

Pools—Ill Used g, \$50; Go Forth, 42, Harry Bassett f 18. Won by two lengths, three between second and third. Time, 1:52.

Purse \$400; steeplechase; \$100 to second; the full course.

Cattanach & Son's b m Bert'sa, 5 yrs, by (Hone), dam Stamps, 151 lbs Nolan 1
G W Morrison's b c Casekeeper, late Sidney, 4 yrs, 148 lbs Kenney 2
M Daly's ch f Fiddlestring, 4 yrs, 145 lbs Fitzpatrick 3

Bay Rum, Gallagher and Raleigh also started.

Pools—Bertha, \$65; Bay Rum, 45; Gallagher, 27; Fiddlestring, 25; field, 16. Won by two lengths, six lengths between second and third. Time, 5:26.

Second day, June 17.—Purse \$200 for two-year olds, \$50 to second; half a mile.

A Burnham's ch f Bride Cake, by Bonnie Scotland—Mosselle, 97 lbs F McLaughlin 1
Ackerman & Co's b f Clara A, 97 lbs Shauer 2
C Chase's ch c King Nero, 100 lbs McCarthy 3
Oal Wagner and Bernadine also started.

Pools—Burnham's pair, \$40; Chase's pair, 12; Clara A, 11. Won by a length, six lengths between second and third. Time, 0:51½.

Purse \$250; \$50 to second; certain allowances; three quarters of a mile.

A Burnham's b f Marchioness, 4 yrs, by Monarchist—Heliotrope, 98 lbs F McLaughlin 1
M Murphy's b g Statesman, 4 yrs, 98 lbs Quantrel 2
J N Ackerman's b c Prosper, 4 yrs, 105 lbs Shauer 3
Charley Gorham, Governor Shevlin, Suannanoe, Brighton, Werter, Vigor, Lillian, Ingomar, Dora Doon, Miss Malloy, and Hawk also started.

Pools—Charley Gorham, \$160; Suannanoe, 30; Werter and Marchioness, 20 each; field, 50. Won by a length, a length between second and third. Time, 1:17½.

Purse \$300, \$50 to second; maiden allowances; mile and a quarter.

W Mulkey's blk h Virginus, aged, by Virgil—Lute, 118 lbs Shauer 1
P H Duff's br f Baby, 4 yrs, 105 lbs Quantrel 2
W McMahon's ch g Skylark, 4 yrs, 105 lbs McCarthy 3
Bowstring also started.

Pools—Virginus, \$100; Baby, 25; field, 30. Won by half a length, six lengths between second and third. Time, 2:18.

Purse \$300; selling allowances; mile and a furlong
Dwyer Bros' b g Watfield, 5 yrs, by War Dance—Florac, \$1,000, 106 lbs J McLaughlin 1
E H Howatt's b g Boardman, 4 yrs, \$500, 95 lbs, carried 98 lbs Quantrel 2
J J Bevin's ch m Hattie F, aged, \$500, 105 lbs Evans 3

Glengariffe, Ike Bonham, Speculation, Shylock, and Surge also started.

Pools—Watfield, \$120; Hattie F, 120; Surge, 30; field, 70. Won by six lengths, half a length between second and third. Time, 1:58.

Purse \$350, hurdle race; \$75 to second; mile and a half, over six hurdles.

J Martin's ch h Gallagher, aged, by Blarneystone—Lily Ward, 168 lbs Ward 1
W A Engeman's ch h Ventilator, aged, 158 lbs Kevil 2
W A Engeman's b g Bathgate, 6 yrs, 155 lbs Townsen 3
Dandy, Judith, and Raven also started.

Pools—Judith, \$110; Raven, 15; Gallagher, 20; field, 20. Won by four lengths, two lengths between second and third. Time, 2:58.

THE DERRY OF 1880.

That trenchant writer "Pendragon" of the London *Referee* tells the story of the great English racing carnival as follows.—

"Although the horses were unconsciously late in making their appearance, and the canter was delayed for long after the course had been sufficiently well cleared for the usual parade, no serious loss of time has to be recorded, thanks to the persuasive power and ingenuity of M'George, the starter. Having passed through the paddocks after the shortest canter within recollection, the nineteen colts—not a filly among them—were formed in line at the bottom of hill, some distance below the starting-post. There was an utter absence of the fractiousness which usually brings some otherwise unimportant and generally unworthy youngster into notice, and Mr. M'George having formed his line and taken one last fond look at it, got the lot away to an admirable start at the first attempt, and almost as soon as the white advance flag had been hoisted. This addition

to the noticeable items of the day will of itself show how utterly worthless are statements as to the time taken by Bend Or, and how worse than worthless are the comparisons which these clock-sellers' advertisements lead to between the time of this year and the times taken by previous winners. Had the attempt at starting resulted in failure the horses would have straggled on about as far as the actual post, and then would have re-formed between there and the distance whence they were actually dispatched, and so on and so on, getting closer and closer to the actual limit distance until at last they were got away. Judging from recollection, I should think the horses on Wednesday ran sixty or seventy yards further than is customary. They certainly ran that much more than was run last year, the year before, and the year before that. The pace was a cracker throughout, and as one or two previous Derby winners credited with faster times would not have been in the hunt with Bend Or, and as in turn Bend Or is made impossibly faster than other winner, the value of the watch as used independently of the exact length covered will be at once apparent—except, of course, to those who thrive out of the present foolish custom and obtain from it a series of valuable advertisements. Advertising is one thing and timing is another, and it is rather a pity that they should be mixed. I suppose were it not for the necessities of the *reclame* we should not be told that Bend Or was sixty or seventy yards and fourteen seconds faster than Sir Bevis, eight seconds and the same distance faster than Sefton, or hear of the many other extraordinary varieties in calibre which must have been existent if the clock or the clocker is in any way to be relied upon. I have not a very exalted opinion of Sir Bevis or of Sefton, as can be seen by anyone who cares to refer to what has been written in this paper about either; but I think it would be the easiest thing in the world to place Sir Bevis 1, Sefton 2, Bend Or 3, if they were handicapped according to what the usual puff paragraph makes them do in their various Derbies.

Returning to the long delayed race itself, it has to be noted that description is, for once, extremely easy. After the first quarter of a mile steep, Robert the Devil, who has already been well to the fore, took the lead, and with such slight alterations as were occasioned by other candidates taking an occasional feeder and dropping back either permanently or for the time being, he remained there until within two or three paces of home. Indeed, it seems as if by far too much use of him was made in the earlier portions of the race, and not enough when the crucial struggle came. Archer, after having a "liker" when the level beyond the City and Suburban post was reached, pulled Bend Or back into the front middle, and there remained until descending for Tattenham Corners, where he appeared to have some trouble with his charge, and, rounding into the straight, looked more likely to tail off than to get into position again. Robert ran wide at the turn, but lost no ground, and when fairly in the straight for home he appeared to have all his opponents beaten, and came on leading his field by a couple of clear lengths. Rossiter doubtless thought it was all over, and kept looking round in a jeering manner—possibly he was wondering what had become of the Bend Or's bowman. Presently he found this out without looking round, at all times a detestable practice. If there is any race which ought to be secured at every risk of exposure, it is, I should think, the Derby; and if Rossiter had but kept Robert the Devil hard at it approaching the stands, no rush of Fred Archer's could have brought Bend Or into front position. For a good furlong in the early part of the straight all that could be seen of Rossiter's head from the front ground was the top of his cap, his face being turned in the other direction. At the distance Archer began to work hard upon the favourite, who, to the surprise of those who had offered 10, 20, and then 50 to 1 on Robert, responded at once, and immediately

began to gain upon the leader, whose rider was evidently unaware until too late that the Russley horse was upon him like an avalanche. Archer's final effort was a superb piece of riding, but he has to thank first the carelessness of Rossiter, and second his nervousness and inability to help his horse when help was most needed, for the result. When Bend Or was let out there was still plenty of struggle left in Robert the Devil, but it was never extracted from him. Messrs Brewer & Co's horse had a two-length lead at the bell and between there and the finish, by dint of superior strength and determination, the champion jockey just managed to get up and win by a short head. Bend Or was much the more distressed of the pair, and had the opportunity of getting an extra length out of Robert half-way down the straight been seized, or had he been ridden more tenderly in the early part of the race, and more stubbornly towards home there is no doubt the Duke of Westminster and Peck would have been spared the congratulations showered upon them as soon as No. 7 was safely hoisted.

An old sporting adage says there is nothing like having the winner, no matter how or under what circumstances he wins; and Bend Or's success is undoubtedly a satisfaction to the worthy couple who have by his means for the first time secured a Derby. But the Westminster-Peck-Archer success is certainly not that intended by the projectors and originators of even weighted races in general and of the Derby in particular. It is a success of jockeyship, and not one of equine calibre. It is a success which is directly due to the ability of Archer, and not to the fitness of Peck or the generosity of the Duke of Westminster. A Derby victory is of course, more in the line of the richest duke in the kingdom—he who has already much is always the likeliest to get more—than of a professional bookmaker and a professional trainer; but I don't think there are many people who saw the race who will doubt that there was one horse in it who as a horse was better over the Derby course on the Derby day than the actual Derby winner. If ever the pair should meet again, both fit and well, at a similar distance, and with anything like equal ability up, I know which I shall stand for choice, after Wednesday's exhibition. I have laid some stress on this line of argument, as the issue was foretold (or feared) by the Robert the Devil confederacy after Mr. Gretton had claimed Cannon—and because, too, I can afford to give an opinion with regard to the merits of the rider of the second horse. Over and over again have I opposed the set generally made against the unfortunate jockey on No. 2 after a close finish; but it is only right so palpable an exhibition of inferiority as that of Rossiter should be exposed, more especially as everybody now seems inclined to glory in the success of the wonderfully astute Peck and the great beneficent Duke of Westminster, and to say nothing of the pair who really would have carried the palm but for the want of sufficiently experienced horsemen.

For the life of me I cannot understand what Mr. Brewer's boastfully-published satisfaction with Rossiter's riding has to do with the matter on its merits. Rossiter threw the race away; and no subsequent statement of satisfaction or assumption of joviality by the part owner of Robert the Devil can alter what has once happened. Indeed the constant repetition of Mr. Brewer's satisfaction has to all logical minds an entirely opposite effect from that intended. So far from improving the jockey's position, it only makes the bookmaker's the more mysterious. It is impossible to understand a man being "perfectly satisfied" who has by a clumsy bungle lost the highest honours the turf can give and between forty and fifty thousand pounds besides. Mr. Brewer ought to contradict the story unless he wishes some hidden mystery to be evolved from what is constantly attendant on his satisfaction as shown in print. Which is that the result was entirely due to Rossiter obeying orders!