

About half-past two o'clock the races proper of the day commenced, by which time, close on three thousand people had assembled.

The first race on the second day was for a purse of \$350, open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2.35; \$200 to first horse, \$150 to second, and \$50 to third. For this race 'Grey Ben,' 'Lady Black,' 'Repeater,' 'Young Flora,' 'White Rose,' and 'Shoo Fly' put in an appearance. After a number of false starts the horses were got fairly together, when, after some very good trotting, 'Lady Black' came in first in 2.40, 'Ben' second, 'Repeater,' 'Flora' and 'White Rose' following, 'Shoo Fly' being distanced. After an interval the second heat was run, resulting in 'Ben' trotting the heat in 2.42, 'Repeater' second, 'Lady Black' third, 'White Rose' fourth, 'Flora' being distanced. 'Lady Black' took the next heat in 2.43½, 'Grey Ben' second, 'Repeater' third, 'White Rose' fourth. The next fell to 'Grey Ben' in 2.41½, 'Lady Black' second, 'Repeater' third, 'White Rose' fourth. This left 2 heats to 'Ben,' and 2 to 'Lady Black.' The deciding heat was taken by 'Grey Ben' in 2.43½, 'Lady Black' second, 'Repeater' third, and 'White Rose' last. The second race was for a Purse of \$1,000 open to all horses; \$650 to first horse, \$250 to second, \$100 to third. The following horses showed to the front: 'Pilot Temple,' 'Snowflake,' 'Sheppard Knapp,' 'Emperor,' and 'Governess.' At the pools, 'Temple' was the favourite, 'Emperor' second. The first heat fell readily to 'Pilot Temple,' in 2.29½; 'Snowflake' 2nd, 'Sheppard Knapp' 3rd, 'Governess' 4th, 'Emperor' 5th. The next heat was easily taken by 'Pilot' in 2.31½, 'Snowflake' 2nd, 'Sheppard Knapp' 3rd, 'Governess' 4th, and 'Emperor' distanced. The last heat 'Pilot Temple' pulled off without difficulty, 'Snowflake' a capital 2nd, 'Sheppard Knapp' distanced.

THIRD DAY.

The attendance on the third day was infinitely better than that on the two days previous, a large number of ladies having turned out, attracted by the change in the programme from trotting to flat and hurdle races. The first race was the Flat Race for all ages, mile heats; two years old, to carry 75 lbs.; three years old, 95 lbs.; four years old, 108 lbs.; five years old, 114 lbs.; six years old, and upwards, 118 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to Mares and Geldings. Purse, \$500; \$400 to winner, \$100 to second horse. 'Fenian,' 'Sir Rufus,' 'Boaster,' 'Claret' 'Terror' and 'Fanchon' came to the post. After a fair start, at the turn of the course 'Sir Rufus' fell and threw his rider. The race having been gone on with, a fine race ensued between 'Boaster' and 'Fanchon' for first place, 'Boaster' coming in first in 1 min. 55 sec. 'Fanchon' second, 'Terror' third, 'Fenian' fourth, 'Claret' fifth, 'Sir Rufus' being distanced between the first and second heats. 'Fenian' was withdrawn before next heat, which resulted thus: 'Fanchon' first in 1.51, 'Terror' second, and 'Claret' third. These last two, according to the Saratoga rules, were, however, ruled out of running for first position, being assigned second and third place respectively, 'Fanchon' walking over the course for first prize. Before 'Fanchon' walked over, the owner of 'Boaster' protested against 'Terror' for having crossed him. This, after an exciting controversy in the crowd, was ruled to be invalid as far as giving 'Boaster' any right to run again, but 'Terror' was put back and 'Claret' adjudged second money.

The next race was the open hurdle race, two miles, over eight hurdles, 3 ft. 6 in.; welter weights. Purse, \$300; \$200 to winner, \$100 to second. It resulted as follows: 'Viley,' 1; 'Cataract,' 2; 'Jack on the Green,' 3; 'Lottery,' 4; 'Notary Public,' 5; 'Raven,' 6.

The flat race came next. For horses regularly used as hacks; one and a-half miles; gentlemen riders; weights 154 lbs. Purse, \$150; \$100 to first horse, \$50 to second. Entries.—A. O. F. Coleman, Ottawa, b. m., 'Brunette'; A. Smith, Toronto, 'Louise of Lorne'; Mr. Williams, b. s., 'Knight of St. Patrick'; aged: W. Bennett, Montreal, b. m., 'Blink Bonny,' aged. This race brought out all the horses entered. The race fell to 'Knight of St. Patrick' in 3m. 15s.; 'Louise of Lorne' second; 'Brunette' third; 'Blink Bonny' fourth. 'Blink Bonny' passed the stand first on the first round, but, for want of stamina, had to succumb to the favourite, 'Knight of St. Patrick,' and afterwards to the others.

FOURTH DAY.

On the fourth day about 2,500 were on the ground. The mile flat race was first on the programme, and was called at three o'clock. Race for all ages, weight for age; mile heats, best three in five. Mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs. Purse \$400; \$300 to winner, \$100 to second horse. Three horses started—Mr. W. H. Strong's s. s. 'Boaster,' aged; Mr. George H. Rice's ch. colt 'Sir Rufus,' 3 years old; Mr. Osborn Norton's brn. m. 'Nora Kista.'

The first heat was taken in 1:52 by 'Boaster,' 'Sir Rufus' second, and 'Nora Kista' third. The second was also taken by 'Boaster' in 1:53, the others in the same order as before. 'Boaster' also took the third heat in 1:51, 'Nora Kista' second, and 'Sir Rufus' third.

The next was the hurdle race for all ages, weight for age; 3 miles, over 12 hurdles, 3ft. 6in. Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Purse \$400, \$300 to first horse, \$100 to second. 'Viley,' 1; 'Jack on the Green,' 2; 'Notary Public,' 3; 'Lottery,' 4. Time of race, 6:23. Of this race our artist has furnished a sketch. After a short delay, the Consolation race was made up, 'Nora Kista' and 'Sir Rufus' entering. The former had to carry 118lbs., and the latter 95lbs. The race was a mile and a half dash. In the betting 'Sir Rufus' was the favourite, at about 2 to 1. 'Sir Rufus' was the winner. Upon the whole the races were considered to have proved eminently successful, and will doubtless be of annual recurrence.

"AN INCIDENT IN THE REVOLUTION OF 1792."

The reader must have been often struck with the extraordinary resemblance of innumerable events and incidents in the recent insurrection at Paris to those of the first great Revolution. The insurrection was even more destructive to life and far more to property during its continuance; and if it had run its full course, if the "enemy" had not been "at the gate," we should, in all probability, have seen repeated the more loathsome and obscene barbarities, and wholesale butchery of prisoners and suspects, which marked the worst period of the Revolution. In the history of 1792 there are, moreover, some few bright pages recording deeds of heroic virtue, and of angelic self-sacrifice.

An illustration of one of those bright pages we have engraved from a picture by Mr. Oulless, a very promising young

artist, whose work is not likely to receive the general admiration it richly merits, placed as it is above "the line" in an angle of one of the Burlington-House galleries. Marquis Cazotte, the aged figure in the picture, was a *spirituel visionnaire*, an author of operas comiques and of the romance of the "Diable Amoureux." He was, however, not the less a hated aristocrat; and there were, besides, written proofs against both him and his daughter of Royalist plotting. These were the crimes for which he was seized and conducted to the prison of L'Abbaye, as here represented. There was small chance of saving him; he was virtually doomed to die. Because this was, be it remembered, at the period of the commencement of the horrors of the "hundred hours," when upwards of one thousand condemned aristocrats, Royalists, and priests were led out of their prisons to fall under the murderous pikes of the rabble which beset the doors; when the terrible, yet sometimes capriciously-merciful, Maillard was chief judge at L'Abbaye—horrors which, as Carlyle says, are "to be reckoned with Bartholomew butchery, Armagnac massacres, Sicilian vespers, or whatsoever is savagery in the annals of this world." To again quote Carlyle, in the words given by the painter himself in the catalogue:—"Poor old M. de Cazotte is seized; his young, loved daughter with him. . . . With young tears hardly suppressed, an old, wavering weakness rousing itself once more." Michelet states that Maillard allowed the daughter the favour of assisting at the judgment and the massacre, and to circulate freely. The courageous girl profited by the liberty accorded to gain the goodwill of the murderers; she charmed them, she won their hearts by the passionate eloquence of her pleading; and when her father was brought up for judgment none was found who wished to kill him, and both were liberated. Yet he was again seized, and in ten days the grand tribunal, more merciless than the mob, or not influenced by the same piteous appeals, condemned the old Marquis to die, and he perished on the scaffold, bequeathing to his daughter—all he could bequeath—a lock of his grey hair. With the touching instance of filial devotion afforded by Mlle. de Cazotte is always associated that of Mlle. Sombreuil, who obtained the release of her father after he had been condemned, but only after undergoing the horrible penance of being made to drink from a cup of blood—the "blood of aristocrats!"—*Illustrated London News*.

CAMP SKETCHES.

We produce this week two more sketches at the Niagara Camp, representing the two favourite Toronto regiments drawn up on the parade-ground—the Queen's Own in severe military attitude, and the Royals "at ease." The 2nd, "Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto," was formed in April, 1856, and received its special designation in March, 1863. It is at present commanded by Lieut.-Col. C. T. Gilmour. The 10th, "Royal Regiment of Toronto," is of later date, having been formed in November, 1862. Alfred Brunel is the Colonel of this regiment. The Toronto Volunteers have secured for themselves a very honourable place in the military records of Canada, and the "Wimbledon team" have added still more to the glories of the gallant Volunteers of Ontario.

THE WOODS IN SUMMER.

The sketch on another page over this title will cause a pang of regret and envy in the breasts of those who are compelled by business or duty to forego the delights of country life, and to bestow their admiration on objects neither greener nor fresher than the dusty trees and grass-plots of the city—at their best but poor substitutes for the fresh beauty of the foliage and sward of the rural districts. In the woods especially the unusually heavy rains with which we have been visited this year have covered the earth with a rich luxuriance of verdure, the very remembrance of which is enough to make one forswear the city and turn hermit for the rest of his day; at least, until the winter sets in, when "the woods" have no attraction save to the axeman and lumberer.

VIEW ON JAMES STREET, HAMILTON, ONT.

The "ambitious city" can boast of several very fine streets, but King Street, running east and west, and James Street which intersects it at right angles, are by long odds the finest, whether as to spaciousness, business importance, or architectural adornment. The business, as well as the geographical centre of Hamilton, is at the crossing of these two streets, and eastward from James Street stretches the "Gore," a highly ornamental triangular enclosure with fountains and shrubbery, and a very handsome railing, affording a breathing place in the midst of what in dry weather are generally very dusty surroundings. Banks, shops, and warehouses line the streets on either side, and here much of the transactions both in staple and fancy goods are there carried on. Our "view" is taken from opposite the south-west angle of the Gore, looking towards the mountain. The shop of Mr. Robert Osborne, the well-known jeweller, who has so long carried on a successful business in Hamilton, is the first prominent object. Next the offices of the Montreal Telegraph Company, and those of the American Express Company. Then the magnificent building erected by Messrs. R. Juson & Co., as a wholesale store, now the property of Colonel McGivern, in which Messrs. M. McGivern & Co. carry on the same business. It is one of the largest hardware establishments in Canada, and the building is one of the finest in Canada. Still further southward are some handsome structures used as offices, banking-houses, &c., and the tall spire of the handsome church of St. Andrew (Scotch Presbyterian) forms a prominent and pleasing object in the scene. The view extends to the base of the mountain, and up the long steep stair (once very rickety) which leads to the mountain's brow, whence the whole scene may be seen at a single glance, a wide-stretching garden-like panorama of roofs, spires, chimney stalks, and green foliage. The buildings shown in the illustration are all on the west side of James Street.

An interesting application of electricity, in connection with a tank for supplying locomotives with water, is now in operation at Buda Station, on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. The steam pump which supplies the tank is on the bank of a small stream half a mile distant, and entirely out of sight. A float is arranged so that if the water be drawn off to a level more than two or three inches below the top of the tank a circuit, connecting by wires with the pump house, is closed. This sets an alarm bell ringing within hearing of the engineer, who then starts his pump, and runs it till the tank is full, of which due notice is given by the cessation of the alarm.

POOR MISS FINCH!

VARIETIES.

Though men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell which way they must drive.

"Darling, it's bed time. All the little chickens have gone to bed." "Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen."

A caricature has appeared in the London shop-windows, of a large and venerable orang-outang with Professor Darwin's face, labelled: "A contribution to (un)-natural history."

"I am delighted to see you, boys; which is Mr. Mendelssohn?" was the question of a committee man to the Boston Mendelssohn quintette club on their arrival in Titusville.

A country politician, in speaking of a rival, said: "Pilkins is of great use to observing men. Straws show which way the wind blows: and, as a straw, Pilkins has no equal in the country."

The editor of a French paper, in speaking of a cemetery near Lyons, says that "M. Gascoigne had the pleasure of being the first individual who was buried in this delightful retreat."

"Tea punch" is said to be a favourite with Bostonians. The ingredients are one bottle of champagne, one of whiskey, one of rum, two of claret, a lemon, and a tablespoonful of black tea.

Somebody says "devil" is a mean word any way it may be written. Remove the *d* and it is "evil," transpose the *e* and it is "vile," removed the *v* and it is "ill," remove the *i* and *l* remains, which has the aspirate sound of "hell."

An American journalist declares the breakdown of the two English Atlantic cables a "judgment" like that of Ananias and Sapphira, and for the same reason, namely, that their statements were often considerably in advance of the truth.

A gentleman in England who recently captured a whale, and paid a friend a half crown to inform him how to preserve it, was advised to "put the whale carefully into a glass bottle, cover it over with spirits of wine (strong whiskey may do), then cork and seal up."

"Once on a time," says history, "a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome, when the thieves, much to their astonishment, found that he owned only the small sum of sixpence. 'The devil's in the fellow,' said one, 'to fight thus for a sixpence. Why, if he'd a shilling he'd ha' killed us all!'"

"It is not what a man makes, but what he saves, that makes him rich." There are few men of ordinary industry who do not, in the course of a life of fifty years, produce a fortune; but by dint of waste, of shiftlessness, of want of economy in the management of his operations, it all slips through his fingers, and he is as poor at the end as at the beginning of his life.

The house will be kept in continual turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's failings, no meek submission to injuries, and no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate, and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick and they will burn; and a half dozen, and you will have an effective blaze. There are other fires subject to the same condition. If one member of a family get into a passion, and is left alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a fire which will enwrap them all in a burning blaze.

An attendant at Mt. Vernon, not long since, found a lady weeping most bitterly and audibly, with her handkerchief at her eyes. He stepped up to her and said:

"Are you in trouble, madam?"

"No, sir!" she sobbed.

"I saw you weeping."

"Ah!" said she, "how can one help weeping at the grave of the Father of his Country?"

"Oh, indeed, madam," said he, "that's it! The tomb's over yonder. This is the ice house."

A machine has been perfected which may be applied to cooling the air of theatres, halls, and all public or private dwellings. One of these machines will either produce 200 pounds of ice per hour, or will furnish in the same space of time 30,000 cubic feet of air, cooled to a temperature of 33 degrees Fahrenheit. It is probable that in a few years we shall be able to turn on from the same registers the cool air in summer and hot air in winter.

There is in London a Society for the Encouragement of Flying, better known as the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain. The Society goes in for nothing less than flying. There is scarcely a word about balloons, except at the end of the report, these devices being seldom met with in poetry, or pictures, and being calculated, moreover, to draw off attention from the really high art which the Association is established to keep in mind. "Onward and upward," the Secretary says, is the motto of the Society, and "manual flight," he insists, is the purer branch of the science, the one most worthy of consideration, "and the one in which Nature seems the more inclined to help us." It is flat blasphemy, we are informed, to say that flying is impossible for a man. To suggest such a thing would be a little short of a reproach on our Maker, for, continues the essayist, we can walk upstairs, and surely we ought to be able to mount upon air, "which properly manipulated, is as solid as any stair." One proposal took the form of a winged velocipede; but the most interesting and practical note came from California, where a machine was exhibited by which it was possible to skim, as the partridge does, over a corn-field. This was a step gained. A learned paper was read by a gentleman who thought that the grand secret was to be got from a careful study of insects—especially of blow-flies. He constructed an artificial blow-fly, but beyond that he could not go. A foreign contribution is translated, and attached to the report, touching the relative aerial powers of bats and birds, and flying-fishes. The papers conclude with a very interesting general summary of aeronautical affairs, including an account of the utilization of pigeons.