

II.

THE RACE FOR THE MITRE.

FIRST DAY.

I do 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 public 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