

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 self-denial 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 severe! felt