

see that both candidates and owners were properly qualified. Several certificates, notably one from Weatherby, a hitherto undoubted authority on the turf, were rejected by the committee. Protests and counter-protests were put in by those intrusted with the interests of the various steeds, and business was exceedingly brisk. A correct card was at last drafted by Mr. Sam Alderman (we had nearly said Doring) marked by the characteristic precision and minuteness that distinguish the work of this excellent official. They chose for stake-holders the man in Armour, and Joseph, an Israelite, in whom there is no guile.

It seemed as though Cobourg Lass went back in the betting a little, after showing. She certainly went a little short in her canter, and had a three-cornered appearance so indicative of age and the many Services she has performed that she failed to meet the approval of the *cognoscenti*. Some knowing hands also never ceased laying against the Badger, *stratum super stratum* (layer on layer); and though Mr. T. Broeck will "skin the lamb" if his horse wins, *on di* the Badger's party are determined to sacrifice him, if, after the first heat, his chance seems unfavourable. If they cannot win they mean to save the odds laid against Pontifex, by helping the Bishop's nag to catch the judge's eye before the black. Even then there will be a most Dolorous lament in the Badger's stable, who will be withdrawn from his racing career, and be kept hereafter for Shaving brushes. Mr. Trincoll may be glad that Fred Northerner is up, for delicate handling will be invaluable at this juncture. An experienced gentleman jock is better than a clumsy professional, and the Postboy hardly looks equal now-a-days to a Chifney rush. Fred will not fall asleep on Pontifex, and he sees the Pope's eye in a leg of mutton as quickly as most people. At present it seems anybody's race, and all that can be said is that several horses will be started to serve the Badger, and if he loses it will not be for want of