Heat.—Both horses were now taken to the stable, and Mr. Tallman requested to have the race postponed till Saturday, as the track was so very slippery he was fearful of injuring his mare. No opposition was made to this by McLaughlin, but the judges decided to have the race finished at once, believing that it would give more general satisfaction.

SUMMARY.

PREMIUM FOR SPEED.—TUESDAY, June 16.—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness. D. Tallman's b m Stella..... 2 1 1 0 1

The Oxford Park is owned and under the care of a large number of our most enterprising citizens, who are doing every thing in their power to make it a successful undertaking. Their grounds are large, and well located in many respects. The track is good, but not a first-rate one. The home stretch is a very fine one, but there are two or three very sharp turns, and, at present, more than a third of the track is obscured from the judges' stand, which will account for my not giving the time of the quarters.

On Saturday last, there was another trial between the same horses; mile heats, best three in five, to wagons. Rain had fallen almost constantly from Tuesday until Saturday morning, and the track was in a most wretched condition, being fetlock deep in mud in many places. Owing to this fact, the attendance was very slim. About noon, on Saturday, the weather became clear and warm, and during the race we were once more

and the wind came "Canopied by the blue sky,"

and had "Breathed upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor."

The success of the mare the previous trial, had made her greatly the favorite, notwithstanding the increased weight attached to her, and large accommodations were offered by her friends, which those who supported Darcy were too fearful to appreciate, excepting to a very limited extent.

First Heat.—A good start. Around the first turn, the mare began to gain, and was soon a length ahead, which she increased until after passing the first quarter, when she broke, and Darcy got a neck ahead of her, but soon after broke badly, and the mare, after having caught, got away from him several lengths, which he was unable to overcome, and Stella won the heat with ease in 2:40½.

Second Heat.—The calmness which confidence usually inspires was now predominant, and little was said or done against the success of Stella, for, unless she fell down, it was a sure thing that she would win. Some few transactions occurred, at heavy advantages, that Darcy would win the heat, but none that he would win the race. At the call, both horses came up, and, at the second attempt, got the word, the mare leading about half a length.

Third Heat.—All was quiet now. It was a field of wheat to a peck of corn that Stella would win, and the only anxiety expressed was to see the race out. A beautiful start. Soon after receiving the word, Darcy broke badly, and lost fully thirty yards; before reaching the quarter, he broke again, and the story was told, as the mare won the heat easily in 2:45.

SUMMARY:

SATURDAY, June 20, 1857.—PREMIUM FOR SPEED.—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons. D. Tallman's b m Stella..... 1 1 1

As the Point Breeze Park Association is a private stock company, reports which get out, in regard to transactions upon their grounds, are not generally reliable. The Board of Directors having selected me to give such information as the public is interested in, you will confer a favor by not publishing any reports of trots, &c., unless emanating from

Yours truly, Two Ten. My regards to "that 'ere" JOE MUGGINS'S DOG. When next we meet, he shall have a tenderloin steak—rare.

TROTTING ON LONG ISLAND.

CENTREVILLE COURSE.—Mile heats, under the saddle, for \$2000.—A match, on the above conditions, came off on Thursday of last week, between Rose of Washington and Tacony, which was cleverly won by the mare, in short order, taking the two heats in 2:30 and 2:31. In this the knowing ones were let in the hole, as they had backed Tacony previous to the start. The secret of this was, that one of Rose's trainers had proved "leaky," and let the secret out, that the mare was not in good condition, judging from her performance in private.

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I., THURSDAY, June 18.—Trotting match, \$2000, mile heats, under the saddle. W. Peabody named b m Rose of Washington..... 1 1

SAME COURSE—SAME DAY.—Purse and stake, \$850, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness. D. Piffier's r g Capt. Henry..... received forfeit.

UNION COURSE, THURSDAY, June 18.—Match for \$400, mile heats, and repeat to wagons. Mr. Henderson's br g Bill..... received forfeit.

SATURDAY, 20th.—Mile heats, for \$2000, best 3 in 5; vehicle and driver to weigh 300 lbs.—This match was made for stallions, to trot in harness, for \$2000, mile heats. It has been long on the tapis, and excited much interest among the patrons of the trotting course. The stallions were Sarsaparilla (owned in New Jersey), and Plough Boy, by Black Hawk (owned and bred on

Long Island). At the start, Plough Boy was the favorite, at about \$100 to \$50, but after the first heat, 2 to 1 was offered on Sarsaparilla. The race was closely contested, and, considering the weight carried, or rather dragged, the time was good. The following is the summary of the judges.

Table listing names of horses and their owners, such as H. Woodruff named ch h Sarsaparilla, with associated numbers and times.

CENTREVILLE COURSE, TUESDAY, June 23.—Purse and stake, \$200, mile heats, in harness.

Table listing names of horses and owners for the Centreville Course race, including H. Woodruff names by Frank Dickenson.

They went off after one false start, and a good one. Before reaching the first turn, Hiram's colt made a wild dash for the field, and came near jerking him out of his sulkey, which would have given him a big fall. But the old boy was around. He had him well in hand, and consequently landed him again in straight work, having lost nearly eighty yards by the bolt, Topsey a long way ahead, and at the top of her gait, nearing the half mile post. Hiram had nearly closed the gap, and on the lower turn was yoked on to the mare; getting to the draw gate, Frank out-footed the mare, and came home a winner, by two lengths, in 2:55.

Second Heat.—Frank went off at the word, and won the heat at his ease, in 2:55. Betting: 3 minutes had the call at even, and freely taken.

UNION COURSE, MONDAY, June 22.—Match for \$600, mile heats, to harness.

Table listing names of horses and owners for the Union Course match, including H. Woodruff names blk g Black Bill.

SAME DAY.—Purse of \$75, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

Table listing names of horses and owners for the same day race, including H. Woodruff's b m Queen Dido.

TROTTING AT ST. LOUIS.

ABBEY TRACK, June 18th.—Match for \$500, in harness, mile heats, 3 in 5. This was a match between the well known mare Belle of the West, and the horse Gray Jim. A good deal of excitement and expectation existed in relation to it, and a very large attendance was on the ground. There is little about the race to describe. It was won in three straight heats by the mare.—Time: 2:56—3:01—2:59.

THE TRENTON QUARTER RACE.

To THE EDITOR OF PORTER'S SPIRIT: Dear Sir:—I notice in your issue of the 20th, a corrected report (as he alleges), from J. F. D., of Rahway, New Jersey, of the match between Roan Poll and the Great Bacchus colt. But his statement needs correction. He says that it was evident to those present, who were at all observant, that the friends of the mare were afraid to run Bacchus for the amount of a feed of oats, much less the sum named, and that they were indirectly the cause of the authorities at Trenton interfering with the race. I will simply answer that this statement is not true.

He further states, that while I had due respect for the laws of New Jersey, I was willing to go on the Pennsylvania side, where the laws are much more stringent. It is true I was willing to run them anywhere. But if I. F. D. thinks my object was to take some undue advantage of the Bacchus party, he is much mistaken. The only advantage I had or asked of them, was given me by the breeder of this Roan mare, and that is more speed—and they know it, as their treatment to me on that occasion plainly showed. As I gave Mr. Kuney, the owner of Bacchus, the choice of five different tracks, three of which are chartered for trials of speed, he declined accepting any; consequently, I have no hope of ever meeting this would-be champion Bacchus, with his owner as his backer, against Poll; though it may be that Mr. J. F. D., of Rahway, New Jersey, as he has made such misrepresentations of this match, will back this horse against Poll, and if so, he can accept my proposition of the 13th in your paper. To put a stop to all newspaper controversy, I will match Roan Poll against any horse, mare, or gelding, 440 yards, catch weight, to be run over the Union or Centreville Tracks, Long Island; a good day and a good track. To be run any day from the 1st September to the 1st of December, 1857, for their own sum. If Mr. J. F. D. will unveil himself, and avow his proper name, when and where to be seen, I would be happy to call on him.

Very respectfully, &c., TAYLOR INGRAM.

No. 1,219 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BILLIARD MATCH FOR \$1,000 A SIDE.

786 & 789 BROADWAY, June 22d, 1857.

To THE EDITORS OF PORTER'S SPIRIT.—I see, by a card in the last number of your paper, that Mr. Ralph Benjamin states that he only accepted the match at billiards, to play on one of my tables, because I would play on no other. Now, the truth is, Mr. Benjamin accepted no match at all, but proposed to play me on one of my tables, if I would give him the large odds agreed upon, which proposition I accepted. This statement can be proved by the negotiator of the match.

Mr. Benjamin has seen fit to make several erroneous assertions with regard to the pending match, which I am tired of contradicting, and I would refer all persons, desirous of knowing the facts of the case, to the Juice number of "The Billiard Cue."

Mr. Benjamin's asserted preference for any other cushions than mine, can easily be accounted for, from the fact that he, being a manufacturer of old foggy tables, wishes to create an unfavorable impression in the market, regarding my improvements, which have received such encomiums from billiard players generally, throughout the country.

Yours truly, MICHAEL PHELAN.

DEATH OF WILLARD REED.—A letter from Sparrowbush, Orange Co., under date of May 19th, informs us that WILLARD P. REED, well known upon the Trotting Turf of New York and Philadelphia, died at the above-named place on the 18th inst., at the age of fifty years.

The English Turf.

THE GOODWOOD CUP.

THE FULL ENTRY OF HORSES, AND THE AGE OF EACH, AND THE WEIGHTS, MADE UP TO 10, A. M., JUNE 11TH.

Table listing horse names, ages, and weights for the Goodwood Cup, including Early Bird, Pole Star, Mary, Rogerthorpe, Fazzoletto, Fisherman, Pretty Boy, Artillery, Parot, Nonarque, Kestrel, Melissa, Eachanter, Zigzag, Viscount, Favourite, Colt by the Flying Dutchman, St. Giles, Gemma di Vergy, Anton, Blue Jacket, Wardermarske, Sir Colin, Riseber, Sneeze, Zaidce, Sprig of Shillelagh, Mongrel, Zuyder Zee, Sweet William, Dulcamara, Gunboat, The Flying Englishman, Gaberlunzie, Lord of the Hills, Filly by Sweetmeat, Hetman Platoff, Orlisina, Arta, Florin, Potoeki.

THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING.

By the steamer Persia, we have a summary of the proceedings of the first three days (9th, 10th, and 11th June), of the Royal Ascot Meeting. We have no details beyond the fact, that the Queen graced the Cup Day with her royal presence. The following are the names of the winners of the various stakes, and the horses which came in second:

ASCOT RACES.—TUESDAY.

Table listing Ascot races and winners, including Trial Stakes, Ascot Derby Stakes, Ascot Stakes, Gold Vase, First Ascot Biennial Stakes, Seventh Ascot Triennial Stakes.

WEDNESDAY.

Table listing Wednesday races and winners, including Coronation Stakes, Windsor Castle Stakes, Royal Hunt Cup, Handicap Plate, Sweepstakes, Fernhill Stakes.

THURSDAY.

Table listing Thursday races and winners, including Fifty Sovs. Sweepstakes, Handicap Sweepstakes, Ascot Gold Cup, New Stakes.

It will be seen that Blink Bonny was a winner here again. We shall next week give the details and the time.

TIME OF THE EPSOM RACES.

The following is the time of the various races run at the recent Epsom Meeting:

FIRST DAY—Tuesday, 26th May.

Table listing Epsom race results for the first day, including Craven Stakes, Manor Plate, Rous Stakes, The Vigil, Woodcote Stakes, Heathcote Plate.

SECOND DAY.

Table listing Epsom race results for the second day, including Epsom Town Plate, The Derby Stakes, The Bentinck Handicap, The Epsom Cup, The Durdane Stakes.

THIRD DAY.

Table listing Epsom race results for the third day, including Epsom Four Year Old Stakes, The Two Year Old Stakes, Her Majesty's Plate, The Grand Stand Handicap Plate, The Selling Stakes, The Cobham Handicap Plate.

FOURTH DAY.

Table listing Epsom race results for the fourth day, including The Railway Plate Handicap, The Oaks Stakes, The Glasgow Handicap Plate, The Fourth Great Surrey Foal Stakes, The Derby and Oaks Stakes, The Paddock Plate.

NEW JERSEY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual fall meeting of this Association will be held this year at the city of New Brunswick, during the four days, commencing with the 29th of September.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DEAD SECRET. By Wilkie Collins. A new novel, from the press of Miller & Curtis, successors to Dix, Edwards & Co., N. Y. MINIGO. No. 32 of Harper's inimitable children's story books. Price 50 cents. TENT LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND. By Wm. C. Prime, author of "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," "The Old House by the River," "Later Years," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. A very agreeable book of Eastern travel and adventure, and neatly got up.

VERSE MEMORIALS. By Mirabeau C. Lamar. New York: published by W. P. Frettridge & Co. This is a very elegant volume of poems, written during the leisure hours of the ex-President of Texas, and now presented in connected form for the first time. Some of the pieces are of considerable merit, and would do credit to an established poetical reputation.

NEW MUSIC. We have received from the enterprising house of Wm. Hall & Son, No. 283 Broadway, a number of newly-issued musical gems, among which is a barcarole, "Merrily, Merrily, Over the Sea," by W. V. Wallace; "All for the Best," song and chorus; and No. 7 of Ballads, arranged for the Guitar, "Where Shall We Meet?" No. 5 of "Ricardo Linter Quadrilles;" Nos. 5, 6, and 7 of "Progressive Parlo Rondos," very useful, especially to beginners; No. 1 and 2 of "Dix Morceaux," by H. A. Wollenhaupt; "Schottish Pompadour," by Alphonse Leduc; and a grand Waltz, "La Brune Hironnelle," by G. Marcellhon.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL. This admirable travelling companion is well got up, in all the varied departments of utility and ornament; and we should think that no tourist could do without it.—D. Appleton & Co., 346 Broadway.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER'S GUIDE; or, Complete Fisher's Manual for the United States; with the various modes adopted in Ocean, River, Lake, and Pond Fishing; the usual of Tackle and Baits required; instructions in the art of making artificial flies; methods of making fish ponds; transportation of fish, &c.

This book is beautifully published, and its contents are varied, and address themselves to the disciples of gentle old Isaac Walton.—Published by the same house.

ADAM GRAYNE OF MOSSGATE. By the Author of Zaidce.—Garrett, Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street, N. Y.

Our American sisters are happy in the choice of titles, at least for the novels; and Mrs. Oliphant has baptized her blue garmented baby with a pretty name. The work is spoken of by the Press with commendation.

PRESERVATION OF FISH.—If we desire to have the fish in our waters preserved, until they are in a condition to afford sport to the angler, we should imitate the example of the English authorities, and enforce some rules and regulations especially against the use of nets. On the Thames, there is a portion of the river near Slopperton set apart for the preservation of the spawn and fry of the fish; and a man, being detected in using a casting-net recently, was fined \$10, besides the costs, or six weeks imprisonment.

MARKETS.

CATTLE, GAME, MEAT, POULTRY, FRUITS, &c.

(PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR PORTER'S SPIRIT.)

The cattle markets are pretty fairly supplied, this week, considering the weather; and the demand is not great, as for the last few weeks past. Prices receded a shade; but, for the best qualities, last week's quotations may be given as the standard rates. Lambs are getting plentiful, but the poorer sorts predominate. There are more sheep arriving, but the quality of most of them is of a low grade.

RETAIL PRICES.

Table listing retail prices for various goods including Beef, Mutton, Pork, Game, Poultry, Fish, and Fruits, with prices in cents and dollars.

The money market has improved, and the payment of the half yearly dividends had a tendency to increase the supply. The transactions at the stock exchange are limited, with rather a downward tendency.

BREADSTUFFS.—In consequence of the recent advices from Europe by the Persia, all kinds of flour and grain have an upward tendency. We annex quotations: State, common to good, \$6 20 a 6 80; do choice super to common extra, 6 85 a 6 50; do fair to choice extra, 6 60 a 6 80; Ohio and Western inferior to good super, 6 20 a 6 50; do de choice extra, 7 50 a 8 50; Canada, extra, 7 00 a 9 00.

WHEAT.—There is some inquiry for export, but with limited receipts there is but little doing—the principal sales being for city millers.

CORN.—Is rather firmer, with good Eastern demand; sales 25,000 bushels a 78c for Western mixed distilling.

OATS.—Buyers are coming forward more freely, and oats are firmer.

HAY.—Is sold as it arrives, at 70c for good to prime shipping lots.

HOPS.—The market is not active, but holders are very firm at 9c for first sorts to prime. Advices from the country describe the vine in some districts as being much injured, and from all parts of Europe the news, as regards the growing crop, is unpromising. The duty, in England, is variously estimated at £110,000 to £180,000.

HIDES.—Subsequent to our last review, holders, under the influence of the late brisk trade, have advanced their views, but buyers do not feel disposed to submit to the advance.

FIRE CRACKERS.—In anticipation of the coming National jobbers are doing a fair business, though somewhat restricted by the idleness of the workers.

OFFICE CHIEF ENGINEER FIRE DEPARTMENT.

21 ELIZABETH STREET, New York, May 26th, 1857.

The undersigned, calls the attention of the firemen to the following list of buildings, which have been examined, and pronounced unsafe by the Board of Fire Wardens:

- Albany street, No. 20—Amos street, No. 110—Ann street, Nos. 45, 74—Barclay street, Nos. 47, 94, 95, 100, 102, 104—Baxter street, No. 41—Bleecker street, No. 243—Bowery, No. 119—Beekman street, Nos. 24, 24—Broadway, Nos. 256, 374 (rear), 377, City Hotel buildings, corner of Cedar and Thames streets—Catharine street, Nos. 24, 24—Cedar street, Nos. 4, 108—Cherry street, No. 147—Courtlandt street, No. 10—Chambers street, Nos. 84, 114—Duane street, Nos. 6, 118, 142, 144—East Broadway, No. 76—Elm street, Nos. 121, 123, 125—Eighth street, Nos. 327, 329—Eleventh street, Nos. 217, 221, 223, 227, 259, 261—East Thirteenth street, No. 215—East Fourteenth street, five five-story brown stone dwellings, near Third Avenue, East side—East Sixteenth street, No. 177—East Eighteenth street, Nos. 242, 244, 246—East Nineteenth street, No. 210—Fulton Market buildings—Fourth street, No. 259—Forsyth street, No. 156—Fifth street, No. 315—Greenwich street, Nos. 29, 36, 53, 63, 67, 79, 101, 113, 164, 179—Howard street, Nos. 39, 41—Horatio street, No. 130—Jacob street, Nos. 11, 13, 15, 21, 23, 25—Leonard street, Nos. 136, 138, 140—Lewis street, No. 225—Liberty street, Nos. 138, 142—Market street, N. E. cor. Water—Mercer street, No. 107—Mulberry street, N. E. cor. Canal—Mott street, Nos. 216, 218, 253, 292, 293—Nassau street, Nos. 52, 84, 86—Ninth street, Nos. 349, 351—Pearl street, Nos. 340, 346, 390, 477—Peck Slip, Nos. 39, 40, 42—Pine street, Nos. 25, 27—Pike street, No. 81—Reade street, Nos. 36, 61—Roosevelt street, No. 34—South street, Nos. 96, 116—North West cor. South and James street—Spruce street, Nos. 2, 4, 18—Twelfth street, Nos. 434, 429—Water street, Nos. 22, 142, 413—Washington street, Nos. 5, 21, 23, 31, 35, 71, 87, 89, 102, 123, 160, 162, 79—Worth street, Nos. 51, 53, 55—Wooster street, No. 73—North East cor. West and Albany streets—North East cor. West and Cedar streets—West Sixteenth street, cor. Ninth avenue—West Seventeenth street, Nos. 40, 71, 140—West Twenty-ninth street, No. 353—West Thirtieth street, Nos. 126, 152—West Thirty-first street, Nos. 129, 131—West Thirty-second street, Nos. 63, 106—West Thirty-third street, Nos. 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137—West Thirty-fourth street, Nos. 303, 305 (green)—West Fortieth street, No. 284—Seventh avenue, Nos. 454, 425, 426, 428, 430—Ninth avenue, No. 5194—North East cor. First avenue and Ninth street—Avenue A, No. 93—Avenue C, Nos. 134, 135, 138—Cor. Sixteenth street and Sixth avenue, Johnson & Green's Hair Factory—Cor. Twenty-sixth street and Seventh avenue, north east cor.—Cor. Twenty-seventh street and Broadway, marble saw mill.

HENRY H. HOWARD, CHIEF ENGINEER

New York Fire Department.

BREWSTER & CO., CARRIAGE MAKERS,

372 & 374 Broome street, and 175 & 177 Mott street, NEW YORK.

HAVING LATELY ERECTED THE LARGEST AND BEST APPOINTED Carriage Factory in New York, would invite the attention of gentlemen to the great variety of vehicles, in new and elegant designs, now being manufactured under their personal care, and adapted for use in Town and Country.

Including Hammer-Cloth Coaches, Landaus, Berlinnes, Calaches, Coupes, Barouches, Brettes, Rockaways, Phaetons, Dog-Carts, Park-Wagons, Jaunting-Cars, Trotting-Wagons, and other fancy carriages for the road; and manufacturing *Archives work only*, gentlemen residing out of the city, entrusting their orders to us by mail or otherwise, may rely upon their being executed in the best possible manner. Particular attention will be given to packing and shipping for distant points, and procuring freights at the lowest rates.

HENRY BREWSTER, JAS. W. LAWRENCE, JNO. W. BRITTON.

[28Feb-6m]

AGENCY IN WASHINGTON CITY, OPPOSITE THE Treasury Department.—The Subscriber, the Mayor of Georgetown, D. C., for the last twelve years, offers his services to the public in prosecuting claims before Congress or the Executive Department.

He will also give prompt attention to any business of a kindred character which may be entrusted to him. When necessary, he will be aided by friends of influence, and a gentleman of great legal ability.

HENRY ADDISON,

Washington, D. C., 1st May, 1855.

REFERENCES.—Hon. Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana; Hon. William H. Seward, of New York; William W. Corcoran, Esq.; and Hon. W. W. Beaton, of Washington, D. C.

[86-1f]

LITERARY AGENCY.—THE SUBSCRIBER CONTINUES HIS Agency for Authors. Manuscripts (which should be forwarded by Express, and prepaid) are received and read. An opinion is then expressed as to their merits, and they are, if such be the desire of their authors, submitted to publishers.

Books, and works of art and science, are also purchased for private individuals and public institutions. Address,

PARK BENJAMIN, 47 Seventh Avenue, corner 14th street, New York City.

[36-1f]

BARRY & PATTEN, IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Wines, Liquors, &c., 114 & 116 Montgomery-st., San Francisco, California. [177 6m]

J. E. AYRES, LIGHT CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. Repairing in all its branches, done in the best manner, on reasonable terms. Orders may be addressed by mail. [22-1f]

REMOVAL OF BELL'S INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.—R. A. BELL has removed his office from No. 99 Leonard street, "The Old Carlton House," to No. 70 White street, 4th door east of Broadway. [37-1f]

WOODBURN STUD FARM.—NEAR SPRING STATION, WOODFORD COUNTY, KY.—Lexington by Boston, dam Alice Carneal, by Imp. Sarpedon, at \$100 the season. Seythian, Imp., by Orlando; dam Seythian, by Hetman Platoff, at \$75 the season.

These horses will serve a limited number of mares, besides those of their own, during the season of 1857, at Woodburn Stud Farm, on the terms above named, the money due when the mare is served, and to be paid before those from a distance are removed.

Mares bred to either of these horses not proving in foal, may be sent back to him the next following year, free of charge.

Arrangements have been completed for keeping mares, from year to year, in any manner desired by their owners.

For terms, or other information, application may be made to the manager, Mr. J. CLINTON, Spring Station, Woodford Co., Ky.

I propose to give two pieces of plate, value \$500, to be run for by colts and fillies, the get of Seythian and Lexington, during the season of 1857; the race to come off in June, after the colts are three years old.

For particulars, apply as above, or to the proprietor, A. ATCHINSON ALEXANDER.

Spring Station is on the Lexington and Frankfort Railway, ten miles from Frankfort. [dec27f]

ANIMAL PORTRAITS.—THE SUBSCRIBER HAS THE honor to announce to the public that he is now prepared to receive orders for painting the likenesses of all kinds of animals, true to nature. He is permitted to refer to the editors of Porter's Spirit of the Times. Orders can be left at this office, where specimens can be seen. [84-1f] W. F. ATTWOOD.

TRY WELLING'S ALTERNATIVE AND CONDITION POWDERS for Horses. For sale by A. H. DUNSCOMBE, 565 Broadway, Metropolitan Hotel, New York. [82-1]

FIRST PREMIUM PIANOS.—SCHEUTZ & LUDOLFF, 452 Broome street, N. Y., have constantly on hand a superior assortment of Pianos, of their own manufacture, equal to any Grand Piano in volume of tone and elasticity of touch, combined with the greatest firmness. All Pianos warranted. S. & L. are permitted to refer to Messrs. M. Strakosch, A. Gockel, Paul Jullien, Mr. Mason, Mrs. Seguin, and Mrs. C. Pozzoni. Purchasers are requested to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. Terms liberal. [83-3m]

MILD SEGARS FOR SUMMER SMOKING.—ZAVALA & Co., 259 Broadway (corner Reade Street), have for sale, in large and small quantities, Manila (Ceylon) and Segars, of superior quality. Also Havana Segars, at wholesale and retail. [42]

MEALIO'S SPRING STYLE FOR 1857, NOW READY. Please call and examine. 416 Broadway, corner Canal street. [27-1f]

TO THEATRICALS.—THE UNDERSIGNED TAKES THIS opportunity to inform the Theatrical and Operatic profession, that he is now in this city, and prepared to receive proposals for engagements from talent of acknowledged ability. Further particulars may be ascertained by addressing the subscriber, at PORTER'S SPIRIT office, No. 84 Broadway. T. MAGUIRE.

Proprietor McGuire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal. NEW YORK, June 1, 1857. [40-1f]

BILLIARD-BALLS.—A NEW ARTICLE OF IVORY BILLIARD-BALLS, thirty per cent less than Ivory, one set of which will last longer than two of the ordinary Balls; are very superior to Ivory, both as to quality and durability, and of the same weight and elasticity. They will not abrade, and will never want re-coloring. For sale by WM. M. WELLING, 480 Broome street, New York, Sole Manufacturer in the United States. [40-09]

TO HORSEMEN.

WELLING'S WORM, DIURETIC, AND CONDITION POWDERS, for Horses. These Powders are gently laxative, and are designed as an excellent alternative, where there is a predisposition to costiveness or general derangement of the system. They are valuable in *Inflammation of the Lungs*, and in every *Catarrhal Affection*; are also an excellent adjunct for the expulsion of *Worms*.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify, that we have used Welling's Worm, Diuretic, and Condition Powders for Horses, as also his Compound Arnica Liniment, and being engaged in a business requiring many horses in constant employ, have had a fair opportunity to test the merits of each, and we unhesitatingly recommend them to the public, as being the very best preparations for the several uses, now ordered for sale in this or any other State.

J. N. Gifford, Hudson River R. R. Stables, New York; Gilbert Bowne, Polham; C. V. Brooks, Harlem; Geo. W. Sherman, R. Reynolds, contractors for hauling cars; Andrew Reesoner, Agent, Hudson River R. R., 81st street, New York; J. B. Devoe, at Porter's Spirit office; Stephen Odell, East Chester.

Manufactured only by S. G. WELLING, Sole Proprietor, New Rochelle, Westchester Co., N. Y. For sale, wholesale and retail, by ALEX. H. DUNSCOMBE, 565 Broadway, N. Y.

WILD IRISHMAN WILL STAND THE PRESENT SEASON, at my stables, corner of First avenue and 114th street, Harlem. Wild Irishman was got by Imp. Glencoe, dam Mary Morris, by Medoc; was foaled in June, 1850, in Kentucky; owned by Jno. Harper.

Mary Morris' dam: Miss Obstinate, by Sumpter, dam by Tiger, g. d. Imp. Buzzard, g. d. Imp. Eaton's Columbus, g. g. d. Imp. Col. Hampton's Paragon, g. g. d. by Miss-Figaro, g. g. g. d. of Shamerkin mare, by Imp. Wildair, out of Imp. Cub mare, who was the first Imp. Arabian mare in this country. Eaton's Columbus was by Imp. Pantaloon, out of Lady Northumberland. Mary Morris, the dam of Wild Irishman, and Frankfort, is out of Miss Obstinate, and by Medoc.

Having been solicited by a large number of gentlemen, in different sections of the country, I have been induced to breed Wild Irishman, this season, to a limited number of mares. He is 15 1/2 hands high, a very rich deep bay, with black legs, mane, and tail, without white, and one of the most perfectly formed race horses to be found in the country, and one of the best race horses, as his performances prove, by reference to the American Turf Register, and New York Spirit of the Times.

He has challenged any horse in the world, for the past two years, for \$5,000 each race, at one, two, three, and four miles, single dash.

Application may be made, or information obtained, by addressing the subscriber, at PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES office. J. B. DEVOE.

LIVE OAK GEORGE WILL STAND AT JERSEYVILLE, Ill., at \$25 the season. He was by Black Hawk, of Vermont, dam by Brown Messenger. [82-1f] JOHN FROST.

YOUNG ANDREW JACKSON, THE BEST BRED TROT-ting stallion in the world, half brother to New York Black and Lemble Jackson, will stand at the Andrew Jackson Stock Co.'s stable, at La Salle, Ill., at \$50 the season. [25-9f]

HALF BRED HORSE "TIPPO" THE SIRE OF TACONY. Tippo by Imp. Tippo Sultan, out of Canadian Morgan Mare; she has trotted in 2:35—will stand at the stable of John Shepard, Westfield, Mass., at \$15 the season. [40-11] R. DALTON, V. S.

TROTTING HORSE FOR SALE.—A VERY STYLISH trotting horse, 15 1/2 hands high, between seven and eight years old, warranted sound and kind, a pleasant driver, and can show 2:33 in harness. Inquire at the office of this paper. [37-1f]

REVENUE, BY TRUSTEE, OUT OF ROSALIE SOMERS, R. by Sir Charles, will stand at the Fashion Course, L. I., at \$100 the season. [28-1f] P. C. BUSH.

OLD BLACK HAWK'S PLACE MADE GOOD.—I TAKE pleasure in informing the Breeders of American Trotting Horses, that I have succeeded very satisfactorily in making good the place of the late famous Vermont Black Hawk, having purchased his promising son, Rip Van Winkle. This horse is a beautiful black color, with small, white stripe in the face, and fore feet a little white. He will be five years old July 18th next. Stands full 15 1/2 hands high, and weighs 1650 pounds.

His dam was Lady Taylor, a beautiful bay mare, 15 1/2 hands high, and 1050 pounds weight, owned by J. W. Taylor, of Potsdam, New York, but was sent to Vermont Black Hawk, by Messrs. Thurber and Smith, of Champlain, New York, and the foal (Rip Van Winkle) sold, when quite young, to Mr. E. A. North, of Champlain, New York, of whom I purchased him, May 21st, 1857. Lady Taylor was by the thorough-bred horse Knickerbocker, brought from Kentucky to Potsdam, New York. He was celebrated for his running and walking, having won several matches at both. The dam of Lady Taylor was a Gray Messenger mare, owned in Franklin Co., New York.

The admirers of fast trotting will be interested in knowing, that Rip Van Winkle has shown very great speed. When only eighteen months old, he trotted a quarter of a mile in 50 seconds, and when two years old, won a purse against four three year olds, Mile heats. Time, 3:31. When three years and seven months old, he trotted half a mile in 1:22, and has made a full mile in 2:45. With training he can go down into the thirties.

I have shewn in regard to the above performances, and would refer to A. S. Thurber, Esq., of Rouse Point, New York, and to Lemuel North, Esq., (the owner of the North Horse, or Sherman's Black Hawk), of Champlain, New York. Considering Rip Van Winkle in respect to what he has done, and in connection with his points of shape, style of action, and blood, I confidently recommend him to the public as second to no horse within my knowledge.

Rip Van Winkle served three two mares in the season of 1856, and thirty of them prove with foal. He is now at my stables, where he will serve a limited number of mares, at \$50 the season. Good pasturing will be provided for mares from a distance, at 50 cents per week. Accidents, escapes, &c., &c. at the risk of the owner.

BRIDPORT, ADDISON Co., Vt., June 1st, 1857. DAVID HILL, [40-565 01]

THOMAS H. BATE, MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF Needles, Fish-Hooks and Fishing Tackle, has constantly on hand a large assortment of Fishing-Rods, Reels, Silk, Linen, and Cotton Lines. Chinese Grass Lines, and Silk-worm Gut, Bamboo and Reed Poles. Patented of the Improved Serpentine Spinner, the best Trolling Bait in use. [28 6m] 35 Maiden Lane, New York.

STEAM! STEAM! STEAM!—MORSE, FARWELL & CO., East Job Printers, 18 Spruce street, New York. [40-1f]

TEN-BROECK COURSE, SAVANNAH, GA.—TWO YEAR Old Stake; one mile heats; \$200 entrance, \$50 forfeit. To close 1st September, 1857. To be run on Wednesday, the 6th January, the second day of the regular meeting. Entries to be addressed to R. F. AKIN, Secretary, SAVANNAH, GA.

The following are the entries to the Three Year Old Stake, mile heats which closed 1st June, to be run on the 1st day of the regular meeting, in January:

- 1. Thos. Taylor names ch. c. Basvecchi, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Castanet, by Monarch.
- 2. C. S. Pryor names ch. filly by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Dick Richardson.
- 3. Wm. T. Cheatham names b. filly by Glencoe, dam Senora Love, by Imp. Levithan.
- 4. Wm. Roundtree names s. c. Emma, by 8d Boston, dam Sally Jones, by Imp. Levithan.
- 5. Wm. Roundtree names b. filly Kate Hayes, by Imp. Albion, dam Endora, by Priam.
- 6. H. C. Caffey names s. c. by Wagner, dam Elizabeth McNairy, out of Princess Ann, by Imp. Embassador.

Entries to the Three Old Stake, two mile heats:

- 1. W. W. Payette names b. filly by Glencoe, dam by Imp. Monarch, g. d. Miss Emily.
- 2. Woolfolk & Bell name ch. c. George Clemens, by Imp. Glencoe, dam Prima Donna, by Priam.
- 3. Thos. Puryear names ch. filly Columbia, by Glencoe, out of Fleur De Lis, by Imp. Sovereign.
- 4. C. S. Pryor names ch. filly by Glencoe, dam by Dick Richardson.
- 5. Thos. Doswell names b. c. Sasher, by Child Harold, dam Sarah Washington, by Zingane.
- 6. W. T. Cheatham names b. f. by Glencoe, dam by Senora Love, by Imp. Levithan.
- 7. Wm. Roundtree names s. c. by 3d Boston, dam Sally Jones, by Imp. Levithan.
- 8. Wm. Roundtree names b. f. Kate Hayes, by Imp. Albion, dam Endora, by Priam.
- 9. A. Turner names s. f. by Glencoe, dam Princess Ann, by imported Levithan.
- 10. H. C. Caffey names ch. c. by Wagner, dam Elizabeth McNairy, by Embassador.
- 11. Thos. Taylor names ch. c. Basvecchi, by Glencoe, dam Castanet, by Imp. Monarch.
- 12. Thos. G. Bacon names ch. c. by Glencoe, dam Motto, by Imp. Bonefoot.
- 13. D. M. Colby names br. c. Bill Dearing, by Imp. Albion, dam Ann Chase, by Imp. Levithan.

The entries to the Post Stake (4 mile heats, \$300 entrance, p. p., \$1500 added by the Club) are:

- 1. H. C. Caffey.
- 2. Berry and Pryor.
- 3. Puryear and Watson.
- 4. David McDaniel.
- 5. John Campbell.
- 6. K. Akin.
- 7. Lamar, Fleming and Trow. [42-1f]

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN OVER THE NASHVILLE

Jockey Club Course, Fall Meeting, 1857. October 20th.—Sweepstakes for 4 year olds; \$200 entrance, \$100 forfeit; two mile heats; three or more to make a race. To close 1st July.

20th, same day.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; \$200 entrance, \$100 forfeit; one mile heats; three or more to make a race; Club to add \$200 if two or more start. To close 1st July.

Wednesday, 21st.—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; \$100 entrance, \$50 forfeit; one mile heat; three or more to make a race. To close 1st July.

Friday, 23rd.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; \$250 entrance, \$100 forfeit; two mile heats; three or more to make a race; Club to add \$200 if two or more start. To close 1st July.

Sweepstakes to be run over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the 1st day of the Regular Fall Meeting of 1857, for 8 year olds; two mile heats; \$300 entrance, \$100 forfeit; the Club to add \$400 if two or more start; ten or more to make a race; each entry to be accompanied by good security for the forfeit. To close 1st July, 1857.

Two thousand dollars in Club money will be hung up during the week. WILLIAM J. PHILLIPS, Proprietor. [23-1f]

JUN. 16, 1857. CONGARKEE COURSE, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, January 24th, 1857.—The following stakes have been opened by this Club, to come off at their next annual meeting, commencing on Tuesday, December 1st, 1857.

No. 1. Sweepstake for 8 year olds, mile heats. Entrance \$200—\$100 forfeit, to name and close by the 1st day of May, 1857; the race to be run on Tuesday of race week.

No. 2. Sweepstake for 8 year olds, two mile heats. Entrance \$250—\$100 forfeit; the club will add \$500 to this stake if the race is run, to name and close by the 1st day of May, 1857. The race to be run on Friday of race week.

No. 3. Post Stake for all ages, four mile heats. Entrance \$100. Play or pay. To this stake the Club will add \$1,000 if the race is run. Entries to be made by the first day of May, 1857. The race to be run on Saturday of race week.

P. S.—Nominations to be made with L. T. Levin, Columbia, South Carolina, Feb 14th

CONGARREE JOCKEY CLUB, COLUMBIA, S. C.—THE following entries have been made, to come off at the next Annual Meeting of the Congaree Jockey Club, Columbia, S. C., commencing on Tuesday, December 1st, 1857:

No. 1.—Sweepstake for 8 year olds, mile heats; subscription \$200 each, \$100 forfeit. Closed with the following entries: Philo C. Bush names ch. c. Babylon, 3 yrs old, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Imp. Trustee.

Thos. Taylor names ch. c. Basvecchi, by Glencoe, out of Castanet, by Monarch. Mr. T. Hawkins names — c. Al Aldon, by Hawkins' Priam, dam by Imp. Trustee.

James Talley names b. f. Humming Bird, by Tally-Ho, dam Oratrix, by Orator. Thos. Doswell names b. c. Sasher, by Child Harold, dam Sarah Washington, by Zingane.

McDaniel & Woodfolk names s. c. by Glencoe, out of dam of Nanny Lewis, each, \$100 forfeit; Club adds \$500. Closed with the following entries: Thos. Doswell names b. c. Sasher, by Child Harold, dam Sarah Washington, by Zingane.

James Talley names b. f. Humming Bird, by Tally-Ho, dam Oratrix, by Orator. Thos. Taylor names ch. c. Basvecchi, by Glencoe, out of Castanet, by Monarch.

P. C. Bush names ch. c. Babylon, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Imp. Trustee. McDaniel & Woodfolk name s. c. by Glencoe, out of dam of Nanny Lewis. C. T. Howell names b. f. by Glencoe, dam by Imp. Monarch, gr. dam Imp. Emily.

Thos. G. Bacon names br. c. by Imp. Albion, dam Ann Chase, by Imp. Levithan. Thos. Puryear names b. c. by Glencoe, dam Millwood.

No. 2.—Post Stake for all ages; four mile heats, entrance \$100, p. p.; Club adds \$1000. Closed with the following nominations: Thos. Puryear—H. E. Barton—McDaniel & Woodfolk—John Hunter—James Talley— [83-]

TORONTO SPRING RACES WILL COMMENCE ON TUESDAY, 30th June, 1857, and continue three days. St. Leger \$100, \$25 each, \$10 forfeit.

Province Stake of \$40 each, \$20 forfeit, \$60 added. Charley Wiley and Newcastle Maid excepted. Mile heats, best 3 in 5; at present three subscribers.

Purse of \$75; Mile heats: \$50 each, \$20 forfeit. Purse of \$100; Two Mile heats: \$100 each, \$25 forfeit. Purse of \$100, for trotting and pacing; \$50 each, \$25 forfeit. Purse of \$—, for trotting; \$25 each, \$10 forfeit. Purse of \$200, Three Mile heats; \$100 each, \$25 forfeit. Governor General's purse. Particulars in due time.

Province Stake of \$50 each, \$25 forfeit; \$60 added. Mile heats, 3 in 5. All the above Stakes to close on the 20th day of June. Any person who will be allowed to enter and run their horses for any of the purses without going in the sweepstakes. All nominations to be addressed to J. H. Smith, Secretary, Toronto Turf Club, Box 263. [30] J. H. SMITH, Secy.

CORNWALL (C. W.) RACES.—THE THIRD ANNUAL SPRING Meeting, over the St. Lawrence Course, will commence on Wednesday, the 24th day of June next, and continue three days.

First Day.—The District Purse, \$60; three quarters of a mile heats; club weights. Open to province-bred horses only, bona fide the property of a resident within the district, during at least three months prior to the day of the race. Previous winners of District Purse over this Course, will not be allowed to contend.

Second Day.—Turf Club Purse, \$100; for all ages. One and a half mile heats; club weights. Province-bred allowed 7 lbs. Second Day.—Hurdle race, purse \$100, for all ages; two and a quarter miles; over 8 ft. in hurdles, stiff thumb; to carry 147 lbs. each.

Third Day.—The Cornwall Stakes of \$100 each, \$25 ft., 10 per cent. entrance, with \$100 added by the Club. Two and a quarter mile heats. Nominations and entries to be made, or forfeit paid on or before the 1st day of June next. Now three subscribers.

Fourth Day.—The St. Lawrence Stake of \$100 each, half ft., 10 per cent. entrance, with \$200 added by the Club. Three mile heats; club weights. Nominations and entries to be made, or forfeit paid on or before the 1st day of June next. Now two subscribers.

Fifth Day.—The Consolation Stakes of \$10 each, with \$50 added; for all horses beaten during the meeting. All races on the St. Lawrence Course are under the jurisdiction of the Western Canada Turf Club, and will be governed by its rules. Annual subscription ten dollars. J. FARNER, Secretary. [35 1f] CORNWALL, April 1st, 1857.

LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.—THE following Stakes have been opened by this Club, to come off at their next annual meeting, commencing on TUESDAY, the 16th of FEBRUARY next:

No. 1.—Sweepstakes, for 3 yr. olds; mile heats; \$200 entrance; \$100 forfeit; the club adding \$200, if the race is run; to name and close by the 1st June, 1857. This race to be run on Tuesday of race week.

No. 2.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds; two mile heats; \$250 entrance; \$100 forfeit; the club adding \$500 if the race is run; to name and close by the 1st day of June, 1857. This race to be run on Friday of race week.

No. 3.—Post Stake for all ages; four mile heats; subscription \$100 p. p. to this stake; the club will add \$500 if the race is run; entries to be made by the 1st of June, 1857. This race to be run on Saturday of race week. Nominations to be made with J. M. SIMPSON, Secretary, Augusta, Ga. AUGUSTA, March 25, 1857. [31-1f]

NEWMARKET COURSE, VIRGINIA.—The Newmarket Stake for 3 yr. olds, to be run the spring of 1858, \$1000, subscription, \$200 forfeit, \$100 declaration, Mile heats, closed on the 1st May last with the following nominations:

O. P. Hare's ch. f. Rosebud, by Revenue, out of Marchioness by Imp. Rowton. Wm. H. Gibbons' b. f. Gold Leaf, by Trojan, out of Gold Pin by Boston.

Also, ch. f. by Trojan, dam by Imp. Trustee, grandam by Henry. Also, ch. c. by Cracker, out of Ballie Ward by John R. Grymes. Bowie & Hall's br. f. by Child Harold, out of Fidelity by Imp. Priam.

Thos. & Thos. W. Doswell's ch. f. by Revenue, out of Sarah Washington by Zingane. Also, ch. c. by Revenue, out of Nina by Boston.

Also, ch. f. by Revenue, out of Virginia Payne by Herald. R. K. Bosseley's br. c. by Revenue, dam by Imp. Priam. Also, ch. c. by Sir Parker, dam by Boston.

William Allen's c. by Financier, out of Otella by Imp. Priam. B. Ten Broeck's ch. c. by Cracker, out of Sallie Ward by John E. Grymes. Calvin Green's gr. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Gray Eagle.

Hunter & Murphy have not named. H. C. Caffey's ch. f. by Imp. Albion, out of Ann Chase by Imp. Levithan. David McDaniel's ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mirth by Wagner. Tally & Hester's br. f. by Child Harold, out of Oratrix by Orator.

John Belcher's b. c. by Child Harold, dam



MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MADAME LAGRANGE'S FAREWELL CONCERTS.—On the Friday evening of last week, this great and talented prima donna gave her last concert but one in America, at Niblo's Saloon, which was crowded by her friends and admirers. On Monday evening, she announced her concert d'adieu, when the room was again filled by those who, appreciating her wondrous excellence as a vocalist, could not be restrained from availing themselves of the opportunity of hearing her for the last time. On both occasions, her reception was enthusiastic, and on the last, the audience, as if loth to part with one whose talent had afforded them such unqualified delight, recalled her again and again to receive their ovations. At each concert, Madame Lagrange introduced some of her choicest morceaux, and never were they executed by her with more artistic delicacy and finish; she was on both occasions in admirable voice, particularly the latter, and sang with more than her accustomed *verve* and feeling. At each concert, Madame Lagrange was assisted by Madame Simon, a pleasing and accomplished ballad singer, Mr. Edward Mollenhauer, the admirable vocalist, and M. Guyon, a pupil of Thalberg, and an excellent pianist and accompanist.

We believe endeavors have been made to induce Madame Lagrange to delay her departure, to enable a few farewell nights of opera at the Academy. May they be successful; for it will be long, indeed, before we shall again have the opportunity of hearing an artiste like her again. As an exponent of the florid school of vocalism, she is without a rival—in Europe, there is none to compete with her, whilst here, to seek her equal would be a hopeless task.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—In our last, we published the letter which Miss Eliza Logan was indiscreet enough to address to the editor of the *Herald*, with its comments thereon. The lady, so desirous of placing herself under the sole protection of that famous journal, made her debut, on the following Thursday evening, in the *role of Evadne*, in company with General Walker, who was the other "star of the night," and divided the honors with the fair debutante. Miss Logan has since appeared as *Julia*, in the *Hunchback*, and *Juliet*, in Shakespeare's love play of *Romeo and Juliet*. She displays the practised art of an "old stager," has an agreeable voice—malgre, the Western twang—is an excellent elocutionist, and may be styled a good, conventional actress, whose services, as leading lady in a stock company, would be acceptable to the audience, but who possesses no claims to the display of genius, or the superiority entitling her to the position of a dramatic star. The company engaged to support her, at the outset, was miserable in the extreme; but it has since been strengthened by the engagement of Mr. George Jordan, and Mr. A. H. Davenport. On the first evening, Miss C. Thompson (who, by the way, played *Ophelia* excellently) was mistaken on her entrance for Miss Logan, and received the honors of reception intended for the latter—a portion of which she subsequently richly deserved. Miss Thompson merits commendation for her artistic endeavors, which are always acceptable to the audience. There is much promise about this young lady.

BURTON'S THEATRE.—The Florence's have continued to attract good houses at this establishment by the versatility and superior excellence they display, as artistes, in a somewhat novel and peculiar walk of the drama. On Monday evening, the eccentric Hibernian drama of *Ireland As It Was*, was produced with considerable success, Mr. and Mrs. Florence sustaining with great ability the characters of *Ragged Pat* and *Judith O'Trot*. The afterpieces have been varied and amusing, each calculated to display the dramatic idiosyncrasies of these young artistes, whose engagement may be pronounced a decided success.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—Mr. Tom Taylor, a London dramatist of great and well-merited reputation, whose comedies of *Still Waters Run Deep*, *Masks and Faces*, &c., would have been alone sufficient to establish his fame—wrote a piece for the London Olympic Theatre, entitled *Plot and Passion*, which was produced at that establishment in 1853, and was so successful that it was performed consecutively for close on an hundred nights. Much of the success of the piece was attributed to the admirable acting in it of that great eccentric comedian, Mr. Robson, who for these last few years has carried London by storm, and some of whose personations have been declared by Thackeray to be fully equal in genius and grandeur of conception to the brightest possessions of the late Edmund Kean. Apart from this, *Plot and Passion* possesses great merit for its constructive excellence, the vigor of its dialogue, and the effective character of its situations. Although frequently underlined elsewhere, *Plot and Passion* was produced, we believe, for the first time in New York, at Miss Laura Keene's theatre, last week.

The story of the piece is as follows: *Madame de Fontagnes* (Miss Laura Keene), a fascinating and talented lady of rank, during the reign of the first Napoleon, is at heart an amiable and most lovable woman; but she is addicted to one great vice—gambling—to pander to which she is induced to commit crimes against the society in which she lives, moves, and has her being, from which her better nature shrinks in horror. *Fouché* (Mr. Burnett), Napoleon's renowned minister of police, has placed his eagle eye on the fair gambler, and in her he sees a fitting tool to carry out his multifarious schemes, taking any and all advantages of the necessities to which her passion for play reduce her. He, when she is at her wits' ends for money, induces her by plausible reasoning to become one of his hirelings, and a leading member of that aristocratic band of spies, whose intelligence enabled him to obtain the secrets of the highest personages in the Empire, whose political opinions were opposed to the reigning dynasty. Though recoiling in disgust from the odious thralldom in which she is placed, Madame earns her salary—the which is all her extravagance demands—most conscientiously. *Henrie de Neville* (Mr. Lingham), is a young and handsome legitimist, whom, for some reason, *Fouché* cordially detests, and desires to destroy; but, unfortunately, he is out of his reach, being resident in Prague. The unscrupulous minister, however, determines to get him within his toils, to accomplish which purpose he insists on *Madame de Fontagnes*'s inveigling him to Paris. He is just the sort of young man for a beautiful and accomplished woman to fall in love with, and Madame being no exception to her sex's rule, accomplishes her destiny, and gives him her heart, in exchange for which he returns his own.

Desmaretz (Mr. Wheatleigh), *Fouché*'s private secretary and chief of the secret police, loves *Madame de Fontagnes* also to distraction, but he is ugly, misshapen, and prematurely old; hence his may be regarded as a hopeless passion. With the view, however, of obtaining favor in her eyes, he explains to her that he possesses certain documents that will prove not only amply sufficient to release her from the toils of the vile *Fouché*, but insure the ruin of that unscrupulous individual. After various narrow escapes, the plot of *Desmaretz* carried out by himself, and Madame succeeds, the former magnanimously resigning all pretensions to the lady of his love in favor of his young and handsome rival.

Desmaretz is in fact the part of the piece, and one capable of eliciting the display of great tragic ability. Of an eccentric description, if we may be allowed such an expression, we can readily understand how great a personation it would be in the hands of Mr. Robson, whose forte is the delineation of characters, wherein eccentricities that would raise a smile, when displayed by other actors, cause the tear to start, when portrayed by him. There is

something painfully truthful in the graphic sketch of the prematurely old, misshapen man, whose life is one of intrigue and dissimulation; the spider, whose mission is to enthrall in the web he weaves his fellow creatures, but in whose heart there is still one bright spot, warmed by the sunshine of nature, and accessible alike to hope and pity, who, despite his deformities, yet dares to love—hopelessly, it is true, but still he loves—and that godlike passion elevates him from the depths of despair, and places him on the road to repentance and heaven.

But we have not Mr. Robson to create for us this *role*; and in his absence, we know of no actor on the American stage, who could have more conscientiously filled his place, than Mr. Wheatleigh. He, like Robson, is an eccentric comedian; and like him, also, though in a lesser degree, he possesses the ability to mingle pathos with his eccentricity, and to touch that chord in the human bosom which, once struck, vibrates with emotion, and in the artistic talent of the actor, is infinitely superior to the stilted platitudes of any of the "eminent tragedians." We heartily congratulate Mr. Wheatleigh on his admirable personation of *Desmaretz*, which is entitled to rank with his happiest efforts. Mr. Burnett was careful, characteristic, and thoroughly effective, in his rendition of *Fouché*. It was throughout a graphic portrait. Mr. Lingham (a most improving actor), merits high praise for his excellent delineation of the young legitimist, whilst Mr. Smith played the subordinate part of the *Marquis de Cevennes*, a fop and police spy, capitally. Miss Keene has, in *Madame de Fontagnes*, a part admirably suited to the display of her peculiar abilities, and one in which she appears to the greatest advantage. Indeed, we have not seen this favorite artiste act so well for a long time, and she thoroughly merited the liberal applause which her efforts elicited. The piece is elegantly placed upon the stage—was entirely successful—and has been repeated each evening since to numerous and appreciative audiences.

We commend *Plot and Passion* to the notice of all admirers of good and effective dramas. *Variety* still continues attractive as an after piece.

BOWERY THEATRE.—On Monday evening, Mrs. T. S. Hamblin re-appeared, after a lengthened absence from those boards, which her talent has graced for so many years. Mrs. Hamblin has just returned from a "starring" tour in the West, of which we advised our readers, and throughout which she was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm by crowded houses.

The character selected by this lady for her re-appearance, was *Ion*, in the late Judge Talfourd's classical play of that name, which is so well and favorably known, for the beauty of its poetic imagery, to all dramatic scholars. This play, it would have been supposed, was one scarcely suited to the tastes of a Bowery audience, owing to its extreme classicality, and the few situations it presents for highly wrought dramatic effects; but Mrs. Hamblin was surrounded by warm friends and admirers, who, save when she appears, are not wont to assemble within the walls of the old Bowery, added to which her powerful interpretation of the young son of a kingly stock, and the beauty of her declamation, carried the audience—unaccustomed to such fascinating elocution—with her, held them spell bound, and elicited—as genius always will—their enthusiastic applause.

Mrs. Hamblin's reception was flattering in the extreme. Cheer after cheer greeted the entrance of this honored favorite, and accompanied her to the fall of the curtain, when there was a unanimous demand for her re-appearance. She appeared to have lost none of that appreciative energy and *verve* which, in by gone years, achieved, for her, so wide spread a popularity; and we have no hesitation in saying that her present engagement will vie, in popularity, with any of the many which have preceded it. We recommend all admirers of sterling good acting to go and see Mrs. Hamblin, whose interpretations are, indeed, a treat, in these degenerate days of the drama.

MR. CHANFEAU has, we learn, taken Buckley's Theatre for the summer months, with the intention of opening it for the production of vaudeville and other light pieces, after the style of Mitchell's Olympic in bygone days. We see no reason to doubt the success of the speculation, with a good company and so practised a public caterer in the managerial chair as Mr. Chanfeau.

MR. JOHN OWENS.—This popular and talented comedian was in the city on Tuesday, looking well and hearty. He plays in Baltimore next week—that being his farewell benefit prior to his departure for Europe, whither he is going on a starring tour, and where, we can assure him, he will meet with a cordial reception.

MARK SMITH commenced a star engagement in St. Louis, on the 11th, on which occasion he was cordially received by his numerous friends in that city, where his talent is highly appreciated.

MRS. HOBY has been on a week's visit to Boston—a private—not professional visit. We should like her to have played two or three of her best characters whilst there, just to have let the Bostonians see what a treasure of a leading actress New York possesses; one whose regard, not only to her own interests, but also those of her author and manager, have gained for her the esteem and admiration of every frequenter of Wallack's theatre.

JOHN BROUGHAM last week was still playing at the Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia, where he was immensely attractive. *Pocahontas* had been produced, and made a great hit.

OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Celebration of the 17th—The N. Y. Regiment—N. Y. Firemen—Theatricals, &c. Boston, June 20th, 1857.

EDS. PORTER'S SPIRIT.—My last communication, I find, was laid upon (or under) the table, and never found its way into your respectable columns—owing, I doubt not, to want of interest in said communication. However, I like your paper too well to take umbrage, and propose to do as we were taught in school-boy days, viz., try again.

Well, the "17th" has passed by, and left a pleasing record behind. It is utterly impossible to give anything like a synopsis even of the many things worthy of remembrance transpiring on the occasion. Hospitality unbounded, conviviality unchecked, yet not degenerating into excess, were the reigning propensities. A few words of the celebration, connected more particularly with the 82d anniversary of that battle which gave the first, and final blow, in fact, to the supremacy of the mother country.

The exercises connected with the consecration were exceedingly interesting; but are they not all written, not exactly in the Book of Kings, but in almost every sheet that finds its way hither?

Your "Seventh" covered themselves with glory, and had they staid another day, I believe old Boston would have been as crazy as when Fanny Elslar danced the monument to completion. The fact is, that as a regiment, they beat anything in these parts. A portion of the Eighth, under Major Buch, received unattained praise. And as for the New York fire companies, they were feasted, feted, and petted, to such an extent, by their brethren of this "balltwick," that they were fain to cry "enough, good masters."

The following day was rainy, and the out door sport much marred. The masonic display on the 17th was very imposing; the encampment and grand lodge of this State mustered in full force, and the knightly costumes of the templars surpassed in richness any displayed on that day, whether civic or military.

The dignitaries present on the occasion came from every section of the country, and the fraternal spirit manifested by the most zealous partisans in political affairs, was truly refreshing.

But enough of the celebration, although volumes might be written of that 17th of June, 1775, with more profit to the reader, than the trash which floods our literary marts at this time.

Theatricals exhibited spasmodic symptoms of revival during the past week, and all sorts of shows sprang up under the refreshing influence of copious showers of shillings.

The Opera closed Thursday evening, after a brief season of nine performances. I am inclined to think Maretzke has not transferred to his pocket so many Boston dollars as he anticipated. The fact is, our Philadelphia brethren exaggerated Mme. Gazzaniga's powers as a lyric artist—at least, it is thought so here very generally.

The conflict between the powers that be in your goodly city excites universal attention here. The season has been uncommonly cold and rainy for the period of the year. Nothing in the way of sporting intelligence worthy of mention.

Yours, &c., J.

PISTOL SHOOTING.

Mr. John Travis, of this city, has just returned from an excursion to New Orleans, Texas, and St. Louis, where he alike distinguished himself for his capacity to lodge a "bullet in the thorax" of any iron man (a target). Some time since (say 1st March) Mr. T. offered the following challenge in our columns:—

"I offer to shoot with any gentleman in the United States for \$1000 a side, distance twelve paces, at the word or deliberate aim, twenty or more shots, at the line or spot, and with the aid of but one hand, string measurement from centre to centre. The match to come off publicly, either in New Orleans or St. Louis."

The *Louisville Journal* thus responded to the challenge:—

"We are authorized by Capt. James W. Wales, of this city, to say to Mr. Travis, that if he will visit this city, he will be accommodated with the match he proposes. Capt. W. feels certain that he can give Mr. T. a lesson in pistol shooting that the latter will never forget."

All bosh! Capt. Wales was not "on deck" when Mr. Travis "put in his appearance" there. Another joker writing from St. Louis, under date of the 4th May, says, among other pleasantries, that he has "been personally authorized" to make the subjoined propositions:—

"No. 1. Captain E. W. Paul, of St. Louis, accepts Mr. Travis's challenge to shoot at the word at 12 paces, &c., as proposed by Mr. T. He is now making the necessary arrangements, and will report to Mr. T. in ten days.

"No. 2. Another gentleman of St. Louis (Mr. Horace E. Dimick) will shoot with Mr. Travis, twenty or more shots, at twenty paces or over, at the line or spot, deliberate aim, for any sum from \$100 to \$1000.

"And yet, again, if Mr. T. will come along, he will be accommodated with a third match, for any sum, to shoot in any manner he may choose."

Now, when these pretended acceptances and challenge took place, it was generally known that Mr. T. was in Arkansas. Being apprised by his friends that his challenge was accepted, he hurried back to Memphis, and thence proceeded up the river to St. Louis. Upon a personal interview with the parties, he found, to his disgust, that Mr. Dimick had never authorized any one to make the challenge published all over the country; while Capt. Paul declined, on account of his backers, to post his stake on the match. And here was Travis, with a number of friends, who had accompanied him some twelve hundred and fifty miles, to see him shoot the match, just naturally "thrown over."

This may be "all very well, Mr. Ferguson, but you can't dine here." Mr. Travis's challenge is still open, to shoot with any gentleman in the United States, for from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a side, as expressed above, to come off at St. Louis, within sixty days. Letters directed to Mr. T., will reach him if addressed to this office; or if gentlemen desirous of closing a match, will address D. Bidwell, 96 St. Charles street, New Orleans, or Charles M. Ellard, Abbey Hotel, St. Louis, they will be accommodated.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

The U. S. coast survey schooner, *Arago*, John B. Feibler, Lieutenant Commanding, Galveston, May 27th, arrived at this port on Tuesday. Officers: John C. Feibler, Lieutenant Commanding; Wm. T. Glassel, First Lieutenant; James G. Maxwell, Master; Ashton Miles, Passed Assistant Surgeon; James H. Barker, Draughtsman; Falkner McMurtie, Master's Mate.

The United States frigate *Congress* was at Leghorn, May 20th, and was to sail next morning for Messina.

The *Susquehanna*, Captain Sands, U. S. N., was at Cowes when the Grand Duke Constantine arrived there on his visit to Queen Victoria.

The United States sloop-of-war *Constellation*, Captain Charles B. Hall, was on a cruise to the coasts of Spain and Portugal.

The United States sloop-of-war *Cumberland*, flag ship of the African squadron, commander John S. Misroon, left the Navy Yard Saturday afternoon, and anchored off the end of Long wharf, Boston. She is said to be the largest sailing sloop-of-war in the world.

Twelve hundred and fifty miles of the great Atlantic telegraphic cable were accomplished on the 8th of June, when a dinner was given to 600 of the workmen, their wives and children. Among the toasts drank, was the President of the United States. The frigate *Niagara*, Capt. Hudson, has proceeded to Portsmouth, where she is an object of interest.

A BALLOON VOYAGE ON LAKE ERIE.—A Mr. Steiner, of Philadelphia, had quite a perilous adventure lately, in making his 40th ascension from the vicinity of that city, and descending into Lake Erie, a few miles from the Canadian shore. It appears that the aeronaut intended to get across the line, and alight in Canada, but when about ten miles from the land, a counter current struck him and drove the balloon back across the lake. A propeller, the *Mary Stewart*, saw his critical situation, and sent her boat in pursuit. The crew got hold of a long rope which the aeronaut had thrown out, but could not hold on, as the balloon soon took the boat in tow; the balloon was then abandoned. Mr. Steiner was saved, although this is the third balloon he has been deprived of "by adverse winds and fortune tost."

VERNOL'S BLACK HAWK IS GONE TO THE COUNTRY, seven miles from Newburgh, on the North Plank Road, at John Vernol's Stables. Much is expected of this magnificent young horse. Seeing is believing. Go and see him. [49-11*]

BUNKER'S LIFE PRESERVING AND BATHING SHIRTS, patented in the United States and Europe.—These garments, new in design and beautiful in construction, can be easily and quickly put on and inflated—can be worn without inconvenience and without interfering with the free use of the limbs, and afford perfect protection to the wearer.

The **LIFE PRESERVING SHIRTS**, intended particularly for sea-faring men and voyagers, are of heavier material, and by covering all the vital parts of the body, secure protection not only against danger of drowning, but also serve to break the force of any blow, as when dashed upon rocks, &c., or cast on shore, as in case of shipwreck.

The **BATHING DRASSES** are of lighter material, and can be worn in place of an ordinary garment, and when not, can be inflated and instantly converted into a life preserver. For sea bathers, particularly ladies, they are invaluable, as they are a perfect protection against the dangers of the surf, undertow, &c. Those learning to swim will also find them most useful, and a complete safeguard. No bather should be without one of these garments.

Principal depot and show room at 337 Broadway, New York. All communications addressed to the inventor at that place, will receive attention. Terms of sale, cash; a liberal discount to wholesale and retail dealers.

42-4f]

CHAS. J. BUNKER, Inventor and Patentee.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR PORTER'S SPIRIT

Will be received by J. C. MORGAN, and A. & E. EZZKIEL, New Orleans, La. S. G. COUTNEY & Co., Charleston, S. C. J. M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo. M. BOLLMEYER, Mobile, Ala. W. B. ZIEBER, 44 South Third-street, Philadelphia. T. H. CALLENDER, cor. Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, and Masonic Hall, Fifth-street, Pittsburg, Pa., General Agent. RICHARD ELWARD, Esq., P. M., Natchez, Miss. E. K. GLASCOCK, Nashville, Tenn. J. Taber Natchitoches, La. A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston. F. A. MORGAN, San Francisco, Cal., agent for the Pacific coast.

European Subscribers will have their copies regularly forwarded by mail upon payment of 18s. sterling, including U. S. postage, to SAMSON LOW SON & Co., the American Booksellers, 47 Ludgate Hill.

PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

A CHRONICLE OF THE

Turf, Agriculture, Field Sports, Literature, the Stage.

Published every Saturday Morning,

AT No. 346 and 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, GEORGE WILKES, & JAMES R. DEVOE, EDITORS.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

TO CLUBS—5 Copies, \$15 00

9 do \$30 00

No subscription received for less than 6 months.

Postmasters are requested to act as agents, and retain 25 per cent for their trouble.

To Agents and Advertisers.

The terms of "PORTER'S SPIRIT," to Agents and Newsmen, will be \$4.00 a hundred. Agents will please at once forward to the Wholesale Newspaper Dealers who supply them with New York papers.

ADVERTISEMENTS 25 Cents per Line, payable in advance.

More Spirit of the Times issues are available at:

<https://www.retroseasons.com/library/spirit-of-the-times-porter/>



www.retroseasons.com/library/