

tive friends no stone has been left unturned to secure the victory. The candidates themselves, too, have not been remiss in their preparation.

Probably the cleverest party is backing the Badger, a horse of some Substance, but whose understandings were so dickey not long ago that it was reported he had dropt his Aspirations. It is certain, however, now, that he will be brought to the post fit to run for his life; and under the able assistance of Crying Andy, his condition has of late sensibly improved. He is a tall, upstanding horse, with great stride and power, but the touts who are hostile to him declare that he has a mean style of going, and is rather deficient in quality. This opinion, however, is thought by many good judges to be founded on prejudice. The money is on in the right quarters, and great care will be taken with him by his party. Being subject to sunstroke, he will be walked to the course on the shady side of the Street, and will be steered by the Collingwood post-boy, in the well-known Orange colors of his sporting owner. Still, good as his Stock is generally reckoned to be, if he wins it must be by a terribly close Shave.

Pontifex Maximus is a horse of quite another colour—quiet and of undeniable breeding. Sired by Surplice (winner of the Derby and Ledger in 1848), he was imported into this country some years ago, and has since been leading Mr. Trincoll's young things in their morning gallops. He may consequently run a little stale, but he is an honest horse, who will win if he can; and to do Mr. Trincoll justice, "cant" is a word unknown in his dictionary. Objection has been made to the nature of the course on which Mr. Trincoll's horses are trained, but Pontifex and several of the youngsters compare favorably with anything turned out elsewhere, and his yearlings command a high price in the market. Pontifex is a plain-headed horse, with rather slack loins; stands full sixteen hands, and from being a little in-