

him, and an old straw hat was given him in lieu of the silk one which was lost in the crowd. My old father—there was no run in him—as soon as the other party put up the platform and opened their meeting, got up among the speakers and protested against their doings. My sister often laughed at the figure they cut, the coming back being so different from the going out in the morning. Well, I have now given you an account of what was at that time called the “Durham Races,” as given to me by a participant in the said “races.” It sickened Mr. Dallas of politics, and he would have nothing more to do with them—and my father then took his place as candidate, and having already canvassed a great part of this then large county for Mr. Dallas, he found it an easier task to canvass for himself, and he started out on his old mare “Gypsy,” and rode all through the county and made a house to house canvass. And as this letter has already taken up too much of your valuable space, I will leave for another issue the account* of the election which took place in the month of March following.

J. C. STEELE.

October, 1895.

*So far as we can ascertain, Mr. Steele did not write the further account of his father's election to Parliament.—EDITOR.