

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