

not by far the greater part of him is his *dress*. He is the pink of fashion, if not the mould of fashion in the saddle. His chief desire is to catch the eye of the ladies in the carriages assembled to witness the first cast of the hounds on a beautiful morning. He is perfumed like a court milliner; nothing can surpass the elegance of his *kid* gloves, carefully buttoned, and fitting without vulgar wrinkle, to show the shape of what a considers an aristocratic hand. His bright scarlet is without a crease, smooth, shining, and *glistening*, though it has never been in at a *'death.'* His necktie is of the most fashionable pattern and color; his cap is as smooth at the skin of a sole, black as the raven's wing, and has never been soiled in the least by vulgar mud. His expressibles are as clean as a new-washed butcher, and his black leather boots are so brightly polished that they would serve his groom as a mirror while he shaves. He carries a whip, too; not more for ornament than use. It is of the most fashionable make; the thong surpasses anything ever witnessed in the possession of an old and.

His hunter, of course, is likewise of the most shippable blood and high descent, clipped to the extremest nicety. In order to attract the attention of the carriage parties, he makes his nose curvet and frisk about, the ladies arrive at an unanimous conclusion that he is "too handsome for anything."

Well, the hounds are cast into cover; it is well known and a "find" is almost certain. Our hero is in front of all the carriages, and then cautiously along the margin of the cope, the foremost apparently on the alert. He is doing his duty, listening to the pack and admiring himself. He is very happy (vain people are usually happy) but he is not on such good terms with the members of the hunt as he is with himself. Yet he is invariably placing himself the best forward, and in the very spot where he ought not to be. The "old hand" with his scarlet-lined and stained with many a desperate run over every sort of ground, and every description of weather, his cap awry, and mounted on his old brown leather that has carried him up to many a burst-finish, surveys him from head to stirrup, and remarking to an equally old stager "Wiggins will lead the field to-day, and outshine us." "No doubt about that, and return home in the 'narrative,' not of the 'brush.'"

One of the whips proceeds to the place where Wiggins has placed himself, and observes, "you best come away out o' that, sir, for, if the fox takes cover on this side that is the very spot, but whilst you place your horse right in the way." But as this mild reproof is disregarded, Wiggins stands his ground, as much as to say, "I should like to see you try to move me." But the master now approaches; one look does the business; Wiggins changes position, but is not least crest-fallen.

The fox breaks at the point where the whip had intimated. The huntsman has his hounds well together, and well laid on the drag, without that loud shouting and hallooing which prevails in some hunting countries when a fox is viewed away. "Take your time, gentlemen," says the huntsman, "we have a staunch fox before us to-day." This is only meant for such as Wiggins, though not for the veterans. Horses are nicely collected in hand, and attention directed to the line which the fox shapes out for himself. The larger number of the field are on the move forward. Wiggins rushes his horse to the front, and makes running, but he instantly receives an admonition from the huntsman to hold hard, and not gallop over the hounds.

The fences are all cleared in very fair style, but soon afterwards the field began to be rather squandered, and the selection principle is adopted, carving hither and thither to obtain the easiest leaps; the tailing system has commenced; the best men and horses now draw to the fore; the game old dog-fox tears along his course for dear life. Wiggins is determined to be up; he now approaches a bullfinch with a drain beyond, and gallantly charges it; but, taking off too soon, his horse lights with his chest on the opposite bank, and poor Wiggins is thrown backwards into the drain; and the bright scarlet is of tan hue, his white cords are cordless and besmeared with mud, and crest-fallen, he leads his horse across the fields in the direction of home.—*Irish Country Gentleman's Newspaper.*

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM TEASING HORSES.—

Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water, let it infuse one night, and pour the whole, next morning, into a kettle, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour. When cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to wet a sponge, and, before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritated be smeared over with the liquor, viz: the flank, etc. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure will derive a benefit from the leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the waggoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.

HOW TO OIL HARNESS.—We all know that it is of great benefit to oil our harnesses, yet many of us neglect to do it, because we regard it as a dirty job; but it is easy enough, if done right. My process for doing it is as follows:

First, I take the harness apart, having each strap and piece by itself; then I wash it in warm soap suds. I used to soak it in cold water for half a day, as others did, but I find that warm water does no harm, and much facilitates the job. When cleaned, I black every part with a harmless black dye which I make thus:—One ounce of extract of logwood, twelve grains bichromate