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SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE
RACE FOR THE MITRE.

“Woe unto those men by whom offences come.”



TO THE MINORITY,
LAY AND CLERICAL, IN THE ANGLICAN SYNOD OF TORONTO,
WHO HAVE HITHERTO ADVOCATED
THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM IN THE APPOINTMENT OF BISHOPS,
BUT WHOSE NAMES EVEN ARE UNKNOWN TO HIM,
THIS LITTLE TRACT IS DIS-RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
TINTINNABULUM.



TORONTO, 1866.

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c.2

THE RACE FOR THE MITRE.

On either side loud clamours ring,
 "God and the curse!"—"God and the King!"
 I could have laughed, but lacked the time,
 To see in phrenesy sublime,
 How the fierce zealots fought and bled
 For king or state, as humor led;
 Some for a dream of public good,
 Some for church tippet, gown and hood.

Roakeby, i. 12.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Newmarket Heath, Sept. 16.

The *morale* of the turf is a subject that has attracted the attention of all true sportsmen for many years past. A reform has become a necessity of the age; and its destruction is so far from being desirable, that whilst its continuance in some shape is to be supported, the thing to be done is to insure its purgation from those vices that now sully its reputation. The man who is a real lover of horses need not be robbed of a healthful pleasure, that the man who uses them as mere instruments for betting, gambling, and the perversion of youth, may be stayed from plying an iniquitous vocation. It is, then, with extreme gratification that leading turfites in this locality welcome a new class of supporters to their ranks; and the more so, that it is from amongst those very men that their most inveterate opponents have hitherto sprung. The Regeneration of sport in Canada may now safely be predicted; and when our new friends have tasted of the rational delights of horse-racing, they will perhaps adopt a more liberal creed, and feel some remorse for the invective so lavishly bestowed on all manner of sport, in the days of their darkness. The sporting

parson shall no longer be a memory of the past, when we have a race-meeting at headquarters, presided over by the Bishop of the diocese (and long may he live!), supported by the leading dignitaries in Law, Medicine, and the Church.

In keeping with the competitive system now dominant in England, the stewards of the Canadian Jockey Club determined some time ago to throw open to all qualified horses the prizes hitherto awarded by nomination. Consequently, the race for the Toronto Mitre is advertised to take place, over the St. George's course, on Wednesday, the 19th instant. One of the conditions of the race being, that the winner is to be sold, some well-bred animals have been kept away, that otherwise would have graced the meeting with their presence. Under the system now adopted, a slight acquaintance with the Yankee system of heats and ordinary racing tactics is indispensable, and owners and trainers must remember the golden rule, that a bad horse well managed, is better than a good horse badly managed. In this instance the award will possibly not be made in one straightforward dash, and perhaps not after several heats. The probable starters will number about half-a-dozen; but of these, three only will be dangerous:

The Bishop of Romford's wh. m. Cobourg Lass (aged).

Mr. Trincoll's bl. h. Pontifex Maximus.

Mr. T. Broeck's gr. h. The Badger.

Each of these horses is at short odds, and amongst them in all probability will be found the winner; the others being started only on the off chance, in case of anything happening to the favorites. The course may be changed on the day of running, but the only difference will be that they finish at the grand stand. It is not a flat race, for there are several obstacles to get over; neither can it as yet be termed a steeple-chase, though they have recently made some progress towards making it so. Each of the candidates has a crowd of zealous adherents, and on the part of their respec-

tive friends no stone has been left unturned to secure the victory. The candidates themselves, too, have not been remiss in their preparation.

Probably the cleverest party is backing the Badger, a horse of some Substance, but whose understandings were so dickey not long ago that it was reported he had dropt his Aspirations. It is certain, however, now, that he will be brought to the post fit to run for his life; and under the able assistance of Crying Andy, his condition has of late sensibly improved. He is a tall, upstanding horse, with great stride and power, but the touts who are hostile to him declare that he has a mean style of going, and is rather deficient in quality. This opinion, however, is thought by many good judges to be founded on prejudice. The money is on in the right quarters, and great care will be taken with him by his party. Being subject to sunstroke, he will be walked to the course on the shady side of the Street, and will be steered by the Collingwood post-boy, in the well-known Orange colors of his sporting owner. Still, good as his Stock is generally reckoned to be, if he wins it must be by a terribly close Shave.

Pontifex Maximus is a horse of quite another colour—quiet and of undeniable breeding. Sired by Surplice (winner of the Derby and Ledger in 1848), he was imported into this country some years ago, and has since been leading Mr. Trincoll's young things in their morning gallops. He may consequently run a little stale, but he is an honest horse, who will win if he can; and to do Mr. Trincoll justice, "cant" is a word unknown in his dictionary. Objection has been made to the nature of the course on which Mr. Trincoll's horses are trained, but Pontifex and several of the youngsters compare favorably with anything turned out elsewhere, and his yearlings command a high price in the market. Pontifex is a plain-headed horse, with rather slack loins; stands full sixteen hands, and from being a little in-

kneed, has a shambling gait in his gallop, though good in the cardinal points. His nose is inclined to be Roman; and while his High action is much admired by some, with others it is made the ground of the unceasing opposition shown to him in the ring. It cannot be denied that he showed great bottom in his contest with Ben Huron, and though knocked about a good deal in the race over an unusually deep, stiff country, he came out of the ordeal perfectly sound; whereas Ben, though better bred for going through the dirt, broke down badly, and has scarcely been heard of since. Notwithstanding a rather unfashionable top, Pontifex goes wonderfully well when warmed to his work. The only fear is, that being a very sensitive horse, he may feel reluctance to facing the crowd on the day; but the light blue jacket will be worn by Fred Northerner, who is to pilot him over the track, and in the hands of a finished, resolute horseman, Ponty will find it hard work to bolt. On the whole he is the most Pop-ular horse of the trio.

Cobourg Lass is thought by some to have a prescriptive right to the race, which would be a fitting termination to her long and honorable career on the turf. She is Province bred, and has hosts of admirers amongst the primitive turf party. There can be no doubt that under the old system the mitre would have been awarded to her; but both Pontifex and the Badger are running in nearly the same interest, and will be too fast for her in the race. A son of the old mare will make the running, but has hardly go enough in him to tire the favorites. There is one thing in her favor, that she carries little or no weight; for, contrary to the custom at home, we on this side of the Atlantic have dropped the time-honored rule of weight for age. Reviewing all their chances, your readers are advised to stand on the three named, though much will depend on the tactics pursued, and any collision between the favorites will let up an outsider. Among these, Nebuchadnezzar looks the

most dangerous, though the conditions of the race may prevent his being ridden to win. Being already in one of the best stables in the Province, Nebby may stick to his own corn-bin in preference to any risk of being sold. Even if he tried, his style of going is so Low, that we doubt if he could win, the supporters of the daizy-cutting action over this course being in a decided minority. Undoubtedly he is a long-winded horse, and so full of running that he never knows when to stop ; but this race is hardly within his grasp. Hamilton, a very Dark outsider, has lately been shipped to England.

Before the great race there is a scurry over nearly the same course for £400 and a portfolio, and the sports are to conclude with a donkey race that promises the best fun of the meeting. If all the animals on the ground compete, there will be such an entry as is likely to tax the ability of the starter, and clerk of the course to its utmost. Some of the competitors will doubtless show temper, and the well known obstinacy and impracticability of the species of donkey, known as the synod breed, are likely, as usual, to create unbounded merriment among the bystanders. An immense assemblage will be brought together to witness the races, and should some of the results expected by those in the secret really take place, *the attempt to establish the meeting may be discontinued, and a return may be made to the old system of award.* Bob Blower will be in attendance to give the stewards the benefit of his opinion, (subject to appeal to the superior judgment of the Grand master of ceremonies,) should any legal difficulties arise, and it is hardly possible but that, in the storm of speculation that the races have given rise to, some bets on the result will be referred to the arbitration of the committee. Three-card-*monte* and thimblorig are to be excluded from the enclosure, which must be regarded as a wise decision on the part of the stewards, and a recent

example proves that any person making himself obnoxious to the committee, no matter what his position may be, will be summarily expelled. This brief sketch must necessarily convey only a faint idea of the interest felt in the impending struggle. It is to be hoped that the authorities will put down all attempts at violence or sharp practice, and will recollect that the *sole* welfare of thousands of their fellow creatures is now left in their charge. An efficient body of police will be on the ground, and Dr. Vaccell, a very learned professor of the healing art, will be at hand to attend to the sufferers, should any hot-headed individual, in the excitement of the moment, have recourse to blows. Your correspondent also will be on the spot, and will take care that you have a full and impartial account of the day's proceedings.—[*Leader*, Sept. 18.]

II.

THE RACE FOR THE MITRE.

FIRST DAY.

I du believe in prayer and praise,
To him that has the grantin'
O' jobs; in every thin' that pays,
But most of all in Cantin',
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest.
I *don't* believe in princerples,
But, O, I *du* in interest-

The Candidates' Creed.—Lowell,

(From our own Correspondent.)

Newmarket Heath, Tuesday.

Your correspondent was desired to write the racing intelligence of the week for a morning contemporary, but after his first contribution, old Turnip-y was got at by

“The Saints, the Bigots that in publiic spout,
And go like walking Lucifers about.”

Profanity! said they; have a care for thy soul! Turnip-y quailed. Your present correspondent received his *conge*, and flew on the wings of a dove to the *Daily Telegraph*. Your correspondent rejoiced during the day to hear on every side that his remarks had been received by all who had the wit to see the drift of them, in the spirit in which they were written. Meet an enemy with his own weapons and hurt him, and the chances are you teach him a lesson. If irreverence meet irreverence, then comes the tug of war. The article in the *Leader* was written *pro aris et foveis* (for hares and foxes), with a slight *penchant* for horses and fair play, and though it alluded to donkeys it was not addressed to mules. It would be impolitic for

the horses that run in the race to distress themselves with "taking a-fence," and spectators need not go out of their way to risk their necks larking over Stiles.

But to the sport.—Scene: St. James', Time: 10 a.m. The first Shave circulated this morning was set afloat by the Badger's party, and was to the effect that Pontifex was scratched. This may have arisen from the fact that he is a nervous horse, and was perhaps baulky at exercise. He cannot push his way through a crowd as well as the Badger, but his friends assert he can gallop away from him in a clear field. The animal that Nays, ranks higher than he who brays, in the arrangement of Cuvier. Pontifex will not be baulky on the day.

He shakes his head; in selfdenial strong,
Says "Nolo episcopari;"
He shuts his eyes; but then his head's so long,
'T may have in the back a spare eye.

Oily Gammon.

The rumour may have been invented to serve another purpose, but we don't believe it. Look however on this picture, and on that! There is a great difference in the Canvas, isn't there?

The race for £400 and the portfolio was the first thing set for decision. It brought out four runners, of whom the Flying Dutchman was made the favourite; but he was evidently not in condition and looked dull in the coat. Consequently Sour-kroust had all his opponents safe before half the distance had been accomplished, and won the first heat in the commonest of canters, by 15 lengths. The next heat was even a more hollow affair, the Dutchman second, and the rest nowhere. The winner is a rather plain colt, on a highish leg, and though carefully prepared he ran untried. He has a tremendous stride, and where "a deal of land" has to be managed, some rich returns will figure in his account before long. His sire was one of the best horses on the turf, and his loss will long be severely felt

in this neighbourhood. Indeed, Sour-kroust owed his triumph to-day more to his good pedigree than to any great turn of speed that he exhibited in his paces. *Est in equis patrum vigor*. The hoisting of the winner's number was the signal for general cheering, and he was led off the course amid a perfect ovation from his friends.

With reference to the great race, very little was done at the Corner to-day. As soon as it became known in St. James' that the old lady of Threadneedle street was sewed up, most of the *habitués* were seen going by Pall Mall into the city before the race had terminated. Some few who were regular gluttons stayed on the course, and were heard to express surprise at their *confreres* leaving before the conclusion of the sport. They spoke thus in all probability on the *cant-a-bit vacuus* principle, for it is certain that nearly every member of the ring was hit more or less severely by the failure of the old lady who has done many a good stitch for their cloth before now.

Crowds continue to arrive in the city to witness the great race. Every train to-day has brought up a carload of trainers, jockeys, and horses. They are a hungry looking lot, and the demand for Quarters in town is something unprecedented, while some look as if they would leave the city limits, and even put up with a Yorker. The *species*, too, is arriving in tremendous force for the race, with which the sports are to conclude; but this interesting contest runs some chance of being spoiled by one animal proving himself so eminently superior in his preliminary canter that he may frighten away all opposition, and be allowed to walk over the course for the gate-money and forfeits. A donkey is a funny animal—so obstinate and so grave. Sterne, when giving the memorable French definition of gravity, viz: "A mysterious carriage of the body, to cover the defects of the mind," must have had his eye on the *species synodica*, and on one of them in particular.

SECOND DAY.

A man may say Church! Church! at every word,
With no more piety than other people,
A daw is not reckoned a religious bird
Because it keeps a cawing from a steeple;
The temple is a good, a holy place,
But quacking only gives it an ill-savour,
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
And bring religion's self into disfavour!

Hood,

WEDNESDAY.

The great race, fixed for to-day, has been postponed till to-morrow, and thousands who heard the bell ring for sadling, as they thought, at ten o'clock this morning, returned home much disappointed at finding it was only for a *matinee*. The horses, however, were out on the course, surrounded by their respective admirers, and were eagerly inspected as well as their Hoods and clothing would permit, for the day being raw and chilly very few of them were stripped. As hinted in the first anticipations of the meeting, the *venue* has been changed to the Grand stand in consequence of the greater facilities for keeping order afforded by the genius and associations of the spot. It is impossible that any serious *fracas* can occur here to interrupt the harmony of the proceedings, and some of the scenes that occurred to-day may be taken as a warning that the lash of the Grand master of ceremonies might elsewhere fail to elicit the usual obedience. That grand *Matinee* and some routine business having been got through, a move was made to the St. George's course to compare books and settle the order of running for to-morrow. Every effort was made to

see that both candidates and owners were properly qualified. Several certificates, notably one from Weatherby, a hitherto undoubted authority on the turf, were rejected by the committee. Protests and counter-protests were put in by those intrusted with the interests of the various steeds, and business was exceedingly brisk. A c'rrect card was at last drafted by Mr. Sam Alderman (we had nearly said Dorling) marked by the characteristic precision and minuteness that distinguish the work of this excellent official. They chose for stake-holders the man in Armour, and Joseph, an Israelite, in whom there is no guile.

It seemed as though Cobourg Lass went back in the betting a little, after showing. She certainly went a little short in her canter, and had a three-cornered appearance so indicative of age and the many Services she has performed that she failed to meet the approval of the *cognoscenti*. Some knowing hands also never ceased laying against the Badger, *stratum super stratum* (layer on layer); and though Mr. T. Broeck will "skin the lamb" if his horse wins, *on dit* the Badger's party are determined to sacrifice him, if, after the first heat, his chance seems unfavourable. If they cannot win they mean to save the odds laid against Pontifex, by helping the Bishop's nag to catch the judge's eye before the black. Even then there will be a most Dolorous lament in the Badger's stable, who will be withdrawn from his racing career, and be kept hereafter for Shaving brushes. Mr. Trincoll may be glad that Fred Northerner is up, for delicate handling will be invaluable at this juncture. An experienced gentleman jock is better than a clumsy professional, and the Postboy hardly looks equal now-a-days to a Chifney rush. Fred will not fall asleep on Pontifex, and he sees the Pope's eye in a leg of mutton as quickly as most people. At present it seems anybody's race, and all that can be said is that several horses will be started to serve the Badger, and if he loses it will not be for want of

'ax! If the heats are repeated beyond a reasonable number, they will have to send to England for a Derby horse—the Shaftesbury breed, who carried everything before them in the days of Pam, having gone out of favor since the death of their illustrious patron.—[*Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 21.]

III.

THE RACE FOR THE MITRE.

THIRD DAY.

With music of fife and drum,
And a consecrated flag,
And shout of tag and rag,
And march of rank and file,
Which had filled the crowded aisle
Of the venerable pile,
From Church he saw them come!
Southey's Devil's Walk.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Newmarket Heath, Thursday, Sept. 20.

The morning of the great race dawned unpropitiously, and as the day went on things failed to look brighter. Indeed it is worthy of notice that clouds have hung over Toronto throughout the week. It was a day nearly too juicy even for young ducks; but the Canvassers, though not usually considered a tough sort, were out early, and with their ardour nothing damped, were poking their bills into everybody they could get at. The meet came off early on the St. George's course, and after considerable sparring between some of the heavy operators in the ring, that all came to nothing, an adjournment was made to the Grand Stand; protests having been withdrawn, and things made pleasant as far as they could be. The walk down was a rehearsal in the mud of the events of the day, which it will be seen got into the mud, and after being dragged through a good deal of it, stuck there for the night. Much regret was expressed on the way at the state of the Street, and the Boards' condition was also looked upon as most pitiable. It is possible that this had some reference to the corpse of

the old lady in Threadneedle street, and did not reflect on the Alderman of the ward; but be it as it may, the glories of the road to the races are not what they have been cracked up to be. There was no chaffing and little laughing, and a more draggled, dirty, damp regiment of mudlarks never presented themselves for admission to a racecourse. Your correspondent arrived a little late, and by that time a fair number had collected. Outside, the usual array of carriages lined the West fence of the enclosure!! Curiously enough they were all empty, their occupants probably having left that stand for the Grand one. Several horses were being led about, and a few black sheep were grazing with Nebuchadnezzar in a field hard by.

Arrived in the interior the view from the upper boxes presented a perfect See of heads, and just a sprinkling of Legs was observable on the edge of the straight run in. The light-fingered gentry who prey on the outskirts of crowded gatherings, found little to gather from the skirts of any here. Those who Preyed at all did it, as far as we saw, chiefly on pocket-handkerchiefs and stray bits of carpet. In fact, thanks to the vigilance of the police, a few characters, already much damaged, were the most serious loss sustained at the meeting. A number of ladies were present, and evinced much interest in the result. Many of them were surprisingly familiar with the jargon of the ring, and patted the horses with all the enthusiasm of devotees to the sport. On the other hand, many of the gentlemen present seemed to know literally nothing of the points of the horses, and calling their action high or low, praised or abused it as their wives happened to do, or as was the fashion in the place they came from. The most ordinary Shibboleth of the sport was unintelligible to them, and with such as these argument of course was out of the question. Their horse was selected for them, and all they could do was to stick to him. Silk and Scarlet were both

as well represented as the warmest admirer of the Turf and chase could desire, and there were several well-bred horses about in tip-top condition, but the effect was much diminished by the number of miserable Screws moving about the enclosure. [See Country Parson *passim*.] Indeed the only scene that at all comes up to the extraordinary spectacle presented in the stand to-day is a pantomime at Astley's. Much curiosity was evinced to take stock of two Indian nags, who with their trainer at their heads, were parading the paddock with a motley crowd at their heels. They were brought here from the west by Chance, and being on the ground were pressed into the Badger's service, one of whose thick and thin supporters recognized something in them thicker than water! On the whole, they were a blood-like pair, and as they attracted a deal of gape-seed in their showy blankets and Trappings, they must have considerably helped the take at the gate. They reminded one very strongly of the Japanese Ambassadors present some years ago at the Feast of Derbee; and to tell the truth they seemed to have about as clear a comprehension of what was passing before them. The Babel of the ring startled them a little at first, it being, as a groom from Niagara said, the habit at the Indian Councils they had attended, for only one person to speak at a time. In this and other things they had a rare opportunity to-day of becoming inoculated with the ways of Anglicans.

And now the bell really rings for saddling, and the finishing touches are given to the competitors before they are mounted for the race. Each rider wears a smile of confidence on his phiz: but Fred looks surpassingly Jocular, and all to pieces the coolest cucumber among them. Mr. Sam Alderman, as clerk of the course and starter, gives universal satisfaction, and his duties for several days have been more onerous than remunerative. He despatched the lot at the first attempt, Pontifex at once going to the front,

closely pressed by the Badger, with the old mare lying handy. In this order they ran the entire course, nearly neck and neck, and as they neared the post the enthusiasm knew no bounds. "The gray for a century." "Pon-ti-fex wins!" "Bravo! Lass!" and other cries (*N.B.*—Hats were already off) nearly lifted the roof. The venerable the old mare was creeping up all the way from the distance, carefully nursed by her little friend, the feather weight Honest George, and to the last moment it was impossible to assign the positions of the horses. The hoisting of the numbers was awaited with breathless anxiety, for one of the conditions of the race was that each heat must be won by a certain number of lengths. Could the race have been decided by a Head, the mitre would certainly have gone to grace Mr. Trincoll's sideboard, and when it was known that, for non-compliance with the condition respecting lengths, the first heat was void, faces grew a little blank. Each horse had done his best, and if they raced till mid-night, the result it was thought would be the same. Fred was not likely to tire at all events; and Crying Andy wrapt a dirty pocket-handkerchief round his perspirative brow, emblazoned with "No Surrender." This solemn repository of a thousand secrets blinked like a death's head in a shower of horse-hair, as he spake in hollow gutturals his last instructions to the Pot-boy, [*Query*:—Has the devil dropped an S?—*Ed.*] while Honest George looked the celebrated Bantam to the life, and crowed as lustily as a capercailzie. The horses themselves, attended by their respective parties, withdrew to neighbouring buildings, and were carefully rubbed down, while the tactics of the next heat were discussed. Free use had been made of whip and spur on all sides, and "bellows to mend" rendered a considerable interval necessary before the next heat. Not to weary your readers with a repetition of details, no less than five heats were run to-day, and with-

out result! It was then determined to continue the running to-morrow, if the horses by that time had a leg to stand upon. The pace was never a clipper, and seldom even middling, as is shown by the old mare running up so well. Judged by the time test, nothing ever was slower. Nebuchadnezzar ran a better horse than was expected; but he should be ridden with a muzzle in good company. Several times he showed his teeth, and it was all his jockey could do to prevent him from savaging Pontifex at the finish. It is worthy of note that nearly all horses with very low action are apt to run cunning, and show temper as soon as they are collared.

A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,
 To see a Christian creature graze at Sion,
 Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,
 Rush bellowing and breathing fire and smoke,
 At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,
 Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull
 Hunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak.

Hood.

The only casualty that occurred in running was to the Badger, who injured his hoof so much that one of the Trin-coll party was heard to say it was Cloven. If it is as bad as that, he cannot run to-morrow, but the extent of the damage is probably exaggerated. His party, at all events, made overtures to the backers of the mare, on the understanding that the poker and tongs now held by her should be given to the Badger if he were Drawn in her favour for the greater event. However, the great race having turned out a selling one with a vengeance, and pluralities being ruled out, the Stewards, to promote sport, may, in case the mitre be won by the Lass, offer the poker and tongs, in the shape of Consolation stakes for beaten horses. It should be stated that just before the decision of one heat, a fellow attempted to introduce some Indian juggling on the same principle that Church music is adopted by way of relieving the strain on the attention. He was greeted with loud

shouts of "Clear the course!" from Mr. Trincoll's party and had to subside. This party is a little young, and but recently graduated in racing. It is a question whether the Loud behaviour of some of these Novices did not, if anything, have a depressing effect on their horse's chance. On the other hand, it was perhaps a fair set-off against their military friend's expulsion from the enclosure the other day, for not having a ticket. In connection with this, the unkindest cut of all seemed to be that the objection was taken by Longlegs de Horsey, (no relation to the commodore,) himself a sucking disciple of the voluntary art militant in Canada.

Sport begets queer bed-fellows, and the enemies of racing have always held it a lowering pastime on that account. Undoubtedly it seemed to-day prone to make the gentleman of the house exceedingly familiar with his servants at the Lodge. The general result was most vexatious, for certainly every stratagem known on the turf was had recourse to, and the new votaries of the sport shewed how easy it is to learn a trade when one's heart is in the work. Their tactics would have been no disgrace to the keenest hands at Newmarket. *Facilis descensus*: but the animals that of old ran down a steep place into the See were not horses. They were of a more ignoble species.

FOURTH DAY.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show that grace is great and ample,
I'm here a pillar in the temple—
Strong as a rock—
A guide, a buckler, an example
To a' my flock!

Burns. Holy Willie.

FRIDAY.

It shall merely be recorded here that the contest hitherto described as a race was protracted to a late hour to-night, and terminated in a compromise: the effect of which is that the House of Cobourg furnishes one more to its long list of representatives among the powers that be. The race is not always to the swift, and history affords many examples where the vanquished have reaped more honour than their victors. The greatest hero is he who conquers himself, and there is a self-denial that gives the martyr a crown of glory, and exalts the beggar to the dignity of a king. To do ill that good may come of it is a bad policy; but even the proceedings connected with the race for the Mitre had their redeeming feature. The result now chronicled is solely attributable to conduct that places the chief actor in it on a pinnacle whence neither bigoted opposition nor invidious calumny can ever remove him.

It has been said truly enough, that wherever betting and speculation are practiced to any extent, there is sure to be some kind of over-reaching; but that while straws can be pulled out of a rick, or maggots raced over a plate, bets will be laid to an amount that suits the fancy of the parties. The propensities of human nature cannot be eradicated by the color of a man's tie, nor by the accident of his profes-

sion. Horse-racing cannot, with a semblance of reason, be advocated as a national sport on any other ground than that a superior breed of horses *must* be maintained, and this object can only be secured by the offers of extraordinary encouragement. Racing for prizes, in fact, alone keeps up the breed in any numbers and in its pristine purity. Such, *mutatis mutandis*, is the argument used by the minority who, by virtue of the technical rules applicable to their method of voting, carried the Race for the Mitre, in place of the old fashioned award. Your correspondent is of opinion that this being a comparatively new country, it is not ripe for a sport so open to abuse as racing, and that at present the breed of horses is so limited that it requires no such artificial encouragement to its increase.

If this *expose* of facts helps in the least to upset the miserable racing system, he has not laboured in vain. If anybody at the opening of the late proceedings was of a contrary opinion, not one man outside the rabid coterie who pulled the strings for their respective favourites, can now be found to second what is at best a Yankee, un-English and unmanly degradation of all we hold most sacred. Let it be understood, Mr. Editor, that you have hitherto lent your columns to what was read by some for ribaldry and jesting, aware of the object your correspondent had in view. Ridicule is a powerful weapon, and the only regret entertained by the writer of this article is that a system is best Badgered through individuals who support it. With the end he had in view he is CONTENT TO BE INDICTED for *scandalum magnatum*. It is now the duty of all to vie in giving honour to whom honour now is due, and among these he will be the foremost. There is no use crying over spilt milk, but, when much is spilt, it the more behoves us to have a care for the Cow.—[*Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 22.]





